

# THE DRUNKEN COWARD

*middle-aged adult human*  
*neutral*  
*Level 6 monk*

**Pronouns:** he/him  
**Occupations:** Bartender; Inkeeper  
**Armor Class** 18  
**Hit Points** 57 (TODO Hitdice)  
**Speed** 90.

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS |
|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| 10  | 19  | 12  | 10  | 16  |

## CHA

16

**Saving Throws**  
**TODO Saving Throws**  
**Skills**  
**Persuasion; Performance; Acrobatics; Athletics**  
**Proficiencies** TODO  
**Damage Immunities**  
**TODO Damage Immunities**  
**Condition Immunities**  
**TODO Condition Immunities**  
**Senses** TODO Senses  
**Languages** Common Dwarven  
**Adjectives** ,

## Special Abilities

- Flurry of Blows; Drunken Technique; Topsy Sway, Unarmored Defense; Extra Attack; Stunning Strike; Ki; empowered strikes | Martial Arts;

## Special Equipment

## Combat Tactics

He is a notable combatant. Few know of this and when and if he ever engages in combat, look out. Occasionally this is apparent when he bounces patrons.

## Actions

Martial Artistry | Tambos

## Factions

# ROLEPLAYING

## Introduction

Bellying up to the bar, the bartender smiles, "the drunken coward has all your libations and respite needs!"

## Appearance

A surly human with smooth cacao skin and short dreadlocked hair. Bright, patched clothes. Flamboyant scarves.

Cell3

## Expressions

"The ale and mouths are pouring!"; "Need not know what's next. Rest. Begin at tomorrow"; "The mind makes the troubles"

## Mannerisms

Busy-body who wavers in movement. Tremors early in the day. Joyously but mistakenly spills drinks and foods.

## Motivations

To provide balance through comfort and respite alongside the chaos and tumult of tavern-life.

## Passions

Ales. More Ales. Ornately carved tankards. Meditation and the balance of mind over balance of body.

## Secrets

## THE DRUNKEN COWARD

*middle-aged adult human  
neutral  
Level 6 monk*

**Pronouns:** he/him

**Occupations:**

Bartender; Innkeeper

**Armor Class** 18

**Hit Points** 57 (TODO H

**Speed** 90.

### STR DEX CON INT WIS

10 19 12 10 16  
(+0) (+5) (+1) (+0) (+3)

### CHA

16  
(+3)

### Saving Throws

TODO Saving Throws

### Skills

Persuasion; Performance  
Acrobatics; Athletics

### Proficiencies

### Damage Immunities

TODO Damage Immunities

## ROLEPLAYING

### Introduction

Bellying up to the bar, the bartender smiles, "the drunken coward has all your libational and respite needs!"

2500 x 3235

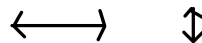


Image Dummy

2500 x 3235

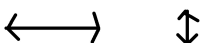


Image Dummy

**Condition Immunities**   
TODO Condition Immunities  
**Senses**   
TODO Senses  
**Languages**   
Common D  
**Adjectives**   
,

Special Abilities

- Flurry of Blows; Dru  
Technique; Tipsy S  
Unarmored Defensi  
Attack; Stunning St  
Ki-empowered strik  
Martial Arts;

Special Equipment

Combat Tactics

He is a notable combata  
know of this and when a  
ever engages in combat,  
Occasionally this is appa  
he bounces patrons.

Actions

Martial Artistry | Tambos

Factions

Appearance

A surly human with smooth cacao skin and short  
dreadlocked hair. Bright, patched clothes.  
Flambouyant scarves.

Expressions

"The ale and mouths are pouring!"; "Need not  
know what's next. Rest. Begin anew tomorrow";  
"The mind makes the troubles"

Mannerisms

Busy-body who wavers in each movement.  
Tremors early in the day. Joyously but mistakenly  
spills drinks and foods.

Motivations

To provide balance through comfort and respite  
alongside the chaos and tumult of tavern-life.

