

x 3235

Dummy

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

Saving Throws -
Skills -
Proficiencies -
Proficiency Mod - +2

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
Role:
Thieve's Guild
Role:
Mercenary Army
Role:

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

CHA
16
(+3)

Saving Throws -
Saving Throws -
Skills -
Proficiencies -

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
Role:
Thieve's Guild
Role:
Mercenary Army
Role:

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

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