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raskolnik

**2500 x 3235**  
↔ ↕

Image Dummy

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Raskolnik

**Raskolnik**

**young adult Elf**

**Neutral**

**Level 1 Rogue N/A**

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**Pronouns -**

he/him

**Occupations -**

Law Student

**Armor Class -**

12

**Hit Points -**

5 (TODO Hitdice)

**Speed -**

30.

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**STR**

11 (+1)

**DEX**

15 (+3)

**CON**

12 (+1)

**INT**

17 (+4)

**WIS**

9 (0)

**CHA**

13 (+2)

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**Saving Throws -**

**Skills -**

{ "Elf Abilities"=>[ { "Fey Ancestry"=>"Advantage on saving throws againts charm and immune to sleep magic",  
"Darkvision"=>"Can see 60 in dim light as though it was bright light and in darkness as if it was dim light", "Keen Senses"=>"You have proficiency in the Perception skill", "Trance"=>"Elves don't need to sleep. Instead, they meditate deeply, remaining semiconscious, for 4 hours a day. (The Common word for such meditation is "trance.") While meditating, you can dream after a fashion; such dreams are actually mental exercises that have become reflexive through years of practice. After Resting in this way, you gain the same benefit that a human does from 8 hours of sleep", "Snow Sight"=>"Your vision is not hindered by heavy weather conditions such as falling snow, rain or mist.", "Cold Resistance"=>"You have resistance against cold damage and you ignore any of the drawbacks caused by cold, arctic environments such as difficult terrain and slippery ice.", "Ice Magic"=>"You know the ray of frost cantrip. Wisdom is your spellcasting ability for it.", "Snow Elf Weapon Training"=>"You are proficient with the greatsword, longsword, pike, and war pick"}], "Rogue Abilities"=>[ { "Expertise"=>"Double proficiency bonus with Thieve's Tools and Sleight of Hand", "Sneak Attack"=>"Once per turn can add 3d6 to one creature she hits with a ranged or finesse attack if she has advantage on the attack or if the target is engaged with another creater"}] }

**Proficiencies -**

**Proficiency Mod -**

+2

**Languages -**

Human Elvish Halfling Thieve's Cant

**Adjectives -**

Prideful, Defensive, Frustrated,

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**Special Abilities**

**Special Equipment**

**Combat Tactics**

**Actions**

**Factions**

Role:

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**2500 x 3235**  
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# Image Dummy

## Roleplaying

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### Introduction

A dishevelled young elf stoops over a board he's lifted from the wood sidewalk. He stands to face you with bloody hands.

### Appearance

Grimy, unkempt, but with a glow of pride, intelligence and erudition that shafts through the coils of poverty.

### Expressions

*Loathsome, harmful old moneylender*

*A thousand rabbits don't make a horse and a thousand suspicions aren't evidence.*

### Mannerisms

Sweating, shaking, cold, teeth chattering. Brownian eyes. Fists clench, unclench, repeat. Licks his lips repeatedly.

**Motivations**

Proud; feels that the world is upside-down, bottom-feeders on top, and great men (like Raskolnik) live in poverty.

**Passions**

Knows the local legal code inside-out; also local history and legends. Observant; knows the daily patterns of locals.

**Secrets**

N/A

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Proficiencies -

Languages -

Human Elvish Halfling Thieve's Cant

Adjectives -

Prideful, Defensive, Frustrated,

Special Abilities

-

Special Equipment

-

Combat Tactics

Will only fight if he has to, and will try to sneak attack whenever possible

Actions

-

Factions

Role:

# Roleplaying

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## Introduction

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## Secrets

N/A

# Background Story

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Raskolnik was born to a low-ranking court bureaucrat father, who was intelligent to the point of unfulfilled dreams, and a moderately wealthy mother, whose inheritance was spent before her children knew the words "dice", "wine" or "whores". Raskolnik's father was inadvertently trampled by a mail coach when Raskolnik was a young child. His mother, now without income and living in poverty in a grand manse among the snow elves, had little choice but to sell the remnants of her inheritance and take up residence in the squalid slums with the orcs and goblins of the north. Raskolnik's mother said, on more than one occasion, "We elves are not known for helping the downtrodden, even our own kind." Raskolnik excelled at his studies, and was noticed by an orcish ambassador to the north for winning second prize in the "Essays from the Ghetto" contest. His prose and unorthodox, even mildly disturbing, thesis had captured the imagination of the fiery, blunt orc. The orcish ambassador gave Raskolnik's mother a small sum to pay for his studies in law, on the promise that she would send him to "anything but a pale-skinned school of fascist pig-donkeys." Raskolnik's mother, partly from gratitude to her son's orcish benefactor, and partly from anger at her own culture's complete detachment from her financial predicament, readily agreed. Raskolnik went to a law school run by halflings. (When the orcish diplomat found out, he flew into a rage. He had

envisioned a green-skinned school for green-skinned law. But that is another story that shall not be told here.) His studies were spectacularly successful. The halflings considered Raskolnik one of their own. But the humans were next to adopt him. During a multi-racial rhetoric competition in a prominent northern city, Raskolnik won second place overall. The human judge took him aside after the debate and told him that he had the potential to be a great leader, a great statesman. The human asked for a written essay that he could take to his superiors in the middle lands, and in return, the human would pave the path to a fulfilling career in the human legal system. Raskolnik submitted his magnum opus to the human, sending a 20,000 word thesis on the nature of The Great Man to his would-be human benefactor. The human published it under his own name and went on a book-signing tour, only to be murdered by an orc on his yacht in the south (though that tale of greed, debauchery and violence is another story, and shall not be told here.) Raskolnik, blissfully unaware of his human would-be-benefactor's fate, continued to wait, hopefully, for word from the human. He had finished law school. He sold what he owned and borrowed money from a disreputable lender. He tried valiantly to support his mother and younger sister. Raskolnik's sister agreed to marry a rich, abusive man. Raskolnik became desperate. Meanwhile, word had -- unbeknownst to Raskolnik himself -- gotten out that he was the actual author of the human's stolen manuscript. Raskolnik was known only by name -- not by appearance -- to be an ubermensch, a believer in Great Men who are justified in trampling the Inferior. Soon, Raskolnik will discover that the local constabulary have read his treatise, and suspect him of murdering the moneylender in order to pave the way to Greatness. Raskolnik is riddled with guilt, not entirely for killing the woman (he partly believes she deserved it), but also for not being Great like he should be: for not being able to carry through with his own ambitions, for not being able to Act in the way that Great Men Act.