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krapp

**2500 x 3235**  
↔ ↕

Image Dummy

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## Krapp

**middle aged adult Gnome**

**Chaotic Neutral**

**Level 0 Civilian N/A**

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### Pronouns -

he/him

### Occupations -

Playwright

**Armor Class -**

9

**Hit Points -**

4 (TODO Hitdice)

**Speed -**

25.

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**STR**

10 (+0)

**DEX**

8 (-1)

**CON**

13 (+2)

**INT**

16 (+3)

**WIS**

8 (-1)

**CHA**

11 (+1)

---

**Saving Throws -**

**Skills -**

{ "Forest Gnome Abilities"=>[ { "Darkvision"=>"can see in dim light within 60 feet of you as if it were bright light, and in darkness as if it were dim light. You can't discern color in darkness, only shades of gray", "Gnome Cunning"=>"advantage on all Intelligence, Wisdom, and Charisma saves against magic", "Natural Illusionist"=>"knows the Minor Illusion cantrip. Intelligence is your spellcasting modifier for it", "Speak with Small Beasts"=>"Through sound and gestures, you may communicate simple ideas with Small or smaller beasts" ] }

**Proficiencies -**

**Proficiency Mod -**

+2

**Languages -**

Common Gnomish { "id"=>"actors\_guild", "name"=>"The Actor's Guild" }

**Adjectives -**

Drunk, Meloncholy, Inspired,


### Special Equipment

## Combat Tactics

## Actions

## Factions

**2500 x 3235**



# Image Dummy

## 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 on peel. Noisily incontinent. Bitter, sarcastic.

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

N/A

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**Languages -**

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**Adjectives -**

Drunk, Meloncholy, Inspired,

---

**Special Abilities**

- 
- 

**Special Equipment**

- 

**Combat Tactics**

Won't fight unless he absolutely has to

Actions

-

Factions

Roleplaying

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Background 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 common 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 posession 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.