



## BACKGROUND STORY

Training in the monastery of the Reclusive Abbots of Iremore, Firmoore's father was distant and removed. This was most likely because Firmoore's birth was a scar on the face of the monastery since sex and procreation, especially out of wedlock, were forbidden. Thus, his existence was kept secret from the abbots and the small township of peoples that surrounded the monastery.

Although emotionally unavailable, his father still trained him in the ways of the Abbots. He learned quickly in order to impress his father and in hopes of gaining his attention. When the monastery was raided by the political faction in charge of the region and its hidden riches of lore and ornate religious items plundered, Firmoore's father was among the dead. The township was broken and its population scattered. In flight, Firmoore and his mother landed in a nearby port-town known for its fine imported ales. As his mother aged, she fell victim to a respiratory condition and Firmoore was faced with tending to her while generating a decent income.

He took to tending bar at a popular tavern and acquired a taste foe the numerous imported ales that populated its stores. He vowed to gain revenge for his father's death and would train into early hours of the morning in the storehouse of the tavern, siphoning ales as he went. He developed a drunken style that aided significantly in bouncing unruly patrons. When the owner of the tavern discovered that Firmoore had been removing him of 'surplus stock', he fired him.

Returning to his mother that evening, drunk and dismayed, he informed her of their new compromised financial position. "*You drunken coward,*" she condemned, "*you've let your father down.*"

Firmoore's mother passed away not long after. Left without roots, Firmoore traveled the region in search of another place to call home. Over his travels he earned significant sums fighting in pits and cages with the ardent fervor of unfulfilled revenge fueling his ferocity. Eventually finding comfort in the town of Hiraas Calling, he used the purses he collected from his brief fighting career to open the Drunken Coward, a name he uses not only for his establishment but also for himself.

## THE DRUNKEN COWARD

*Middle-Aged Adult Human  
Neutral  
Level 6 Monk*

**Pronouns:** he/him  
**Occupations:** Bartender; Inkeeper  
**Armor Class** 18  
**Hit Points** 57 (TODO Hitdice)  
**Speed** 90.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS
10	19	12	10	16
(+0)	(+5)	(+1)	(+0)	(+3)

**CHA**  
16  
(+3)

**Saving Throws**  
TODO Saving Throws  
**Skills** **Skills** Persuasion; Performance; Acrobatics; Athletics

**Proficiencies** TODO  
**Damage Immunities**  
TODO Damage Immunities  
**Condition Immunities**  
TODO Condition Immunities  
**Senses** TODO Senses  
**Languages** Common, Dwarven,  
**Adjectives**

**Special Abilities -  
Special Equipment**

### Combat Tactics

He is a notable combatant. Few know of this and when and if he ever engages in combat, look out. Occasionally this is apparent when he bounces patrons.

### Actions

Martial Artistry | Tambos

### Factions

**The Lost Reclusive Abbots of Iremore**  
*Marshall Abbot*

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2500 x 3235  
↔ ↑  
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## ROLEPLAYING

### Introduction

Bellying up to the bar, the bartender smiles, "the drunken coward has all your libational and respite needs!"

### Appearance

A surly human with smooth cacao skin and short dreadlocked hair. Bright, patched clothes. Flamboyant scarves.

### Expressions

"The ale and mouths are pouring!"; "Need not know what's next. Rest. Begin anew tomorrow"; "The mind makes troubles"

### Mannerisms

Busy-body who wavers in each movement. Tremors early in the day. Joyously but mistakenly spills drinks and foods.

### Motivations

To provide balance through comfort alongside the chaos and tumult of tavern-life.

### Passions

Ales. More Ales. Ornately carved tankards. Meditation and the balance of mind over balance of body.

### Secrets

Cell3

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