

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

CHA

7

Saving Throws
TODO Saving Throws
Skills

Proficiencies TODO

Damage Immunities
TODO Damage Immunities
Condition Immunities
TODO Condition Immunities
Senses TODO Senses
Languages Human gnomish ,
Adjectives ,

Special Abilities

Special Equipment

- The Ansible of Time, which h often rewinds and replays. Contains all local history from the past three decades.
- Krapp's Last Parchment, a h written play about a disappointed gnome in a pul on his birthday. Very hairy parchment.

Combat Tactics

Actions

Factions

ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

Alone at a table strewn wit wine, bananas and peels, a knurled face with melanch blue eyes stares through y

Appearance

A flagrant plume of white h ridged skin; varicose veins large nose; untamed white beard.

Expressions

"Perhaps my best years are gone. But I wouldn't want back. Not with the fire in n 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. Loves
stares intently into eyes, and
he feels glow from the heat

Secrets

KRAPP

*middle aged adult gnome
chaotic neutral
Level 0 civilian / commoner*

Pronouns: he/him
Occupations: Playwright
Armor Class 9
Hit Points 4 (TODO Hit
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

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?"

2500 x 3235
↔ ↕

Image Dummy

Special Equipment

- The Ansible of Time often rewinds and r
- Contains all local hi
- the past three deca
- Krapp's Last Parchn
- half-written play ab
- disappointed gnom
- on his birthday. Ver
- parchment.

Combat Tactics

Actions

Factions

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

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 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 possession 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 wife, the scratches on her legs from the gooseberry bush, are all captured in the Ansible. So, too, are all the 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 flatmate even in winter.

PERSONALITY

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 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 possession 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 wife, the scratches on her legs from the gooseberry bush, are all captured in the Ansible. So, too, are all the 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 flatmate even in winter.