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ook

2500 x 3235
↔ ↕

Image Dummy

Ook

unknown orangutan

Neutral

Level 0 Civilian N/A

Pronouns -

they/them

Occupations -

Librarian

Armor Class -

15

Hit Points -

42 (TODO Hitdice)

Speed -

30.

STR

16 (+3)

DEX

19 (+5)

CON

10 (+0)

INT

14 (+2)

WIS

12 (+1)

CHA

7 (-1)

Saving Throws -

Skills -

N/A

Proficiencies -

Proficiency Mod -

+2

Languages -

Orangutan {"id"=>"the_libraries_of_the_interstices_orders_of_knowledge_and_scribes_", "name"=>"The Libraries of the Interstices; Orders of Knowledge and Scribes;"}

Adjectives -

Beastial, Simian, Curious,

Special Abilities

Special Equipment

Combat Tactics

Actions

Factions

2500 x 3235



Image Dummy

Roleplaying

Introduction

A flash of muscular orange fur swings down from the shelves. The ape stands on the checkout desk and says - /"Ook?/"

Appearance

Orangutany

Expressions

Ook!

Ook?

Ook.

Mannerisms

Scratching armpits; picking fleas and eating them. Selecting books with his prehensile toes; handstands and cartwheels.

Motivations

Ook loves bananas and the Dewey Decimal System. They frequently explore L-Space, the infinite library between worlds

Passions

Books and knowledge

Secrets

Oook

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Adjectives -

Beastial, Simian, Curious,

Special Abilities

-

-

Special Equipment

-

Combat Tactics

Swinging and beating the tar out of anyone who might be a combatant

Actions

-

Factions

Roleplaying

Introduction

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Background Story

The jungle trading port of Ambor Maala [Any Mixed Race Trading port in a jungle environment] was host to most of the races of the realms and, alongside this, most of the arcane magicks and knowledges one would expect from a diverse population. This vibrant locale held within its confines a collection of written lore that is well known even beyond the region. Keepers of this knowledge are revered. A modest and composed Firbolg named Wesley Palaxian had gained esteem as head keeper of these lore and the large volume of tomes within which the knowledges were held. One fateful afternoon the library of Ambor Maala was invaded by a small group of elite Drow Soldiers and their commander, a powerful

evocation/transmutation mage of the Underdark seeking greater knowledges of the arcane that were contained within the library. Wesley was far from a warrior of any sorts but knew that in the wrong hands these knowledges would prove destructive for his home town and beyond. Valiantly defending the library, Wesley was mortally wounded. During what he believed were his final breaths he confidently cursed the Drow and their leader. "Foolish furbag," the Drow mage condesdendingly muttered unimpressed. "There is clearly nothing you can do to stop us. Might as well be a monkey following the filthy jungle peoples you hold so dear." The mage uttered some mystical incantation in Drow and traced sigils in the air, transforming Wesley into an Orangutan. The invaders then proceeded to ignite the shelves of books in the library before fleeing through a teleportation portal. The local guard attended the blaze and brought it under control but Wesley had already pulled himself from the blaze. Ashamed to ever show himself to anyone in his home town, he slowly retreated into the jungle. For days, Wesley sought out the Sylvan Elven Druids he knew inhabited the surrounding jungles. Eventually found by these kinds souls, Wesley was no longer able to communicate besides pointing to himself and shouting, 'Ook!'. When the Druids found him reading through their tomes during his recovery, they recognized that this 'monkey' was beyond ordinary. They chose to transport him to the High Elven City of Emnius [A Major Elven City] for study. The Elves of Emnius were able to determine that Ook was a victim of magicks but the polymorph spell was of unknown origin to them and they weren't able to trace the magic to uncover his original form. They quickly came to see Ook's ability to categorize and organize tomes of knowledge and appointed him as assistant to their keeper of archives and knowledge. Ook has since become renown throughout the surrounding regions.