

Age: older adult  
 Race: tabaxi  
 Pronouns: he/him  
 Occupation:

- Merchant

Class: artificer  
 Level: 5  
 Alignment: neutral good  
 Languages:

- Common
- Tabaxi
- Elven

Factions:

Adjectives:

- Tabaxi

Armour Class: 16  
 Hit Points: 62  
 Speed: 30

STR 9	DEX 11	CON 17	INT 18	WIS 14	CHA 15
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Saving Throws TODO Saving Throws

## Role-Playing

### Improv

Introduction: The marketplace is rich with sight and sounds. A mastiff made of iron plates nudges your leg and nods for you to follow.

Appearance: Lithe and bony grey puma. Tabard. Bronze greaves, gauntlets, and morion. Pronounced white moustache & chin beard.

Expressions: "Kinna get bettah wit gidgets, innit?", "Iffin ya git yer rewards, what'll ya duu widdout em?"

Mannerisms: Wierd twitches with arms, hands, neck, and head, like muscle spasms. Adjusts his bronze armor as if it never fits right

### Acting

Motivations: Afar seeks to create greatness from garbage. This began with Hijack, his steel mastiff.

Passions: Recycling. Inventions. Shiny balls (orbs, gems, etc.)

Secrets:

Vulnerabilities:

Skills:

- Alchemy; Persuasion; Athletics; Stealth; Athletics; Thieves' tools; Tinker Tools; History; Perception; Smith's tools;

Special Abilities: Magical Tinkering; Extra Attack; Feline Agility; Cat's Claws; Feline Agility; Right tool for the Job; Infuse Item | Branding Smite; Warding Bond; Heroism; Shield. | Spells: 0 - 2; 1 - 4 ; 2 - 2

Attacks: X-Wing Crossbow +2 - Fires 4 bolts (1d6 +2 dmg each) | Clockwork Dagger (1d6 dmg then 1d6 per turn for 3 turns or until pulled out)

Combat Tactics: Darts about landing clockwork daggers and letting them unwind. Then backs off to fire his X-Wing Crossbow. Usually the noise is enough to disturb most people.

Special Equipment:

- **X-wing shaped multi-arrow crossbow**
- +2 **Shots** - Shoots 4 bolts at once. One round to load. Afar is skilled with this and can move freely while reloading.
- **Clockwork Dagger** - If Afar has wound the hilt of this dagger and strikes an opponent
- he can let the dagger go to unwind *inside* the target's flesh causing 1d6 damage per round for 3 rounds or until the target removes it from their flesh. He carries a number of these prize inventions.

# Story

Although still highly spiritual and loyal to his tribe at his core, AFar's time with the tinkering Hill Gnomes of Riddiruck Falls changed him. Always a bright Tabaxi, he was never given the chance to realize his true calling until introduced to tinkering. When his nomadic tribe came upon the village and befriended the genius gnomes, it wasn't long before AFar bid farewell to his tribe in favor of studying the arts of technology and artifice. He stayed in the village late into his life and was a collaborator on many of their greatest cityscape inventions. As old age set in, so did senility of sorts. Although still highly skilled and able to apply himself to his processes of invention, he has become a sort of wandering Don Quixote figure.

This inventor cat-man with scruffy beard, pronounced tabard, bronze morion, and iron mastiff, is looking to bring light to the lives of others through his wild inventions. With his natural charm accented by his 'lost kitty' Quixotic creativity, he has established himself as a local merchant who incomprehensibly wheels and deals in his inventions and other remarkable goods. He is always rummaging through the city garbage and will never turn down purchasing 'trade-in' oddities and 'another man's garbage'.