

[Previous](#)[Next](#)

rutgard elderhut

**2500 x 3235**  
↔ ↕

Image Dummy

---

Rutgard Elderhut

**Rutgard Elderhut**

**adolescent Human**

**Chaotic Neutral**

**Level 2 Fighter N/A**

---

**Pronouns -**

he/him

**Occupations -**

Brigand

**Armor Class -**

14

**Hit Points -**

29 (TODO Hitdice)

**Speed -**

30.

---

**STR**

16 (+3)

**DEX**

14 (+2)

**CON**

15 (+3)

**INT**

13 (+2)

**WIS**

9 (0)

**CHA**

16 (+3)

---

**Saving Throws -**

**Skills -**

{ "Fighter Abilities" => [ { "Fighting Style" => nil, "Second Wind" => "Bonus Action to regain 1d10 + 2", "Action Surge" => "Once every short/long rest can take an extra action" } ] }

**Proficiencies -**

**Proficiency Mod -**

+2

**Languages -**

Common { "id" => "the\_red\_carnelian\_s\_gang", "name" => "The Red Carnelian's Gang" } { "id" => "thieve\_s\_guild", "name" => "Thieve's Guild" } { "id" => "mercenary\_army", "name" => "Mercenary Army" }

**Adjectives -**

Tough, Brash, Ill-Tempered,

---

**Special Abilities**

**Special Equipment**

**Combat Tactics**

**Actions**

**Factions**

---

**2500 x 3235**

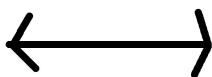


Image Dummy

**Roleplaying**

---

**Introduction**

A burly young man steps out into the firelight, /"Don't anybody move, we've got you surrounded/"

Appearance

Tall and broad with sandy hair and a five o'clock shadow that makes him look older than he is. Dressed in cheap leathers

Expressions

*Aye, don't you be trying anyfin funny*

*Just hand o'er yer loot and we'll be on our way, no need to get yesef hurt*

Mannerisms

An odd accent and a touch of a slur

Motivations

Money, survival, power

Passions

Clog Dancing

Secrets

He's not in charge of the gang, but he knows who is

---

Rutgard Elderhut

adolescent Human  
Chaotic Neutral  
Level 2 Fighter N/A

---

Pronouns -

he/him

Occupations -

Brigand

Armor Class -

14

Hit Points -

29 (TODO Hitdice)

**Speed -**

30.

**STR**

16 (+3)

**DEX**

14 (+2)

**CON**

15 (+3)

**INT**

13 (+2)

**WIS**

9 (0)

**CHA**

16 (+3)

**Saving Throws -**

**Saving Throws -**

**Skills -**

{ "Fighter Abilities"=>[{ "Fighting Style"=>nil, "Second Wind"=>"Bonus Action to regain 1d10 + 2", "Action Surge"=>"Once every short/long rest can take an extra action" }] }

**Proficiencies -**

**Languages -**

Common { "id"=>"the\_red\_carnelian\_s\_gang", "name"=>"The Red Carnelian's Gang" } { "id"=>"thieve\_s\_guild", "name"=>"Thieve's Guild" } { "id"=>"mercenary\_army", "name"=>"Mercenary Army" }

**Adjectives -**

Tough, Brash, Ill-Tempered,

**Special Abilities**

-

**Special Equipment**

-

-

**Combat Tactics**

Straight ahead with his sword and if he proves outmatched, he'll fall back and use his bow if possible

Actions

-

Factions

Roleplaying

Introduction

A burly young man steps out into the firelight, /"Don't anybody move, we've got you surrounded/"

Appearance

Tall and broad with sandy hair and a five o'clock shadow that makes him look older than he is. Dressed in cheap leathers

Expressions

*Aye, don't you be trying anyfin funny*

*Just hand o'er yer loot and we'll be on our way, no need to get yesef hurt*

Mannerisms

An odd accent and a touch of a slur

Motivations

Money, survival, power

Passions

Clog Dancing

Secrets

He's not in charge of the gang, but he knows who is

Background Story

Rutgard grew up poor in a small mining town with not much in the way of prospects. He was a big lad and a bit of a scrapper, but had always expected to grow up and work in the mine. Unfortunately, by the time he grew up, the mine had run dry and most of the town had moved on. Setting off to find his fortunes elsewhere with a cheap suit of leather armor and a cheap sword and bow, he quickly found work on the more unsavory side. His boss The Carnelian Shroud rounded up a group of like-minded, impoverished youngsters and set them loose robbing travelers and merchants along the less policed travel routes. Proving a good fit for him, Rutgard was soon given his own crew.