

Characters

The people (and occasionally things pretending to be people) who inhabit Eusia.

If your idea is primarily about your character or a specific individual, this is the right place.

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Steps-without-Pause

Our favourite Tabaxi menace

Backstory

As told by Steps himself:

I suppose religion was always in my future, seeing as how my big sister Kethri left our nest to go and be a Paladin for some god or another (honestly, I forget which god it is but I trust that she's excelling at it, she always was the achiever of the family).

Me personally; I didn't think much about the gods in my daily life. I was always too busy exploring, getting into trouble and making my mother worried. But I guess being restless and wild doesn't pay the bills, so she introduced me to the trade caravans when I was just old enough to no longer be called a kitten. "Time to turn those restless paws into something productive" mom said, as I left her all those many moons ago. And so I went to travel the vast continent of Eusia making coin as a travelling merchant on the caravan, selling everything from kitchen wares and trinkets to idols and jewelry. A (somewhat) honest job that kept me occupied and exploring, while I daydreamed about grand adventures and saving the world.

But I guess you can't outrun fate or faith (heh) forever. As our caravan crossed into the northern tundras to sell some wares at one of the local shaman (or druids, I can never tell them apart with their nature worship) tribes we were caught in a snow thunderstorm that sent flashes of green and blue bolts through an already fast becoming impenetrable wall of white. We were determined to get through it together, but when lightning struck the ground right next to us it became every cat for themselves. I made a run for it to try and find any kind of shelter - no idea what direction I was running in or where the rest of the caravan went, but when I finally spotted a small monastery up ahead I think I said the first prayer in my life hoping they'd let me in.

Luckily for me, it turns out that no divine intervention was needed, as I was welcomed into the northern Stormward Sanctuary by Brynja Stormmantle herself (she wasn't a high keeper yet at the time you see) who gave me a seat by the fire to help me dry off my coat and stave off the cold. After waiting out the storm, she even helped me try to retrace my steps back to where the caravan had scattered. Sadly, all we found were what was left of our pile of wares and partially or fully covered tracks leading to nowhere.

One thing that did catch my eye was the fact that one of the soup tureens we had been carrying looked like it was - shivering? Convinced I was losing my sanity, I decided to open it, and that's when I first met Schmoop. I have no idea how long he had been in there by the time we found him, but we took him back to the sanctuary to allow him to sample their hospitality (and nice warm fire) as well.

I ended up staying at the sanctuary for much longer than I had expected that faithful (there's that damn word again) night. In the following months (in between continuing to look for my missing caravan companions) I was introduced to the Stormward Sanctuaries' mission of helping lost, stranded, and otherwise storm-affected travellers. Brynja introduced me to the worship of Thor, and how knowledge of his domain can help guide, and perhaps even at some point master, these storms.

I also found that Schmoop and I have a lot in common - we both sleep in a box (bottle in the case of Schmoop, but that's honestly just a slightly fancier box if you ask me), we share a sense of awe at the natural world, and we both love to travel.

It was hard understanding each other at first, but I slowly managed to learn him to speak common, and

Steps-without-Pause

Character motivation

Main order of business: Make my way back to Ri'shara to report to Nadira on how our caravan was lost, while I keep looking for clues of my lost companions along the way, and hopefully find that they made it home safe by themselves.

It's a long trek, and I am happy I have Schmoop along for the ride, as he's the perfect traveling companion. He likes music, I like taverns and bars, and together we get kicked out of them on the somewhat regular, for various reasons.

Personality and flaws

Personality:

- Inquisitive
- Impulsive
- Curious
- Very social
- Trusting
- Mischievous

Flaws:

- Can be a bit impatient
- Rarely thinks through their decisions before acting. "Act first, think about why this was a good idea later. Or probably never."
- Can't leave a good mystery alone, even if it doesn't involve him directly

Steps-without-Pause

Miscellaneous

Zodiac sign:

My zodiac sign is the Dark Star (names in progress), those beneath this sign are quiet, contemplative, calculated, and calm

Steps-without-Pause

Allies

[Brynja Stormmantle](#)

[Kethri-stands-Unshaken](#)

[Sings-to-Rain](#)

[Runs-with-Starlight](#)

Mission and long-term

Largely a collection of ideas for Duncan

Steps is beginning his journey as a cleric of Thor, in a world that may not necessarily like this type of clerics all too much. While their outreach work through the Stormward Sanctuaries is generally lauded, there are both direct and indirect forces working against the Open Hall of Thunder's goals of communing with the thunder god, learning his powers, and mastering the arts of divine storm magic.

