

## DIMRI CLODHOPPER

*Young Adult Other (You Will Be Asked To Specify)*  
Chaotic Good  
Level 3 Bard

**Pronouns** - he/him

**Occupations** -

Reveler / Musician

**Armor Class** - 14

**Hit Points** -

43 (TODO Hitdice)

**Speed** - 35.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS
11	16	13	12	9
(+1)	(+3)	(+2)	(+1)	(0)

**CHA**

19

(+5)

**Saving Throws** -

**Skills** -

He's an accomplished lute player and storyteller

**Proficiencies** -

**Proficiency Mod** - +2

**Languages** -

Common Sylvan

**Adjectives** -

**Special Abilities** -

**Special Equipment** -

**Combat Tactics**

He has zero tactics for anything in his life

**Actions**

**Factions**

Satyr Clan -

**Thieve's Guild** -

2500 x 3235

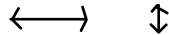


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## ROLEPLAYING

### Introduction

Through a break in the crowd dances an undersized satyr, Slapping a horn of wine into your hand, he cries "To Xenagos!"

### Appearance

Short and chubby with flaming red hair on both his head and legs. Short but sharp horns and rarely without a drink

### Expressions

"Come! You must join the Revel!", "Ooooh I'll take a piece of that!", "Aren't you the prettiest thing I ever did see!"

### Mannerisms

moves with a drunken lurch. plays air guitar

### Motivations

Reveling, loving, relaxing

### Passions

Wine, women (and men) and Song

### Secrets

none... that he remembers

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TODO Saving Throws

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**Proficiencies** - TODO

**Damage Immunities** -

TODO Damage Immunities

**Condition Immunities** -

TODO Condition Immunities

**Senses** - TODO Senses

**Languages** -

Common Sylvan

**Adjectives** -

**Special Abilities** -

**Special Equipment**

-

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## BACKG STORY

Dimri, or friends everyone the life of satyr soci something outgoing, boisterous met a w drink or wouldn't lives for despite accomplis would ra crowd in singalong, actual car part of th not inter will happi philosophy who will li

x 3235



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