

Age: middle aged adult

Race: gnome

Pronouns: he/him

Occupation:

- Playwright

Class: civilian / commoner

Level: 0

Alignment: chaotic neutral

Languages:

- Human
- gnomish

Factions:

Adjectives:

Armour Class: 9

Hit Points: 4

Speed: 25

STR 10	DEX 8	CON 13	INT 13	WIS 8	CHA 7
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Saving Throws TODO Saving Throws

Role-Playing

Improv

Introduction: Alone at a table strewn with wine, bananas and peels, a knurled face with melancholy blue eyes stares through you.

Appearance: A flagrant plume of white hair; ridged skin; varicose veins; large nose; untamed white beard.

Expressions: "Perhaps my best years are gone. But I wouldn't want them back.

Not with the fire in me now."; "What does viduity mean?"

Mannerisms: Absent-mindedly eats banana, forgets it's in mouth. Stands up, slips

to peel. Muzzily inebriated. Riffes, sarcastic.

Acting

Motivations: It's Krapp's birthday today. He's celebrating. By himself. He has recorded local history on his Ansible for years.

Passions: Loves eating bananas, though they give him severe gas. He stares intently into eyes, which he feels glow from the heart.

Secrets:

Vulnerabilities: The word "gooseberry" shocks him into a withdrawn reverie.

Krapp's Last Parchment is rolled up in his pocket.

Special Abilities:

Attacks:

Combat Tactics:

Special Equipment:

- The Ansible of Time, which he often rewinds and replays. Contains all local history from the past three decades.
- Krapp's Last Parchment, a half-written play about a disappointed gnome in a pub on his birthday. Very hairy parchment.

Story

Krapp was born to devout kubernetic zealots in the gnomish Emerald Mines.

His youth was spent weaving elaborate pods, praying to cluster, and seeking out

and tagging dangerous monoliths in the Emerald Mines.

Upon his

Evanescence, Krapp discovered human food, and after eating lobster, swore he

would never eat "cave fish" again.

Learning to read and write human

during his Evanescence, Krapp began to write plays for small traveling troupes

that would pay a pittance for a weird, disconnected sequence of garbage cans

and bleakness. When his parents asked him what he actively sought in life, he

said: "Nothing." His parents misunderstood what he meant.

Krapp's seeking continued as he submitted plays to the human royal troupe for Her

Majesty. His plays were all rejected (mainly because the Queen believes in

Something, Anything, Everything, but not Nothing).

Along the way, Krapp

came into possession of the Ansible of Time at a cast party. He traded a live lobster for it, and began recording his journal -- along with a newsreel of historical events -- every day for the remainder of his unsuccessful life.

Currently, Krapp is middle-aged, and his unhappiness, his mistakes, his missed opportunities, the love of his life with scratches on her legs from a gooseberry bush, are all captured in the Ansible. So, too, are all local events.

In his attic apartment, Krapp has numerous rolls of cheap, hairy goatskin parchment, on which he has penned his strange, apocalyptic plays. His attic is also littered with black, slippery banana peels, and fruit flies are his flatmates, even in winter.

Author notes for the artist:

- Samuel Beckett play. One of his best.