RUTGARD ELDERHUT

adolescent human chaotic neutral Level 2 fighter

Pronouns: he/him Occupations: Brigand

Armor Class 14

Hit Points 29 (TODO Hitdice)

Speed 30.

STR DEX CON INT WIS CHA 16 14 15 13 9 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

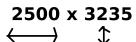
Combat Tactics

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

<u>Actions</u>

Sword | Bow

<u>Factions</u>



ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

A burly young man steps out into the firelight, "Don't anybody move, we've got you 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 leathers **Expressions**

"Aye, don't you be trying anythin funny", "Just hand o'er yer loot and we'll be on our way, no need to get yerself hurt" **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

Background

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 fit for him, Rutgard was soon given his own crew.