

CELL ONE

RUTGARD ELDERHUT

adolescent human
chaotic neutral
Level 2 fighter

Pronouns: he/him
Occupations: Brigand
Armor Class 14
Hit Points 29 (TODO Hitdice)
Speed 30.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
16 ()	14	15	13	9	16

Saving Throws TODO Saving Throws
Skills

Proficiencies TODO

Damage Immunities TODO Damage Immunities
Condition Immunities TODO Condition Immunities
Senses TODO Senses
Languages Common ,
Adjectives ,

Special Abilities

- Fighting Style: Defense, Second Wind, Action Surge | Athletics, Intimidation

Special Equipment

Combat Tactics

Straight ahead with his sword and if he proves outmatched, he'll fall back and use his bow if possible

Actions

Sword | Bow

Factions

2500 x 3235

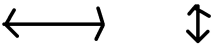


Image Dummy

ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

A burly young man steps out into the firelight, "Don't anybody move, we've got you surrounded"

Appearance

Tall and broad with sandy hair and a five o'clock shadow that makes him look older than he is. Dressed in cheap leathers

Expressions

"Aye, don't you be trying anythin funny", "Just hand o'er yer loot and we'll be on our way, no need to get yerself hurt"

Mannerisms

An odd accent and a touch of a slur

Motivations

Money, survival, power

Passions

Clog Dancing

Secrets

He's not in charge of the gang, but he definitely knows who is

RUTGARD ELDERHUT

adolescent human
chaotic neutral
Level 2 fighter

Pronouns: he/him
Occupations: Brigand
Armor Class 14
Hit Points 29 (TODO Hitdice)
Speed 30.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
16	14	15	13	9	16

Saving Throws TODO Saving Throws
Skills

Proficiencies TODO

	<div><div>Damage Immunities TODO Damage Immunities Condition Immunities TODO Condition Immunities Senses TODO Senses Languages Common , Adjectives ,</div><div>Special Abilities<ul style="list-style-type: none">Fighting Style: Defense, Second Wind, Action Surge Athletics, Intimidation</div><div>Special Equipment</div><div>CELL 2 Combat Tactics</div><div>Straight ahead with his sword and if he proves outmatched, he'll fall back and use his bow if possible</div><div>Actions</div><div>Sword Bow</div><div>Factions</div><div><div>2500 x 3235</div><div>↔ ↕</div><div>Image Dummy</div></div></div>
<div><div>ROLEPLAYING</div><div>Introduction</div><div>A burly young man steps out into the firelight, "Don't anybody move, we've got you surrounded"</div><div>Appearance</div><div>Tall and broad with sandy hair and a five o'clock shadow that makes him look older than he is. Dressed in cheap leathers</div><div>Expressions</div><div>"Aye, don't you be trying anythin funny", "Just hand o'er yer loot and we'll be on our way, no need to get yerself hurt"</div><div>Mannerisms</div><div>An odd accent and a touch of a slur</div><div>Motivations</div><div>Money, survival, power</div><div>Passions</div><div>Clog Dancing</div></div>	<div></div> <div>Bottom</div>

Secrets

He's not in charge of the gang, but he definitely knows who is