

RUTGARD ELDERHUT

*adolescent human
chaotic neutral
Level 2 fighter*

Pronouns: he/him
Occupations: Brigand
Armor Class 14
Hit Points 29 (TODO H
Speed 30.

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STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS
16	14	15	13	9

CHA

16

Saving Throws
TODO Saving Throws
Skills

Proficiencies TODO

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

Special Abilities

- **Fighting Style:** Defense, Second Wind, Action Surge | Athletics, Intimidation

Special Equipment

Combat Tactics

Straight ahead with his sword and he proves outmatched, he'll fall back and use his bow if possible

Actions

Sword | Bow

Factions

ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

A burly young man steps out into the firelight, "Don't anybody move, we've got y surrounded"

Appearance

Tall and broad with sandy hair and a five o'clock shadow that makes him look older than he is. Dressed in cheap leather

Expressions

2500 x 3235

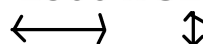


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2500 x 3235
Image Dummy

STR

DEX

CON

INT

WIS

16

14

15

13

9 (0)

(+3)

(+2)

(+3)

(+2)

CHA

16

(+3)

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TODO Damage Immunities

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Mannerisms

An odd accent and a touch of a slur

Motivations

Money, survival, power

Passions

Clog Dancing

Secrets

He's not in charge of the gang, but he definitely knows who is

Cell 3

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BACKGROUND STORY

Rutgard grew up poor in a small mining town with not much in the way of prospects. He was a big lad and a bit of a scrapper, but had always expected to grow up and work in the mine. Unfortunately, by the time he grew up, the mine had run dry and most of the town had moved on.

Setting off to find his fortunes elsewhere with a cheap suit of leather armor and a cheap sword and bow, he quickly found work on the more unsavory side. His boss rounded up a group of like-minded, impoverished youngsters and set them loose robbing travelers and merchants along the less policed travel routes.

Proving a good find for him, Rutgard was soon given his own crew.

PERSONALITY

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