Lovecarp

Middle Age Human
Lawful Evil
Level 0 Civilian

Pronouns: he/him
Occupations: Storyteller
Armor Class 9
Hit Points 3 (TODO Hitdice)
Speed 30.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
8 (-1)	9 (0)	9 (0)	13 (+2)	8 (-1)	16 (+3)

Saving Throws
TODO Saving Throws
Skills
Persuasion; History; Nature; Perception; Performance;
Proficiencies
Damage Immunities
TODO Damage Immunities
Condition Immunities
TODO Condition Immunities
Senses TODO Senses
Languages Human,
Adjectives Slick,

Special Abilities

Special Equipment

- - - -

Combat Tactics

Actions

-

Factions

Wipe the Bottoms Society, Storytellers Against Goblins, Justice for Us, Humans Going Their Own Way

Roleplaying

Introduction

Clustered around a long, pint-heavy table, listeners clap and toss coins a wood burl bowl. "Thankee kindly!

Appearance

Heavily greased blonde hair; clothes once expensive but now shabby; penetrating blue laser-eyed gaze.

Expressions

"I mean"; "Like I say"; "Low dwarves "I'm not a racist, but some of them bottomdarks will make any man rac

Mannerisms

Dabs lips with napkin after every sip straightens collar; flattens wrinkles of shirt. Nods when speaking.

Motivations

Passions

Loves storytelling; has found that ro racial tensions increases profit, so plays on fears of "the other".

Secrets

Lovecarp

Middle Age Human
Lawful Evil
Level 0 Civilian

Pronouns: he/him
Occupations: Storyteller
Armor Class 9
Hit Points
3 (TODO Hitdice)
Speed 30.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
8 (-1)	9 (0)	9 (0)	13 (+2)	8 (-1)	16 (+3)

Saving Throws
TODO Saving Throws
Skills **Skills**
Persuasion; History; Nature; Perception; Performance;
Proficiencies
TODO
Damage Immunities
TODO Damage Immunities
Condition Immunities
TODO Condition Immunities
Senses TODO Senses
Languages Human,
Adjectives Slick,

Special Abilities
Special Equipment - -

Combat Tactics **Actions**
Daggers

Factions
Wipe the Bottoms Society, Storytellers Against Goblins, Justice for Us, Humans Going Their Own Way

Cell3

Roleplaying

Introduction

Clustered around a long, pint-heavy table, listeners clap and toss coins into a wood burl bowl. "Thankee kindly!"

Appearance

Heavily greased blonde hair; clothes once expensive but now shabby; penetrating blue laser-eyed gaze.

Expressions

"I mean"; "Like I say"; "Low dwarves"; "I'm not a racist, but some of them bottomdarks will make any man racist".

Mannerisms

Dabs lips with napkin after every sip; straightens collar; flattens wrinkles out of shirt. Nods when speaking.

Motivations

Passions

Loves storytelling; has found that rousing racial tensions increases profit, so plays on fears of "the other".

Secrets

Background Story

The art of storytelling is lost on some. Lovecarp however does not belong to that poor group. Renown throughout the realms for his talents at weaving together fables of grand design, his name is forever tied to tales begun in taverns that travel mouth to mouth across vast distances.
Some have heard that Lovecarp is the lineage of royalty while others have spun tales of their own about his humble beginnings. His regal garb dirtied from travels confuses people. This is perhaps his goal. Nobody but Lovecarp himself truly knows. Traveling town to town crafting new stories and refining old, he gleefully shares his narrations with every listener with very little resistance. At the first hint of his gripping voice, most of those in the vicinity grab a tankard and sit down for one of the best stories they will hear for miles and miles.
Well aware that racial tensions not only fuel wars but also economic splendour, Lovecarp's stories almost exclusively revolve around if not at the very least include complex layers of peoples' fears of those who are not like them - the 'Other'.