

Will An

Race	Wanderborne Clank
Faction	
Location	Kalzendil
Gender	He/Him
Birthday	Unknown
Appearance	
Eyes	Glowing blue
Hair	None
Height	227 cm
Weight	160 kg

Appearance

Will An projects a towering, mechanical presence through his form-fitting and slender humanoid form. His body, masterfully crafted in an unknown metal, has visible scuffs and scratches, suggesting a long history of combat. Two small, concentrated blue light sources visually represent his gaze, indicating his focus and awareness. Only the keenest eyes, or the people closest to him, can catch any shift in their intensity, which otherwise contributes to his impassive and unsettling demeanor. He carries a heavy spiked warhammer, its end resembling an anvil. Despite its simple and worn appearance, there is more that catches the eye in his weapon. Slung over his shoulder, a satchel of worn leather from which he never separates.

History

Paste your secrets at [Will Secrets](#). There, you can write here any secrets you want to keep hidden from the rest of the party.

Having awoken with no recollection of his past, he has more questions than answers to provide about his origins. He lived for years as a nomad, wandering alone or joining caravans along the path while seeking answers about his past and the world he awoke into. During his journey, he has met many wanderers, to whom he offered his skills in exchange for information when possible, or simply for gold. Not all of these encounters parted in a friendly way. By means of innate knowledge, he has tinkered with his body throughout the years to keep it functioning. However, lacking the proper tools and noticing its noble craft fading, one day, the needs of restoration drove him to seek a great city of men. A few days after crossing the city gates of Kalzendil, he meets a new fellowship of wanderers...a path perhaps chosen by fate.

From:
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Last update: **2025/10/28 22:44**



