

CELL ONE THE  
"PENNYMORE CON"

*middle-aged wood elf  
chaotic evil  
Level 10 rogue*

**Pronouns:** he/him  
**Occupations:** Fence  
**Armor Class** 14  
**Hit Points** 75 (TODO Hitdice)  
**Speed** 30.

**STR** 10 (**DEX** 15 **CON** 16 **INT** 12 **VIS** 12)

**CHA**  
15

**Saving Throws**  
TODO Saving Throws  
**Skills**  
Persuasion; Stealth; Perception;

2500 x 3235  
Image Dummy

ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

This sketchy old elf is something of a myth more than a man. He remains well out of sight of guards and militia yet regularly has secret dealings with the middle to upper eschelons of local political factions. If adventurers passing through town appear to have

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**Saving Throws**  
TODO Saving Throws  
**Skills**  
Persuasion; Stealth; Perception;  
Acrobatics; Athletics; Intimidation;  
Deception  
**Proficiencies** TODO  
**Damage Immunities**  
TODO Damage Immunities  
**Condition Immunities**  
TODO Condition Immunities  
**Senses** TODO Senses  
**Languages**  
Common Elvish Halfling Gnomish ,  
**Adjectives** Opaque ,

Special Abilities

- Uncanny Dodge | Cunning Action

Special Equipment

- Bullwhip of Entanglement;  
Quaal's Feather Token (Whip)

Combat Tactics

The Con will engage in combat with a smile, first using his acrobatics to parour and disorient unsuspecting combatants.

Actions

Bullwhip of entanglement (+9 to hit, 1d6+5 force dmg, finesse, entangle, chance to leave target prone (DC 15 Dex Save))

Factions

2500 x 3235  
Image Dummy

<p>Acrobatics; Athletics; Intimidation; Deception</p> <p><b>Proficiencies</b></p> <p><b>Damage Immunities</b> TODO Damage Immunities</p> <p><b>Condition Immunities</b> TODO Condition Immunities</p> <p><b>Senses</b> TODO Senses</p> <p><b>Languages</b> Common Elvish Halfling Gnomish ,</p> <p><b>Adjectives</b> Opaque ,</p>	<p>valuable items or be capable of acquiring such items, he will contact them through secret letters via an innkeeper or bartender and arrange a meeting in a private place. He may also commission a particularly remarkable group to find certain valuable items.</p>	
<p><b>Special Abilities</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>Uncanny Dodge   Cunning Action</li></ul> <p><b>Special Equipment</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>Bullwhip of Entanglement Quaal's Feather Token (Whip)</li></ul> <p><b>Combat Tactics</b></p> <p>The Con will engage in combat with a smile, first using his acrobatics to parour and disorient unsuspecting combatants.</p> <p><b>Actions</b></p> <p>Bullwhip of entanglement hit, 1d6+5 force dmg, first entangle, chance to leave prone (DC 15 Dex Save))</p> <p><b>Factions</b></p>	<p><b>Appearance</b></p> <p>Bridging on elderly looking; Worn skin and sunken features; Small poke tattoos on his face, neck, and hands; Wears a dusty old semi-formal outfit - Jacket, button-up, slacks, and boots; crewcut; small leather cap</p> <p><b>Expressions</b></p> <p>"Can never make a truly fair trade - so might as well go with the flow"; "The things we do, the things we do...why do we do the things we do?"; "I once bought a large slice of land from a tribe of hobgoblins and sold it to an enemy tribe just to watch the party";</p> <p><b>Mannerisms</b></p> <p>Bows with a twirling wrist, sardonically, as if to say, 'you obviously will think you're better than me'; Drops into a daze and traces ancient sigils in the air, only to fall still again; mild OCD - walks in patterns counting steps, opens a door at the count of three, obviously counts coins out loud during transactions, etc.</p> <p><b>Motivations</b></p> <p>The Con is known for using trade in valuable goods as a means for inciting conflict on a large scale. He desires to go down in history as the catalyst for some great war.</p> <p><b>Passions</b></p> <p>Sales; Historical wars; Antiques;</p> <p><b>Secrets</b></p> <p>The "Pennymore Con" is in search of a magic stone with sigils carved into it. It passed through his fencing shop and in the process captured an aspect of his soul. He doesn't know what it does but he knows it will bring him riches at the expense of others so he never says anything, but instead dreams of it night and day.</p>	<p><b>ROLEPLAYING</b></p> <p><b>Introduction</b></p> <p>This sketchy old elf is something of a myth more than a man. He remains well out of sight of guards and militia yet regularly has secret dealings with the middle to upper echelons of local political factions. If adventurers passing through town appear to have valuable items or be capable of acquiring such items, he will contact them through secret letters via an innkeeper or bartender and arrange a meeting in a private place. He may also commission a particularly remarkable group to find certain valuable items.</p> <p><b>Appearance</b></p> <p>Bridging on elderly looking; Worn skin and sunken features; Small poke tattoos on his face, neck, and hands; Wears a dusty old semi-formal outfit - Jacket, button-up, slacks, and boots; crewcut; small leather cap</p> <p><b>Expressions</b></p> <p>"Can never make a truly fair trade - so might as well go with the flow"; "The things we do, the things we do...why do we do the things we do?"; "I once bought a large slice of land from a tribe of hobgoblins and sold it to an enemy tribe just to watch the party";</p> <p><b>Mannerisms</b></p> <p>Bows with a twirling wrist, sardonically, as if to say, 'you obviously will think you're better than me'; Drops into a daze and traces ancient sigils in the air, only to fall still again; mild OCD - walks in patterns counting steps, opens a door at the count of three, obviously counts coins out loud during transactions, etc.</p> <p><b>Motivations</b></p> <p>The Con is known for using trade in valuable goods as a means for inciting conflict on a large scale. He desires to go down in history as the catalyst for some great war.</p> <p><b>Passions</b></p>
	<p>Cell3</p>	

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### **Secrets**

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