

Age: middle aged  
Race: drow  
Pronouns: he/him  
Occupation:

- Thieves' guild advisor; insurgent; diplomat

Class: rogue; assassin; scout  
Level: 10  
Alignment: chaotic good  
Languages:

- Drow
- Common
- Underdark common
- Elvish
- Dwarven
- Thieves' cant
- Halfling
- Gnomish

Factions:

- [Broken-off tribes of the Underdark](#)

Adjectives:

- Dark

Armour Class: 16  
Hit Points: 83  
Speed: 30

STR 12	DEX 18	CON 13	INT 12	WIS 14	CHA 16
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Saving Throws TODO Saving Throws

# Role-Playing

## Improv

Introduction: Ezio will approach those who seem they could help undercut a city's political factions; Often flits between political courts and mercantile guilds making deals; Commission adventurers to infiltrate a religious order with a misinformation campaign.

Appearance: <p>Lithe and muscular</p>light blue skin; deep silver eyes

Expressions: "Diplomacy by blades as blades are the truest of diplomats"; "My people will mend the rift between the Upperworld and Underdark - be it in our own way";

Mannerisms: Grinds his teeth while evaluating a situation or answering questions. Bites his lip in thought. Almost exclusively furrows his brow. Typically clasps his hands behind his back beneath his cloak

## Acting

Motivations: Diffusing political diplomacy in the region to make space for his tribe of Drow who have departed from the main population. Generating as much misinformation as possible to undermine religious and political orders.

Passions: Politics. Watching fire burn.

Secrets: Ezio keeps a multitude of secrets about his political connections and their intentions. He uses these like a commodity.

Vulnerabilities: He is constantly thinking about the well-being of his family. Any hint that they are in danger will effectively penetrate his cool veneer.

Special Abilities: Steady Aim | Fancy Footwork | Cunning Action | Sneak Attack

Attacks: The Assassin's Aid (+1 Shortsword; 3 Charges of Spiritual Weapon indicated by the three cobalt gems on the hilt) | Shortbow

Combat Tactics:

Special Equipment:

- Assassin's Aid (+1 ShortSword with 3 charges of Spiritual Weapon); Amulet of protection from detection;

# Story

Ezio's people were a cult who worshipped one of the Great Old Ones, a Forgotten God. His family chose this because they witnessed the fascist matriarchical hierarchy of Lollth [Or similar Evil Drow God]. Alongside this, the tribe heard rumors and saw evidence that the Great Old Ones were on the rise to reclaim their positions of power over the material and astral planes. The great Jackal Irrt, the Lord of Hunger, Thirst, Famine, and Drought, and Moander, the Lord of Growth and Decay [Two Forgotten Gods] are separately surging forward into the hearts and minds of those in the underdark and those few clans who wander the middle-ground between the upperworld and the Underdark. Disaffected with fascist rulers, Ezio's tribe rejected and became fervent enemies of the ruling pantheons of the Underdark. Learning of the power and promise of the Forgotten Gods, Ezio's clan began offering faith and tithings to Ommen-Hurr [A different Forgotten God], the goddess of Shadow and Time.

Because of their growing size and relative power, other apostatic clans who followed other Old Gods became violent towards Ezio's tribe. One fateful night, the followers of Irrt summoned aspects of the deity to the material realm to strike. Massive jackals with gnashing teeth and almost rotted skin hanging loosely from their frames were unleashed on Ezio's village.

Demon hounds descended on the Underground city of Daur'zzwth (Dar-zooth) [or any Drow or Underdark village] that Ezio and his people called home. One of these great demon hounds sought out Ezio's father and uncle especially, invaded their home, and assaulted the family. Ezio's father, Ziirr'kho (Zee-rick-oh) and uncle Ras'klnn (Raz-kill- non) bravely fought the beast, bringing it near death, yet both Drow heroes were left close to death themselves. A young Ezio, terrified and protecting the youth in the basement of the home, silently dashed out of the cellar trap-door to grasp his father's powerful shortsword. The demon hound circled, smelling victory, and, due to injury and pride, did not sense Ezio lurking in the shadows around the outside of the room. Drooling and snapping its jaws in naive glee, the beast slowly approached the two men. Ezio leapt from the shadows and sunk the blade deep into the beast's eye, killing it. He's since been a family hero. The tribe has taken it upon themselves to train him as an Assassin and Diplomat and send him forth into the Upperworld to cause chaos and make way for their rise to power.