

SAMUEL COHEN

early middle age wood elf  
chaotic neutral  
Level 5 fighter

Pronouns: he/him  
Occupations: Mercenary

Armor Class 16

Hit Points 35 (TODO Hitdice)  
Speed 30.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
16	17	13	14	8	14

Saving Throws TODO Saving Throws  
Skills Arcana; History

Proficiencies TODO

Damage Immunities TODO Damage Immunities  
Condition Immunities TODO Condition Immunities  
Senses TODO Senses  
Languages Human Elvish Halfling ,  
Adjectives Dreamy ,

Special Abilities Extra Attack | Second Wind | Improved Critical | Action Surge

- Special Equipment
- The Dictionary of the Khazar Halflings
  - unbound loose leaf pages in his feedbag
  - written in Death Ink.

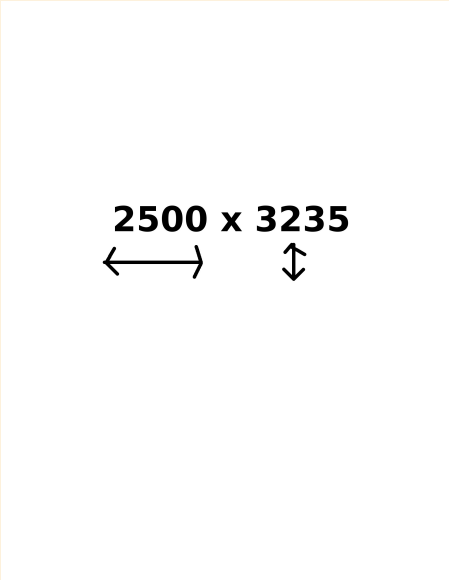
Combat Tactics

Samuel will not hesitate to defend himself or anyone else, leaping into combat and switching between opponents if there are multiples.

Actions

Halberd

Factions



ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

A tan elf with one end of a long string tied to a stake in the road chases the shadow of a cloud down the street.

Appearance

Red eyes, half-grey moustache, bite mark on left forearm. Well-poised. Nose ring; feedbag on belt around waist.

**Expressions**

"Hela!", "Khlum!", "We have a saying - tsu khlum iz tsu lebn - you will not find what you seek with your eyes open."

**Mannerisms**

Suave. Measures and tracks the speed of clouds. Speaks a language he does not know in his sleep.

**Motivations**

Travels great distances in his dreams, searching for the one who is dreaming his own waking life.

**Passions**

Samuel is literally in love with Cloud Formations and points to them crying out the shapes that he can see.

**Secrets****Background**

When someone needs something dirty done, something that will inspire ire in the minds of the local guard or militia, one does not turn to a friend or even an acquaintance unless they wish trouble to descend upon their home or business. Instead, one turns to a paid person, a person who they may only know through stories at the tavern or from the songs of a bard. Samuel Cohen comes up in both story and song. His dreams ring of each story and lyric. A haunting or a gift? Not even Samuel can tell. Samuel is an orphan. He hasn't received word from the clergy as to who his parents were or the circumstances through which he was dropped off. One thing he does know is that he doesn't really care. Family is for the blind. His youth in the orphanage in a small town was as expected: violent and traumatizing. He learned quickly the value of exchanging things or coins for safety or services. What's more, and what he may not have even consciously learned, per se, was from the conditioning imposed upon him by the clergy of Khalal [A separatist sect turned sour], a deity of scarcity largely followed by the marginalized and desperate.

These priestesses and nuns would subject the children to questionable behavior modification experiments in their sleep. Their goal was to remove the resentment and contempt from the desperate and replace it with gratitude and hope. Little did they know, they had created entire worlds in the minds of their guinea pigs. Upon release from the clergy during his adolescence, Samuel vowed to care about only one thing: how he could advance himself in the waking world.

**Author notes for the artist:**

- Straight outta Dictionary of the Khazars.