

Age: adolescent  
Race: human  
Pronouns: he/him  
Occupation:

- Brigand

Class: fighter  
Level: 2  
Alignment: chaotic neutral  
Languages:

- Common

Factions:

- [The Gang](#)
- [Thieve's Guild](#)
- [Mercenary Army](#)

Adjectives:

Armour Class: 14  
Hit Points: 29  
Speed: 30

STR 16	DEX 14	CON 15	INT 13	WIS 9	CHA 16
Saving Throws TODO Saving Throws					

# Role-Playing

## Improv

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 shrug~~

## Acting

Motivations: Money, survival, power  
Passions: Clog Dancing  
Secrets: He's not in charge of the gang, but he definitely knows who is  
Vulnerabilities: Young and full of bravado but not quite so full of wisdom

Special Abilities: Fighting Style: Defense, Second Wind, Action Surge | Athletics, Intimidation  
Attacks: Sword | Bow  
Combat Tactics: Straight ahead with his sword and if he proves outmatched, he'll fall back and use his bow if possible

# 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.