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stars from afar billowing clouds

2500 x 3235
↔ ↕

Image Dummy

Stars-from-Afar Billowing Clouds (Afar)

older adult Tabaxi

Neutral Good

Level 5 Artificer Battle Smith

Pronouns -

he/him

Occupations -

Merchant

Armor Class -

16

Hit Points -

62 (TODO Hitdice)

Speed -

30.

STR

9 (0)

DEX

11 (+1)

CON

17 (+4)

INT

18 (+4)

WIS

14 (+2)

CHA

15 (+3)

Saving Throws -

Skills -

Testing conversion

Proficiencies -

Proficiency Mod -

+3

Languages -

Common Tabaxi Elvish

Adjectives -

Skilled, Quixotic, Senile,

Special Abilities

Special Equipment

Combat Tactics

Actions

Factions

2500 x 3235



Image Dummy

Roleplaying

Introduction

The marketplace is rich with sight and sounds. A mastiff made of iron plates nudges your leg and nods for you to follow.

Appearance

Lithe and bony grey puma. Tabard. Bronze greaves, gauntlets, and morion. Pronounced white moustache & chin

beard.

Expressions

Kinna get bettah wit gidgets, innit?

Iffin ya git yer rewards, what'll ya duu widdout em?

Mannerisms

Wierd twitches with arms, hands, neck, and head, like muscle spasms. Adjusts his bronze armor as if it never fits right.

Motivations

Afar seeks to create greatness from garbage. This began with Hijack, his steel mastiff.

Passions

Recycling. Inventions. Shiny balls (orbs, gems, etc.)

Secrets

he occasionally helps smuggle goods passed port officials

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Special Equipment

Combat Tactics

Darts about landing clockwork daggers and letting them unwind. Then backs off to fire his X-Wing Crossbow. Usually the noise is enough to disturb most people.

Actions

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Background Story

Although still highly spiritual and loyal to his tribe at his core, Afar's time with the tinkering Hill Gnomes of Riddiruck Falls changed him. Always a bright Tabaxi, he was never given the chance to realize his true calling until introduced to tinkering. When his nomadic tribe came upon the village and befriended the genius gnomes, it wasn't long before AFar bid farewell to his tribe in favor of studying the arts of technology and artifice. He stayed in the village late into his life and was a collaborator on many of their greatest cityscape inventions. As old age set in, so did senility of sorts. Although still highly skilled and able to apply himself to his processes of invention, he has become a sort of wandering Don Quixote figure. This inventor cat-man with scruffy beard, pronounced tabard, bronze morion, and iron mastiff, is looking to bring light to the lives of others through his wild inventions. With his natural charm accented by his 'lost kitty' Quixotic creativity, he has established himself as a local merchant who incomprehensibly wheels and deals in his inventions and other remarkable goods. He is always rummaging through the city garbage and will never turn down purchasing 'trade-in' oddities and 'another man's garbage'.