Age: young adult

Race: other (you will be asked to specify)

Pronouns: he/him Occupation:

•Reveler / Musician

Class: bard Level: 3

Alignment: chaotic good

Languages:

- Common
- Sylvan

Factions:

- Thieve's Guild

Adjectives:

Armour Class: 14 Hit Points: 43

Speed: 35

STR 11 **DEX 16 CON 13** **CHA 19**

WIS 9

Saving Throws TODO Saving Throws

Role-Playing

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

INT 12

Appearance: Short and chubby with flaming red hair 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!"

Acting
Motivations: Eveling, loving, relaxing Passions: Wine, women (and men) and Song

Secrets: none... that he remembers

Vulnerabilities: Wine, women (and men) and Song

Skills:

He's an accomplished lute player and storyteller

Special Abilities: Satyr Traits: Fey Ram Magic Resistance Mirthful Leaps Reveler | Bard Traits: Bard Spellcasting Bardic Inspiration Jack of All Trades Song of Rest Expertise in Performance and Persuasion | College of Glamour: Mantle of Inspiration Enthralling Performance

Attacks: Headbutt | Fists and hooves

Combat Tactics: He has zero tactics for anything in his life

Special Equipment:

Wine Skin that is never empty

odb opper 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