As part of his personal growth quest Steps will need to learn to get familiar with wielding the forces of the storm before being called upon to complete a holy mission for the Open Hall in which he's called upon to free his imprisoned religious brethren from the Silent Chain / Royal dungeons (your choice). This will (through events that are as of yet something that I have only sparsely thought of) result in him gaining his religious moniker/alias of "Thunderpaw".

Later on, as his powers and aptitude have grown even further, he receives direct divine vision from Thor in which he is tasked to help recover Thor's favourite axe JarnBjörn from the magically protected and extremely well-guarded vaults of the Ledger / merchant's guild in general / Bane worshipper's lair / other party that would be co-conspiring.

Should he succeed in this quest, the gods bestow the closest thing to actual Mjollnir on him for his efforts - Thunder's Answer - a legendary thrown hammer that has a statblock based on the dwarven thrower, but is flavored to fit the thunder and lightning theme of Thor.

NPCs

Folks who inhabit this world and the party can interact with.

Harlan Fletcher

Harlan owns and operates the Locked Antler Inn. He is a stern, burly human and a veteran of the King's levies. He has a limp from severe gout and runs his inn with military discipline. He personally locks the gate every night and carries the only key on a heavy iron ring around his neck.

Harlan previously hired Marta as a barmaid without knowing of her secret affiliation to the Duchy of Greycliff. She poisoned a smuggler staying at his inn, and so he consented to have a party of adventurers haul her off to the authorities in his stead.

Brynja Stormmmantle

High keeper of the [Open Hall of Thunder](#) in [Skallheim](#), somewhere in the [Stormcrown mountains](#) separating the tundras from the forests of the lower continent. She taught [Steps](#) that [Thor](#) speaks both through storms and through the actions of his followers. He owes her his life and unflinching loyalty.

Kethri-stands-Unshaken

Steps' big sister who's off being a Paladin for an order he forgot the name of (for a God he doesn't recall). She was always a calming presence in Steps' life, who uses patience and careful observation to make decisions. Steps' impulsiveness would drive her up the walls sometimes, but when it came down to it she did always have his back and help him out in need. Steps' missed her, but he is not worried about her. If anyone can take on the world it's her.

Sings-to-Rain

Steps' mother. The one who raised him and had to deal with becoming a single parent after his dad passed away, while he was getting into trouble left-right-and-center during his kitten days. Steps' is sure he must have caused her to be worried about him on multiple occasions, but she's always supported him and Kethri in making the most of their lives.

Runs-with-Starlight

Steps' father whom he doesn't know all to well. He was enlisted as a scout, and died in the [Sapphire War](#) with the southern desert city-states, over the sapphirite that's supposedly magically conductive. All Steps knows for sure is that he fought in the battle of Glass Winds where the desert armies used some sort of crystal mirrors to break the Eusian kingdom's advance. Sadly his body was never found.

Edwin Mercer (Rowan's Father)

Edwin Mercer (Rowan's Father) is a sturdy man in his early fifties, standing just over six feet tall with the broad build of someone who once lived comfortably but has spent the last decade doing whatever honest work he could find. His dark brown hair has faded to iron gray at the temples, and a neatly kept beard can no longer hide the lines carved into his face by years of worry. His hazel eyes are warm but constantly alert, instinctively searching for dangers before they reach his family.

Once a respected merchant known for his fairness and sharp mind, Edwin lost nearly everything trying to save his only son from a mysterious illness. He sold his business, mortgaged his home, and exhausted every favor and fortune in pursuit of a cure. Though those sacrifices ultimately saved Rowan's life, they left Edwin convinced that one reckless decision could destroy a family. He is practical, dependable, and slow to trust chance, believing that survival comes from preparation rather than luck. His greatest fear is watching Rowan slip beyond his protection a second time.

