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lovecarp

**2500 x 3235**  
↔ ↕

Image Dummy

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Lovecarp

**Lovecarp**

**middle aged adult Human**

**Lawful Evil**

**Level 0 Civilian N/A**

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**Pronouns -**

he/him

**Occupations -**

Storyteller

**Armor Class -**

9

**Hit Points -**

3 (TODO Hitdice)

**Speed -**

30.

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**STR**

8 (-1)

**DEX**

9 (0)

**CON**

9 (0)

**INT**

13 (+2)

**WIS**

8 (-1)

**CHA**

16 (+3)

---

**Saving Throws -**

**Skills -**

N/A

**Proficiencies -**

**Proficiency Mod -**

+2

**Languages -**

Common Elvish {"id"=>"wipe\_the\_bottoms\_society\_justice\_for\_us\_humans\_going\_their\_own\_way", "name"=>"Wipe the Bottoms Society"} {"id"=>"storytellers\_against\_goblinsS", "name"=>"Storytellers Against Goblins"} {"id"=>"justice\_for\_us", "name"=>"Justice for Us"} {"id"=>"humans\_going\_their\_own\_way", "name"=>"Humans Going Their Own Way"}

**Adjectives -**

**Special Abilities**

**Special Equipment**

**Combat Tactics**

**Actions**

**Factions**

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**2500 x 3235**  
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**Roleplaying**

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**Introduction**

Clustered around a long, pint-heavy table, listeners clap and toss coins into a wood burl bowl. /"Thankee kindly!/"

**Appearance**

Heavily greased blonde hair; clothes once expensive but now shabby; penetrating blue laser-eyed gaze.

**Expressions**

*I mean*

*Like I say*

*Low dwarves*

*I'm not a racist, but some of them bottomdarks will make any man racist*

**Mannerisms**

Dabs lips with napkin after every sip; straightens collar; flattens wrinkles out of shirt. Nods when speaking.

**Motivations**

Finding his next payday

**Passions**

Loves storytelling; has found that rousing racial tensions increases profit, so plays on fears of "the other".

**Secrets**

N/A

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**Adjectives -**

Slick, Crafty, Smooth,

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**Special Abilities**

-

## Special Equipment

-

## Combat Tactics

H is a coward and will not fight unless his life depends on it

## Actions

-

## Factions

# Roleplaying

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## Introduction

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## Secrets

# Background Story

The art of storytelling is lost on some. Lovecarp however does not belong to that poor group. Renown throughout the realms for his talents at weaving together fables of grand design, his name is forever tied to tales begun in taverns that travel mouth to mouth across vast distances. Some have heard that Lovecarp is the lineage of royalty while others have spun tales of their own about his humble beginnings. His regal garb dirtied from travels confuses people. This is perhaps his goal. Nobody but Lovecarp himself truly knows. Traveling town to town crafting new stories and refining old, he gleefully shares his narrations with every listener with very little resistance. At the first hint of his gripping voice, most of those in the vicinity grab a tankard and sit down for one of the best stories they will hear for miles and miles. Well aware that racial tensions not only fuel wars but also economic splendour, Lovecarp's stories almost exclusively revolve around if not at the very least include complex layers of peoples' fears of those who are not like them - the 'Other'.