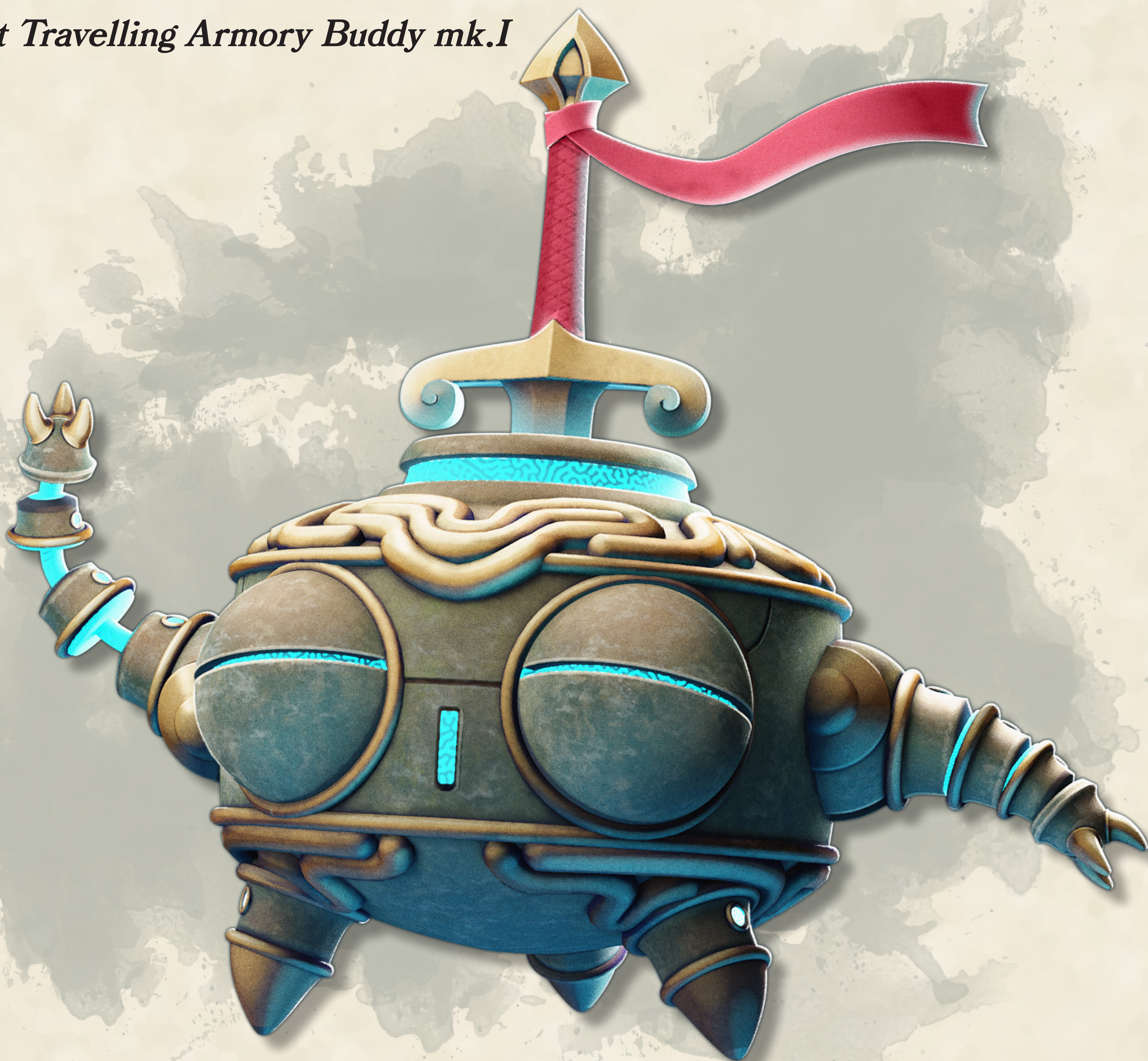


# STAB-I

*Sentient Travelling Armory Buddy mk.I*



STAB-I doesn't remember why he was made. STAB-I doesn't even know who made him. Honestly, STAB-I doesn't know much. But STAB-I knows one thing, and that's swords. Swords are the best thing ever, and if there's going to be swords, it's a fair bet that STAB-I will be there to admire the artistic craft of the world's coolest weapon. Whenever a fierce battle has happened and precious weapons lie abandoned, STAB-I is likely to be found rummaging through the land to retrieve said weapons, so long as they are bladed. As STAB-I always says, "Non-bladed weapons are pointless."