Margaret Mercer (Rowan's mother)

Margaret Mercer is a graceful woman in her late forties with chestnut hair streaked with silver, usually braided and tucked beneath a simple linen scarf while she works. Though years of hardship have stolen the softness from her hands, they remain gentle and comforting. Her bright green eyes still carry warmth and optimism, though they often linger on Rowan with quiet concern.

Margaret possesses an endless well of compassion. During Rowan's illness she rarely left his bedside, nursing him through countless sleepless nights and refusing to give up hope even when healers did. She willingly parted with family heirlooms, cherished keepsakes, and every luxury she owned without hesitation if it meant one more chance to save her son. Even now, she fusses over Rowan's meals, reminds him to rest, and worries whenever he ventures farther than she can see. Despite her gentle nature, Margaret has an inner strength that carried the family through their darkest years, and while she dreams of seeing Rowan live a full life, the thought of him becoming an adventurer fills her with quiet dread.

Nadira-who-Remembers

Elder of Ri'shara (see: [Zaharan \(Tabaxi\) Tribes](#)) and one of the oldest and most respected Tabaxi in the Zahar. Nadira no longer travels herself, but maintains extensive knowledge of caravan routes, trading partners, family lineages, and seasonal movements. Caravaners are expected to register new expeditions with her before departing and report to her upon returning home.

In practice, she serves as Ri'shara's keeper of records, mediator of disputes, and adviser to the settlement's leaders.

Harald Thorbjörn

High keeper of [Skyfather's Hall](#) and a man some have described as looking like Oden's brother. He's physically unimposing, but he carries himself with a stature that belies his significance. Like all High Keepers he's accompanied by twin ravens who allow him to both commune with the gods and deliver messages to other [halls](#) and [Stormward Sanctuaries](#) throughout Eusia.

While the [Open Halls of Thunder](#) do not have a hierarchical structure or even direct affiliation with each other, due to Skyfather's Hall's significance Harald's opinions and actions have an outsized impact among the Thorist faithful.

Steps' caravan companions

Watches-the-Horizon

[Caravan](#) leader.

An older Tabaxi trader responsible for navigation, negotiations, and maintaining relations with distant settlements. Patient and respected, often reminding Steps to think before acting.

Mira-of-Many-Bargains

Quartermaster and trader.

Known for remembering prices, names, and favors owed across half the continent. If something could be sold, traded, or acquired, Mira knew how.

Finds-the-Path

Scout and guide.

The caravan's guide through the northern tundra. Familiar with the customs of the shaman tribes and the dangers of the [Frostmarch](#) routes.

Laughs-at-Cold

Guard and pack handler.

A physically imposing Tabaxi known for their optimism and ability to make light of miserable conditions. Especially fond of teasing Steps.

Sings-to-the-Kettle

Cook, healer, and storyteller.

Responsible for keeping morale high during long journeys. The member most likely to treat injuries or settle arguments around the campfire.

[Steps-without-Pause](#)

Apprentice trader, porter, occasional nuisance.

Officially part of the caravan. Unofficially the reason the others repeatedly had to stop and figure out where he had wandered off to.

“Baron” Francesco Ganso

Species: Gnome - Forest

Appearance: stout, with vibrant white tufty hair

Personality:

Carries himself with a confident, intimidation of nobility. Despite his stature he still glares down at you as though peering through his wide-beaky nose.

Has a cane with the head of a goose, the goose head carved of marble.

Esmeralda:

Pet Goose

Affiliations:

- [Gander & Goose Public House](#) - Owner

NPCs

Yowls-in-Trees

Tabaxi trader who Steps met in Hanweir. Apparently knows Steps from something or somewhere, but unclear what exactly. Didn't know about the whereabouts of missing rest of the caravan, but did inform Steps that he's the first caravan survivor he met. Will give word of Steps' survival and his quest to find the rest of the caravan when he travels onward from Hanweir.

Sells interesting trinkets as well as regular pack supplies.

