Age: older adult Race: dwarf Pronouns: he/him Occupation:

Mason

Class: civilian / commoner

Level: 0

Alignment: neutral good

Languages:

- Common
- Dwarvish

Factions:

- Mason's Guild
- Dwarf Tribe

Adjectives:

Armour Class: 11 Hit Points: 87

Speed: 25

STR 15

DEX 12 CON 16 **INT 16**

CHA 12

WIS 18

Saving Throws TODO Saving Throws

Role-Playing

Improv Introduction: A graying dwarf curses at the top of his lungs as he drops the bricks he's laying from 2 stories up on scaffolding

Appearance: Broad and tanned from years working in the sun. His arms covered in scars from his job and he's missing several fingers

Expressions: "&%\$@*\$%##^!!!!!", "These kid's these days don't know how to build a wall", "?#@\$\$@%%!!!!"

Mannerisms: Squints his eyes like the sun is too bright, regardless of the weather.

astery of his craft. Imparting his knowledge to the next generation

Passions: Hard drinking and swearing profusely

Secrets: May know some secret passages or weaknesses in buildings and walls

he's worked on over the years

Vulnerabilities: He's an old drunk with easily wounded pride

Skills:

Master Mason

Special Abilities:

Attacks: Masonry Hammer | Fists

Combat Tactics: He's not a fighter, but as an old drunk with a lot of pride, he's been known to get into the odd bar brawl now and again where he'll fight with anything he can get his hands on

Special Equipment:

• Magic Level Line that always lays level

been trained as a mason as a young dwarf, at just over 300 years old, Dewarn is about as good at his job as they come. He's fast, skilled and thorough as a mason with a masters eye for detail. He is however, also a heavy drinker and that has taken it's toll on his dexterity has slowly begun to fade as he's advanced in age. He is a true master of his craft, but these days he's better off teaching the youngsters than doing the work himself.</P>