

Raviaki Silverspark

Hey. Hey kid. You wanna buy some drugs?"
"Oh Kiriata, I didn't say there was an easy way out."

--Arrest report for Raviaki's Silverspark from the city of Gardenia-- Dialogue recorded during Round 2 of the Cross Tourney

Raviaki is a dense little creature. Standing at 4'0", which is a respectable height for a halfling, they are stout and swathed in layers, belts, and materials. Their gloves and boots are always stained with unmentionable substances. They have covered one eye with a bandage. Their hair is short, black, and always messy and their skin is a medium brown.

Blood.

They're covered in blood. Their wounds will not close but they do not recoil in pain, or stem the flow. They are still small, still short, still wrapped with the trappings of the person they once were. But for how much longer?

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Backstory

An unfortunate side character discarded by the narrative, Raviaki Silverspark was once an unwilling member of an adventuring party, journeying to save the realm from the onslaught of an evil goddess.

Born dirt poor to a sickly single mother, Ravi turned to drug making and drug dealing to pay the bills at an early age, discovering an affinity for potion making. However, after their mother passed, they got arrested for drug dealing and was conscripted into a realm saving adventure in exchange for their freedom.

However, as it turned out the plague was a curse by an evil goddess, seeking foothold in the realm. As the party found

Raviaki Silverspark



Aliases/Nickname(s) Ravi
Profile Data
Race Halfling
Pronouns/Gender/Sex They/them
Age 28 years
Weight/Height/Build

Abilities

Alchemy

Infected Blood

A powerful alchemist, Ravi can brew potions to specification provided they have the time and ingredients to do so. Even in an unknown environment, their familiarity with alchemy means they can usually find acceptable substitutes for traditional ingredients. These potions can do anything from providing flight and agility, to breathing fire and acid, to healing wounds and poisons. And of course, drugs.

They have several ways to deliver potions—the most easiest way is drinking it, but they can make tablets to dissolve under the tongue, salves, sprays, anything your imagination can extend to. They will be purchasing a crossbow with special bolts that have a glass that shatters to release potions from The Iron Claw, as well as regular bolts.

Blood drips from their wounds, seemingly endlessly. One touch of it brings with it Irra's blessing. Or curse, depending on their point of view.

Running/Healing

For a creature so short in stature, they really are quite good at running the fuck away. They're a bit of a free runner, even, scrambling across walls, jumping over ditches, climbing up poles.

They're not the one who needs to run.

Muscle and bone will hold together through tacky red blood, and wounds will only provide more places for them to spread their blessing.

Thievery/Bloodsmithing

A denizen of the underworld, Ravi knows their way around a lock. They can pick pocket too, if pushed to it. Not their best skill, but useful.

What would they possibly need from someone else?

They can form simple shapes in blood, drawing weapons built from viscera and gore.

Inventory/Spearfighting

Ravi is always on the look out for ingredients that could be, just *maybe*, be useful. They have many pockets and pouches that contain oddities galore. It also doesn't help that they have some sticky fingers at times. In terms of combat, they are armed with a belt knife, a solid stone mortar and pestle, and a cast iron cauldron the size of a grapefruit. Their inventory of potions is completely empty as of right now, but they will have the opportunity to brew some before the tournament. They have a bunch of pockets sewn into their cape that holds their accumulated ingredients.

Their alchemy kit is small, modular, and flexible. They swap things around as necessary, and they do have a bag of holding for all their equipment. This means, they can have pretty much whatever, so long as it fits the vibe. Their alchemical shenanigans have more of a low fantasy vibe and I'm pulling strongly from historical medicine and chemistry. That said, they do use magic to achieve affects, usually through charms and stuff, for example, to chill and freeze potions and ingredients.

Their apron is made of a thick canvas that could act as armor against slashes and stabs. Their gloves are thick leather and they have leather tassets that are more inventory than armor, but will still protect them from a blow.

A spear is a useful weapon with so short a stature. The skill to wield it comes from within.

Tag

Their tag is a medallion worn around the neck that they generally wear stuffed under their shirt.

Infection

Ravi, having been infected by Irra, goddess of plague, has been cursed/gifted with weeping sores that will spread the contagion. The Weeping One's curse is a virulent plague that manifests with high fevers and open sores that produce pus. As the disease progresses, things escalate to hallucinations and sores in the eyes that ooze blood, giving the appearance of weeping, blinding the patient. Ravi has been keeping these *firmly* covered and have been managing the illness with alchemy. This is less of an ability and more of a curse.

LET HER OUT. LET HER OUT. LET HER OUT.

Strengths

They're very good at alchemy. They can make potions to specification, and they can be very powerful. However, these potions require time and ingredients, as well as a proper set up. They need a certain amount of infrastructure to make new potions.

They're good at improvisation and being very clever, and they have a pragmatic ruthlessness that does, in fact, extend to cheating. The stakes are too high, and they don't have enough faith in their combat ability to not cheat.

They have been possessed by a desperate god of a cruel plague, having surrendered to her out sheer exhaustion.

They are now trapped on the edge of dying and it will be nearly impossible to shift them one way or another. They are quite nearly divine, and every open wound only makes them more dangerous.

They have lost their will for mercy.

Weaknesses

~~They're kind of a coward. They don't like pain and they aren't very good at fighting directly. They need a lot of set up to be able to do very much in battle.~~

~~They are currently playing unwilling host to an evil goddess. This manifests as an incurable, deadly disease they are holding at bay with their alchemical talents. They're currently missing an eye, due to this disease.~~

How much of this new Raviaki is Irra and how much of it is Ravi? How much control have they surrendered?

Somewhere inside them, there is still a halfling who just wants to be safe and loved, and there are still those who want to reach for them, however complicated that may be.

Also they're still like 4 feet tall.

Gallery



Ravi's Alchemy Kit



Profile Pic



[item description]

Author's Notes

Ravi is based on a DnD character I have played! I'm very fond of them, and I'm also prone to making them the butt of a joke. It's great.

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