NPCs

Asteriux du'Clement

Asteriux du'Clement (Human Bard - plays a golden fiddle)

Background: esteemed wealthy musician who travels throughout the land

Famous Song: Dance of Western Sea

Schmoop Connection:

Schmoop in a tavern hearing a toe-tapping fiddle song bops and fluoresces to the music like a strange lava lamp. Cassiopeia's violin being the first instrument he heard significantly, he is drawn towards the rhythmic source. Encroaching from behind, Schmoop peaks up behind like a cobra in a basket and leans over Asteriux's shoulder still bopping along and re-shaping to be like a gelatinous cape on his back. Asteriux, noticing the weight turned to see Schmoop's false face with a blank smile staring at him, jumps in the air with an abrupt music cut and viciously shrieks, "blithering clinging puddle of chromatic dragon bile!".

NPCs

Ostavius Hrimspégill

Species: Wood Elf

Role: Archdruid of Hrímspegill Grove

Class: Druid - Circle of Stars

Personality:

- The namesake of the Hrimspégill grove
- Ancient
- Wise beyond his years, known to take in those lost in the dense nordic forests.

Connections:

- Schmoop
- Hrimspégill Druids (I will name some more)

Present Status: MISSING

There was a scuffle in the night, some yelling and he was gone, before Schmoop “left” the grove by means of Steps.

NPCs

Territh Ganso

Species: Gnome - Forest

Role: Member of Hrímsspegill Grove

Class: Druid - Circle of Stars

Backstory:

Son of Francesco Ganso who left when he learned his father's goal of attaining a noble title and his methods of doing so - the Gnome Mafia (if that is going to be a thing - Esmeralda's Gold)

Rowan Mercer

16 year old human warlock

Azaric Ignatius Vael-Khor

Species - Brass Dragonborn

Class - Sorcerer

This will be updates as lore is revealed at table

Schmoop

Verix'iim SCh-M00-P - Plasmoid Druid

Backstory

Astral Sea - Origin

Originated in a plasmoid clan - 'Iim Matrix.

Separated from it after a spelljammer craft crashed into the blob, Verix'iim landed on the front deck of the craft and an individual collected Verix'iim

Unknown Sample Specimen

The individual who collected the stunned plasmoid was an alchemist wizard that scooped Schmoop into a bell jar and brought him into his lab/study. The bell jar with Schmoop in the curved glass was flipped upside down and placed onto an ornate metal grate with air holes too small to sloop through. The bell jar was labelled as Sample Container - Mystery 00 - Plasmoid.

Schmoop was treated as a specimen to that individual doing research on ooze creatures. Schmoop was poked, prodded, and studied as though he were a common slime. This instilled a negative association to alchemists/wizards and bell jars for Schmoop. To distract himself, Verix'iim coped with the spin cycle which involves circling around the container like clothes in a washing machine. Eventually the alchemist wizard fell behind on debts and his belongings were sold off to liquidators. The liquidated goods were sold off and the Crown of Dawns picked up the crate of goods including Schmoop's container.

Cassiopeia and Schmoop

Cassiopeia, looking for a quiet place to play music away from the royal family, went down to the hold with the newly boarded cargo. Schmoop's container was on a shelf, she noticed how the plasmatic substance reacted to the music over the course of days. One day she opened the container and the plasmoid oozed out and acted like a sentient feather boa reacting to the music. Over time they became friends and Verix'iim gained the nickname of Schmoop, learning the language of Elvish. Nobody else knew of Schmoop's existence as a stowaway and would not be welcome. Here Schmoop never learned the customs of the non-plasmoid culture/customs.

The Stranded Plasmoid - Lost in Eusia

At a port somewhere in the Astral, Schmoop saw a shiny thing, distracted; he wandered off, leaving the bag Cassiopeia was carrying him around in. They left and Schmoop was left stranded in a strange place all alone. It wasn't long after he was in the wrong place and ended up in a wild magic zone and got plane-shifted to Eusia.

Revered on a Silver Platter

After the plane-shift Schmoop fell from the sky or so it appeared to the locals of a small village - renamed to Schmoop-Plate, in honour of their deity. They revered Schmoop on a silver platter, making offerings of food, drink, and shiny things. Schmoop fled from this reverence after they tried to anoint Schmoop with sticky honey - they thought the gloop might like a similarly textured substance.

Schmoop fled from the village aimlessly trying to get the sticky substance out of his protoplasm.

Lost in a Strange World - Finding the Circle/Shamans

Feeling drawn towards trying to find a way home, he decided to make his way northward and upwards by making his way into the mountains.

