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the drunken coward

**2500 x 3235**  
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Image Dummy

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The Drunken Coward

## The Drunken Coward

**middle aged adult Human**

**Neutral**

**Level 6 Monk Way of the Drunken Master**

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**Pronouns -**

he/him

**Occupations -**

Bartender, Inkeeper

**Armor Class -**

18

**Hit Points -**

57 (TODO Hitdice)

**Speed -**

45.

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**STR**

10 (+0)

**DEX**

19 (+5)

**CON**

12 (+1)

**INT**

10 (+0)

**WIS**

16 (+3)

**CHA**

16 (+3)

---

**Saving Throws -**

**Skills -**

{ "Monk Abilities"=>[ { "Unarmored Defense"=>"When not wearing armor Ac = 10 + Dexterity + Wisdom"}, { "Martial Arts"=>["Can use Dexterity instead of Strength for the attack and damage rolls for unarmed strikes and monk weapons", "Can roll a d6 in place of normal damage for unarmed strikes and monk weapons", "When using an attack action with an unarmed strike or monk weapon, can make an unarmed strike as a bonus action"]}, { "Ki"=>"6 Ki Points, Ki DC= 14"}, { "Flurry of Blows"=>"Immediately after and attack action, can spend 1 Ki point to make 2 unarmed strikes as a bonus action"}, { "Patient Defense"=>"Can spend 1 Ki point to take the Dodge action as a bonus action"}, { "Step of the Wind"=>"Can spend 1 Ki point to take the Disengage or Dash action as a bonus action. Jump distance is doubled for the turn"}, { "Unarmored Movement"=>"Speed is increased by 15."}, { "Deflect Missles"=>"Can use Reaction to deflect or catch the missile when hit by a ranged weapon attack. Damage from the attack is reduced by 1d12 + 11. If damaged is reduced to 0, the missile is caught if he has one free hand. Can spend 1 Ki point to make a ranged attack with the ammunition or weapon just caught. The attack is made with proficiency and counts as a monk weapon"}, { "Slow Fall"=>"Can us a Reaction to falling damage by by 30 hp"}, { "Extra Attack"=>"Can Attack twice per turn"}, { "Stunning Strike"=>"When hits a creature with a melee weapon attack, can spend 1 Ki point and that creature must make a constitution saving throw or be stunned until the end of his next turn"}, { "Ki-Empowered Strike"=>"your unarmed strikes count as magical for the Purpose of overcoming Resistance and immunity to nonmagical attacks and damage."}] }  
{ "Way of the Drunken Master Abilities"=>[ { "Drunken Technique"=>"you learn how to twist and turn quickly as part of your Flurry of Blows. Whenever you use Flurry of Blows, you gain the benefit of the Disengage action, and your walking speed increases by 10 feet until the end of the current turn."}, { "Tipsy Sway"=>"you can move in sudden, swaying ways.

You gain the following benefits.", "Leap to Your Feet"=>"When you're prone, you can stand up by spending 5 feet of movement, rather than half your speed.", "Redirect Attack"=>"When a creature misses you with a melee attack roll, you can spend 1 ki point as a reaction to cause that attack to hit one creature of your choice, other than the attacker, that you can see within 5 feet of you."}}}

**Proficiencies -**

**Proficiency Mod -**

+3

**Languages -**

Common Dwarvish {"id"=>"the\_lost\_reclusive\_abbots\_of\_iremore", "name"=>"The Lost Reclusive Abbots of Iremore", "role"=>"Marshall Abbot"}

**Adjectives -**

Ashamed, Drunken, Repressed,

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**Special Abilities**

**Special Equipment**

**Combat Tactics**

**Actions**

**Factions**

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**2500 x 3235**  
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# Image Dummy

## Roleplaying

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### Introduction

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

### Appearance

A surly human with smooth cacao skin and short dreadlocked hair. Bright, patched clothes. Flamboyant 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. Ornately carved tankards. Meditation and the balance of mind over balance of body.

**Secrets**

N/A

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Proficiencies -

Languages -

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Adjectives -

Ashamed, Drunken, Repressed,

Special Abilities

- 
- 

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

-

## Factions

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# Background Story

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Training in the monastery of the Reclusive Abbots of Iremore, Firmoore's father was distant and removed. This was most

likely because Firmoore's birth was a scar on the face of the monastery since sex and procreation, especially out of wedlock, were forbidden. Thus, his existence was kept secret from the abbots and the small township of peoples that surrounded the monastery. Although emotionally unavailable, his father still trained him in the ways of the Abbots. He learned quickly in order to impress his father and in 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. 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 early hours 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 him of 'surplus stock', he fired him. Returning to his mother that evening, drunk and dismayed, he informed her of their new compromised financial position. "You drunken coward," she condemned, "you've let your father down." Firmoore's mother passed away not long after. Left without roots, Firmoore traveled the region in search of another place to call home. Over his travels he earned significant sums fighting in pits and cages with the 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 uses not only for his establishment but also for himself.