

# THE DRUNKEN COWARD

*middle-aged adult h  
neutral  
Level 6 monk*

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

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STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS
10	19	12	10	16
(+0)	(+5)	(+1)	(+0)	(+3)

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**CHA**

16  
(+3)

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**Saving Throws** TODO Saving Thro  
**Skills**  
Persuasion; Performance; Acrobatic  
Athletics

**Proficiencies** TODO

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

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**Special Abilities**

- Flurry of Blows; Drunken  
Technique; Tipsy Sway, Unarm  
Defense; Extra Attack; Stunnin  
Strike; Ki; Ki-empowered strike  
Martial Arts;

**Special Equipment**

**Combat Tactics**

He is a notable combatant. Few kno  
this and when and if he ever engag  
in combat, look out. Occasionally th  
apparent when he bounces patrons

**Actions**

Martial Artistry | Tambos

**Factions**

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## ROLEPLAYING

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**Introduction**

Bellying up to the bar, the  
bartender smiles, "the drunken  
coward has all your libational a  
respite needs!"

**Appearance**

2500 x 3235  
Image Dummy

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Image Dummy

## CHA

16  
(+3)

### Saving Throws

TODO Saving Throws

### Skills

Persuasion; Performance  
Acrobatics; Athletics

### Proficiencies

TODO Damage Immunities

TODO Condition Immunities

TODO Senses

TODO Languages

Common D

Adjectives

,

### Special Abilities

- Flurry of Blows; Drunken Technique; Topsy Turvy; Unarmored Defense; Attack; Stunning Strike; Ki-empowered strikes; Martial Arts;

### Special Equipment

### Combat Tactics

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

### Actions

Martial Artistry | Tambos

### Factions

# ROLEPLAYING

## Introduction

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

## Appearance

A surly human with smooth cacao skin and short dreadlocked hair. Bright, patched clothes. Flamboyant scarves.

## Expressions

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

## Mannerisms

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

## Motivations

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

## Passions

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

## Secrets

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# BACKGROUND STORY

<p>Training in the monastery of the Reclusive Abbots of Iremore, Firmoore's father was 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.</p><p>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 port-town 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.</p><p>He took to tending bar at a popular tavern and acquired a taste for the numerous imported ales that populated its stores. He vowed to get 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.</p><p>Returning to his mother that evening, drunk and dismayed, he informed her of their

discovery, he informed her of their compromised financial position. *"You drunken coward,"* she condemned, *"you've let your father fall down."*

Firmoore's mother passed away not long after. Left without roots, Firmoore 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 purse he collected from his brief fighting career to open the Drunken Coward establishment but also for himself.

## PERSONALITY