

Background:

8 year old Marta was one of many lost children in the city of (xxxx). She scrounged & pilfered what little she needed to survive. One night while wandering through the city she came upon a ruckus coming forth from the lit window of a workshop. An older gnome was banging away at something... and cursing up a storm (had she spoken Gnomish she would have known that). Intrigued, she stood outside the window and watched. He was building something, a contraption, seemingly out of the very junk she ignored day after day. Little wires, bits of metal, pieces of wood, odd toothy circles; somehow he put it all together and made a 'thing' about as large as himself. Then he did something even more unusual. With his tools he made it move, seemingly on its own! From the shadows she watched in silence until he retired for the night.

Curiosity peaked, she returned earlier the next night to watch some more. This time she saw him working on a different 'thing'; not a gnome-sized construct, but a small shaft of wood with designs and some kind of letters or runes carved on it and a piece of glass or maybe even a gem at the end of it. He pressed a button and it shed light like a torch! The light poured out the window, and with that the elderly gnome saw the astonished face of the dirty little girl staring at him. Marta was about to dash, but he called out to her, "You there! Don't be afraid. Would you like to try my, uhh, errmm..."

"Lightstick!" Marta blurted out.



Buzz Eldritch

"Yes, that'll work. My lightstick," he agreed. Marta nodded eagerly and entered the Gnome's workshop. The small space was packed with odd things and weird tools and piles of stuff! As she wandered around gazing at all the strange things her eyes rested on a small brass heart-shaped box with a little handle poking out from one side (PH p160: Trinkets, #21. A tiny gnome-crafted music box that plays a song you dimly remember from your childhood).

He smiled as he tottered over to her, "here, let me show you how that works." He picked it up and held it before her as he turned the handle a dozen times or so then lifted the lid. She could see the little slivers of metal being ever-so-gently bent by tiny nubs on a rotating cylinder. As they released a delicate little song played. Marta was filled with wonder that this tiny contraption could produce such a pretty sound. "This was one of the first things I made. It was for my daughter Lilli when she was about your age." The old gnome's eyes seemed to wander off for a moment as if suddenly recalling a fond memory. "Anyway, she is no longer with us," his face appeared a bit sad. "But you are," he said with a resolute smile. "Would you like to have this?" he asked. Marta nodded enthusiastically, her eyes never leaving the small device.

(Ok, sorry. I'm slipping into narrative mode, and this could turn into pages and pages if I don't curb myself! So, let me switch back into 'this is what the GM needs to know' mode)

So, Marta spends the next few months coming back to the shop to watch the old gnome (who goes by the name Buzz Eldritch) work on his gadgets. Eventually he starts teaching her about materials, crafting, how to use the tools in his shop, and about how to imbue bits of magic into the items he creates. He also starts teaching her Gnomish, but he doesn't teach her the words he uses to cuss (she picks them up all on her own!).

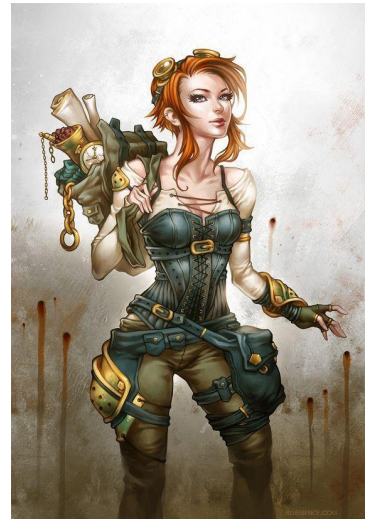
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Marta spent several years in the old gnome's workshop learning. He became the father Marta didn't have. But, as time passed, he spent less and less time at work in his workshop. More and more time was spent sitting in an old plush chair, telling her stories while she crafted, and asking her to describe what she was doing. Marta had seen the milky haze that had begun to form over the old gnome's eyes and reluctantly came to the realization that he was going blind and would no longer be able to do what he so enjoyed. Eventually she confronted him about his condition and he told her it was just the natural state of things. Marta knew that if her mentor could no longer do what he loved, he, like his vision, would atrophy and eventually wither away.

For that reason, she packed up all the tools she could carry and headed off on her own in search of a way to enable her father to see again, as well as for new inventions to make and crafting techniques and magics to imbue. Marta heard through Buzz' own tales of a very rare item called a *Gem of Seeing*. Perhaps it holds the secret to restore vision to the man who took her in and loved her like his own daughter.

Appearance:

Marta is a 14yo human of quite disheveled appearance. The haphazard array of small ponytails in her wheat-colored hair are pushed back by a pair of goggles sprouting various small knobs & movable colored lenses. She is dressed in ill-fitting, well-worn and dirt-smudged male gnome clothes. Her grey wool gnome knickers come down to just below her knees, the sleeves on her off-white shirt have been left unbuttoned and flap around below her elbows, and the subdued gold pinstripe vest probably won't even button. Fortunately, most of this whole mess is covered by an old leather apron completely festooned with pockets, pouches, loops and straps that hold a seemingly endless supply of tools, scraps of worked-on metal and other materials, and tiny half-completed knick-knacks all firmly secured in place. Marta has a plethora of overflowing belt & box pouches strapped about her waist, a sturdy leather satchel slung over her shoulder and a pocket-pocked haversack on her back; apparent overflow storage for the multitude of items not stuffed in or hanging from her apron.



Marta

Personality & Quirks (RP elements I hope to bring out in game):

- When Marta fails at something important or gets exasperated, a stream of Gnomish cursing and cussing pours from her mouth salty enough to make a Crow's Keep sailor blush.
- She is constantly rummaging through trash (well, not like tavern/inn garbage, but any collection of discarded materials), and searching any and all shops, etc, trying to find supplies for her inventions.
- When she's not crafting or logging important data or thoughts into her journal, Marta appears impatient, as if she usually has something more important that she should be doing.
- Marta has a soft spot for other urchins. When she comes upon them, she typically gives them a sp and a tiny clockwork toy if she has one available.



- The music box that her mentor had given to her, the first item she remembers actually owning, is her most cherished possession. Every night before retiring she ensures it has been cleaned & polished, then plays it when she goes to bed.

- Marta used to have a pet mouse, Squeaky, but it died. She has since built a small mechanical bird that she calls Finch. When lonely or sad she can possibly be seen talking to it, as if in a full conversation while it mechanically hops around, tilts its head and tweets. Oddly enough, Finch just so happens to chirp or cock his head as if it is actually listening and answering... but this is absolutely preposterous for a 'toy' to *actually* be doing this...



Some of Marta's more fiery streams of cussing:

Fiddlefen!

Boddynock!

Ribble Ripples!

Munggen Gimble!

Cobblelobbing Boondiggeling Oppah Rimple!

Loopmottin Musgraben Fabblestabble-ing Nigel-Nackle!

Wobble-spurnin' Fabblestabble Gobblefirnin' Loofoollie!

Some direct translations:

Fuck!

Fapplestam!

Shit!

Schepp!

Damn! (it!)

Dimble! (nack!)

Eat me!

Gobble mick!