Schmoop did this by hitchhiking rides under/inside merchant carts/wagons. Schmoop snuck food from the wagons and eating the leftovers the merchants carelessly discarded. Some days were rough when Schmoop found little sustenance. He went three days without a meal when he ended up on the bottom of a tax collector's wagon and quickly learned not to even try to take anything as Schmoop observed how the tax collector swiftly defended himself from thieves (they ended up worse for wear).

When a plasmoid goes without food they have a harder time retaining shape and move sluggishly. Their colour also dulls, in Schmoop's case his vibrant blue more of a smoke-filled sky.

A travelling merchant made his way nearby the Hrimspégill druids on the last road/path nearest to their grove (the road curves towards the druid grove before it turns back down mountain). Schmoop seeing a large upwards slope with tracks in the snow (or dirt depending on season) (given the choice between the road that seems to go downwards past the curve, he chooses the slope - determined to get closer to the sky - or maybe he hears a slight tune on the wind). Schmoop trudges up the slope which takes a day, there is no significant food around. Finally after trudging up the slope he arrives at a plateau - Cosmic Mire (around midnight) where the night sky is reflected in the ground itself in intervals. Schmoop hears people chatting and making observations of the sky, he slops up to them and he is mesmerized by the sky itself, a clear night with no moon, a dark blanket with pinpricks of light looking down at the ground and the little plasmoid. Ostavius (the archdruid) sees Schmoop and how he is mesmerized by the nature of the stars. They take Schmoop in to teach him the ways of Hrimspégill.

Time with the Circle of Hrimspégill

They taught Schmoop the ways of their druidic order, including reading/interpreting the stars. Schmoop lived at their residence/grove, sleeping in a silver soup tureen.

Location: [Cosmic Mire](#)

Shamans: Circle of the Hrímspegill "Frost Mirror"

Schmoop's Enlightenment:

During one of their weekly Estellepondrus (star consultation/enlightenment), Schmoop noticed a pattern amongst some astral phenomena that vaguely resembled a lost friend and the sound of the wind at that moment reminiscent of an old tune that reminded him of her, the first one he reacted to in that glass jar time ago. That is when the druidic training made sense for Schmoop.

Accidental Encounter with Steps-without-Pause

One day a travelling merchant came through selling his wares. He left a large silver soup tureen on the ground while searching through his wares. Schmoop, exhausted from a long day of training and practicing spells - needing a long rest, he dreadingly assumed this was his bed and fell asleep within. The lid was replaced and the merchant was unaware of the plasmoid within.

The spooked little Schmoop was confused when he awoke to a thunderous crash in a strange place with some trinkets and wares scattered around and fleeing footsteps in the snow. Schmoop did the one thing Schmoop liked to do, the spin cycle - circling around and around in the soup tureen to distract himself from his fears. The shaking/shivering that Steps might have seen.

At the The Skies' Lantern with Steps

When they returned, Schmoop after a long sleep, realized he didn't have his special spellcasting stick (permafrost yew branch) - it must still be back at Hrimspiegill Grove. While Steps was doing whatever he was doing, Schmoop set out to find another special stick - good thing woods were full of magic. He found one that seemed to have magical ley lines (lore check?) from a distinct lightning struck pine. Schmoop brought it back and proceeded to carefully carve it to be polished (by sitting in a corner staring into space and literally shifting it in his protoplasm like a strange lava lamp until smooth). Finally Schmoop left it outside during a few cold snaps/snowstorms until it retained a frosty sheen. The stick is shaped like a jagged lightning bolt. The Frosted Pine Bolt.

The Ooze and the Travelling Merchant

Schmoop has been kicked out of a few taverns for being the blue menace for not understanding personal space when music is played (imagine a bard being encroached on by a gloopy plasmoid) and osmosising beverages or other shiny objects, making payments in shiny pebbles.

Gander & Goose Public House (with Steps) - discovered a deeper plot about their ingredients?

Adventure Start

Appearance / Personality

Appearance

Small size - 3ft in humanoid shape ~16L volume of protoplasm.

Primarily blue with a light purple tinge usually near the bottom of his protoplasm. Shimmers like starry frost when he moves. Has two short stems on top that are like hair.

