

## DEWARN DRUMHELLER

Older Adult Dwarf  
Neutral Good  
Level 0 Civilian / Commoner

**Pronouns** - he/him  
**Occupations** - Mason  
**Armor Class** - 11  
**Hit Points** -  
87 (TODO Hitdice)  
**Speed** - 25.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS
15	12	16	16	18
(+3)	(+1)	(+3)	(+3)	(+4)

**CHA**  
**12**  
**(+1)**

**Saving Throws** -  
**Skills** - Master Mason  
**Proficiencies** -  
**Proficiency Mod** - +2

**Languages** -  
Common Dwarvish  
**Adjectives** -

**Special Abilities**  
**Special Equipment**

**Combat Tactics**  
He's not a fighter, but as an old drunk with a lot of pride, he's been known to get into the odd bar brawl now and again where he'll fight with anything he can get his hands on

**Actions** -

**Factions**  
**Mason's Guild**  
Role:  
**Dwarf Tribe**  
Role:

2500 x 3235

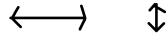


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## ROLEPLAYING

### Introduction

A graying dwarf curses at the top of his lungs as he drops the bricks he's laying from 2 stories up on scaffolding

### Appearance

Broad and tanned from years working in the sun. His arms covered in scars from his job and he's missing several fingers

### Expressions

"&#x26;\*&#x21;%\$%##^!!!!!"  
"These kid's these days don't know how to build a wall", "&#x26;\*&#x21;%\$%##^!!!!!"

### Mannerisms

Squints his eyes like the sun is too bright, regardless of the weather. Cracks his thick knuckles incessantly

### Motivations

Mastery of his craft. Imparting his knowledge to the next generation of masons

### Passions

Hard drinking and swearing profusely

### Secrets

May know some secret passages or weaknesses in buildings and walls he's worked on over the years

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## BACK STORY

Have  
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dwarf,  
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