



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



Image Dummy

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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BACKGROUND STORY

Rutgard grew up poor
in a small mining town
with not much in the way
of prospects. He was a big
lad and a bit of a scrapper,
but had always expected
to grow up and work in the
mine. Unfortunately, by
the time he grew up, the
mine had run dry and
most of the town had
moved on.

Setting off to find his
fortunes elsewhere with a
cheap suit of leather
armor and a cheap sword
and bow, he quickly found
work on the more
unsavory side. His boss
rounded up a group of
like-minded, impoverished
youngsters and set them
loose robbing travelers
and merchants along the
less policed travel routes.

Proving a good fit for
him, Rutgard was soon
given his own crew.