

STEVE "PATCH" YARROW

Older Adult Human
Neutral
Level 3 Rogue

Pronouns - he/him
Occupations - Bartender
Armor Class - 14
Hit Points -
41 (TODO Hitdice)
Speed - 30.

STR **DEX** **CON** **INT** **WIS**
12 **18** **13** **16** **10**
(+1) **(+4)** **(+2)** **(+3)** **(+0)**

CHA
9
(0)

Saving Throws -
Skills -
Proficiencies -
Proficiency Mod - +2

Languages -
Common Undercommon
Thieve's Cant
Adjectives -

Special Abilities -

Special Equipment

Combat Tactics

He's a quick draw and a decent shot with his hand crossbow, so he'll always start with that but he's definitely not above getting blood on his hands if necessary

Actions -

Factions

A Thieve's/Assassin's Guild
Role:

2500 x 3235

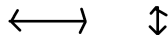


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ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

A one-eyed man behind the bar meets your gaze as you enter the run-down tavern. "Whatdya Want?" He says with a scowl

Appearance

balding with a bad comb-over, one eye covered with a leather patch. Plain grubby clothes and a dagger on his belt

Expressions

"We've got one kinda ale, take it or leave it", "Nah we don't serve food here", Finish yer drink and kindly leave"

Mannerisms

a perpetual scowl on his face, rubs his hands together like they're cold all the time

Motivations

Money, Protecting the local thieve's guild's secrets

Passions

Stabbing people he doesn't like

Secrets

He's the gatekeeper to the local thieve's guild which has a secret entrance in the back of his dive bar

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BACKG STORY

Steve greets the streets, stealing to accomplish and in his reputation as a specialist. cold-blooded has no qualms about stabbing questions he became an executioner on the job robberies. greed got him on a job. the Thieve's eye, stripping responsibility jobs and the bar area hides their basically a doorman he resents it. He doesn't permanenly betray the mean and serving customers gets paid is drinking a hand the bar area belt in c makes it outside th

x 3235



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