

x 3235



Dummy

2500 x 323



Image Dummy

## STEVE "PATCH" YARROW

Older Adult Human  
Neutral  
Level 3 Rogue

**Pronouns** - he/him  
**Occupations** - Bartender  
**Armor Class** - 14  
**Hit Points** - 41 (TODO Hitdice)  
**Speed** - 30.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
12	18	13	16	10	9
(+1)	(+4)	(+2)	(+3)	(+0)	(0)

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

**Languages** -  
Common Undercommon Thieve's Cant  
**Adjectives** -

**Special Abilities** -  
**Special Equipment**  
**Combat Tactics**

He's a quick draw and a decent shot with his hand crossbow, so he'll always start with that but he's definitely not above getting blood on his hands if necessary

**Actions** -

**Factions**  
**A Thieve's/Assassin's Guild**  
Role:

## STEVE "PATCH" YARROW

Older Adult Human  
Neutral  
Level 3 Rogue

**Pronouns** - he/him  
**Occupations** - Bartender  
**Armor Class** - 14  
**Hit Points** -  
41 (TODO Hitdice)  
**Speed** - 30.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS
12	18	13	16	10
(+1)	(+4)	(+2)	(+3)	(+0)

CHA  
9  
(0)

**Saving Throws** -  
**Saving Throws** -  
**Skills** -  
**Proficiencies** -

**Languages** -  
Common Undercommon  
Thieve's Cant  
**Adjectives** -

**Special Abilities**  
-  
**Special Equipment**  
**Combat Tactics**

He's a quick draw and a decent shot with his hand crossbow, so he'll always start with that but he's definitely not above getting blood on his hands if necessary

**Actions** -

**Factions**  
**A Thieve's/Assassin's Guild**  
Role:

## ROLEPLAYING

### Introduction

A one-eyed man behind the bar meets your gaze as you enter the run-down tavern. "Whatdya Want?" He says with a scowl

### Appearance

balding with a bad comb-over, one eye covered with a leather patch. Plain grubby clothes and a dagger in his belt

### Expressions

"We've got one kinda ale, take it or leave it", "Nah we don't serve food here", Finish yer drink and kindly leave"

### Mannerisms

a perpetual scowl on his face, rubs his hands together like they're cold all the time

### Motivations

Money, Protecting the local thief's guild secrets

### Passions

Stabbing people doesn't like

### Secrets

He's the gatekeeper to the local thief's guild which has a secret entrance in the back of his dive bar

## ROLEPLAYING

### Introduction

A one-eyed man behind the bar meets your gaze as you enter the run-down tavern. "Whatdya Want?" He says with a scowl

### Appearance

balding with a bad comb-over, one eye covered with a leather patch. Plain grubby clothes and a dagger on his belt

### Expressions

"We've got one kinda ale, take it or leave it", "Nah we don't serve food here", Finish yer drink and kindly leave"

### Mannerisms

a perpetual scowl on his face, rubs his hands together like they're cold all the time

### Motivations

Money, Protecting the local thief's guild's secrets

### Passions

Stabbing people he doesn't like

### Secrets

He's the gatekeeper to the local thief's guild which has a secret entrance in the back of his dive bar