

THE DRUNKEN COWARD

Middle-Aged Adult Human Neutral Level 6 Monk

Pronouns: he/him Occupations: Bartender; Inkeeper Armor Class 18 Hit Points 57 (TODO Hitdice) Speed 90.

STR DEX CON INT WIS

10 19 12 10 16 (+0) (+5) (+1) (+0) (+3)

CHA

16 (+3)

Saving Throws
TODO Saving Throws
Skills Persuasion;
Performance; Acrobatics;
Athletics

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

Special Abilities

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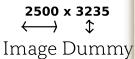
Flurry of Blows; Drunken Technique; Tipsy Sway, Unarmored Defense; Extra Attack; Stunning Strike; Ki; Kiempowered strikes | Martial Arts:

Special Equipment

Combat Tactics

He is a notable combatant. Few know of this and when and if he ever engages in combat, look out. Occasionally this is apparent when he bounces patrons.

Actions



ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

Bellying up to the bar, the bartende smiles, "the drunken coward has al your libational and respite needs!"

Appearance

A surly human with smooth cacao sk and short dreadlocked hair. Bright, patched clothes. Flambouyant scarv

Expressions

"The ale and mouths are pouring!";
"Need not know what's next. Rest. B
anew tomorrow"; "The mind makes
troubles"

Mannerisms

Busy-body who wavers in each movement. Tremors early in the day Joyously but mistakenly spills drinks foods.

Motivations

To provide balance through comfort respite alongside the chaos and tum of tavern-life.

Passions

Ales. More Ales. Ornately carved tankards. Meditation and the balanc mind over balance of body.

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Secrets

distant and removed. This was most likely because Firmoore's birth was a scar on the face of the monastery since sex and procreation, especially out of wedlock, were forbidden. Thus, his existence was kept secret from the abbots and the small township of peoples that surrounded the monastery. Although emotionally unavailable, his father still trained him in the ways of the Abbots. He learned quickly in order to impress his father and in hopes of gaining his attention. When the monastery was raided by the political faction in charge of the region and its hidden riches of lore and ornate religious items plundered, Firmoore's father was among the dead. The township was broken and its population scattered. In flight, Firmoore and his mother landed in a nearby porttown known for its fine imported ales. As his mother aged, she fell victim to a respiratory condition and Firmoore was faced with tending to her while generating a decent income.He took to tending bar at a popular tavern and acquired a taste foe the numerous imported ales that populated its stores. He vowed to gain revenge for his father's death and would train into early hours of the morning in the storehouse of the tavern, siphoning ales as he went. He developed a drunken style that aided significantly in bouncing unruly patrons. When the owner of the tavern discovered that Firmoore had been removing him of 'surplus stock', he fired him.

Returning to his

mother that evening, drunk

and dismayed, he informed

position. <i>"You drunken

coward,"</i> she condemned, <i>"you've let

Firmoore's mother

passed away not long after.

compromised financial

your father down."</i>

her of their new

BACKGROUND

STORY

Training in the monastery of the Reclusive Abbots of Iremore, Firmoore's father was

Martial Artistry | Tambos

Secrets

Factions

The Lost Reclusive Abbots of Iremore
Marshall Abbot

Skills Skills Persuasion; Performance; Acrobatics; Athletics

Proficiencies TODO

Damage Immunities
TODO Damage Immunities
Condition Immunities
TODO Condition
Immunities
Senses TODO Senses
Languages Common,
Dwarven,
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Special Abilities Flurry of Blows; Drunken Technique; Tipsy Sway, Unarmored Defense; Extra Attack; Stunning Strike; Ki; Kiempowered strikes | Martial Arte:

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Actions

Martial Artistry | Tambos

Factions

The Lost Reclusive Abbots of Iremore Marshall Abbot traveled the region in search of another place to call home. Over his travels he earned significant sums fighting in pits and cages with the ardent fervor of unfulfilled revenge fueling his ferocity. Eventually finding comfort in the town of Hiraas Calling, he used the purses he collected from his brief fighting career to open the Drunken Coward, a name he uses not only for his establishment but also for himself.