

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
16	14	15	13	9
(+3)	(+2)	(+3)	(+2)	(0)

CHA
16
(+3)

Saving Throws
TODO Saving Throws
Skills
Proficiencies
Damage Immunities
TODO Damage Immunities
Condition Immunities
TODO Condition Immunities
Senses TODO Senses
Languages Common
Adjectives

Special Abilities

-

Special Equipment

Combat Tactics

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

Actions

-

Factions

The Gang -

Thieve's Guild -

Mercenary Army -

2500 x 3235

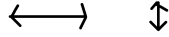


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ROLEPLAYING

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

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BACK STORY

Rutgard was born in a small town not much more than a prospect, and a town that had always grown up around a mine. When time had run out, he had run away from town. He had set out on his own, and his boss was a group of like-minded, impoverished travelers and set the routes. He had given him, Rutgard, his own routes. He had given him, Rutgard, his own routes.

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