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Enid Hampstead

2500 x 3235
↔ ↕

Image Dummy

Enid Hampstead

Enid Hampstead

young adult Human

Lawful Good

Level 0 Civilian N/A

Pronouns -

she/her

Occupations -

Street Vendor

Armor Class -

10

Hit Points -

28 (TODO Hitdice)

Speed -

30.

STR

12 (+1)

DEX

11 (+1)

CON

9 (0)

INT

14 (+2)

WIS

13 (+2)

CHA

9 (0)

Saving Throws -

Skills -

N/A

Proficiencies -

Proficiency Mod -

+2

Languages -

Common

Adjectives -

Meek, Shy, Dependable,

Special Abilities

Special Equipment

Combat Tactics

Actions

Factions

Role:

2500 x 3235
↔ ↕

Image Dummy

Roleplaying

Introduction

A plain young woman stands beside a fruit stall in the market square. /"Bananas! We gots fresh bananas!/"

Appearance

Brown hair, brown eyes, in plain dress. Very little memorable about her other than a small scar above her right eye

Expressions

Freshest fruit and veg in tha market!

Best prices too!

Get outta here ya wee urchins or I'll call the watch!

Mannerisms

favours her left arm like it had been injured and never quite healed properly

Motivations

Just trying to make a living and get by

Passions

not particularly passionate about anything

Secrets

She killed her abusive husband and made it look like an accident, then skipped town

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young adult Human
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Skills -

N/A

Proficiencies -

Languages -

Common

Adjectives -

Meek, Shy, Dependable,

Special Abilities

-

Special Equipment

-

Combat Tactics

She wont fight unless she has to

Actions

-

Factions

She has no faction

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Expressions

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Motivations

Just trying to make a living and get by

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Passions

not particularly passionate about anything

She has no passions

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Secrets

She has no secrets

She has no secrets

She killed her abusive husband and made it look like an accident, then skipped town

Background Story

Enid is a pretty regular young lady just trying to get by. Married off by her family at a young age to an older man. It wasn't long before her husband started abusing her. She did her best to hide the abuse and just go on with her life, but as the years went by, he got worse and worse. Finally, in a feat of self-defense, she smothered him in his sleep one night. She did her best to make his death look like an accident, and once he was in the ground, she left her home town and her family and has never looked back. She took one of the only jobs she was qualified for in the new town, and now sells fruit for a grocery company in the market square. It's a job. It pays her bills, and most importantly, she's free of him!