



DIMRI
CLODHOPPER

Young Adult Other (You Will Be Asked To Specify)
Chaotic Good
Level 3 Bard

Pronouns: he/him
Occupations: Reveler / Musician
Armor Class 14
Hit Points 43 (TODO Hitdice)
Speed 35.

STR 11 **DEX** 16 **CON** 13 **INT** 12 **WIS** 9
(+1) (+3) (+2) (+1) 9 (0)

CHA 19
(+5)

Saving Throws
TODO Saving Throws
Skills
He's an accomplished lute player and storyteller
Proficiencies
Damage Immunities
TODO Damage Immunities
Condition Immunities
TODO Condition Immunities
Senses TODO Senses
Languages Common, Sylvan,

Adjectives

Special Abilities

-

Special Equipment

-

Combat Tactics

He has zero tactics for anything in his life

Actions

-

Factions

Satyr Clan
Thieve's Guild

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Headbutt | Fists and hooves

Factions

Satyr Clan

Thieve's Guild

2500 x 3235
↔ ↑
Image Dummy

ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

Through a break in the crowd dances an undersized satyr, Slapping a horn o wine into your hand, he cries "To Xenagos!"

Appearance

Short and chubby with flaming red h on both his head and legs. Short but sharp horns and rarely without a drink

Expressions

"Come! You must join the Revel!", "Ooooh I'll take a piece of that!", "Aren't you the prettiest thing I ever did see!"

Mannerisms

moves with a drunken lurch. plays a guitar

Motivations

Reveling, loving, relaxing

Passions

Wine, women (and men) and Song

Secrets

none... that he remembers

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BACKGROUND
STORY

Dimri, or Clodhopper as his friends call him, (and everyone is his friend) is the life of the party. And in satyr society, that's saying something! Friendly, outgoing, gregarious and boisterous, he has never met a wine he wouldn't drink or a creature he wouldn't sleep with. He lives for the revels and despite being an accomplished musician, would rather lead the crowd in a traditional singalong, than pursue an actual career in it. If it's not part of the party, he's just not interested, though he will happily share his life's philosophy with anyone who will listen