## **ALOOF ARSENAL**

With a charmingly innocent personality, STAB-I often finds himself doted on by folks who see the child-like wonder of the construct as strangely endearing just as often as he is taken advantage of by scoundrels who wish to exploit his potential as a walking arsenal. As such the little construct has garnered somewhat of a local celebrity status as he wanders the land making friends with those of all persuasions. STAB-I does not take it upon himself to judge the actions of those around him, often just happy to be along for the ride (unless it impedes his quest for more swords. Swords are everything).

## **UNKNOWN ORIGINS**

STAB-I is clearly constructed for a purpose, but is often found wandering about the realms. There is no one place STAB-I calls home, and he does not recall one from his past. Perhaps he is the work of a talented artificer driven by an interest in creating powerful weapons, who sent the diminutive automaton on a mission to collect swords to inspire them. Or perhaps he is a remnant of an ancient civilization, a mechanical squire to a noble warrior of old. Regardless when asked, STAB-I will ponder these possibilities, but cannot recall if any are true or not. The little one seems content to forge his own path, alongside any who will help him on his quest to grow his collection.

# STAB-I

**Small Construct, Neutral**

**Armor Class 16** (natural armor)

**Hit Points 51** (6d4 + 36)

**Speed 20 ft.**

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
16 (+3)	8 (-1)	18 (+4)	7 (-2)	10 (+0)	6 (-2)

**Saving Throws** CON +6, WIS +2

**Damage Immunities** Poison

**Condition Immunities** Charmed, Exhaustion, Frightened, Paralyzed, Poisoned

**Senses** Passive Perception 10

**Languages** Common

**Challenge 2** (450 XP)

**Proficiency Bonus +2**

**Weapons Storage.** STAB-I is a walking demiplane, and can store any number of weapons within himself by inserting them into his head. STAB-I will not willingly store any items that are not considered bladed weapons, as doing so goes against his very nature.

STAB-I can attune to up to four weapons stored within his demiplane.

**Mighty Body.** STAB-I's body is composed of an alloy of precious stone and metals. As such, any critical hit against him becomes a normal hit and he has advantage on saving throws to resist being moved against his will.

**Antimagic Susceptibility.** STAB-I is incapacitated while in the area of an antimagic field. If targeted by dispel magic, he must succeed on a Constitution saving throw against the caster's spell save DC or fall unconscious for 1 minute.

**Immutable Form.** STAB-I is immune to any spell or effect that would alter his form.

**Unusual Nature.** STAB-I doesn't require air, food, drink, or sleep.

## Actions

**Multiattack.** STAB-I makes two weapon attacks, one with each arm.

**Sword.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 6 (1d6 + 3) slashing damage.

## Bonus Actions

**Weapon Production.** STAB-I can summon up to any two weapons he has stored within the demiplane for combat. The summoned weapons automatically appear in his hands.

**Adjustable Vision.** STAB-I can adjust his ocular lenses to one of the following types, seeing as though affected by the spell of the same name: Detect Magic or Darkvision. STAB-I can only benefit from one type of vision at a time out to a range of 60 feet.

**Read Out.** *The diminutive construct trots across the battlefield, stooping down and extending an arm to reach for the fallen soldier's weapon. As it picks up the blade, you watch the creature's eyes shift in color, projecting an magically analytical light upon it. It begins to jump with joy, and as it taps the blade to the top of its head you see the weapon disappear in a shimmering opening atop its head. Turning, the creature meets your gaze, and you watch as it gleefully strolls toward you.*