Imago's Back Story

When Imago was young, aproximately 13, his mother and father celebrated the naming of their little gnomish boy.  The naming ceremony is an important coming of age celebration where the young chaos gnome chooses a name for himself;  thus signifying his passage into or closer to adulthood.  Unfortunately, the name suggested was not to his liking and he was unsure of what name best to pick.  He pondered it over for a very long time... possibly a whole hour, but nothing significant came to mind.  His parents said they would name him Jeff, but it was lackluster so Imago chose the name "Name."  Which in gnome is Imago, until he could choose, as Bill and Ted of 1984 would say, A Most Excellent Name.  Once he chose his temporary name, he then set off to explore the wide world, as most Gnomes are prone to wanderlust.

Once wandering through an enchanted glade, didnt' know it was enchanted at the time, a strangely beautiful spirit of the forest approached him and asked for a favor.  Imago didn't know if that meant do it or die, or if she needed help.  Being a strict do-gooder, he was thrilled at the chance to be able to help the creature, and she was cute after all.  The Dryad, he later learned that's what she was, was unable to leave her forest, but desparately needed an alchemy potion to heal her tree.  He didn't know what the potion did exactly, as he wasn't a sorcerer yet, but he gladly took on the important quest to save the forest.  It was several weeks later that he returned from town with what he thought was the elixir she had described.  His forever poverty kept him from carrying gold, and the doodad was much more expensive than he'd guessed.  Luckily, he was a natural hoarder.  Anything that was shiny or  pretty and discarded along his path would find its way into his pockets and eventually sewn into his gee.  Beads of all colors, shiny coins (not gold), figurines and small shiny stones that only a Gnome could love.  It was one such doodad that caught the merchants eye.  He had said it was a precious stone.  That could have meant it was his "Precious" and Imago would be glad to be rid of an evil bauble or there was worth inside the dirt encrusted rock.  Image didn't care, it wasn't even his favorite, and he could always get a new one along the road.  So he traded it for the potion.

When he returned to the Dryad, she asked what reward he expected.  Imago said the smile on her face was reward enough.  That's when she kissed him.  It took him several years to realize what she had actually given him... A Nymph's Kiss.  He'd forever been changed, but in a good way.  He found himself more skillful and charming.   That's also when he decided to learn more about magic.

Throughout his career, magic became his focus.  It came easy to him and his natural choas energy gave him special advantages.  He would move from town to town searching for some adventure where he could make a difference and make sure that good always prevailed or until he got bored.  On one such occasion, he joine a small band to help rescue a young boy.  Unbeknowst to him, he had saved the son of the Elemental Prince (Lord FragatThee-eme) of the Oghram Flame.  When asked what Imago wished in payment, he simply replied, it is enough that the boy is safe.  The Prince bestowed upon him The Spirit of Flame.  This caused Imago's hands to light with flame and any damage he did, an equal amount of fire damge was added.  He could also create small balls of fire which can be thrown and in which he could suffuse any touch spell.

What an amazing gift!  Before Imago could protest that he could not accept such a tremendous gift, it had already been bestowed.

He found that by doing good, people were gracious and thankful, and doubly since the impoverished monk always denied any payment.  When in the Dragon Mountains, a powerful Ettin with the essence of a Red Dragon, organized a contingent of Trolls called "the Tribulation" to take over the territory from the Mountain Dwarves called "The Hammer Gaurd."  Dubbed "The Shattered Hammer" the battle liberated six Dwarven mining camps, two Mountain fortresses and five towns.  The Dwarves immersed Imago in a 'Pool of Diamonds" resulting in an alchemical 'Diamond Skin.'  After assisting a religious sect called The All-Seeing Acoltes they gave Imago a divine blessing from Boccob, which magically branded  the god's symbol on Imago's eyelids.  While traveling through Skuld, Mulhorand, and recovering the mystic 'Eye of Omphalos' for a group of Mystic Theurges, they trained Imago to be 'here and not here' at the same time.  When in the Town of Morlond, the villagers prepared the defeated Chamelot's brain in a special stew giving the powers of a chamelon.  While in the Icerim Mountains, we rescued a hunting party from an avalanche and the tribe's shaman penned a series of spells that now adorn Imago's body as tattoos.  When in the 'Black Jungles' a Hyperium Serpent bit Imago and he nearly died from the poison.  A gift from what god, no one can say.  But whether a curse or boon, surviving the bite created a side-effect that doubled Imago's metabolism.  He moves twice as fast, talks twice as fast and ages twice as fast as a normal Gnome.  At first, Imago thought the gods were punishing him, but today it is seen as a blessing, for his quickness has gotten him out of many close encounters.

Garl Glittergold is usually the one that gets the praise for all the amazing things that have happened to him.  Although, each week there has been a new more interesting god.  Boccob was his first such diversion.  As the god of magic, Imago was burning with desire to learn how to please the god by learning more about being a sorcerer.  The Dwarven god Mor something, was another such diversion.  The gruff love of the god was beyond motivating and Imago strived to please him by helping out his favorite followers.  This week Pelor has a special gift for Imago, as he is the god of healing.  While praying, Pelor granted Imago the divine ability to change his arcane energies into divine, and to mend a broken body, whether his own or his comrades.  And it seems that Pelor has some really cool Paladins in his service (wink wink).