False Face:

Plasmoids have no face - eyes or mouth, so Schmoop absorbs dark dye into his protoplasm to form eyes and a mouth that he manipulates through subtle shifts to try and fit in and emote like the Statues do. Sometimes it looks like a Ditto face.

Personality

- Observant
- Naive - if you explain something to Schmoop that he doesn't understand he looks at you like a ditto with a tilted head.
- Struggles to understand non-plasmoid customs such as currency

Likes:

- Containers (except glass bell jars), boxes, bags, bowls
- Carbonated beverages
- Shiny things especially smooth pebbles

Dislikes:

- Sticky substances like honey, syrup, sap

Fears:

- Abandonment - deeply rooted from when he has been separated from friends/allies
- Glass bell jars (rounded glass container with a wide, flared mouth. It has a metal or plastic lid that fits snugly over the mouth, creating an airtight seal) - like a cake display tray.

- Alchemist wizards (transmutation?)

Motivation

- To find his friend he once lost time ago on the shifting swirls of that astral. Meta Note: highly unlikely given the uncertainty of the world/realm definition.

Terminology (since Schmoop is not a humanoid):

Schmoop is keenly observant of noises.

- Click-Clack: people who make joint noises or joints pop.
 - Clumpers: people who stomp around noisily
 - Quick-Claws: Tabaxi/cats
-
- Water/flesh-bags: if Schmoop is being insulting
 - Statues: what he calls non-ooze usually

Catchphrase: Schmoopity!

Backpack Mechanics

- Similar to mounted mechanics. $\frac{1}{2}$ movement to dismount/remount - enter/exit.
- If the backpack wearer falls prone -> DEX check if Schmoop slops out unprone or prone.
- If a spell targets the area of backpack and wearer -> both have to make a save.
- Schmoop and Shape-Self vs Amorphous when exiting a backpack, or does he just ride in it in whatever shape.
- Open/close flap of backpack depends on situation Action vs free object interaction. Pseudopod can be extracted and interact on the same bonus action.

Schmoop

Allies

Steps-without-Pause

Schmoop's travelling buddy.

Ostavius Hrímsepill (Wood Elf)

Allegiance: Hrímsepill Grove (Mainly elves?)

Schmoop Connection:

The first one who noticed Schmoop wandering near the treeline, a curious creature speckling in the moon(s)/starlight during their weekly meditation.

The plasmoid failed to understand anything the people were saying to him until Ostavius spoke in Elvish to him.

The circle took Schmoop in and began to teach him their druidic ways of nature and survival, notably the majority of them are stars druids.

Schmoop Knowledge: Schmoop is aware he went missing - there was a scuffle and yelling in the night, but no trace or clues were found as to what happened.

Others members of the Grove

Schmoop

Enemies

Asteriux du'Clement (Human Bard - plays a golden fiddle)

Background: esteemed wealthy musician who travels throughout the land

Famous Song: Dance of Western Sea

Schmoop Connection:

Schmoop in a tavern hearing a toe-tapping fiddle song bops and fluoresces to the music like a strange lava lamp. Cassiopeia's violin being the first instrument he heard significantly, he is drawn towards the rhythmic source. Encroaching from behind, Schmoop peaks up behind like a cobra in a basket and leans over Asteriux's shoulder still bopping along and re-shaping to be like a gelatinous cape on his back. Asteriux, noticing the weight turned to see Schmoop's false face with a blank smile staring at him, jumps in the air with an abrupt music cut and viciously shrieks, "blithering clinging puddle of chromatic dragon bile!".

Unnamed Alchemist Wizard (Gnome)

Unlikely to be seen in Eusia (presumably), but a significant character in Schmoop's early backstory.

Schmoop Connection:

The one who collected Schmoop when he was separated from his home clan and performed research on the plasmoid. See Schmoop's Backstory (Unknown Sample)

Alastair Wellington LaCroix

A dark shady man in an incredibly well put together suit. He carries a cart with various interesting herbs medicines spices trinkets and other various baubles and things. On his face sits an intricate and old looking bird mask, atop his hat sits a wide trimmed flat hat. He claims to follow an entity named the "Lord of Feathers"

Nyr Morvane

Will update this as his story is revealed