

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.

Lost in a Strange World - Finding the Circle/Shamans

Schmoop fled from the village aimlessly trying to get the sticky substance out of his protoplasm. He stumbled into a circle of shamans who were stargazing, Schmoop mesmerized, came up to them and gazed upwards with them.

Time with the Circle of Hrimspegill

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 Hrimspegill "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 Hrimspegill 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

Revision #5

Created 2026-07-23 17:03:42 UTC by Jorn

Updated 2026-07-24 04:33:46 UTC by Schmoopity