

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

captain wheeler

**2500 x 3235**  
↔ ↕

Image Dummy

---

Captain Wheeler

## Captain Wheeler

**young adult Dragonborn**

**Neutral**

**Level 0 Civilian N/A**

---

### Pronouns -

he/him

### Occupations -

Sailor; Slaver; Performer

**Armor Class -**

11

**Hit Points -**

45 (TODO Hitdice)

**Speed -**

30.

---

**STR**

13 (+2)

**DEX**

13 (+2)

**CON**

12 (+1)

**INT**

8 (-1)

**WIS**

12 (+1)

**CHA**

11 (+1)

---

**Saving Throws -**

**Skills -**

{ "Dragonborn Abilities"=>[ { "Breathe Weapon"=>"Can exhale fire in a 15 foot cone with a DC 13. A creature takes 2d6 damage on a failed save, and half as much damage on a successful one.", "Damage Resistance"=>"Resistance to Fire" } ] }

**Proficiencies -**

**Proficiency Mod -**

+2

**Languages -**

Common Draconic Elvish

**Adjectives -**

Bold,

**Special Abilities**

**Special Equipment**

**Combat Tactics**

**Actions**

**Factions**

**Regional Union of Musical Performers**

Role:

**Slavers of Thay [or some other slaving faction]**

Role: *Slaver/Performer*

**2500 x 3235**

A diagram showing the dimensions '2500 x 3235'. Below '2500' is a horizontal double-headed arrow. Below '3235' is a vertical double-headed arrow.

# Image Dummy

## Roleplaying

---

### Introduction

Captain Wheeler will offer to sail a party to a distant land. He may be encountered during a slave trade or some other trade of foreign goods

### Appearance

A tall and flamboyantly dressed golden Dragonborn. His shining gold scales are well kept and freckled with dark red umber. He carries a beautiful Doss Lute with flourishing vigor as if he wants all to see his prize possession.

### Expressions

*Ever been trapped in a storm at sea? Your personal problems disappear into the foam of the waves*

*Slaving is slaving. Aren't we all slaves to something?*

*Everyone has a price. Just some are aware of it*

*Not my problem*

**Mannerisms**

Wheeler is almost constantly swaying, as though some shanty is playing in his head. He often bursts into rousing shanties while adventuring or even just browsing a market place. This is especially likely when the ale is flowing.

**Motivations**

He isn't dismayed by slaving, per se, but instead hopes to 'refine' the trade by only including particular races or economic positions. Does he prefer dwarves? The poor? What do the clientele think are the most worthy? Wheeler just goes with it.

**Passions**

Sailing; Music, shanties in particular

**Secrets**

N/A

---

**Captain Wheeler**

**young adult Dragonborn**

**Neutral**

**Level 0 Civilian N/A**

---

**Pronouns -**

he/him

**Occupations -**

Sailor; Slaver; Performer

**Armor Class -**

11

**Hit Points -**

45 (TODO Hitdice)

**Speed -**

30.

---

**STR**

13 (+2)

**DEX**

13 (+2)

**CON**

12 (+1)

**INT**

8 (-1)

**WIS**

12 (+1)

**CHA**

11 (+1)

---

**Saving Throws -**

**Saving Throws -**

**Skills -**

{ "Dragonborn Abilities"=>[ { "Breathe Weapon"=>"Can exhale fire in a 15 foot cone with a DC 13. A creature takes 2d6 damage on a failed save, and half as much damage on a successful one.", "Damage Resistance"=>"Resistance to Fire" } ] }

**Proficiencies -**

**Languages -**

Common Draconic Elvish

**Adjectives -**

Bold,

---

**Special Abilities**

-

**Special Equipment**

-

**Combat Tactics**

Wheeler will always try to beat with his breath weapon and longsword.

**Actions**

-

**Factions**

**Regional Union of Musical Performers**

Role:

**Slavers of Thay [or some other slaving faction]**

Role: *Slaver/Performer*

# Roleplaying

---

## Introduction

Captain Wheeler will offer to sail a party to a distant land. He may be encountered during a slave trade or some other trade of foreign goods

## Appearance

A tall and flamboyantly dressed golden Dragonborn. His shining gold scales are well kept and freckled with dark red umber. He carries a beautiful Doss Lute with flourishing vigor as if he wants all to see his prize possession.

## Expressions

*Ever been trapped in a storm at sea? Your personal problems disappear into the foam of the waves*

*Slaving is slaving. Aren't we all slaves to something?*

*Everyone has a price. Just some are aware of it*

*Not my problem*

## Mannerisms

Wheeler is almost constantly swaying, as though some shanty is playing in his head. He often bursts into rousing shanties while adventuring or even just browsing a market place. This is especially likely when the ale is flowing.

## Motivations

He isn't dismayed by slaving, per se, but instead hopes to 'refine' the trade by only including particular races or economic positions. Does he prefer dwarves? The poor? What do the clientele think are the most worthy? Wheeler just goes with it.

## Passions

Sailing; Music, shanties in particular

## Secrets

N/A

# Background Story

---

A largely forgotten child of a wealthy Dragonborn family nearly obliterated by discriminating Elven and Human armies, Captain Wheeler became something of a man-whore chasing females for personal validation. In these seedy social circles, he connected with the Violet Conch, a high-sea slaver group who traded in peoples of any race or social class so long as it was profitable. Realizing his opportunity at wealth (and not caring that others would suffer) Captain Wheeler trained with the Violet Conch, learning the 'ropes' of sailing and trading peoples as goods. The process largely wore down his moral compass. Regardless of these heavy experiences, Wheeler (renamed by his sailmates - his original name only known to him at this point) is well known as the 'beast who inspires' or the 'spirit of the wandering sailor' because of his profound fecundity with respect to sea-shanties. Those shanties have become even more renown because of their magical effects - often saving sailors and their ships in crisis