Passions

Ales. More Ales. Ornatly carved tankards.  
Meditation and the balance of mind over balance  
of body.

Secrets

BACKGROUND STORY

<p>Training in the monastery  
the Reclusive Abbots of Iremc  
Firmoore's father was distant  
removed. This was most likely  
because Firmoore's birth was  
scar on the face of the monas  
since sex and procreation,  
especially out of wedlock, we  
forbidden. Thus, his existence  
kept secret from the abbots a  
the small township of peoples  
that surrounded the monaste  
</p><p>Although emotionall  
unavailable, his father still  
trained him in the ways of the  
Abbots. He learned quickly in  
order to impress his father an  
hopes of gaining his attentior  
When the monastery was raid  
by the political faction in char  
of the region and its hidden ri  
of lore and ornate religious it  
plundered, Firmoore's father  
among the dead. The townshi  
was broken and its population  
scattered. In flight, Firmoore  
his mother landed in a nearby  
port-town known for its fine  
imported ales. As his mother  
aged, she fell victim to a  
respiratory condition and  
Firmoore was faced with tend  
to her while generating a dec  
income.</p><p>He took to  
tending bar at a popular tave  
and acquired a taste foe the  
numerous imported ales that  
populated its stores. He vowe  
gain revenge for his father's  
death and would train into ea  
hours of the morning in the  
storehouse of the tavern,  
siphoning ales as he went. He  
developed a drunken style tha  
aided significantly in bouncin  
unruly patrons. When the ow  
of the tavern discovered that  
Firmoore had been removing  
of 'surplus stock', he fired hin  
</p><p>Returning to his mot  
that evening, drunk and  
dismayed, he informed her of  
their new compromised financ  
position. <i>"You drunken  
coward,"</i> she condemned,  
<i>"you've let your father do  
</i></p><p>Firmoore's moth  
passed away not long after. L  
without roots, Firmoore trave  
the region in search of anothe  
place to call home. Over his  
travels he earned significant  
fighting in pits and cages wit  
ardent fervor of unfulfilled  
revenge fueling his ferocity.  
Eventually finding comfort in  
town of Hiraas Calling, he use  
the purses he collected from l  
brief fighting career to open t  
Drunken Coward, a name he u  
not only for his establishment  
also for himself.</p>

## PERSONALITY

<p>Training in the monastery the Reclusive Abbots of Iremc Firmoore's father was distant removed. This was most likely because Firmoore's birth was scar on the face of the monas since sex and procreation, especially out of wedlock, were forbidden. Thus, his existence kept secret from the abbots and the small township of peoples that surrounded the monastery.</p><p>Although emotionally unavailable, his father still trained him in the ways of the Abbots. He learned quickly in order to impress his father and hopes of gaining his attention. When the monastery was raided by the political faction in charge of the region and its hidden riches of lore and ornate religious items plundered, Firmoore's father was among the dead. The township was broken and its population scattered. In flight, Firmoore and his mother landed in a nearby port-town known for its fine imported ales. As his mother aged, she fell victim to a respiratory condition and Firmoore was faced with tending to her while generating a decent income.</p><p>He took to tending bar at a popular tavern and acquired a taste for the numerous imported ales that populated its stores. He vowed to gain revenge for his father's death and would train into each hour of the morning in the storehouse of the tavern, siphoning ales as he went. He developed a drunken style that aided significantly in bouncing unruly patrons. When the owner of the tavern discovered that Firmoore had been removing stock of 'surplus stock', he fired him.</p><p>Returning to his mother that evening, drunk and dismayed, he informed her of their new compromised financial position. <i>"You drunken coward,"</i> she condemned, <i>"you've let your father down"</i></p><p>Firmoore's mother passed away not long after. Like without roots, Firmoore traveled the region in search of another place to call home. Over his travels he earned significant money fighting in pits and cages with ardent fervor of unfulfilled revenge fueling his ferocity. Eventually finding comfort in the town of Hiraas Calling, he used the purses he collected from his brief fighting career to open the Drunken Coward, a name he used not only for his establishment but also for himself.</p>