



## KRAPP

Middle Aged Adult Gnome  
Chaotic Neutral  
Level 0 Civilian / Commoner

**Pronouns:** he/him  
**Occupations:** Playwright  
**Armor Class** 9  
**Hit Points** 4 (TODO Hitdice)  
**Speed** 25.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS
10	8	13	13	8
(+0)	(-1)	(+2)	(+2)	(-1)

**CHA**  
7  
(-1)

**Saving Throws**  
TODO Saving Throws  
**Skills**  
**Proficiencies**  
**Damage Immunities**  
TODO Damage Immunities  
**Condition Immunities**  
TODO Condition Immunities  
**Senses** TODO Senses  
**Languages** Human, gnomish,  
**Adjectives**

### Special Abilities

### Special Equipment

-  
-

### Combat Tactics

### Actions

### Factions

2500 x 3235



Image Dummy

## ROLEPLAYING

### 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, forges 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 in eyes, which he feels glow from the heart.

### Secrets

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**Proficiencies** TODO

**Damage Immunities**  
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"Perhaps my best years are gone. But I wouldn't want them back. Not with the fire in me now."; "What does viduity mean?"

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## BACKGROUND STORY

Krapp was born to devout kubernetetic 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 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.