

Age: middle aged adult

Race: bugbear

Pronouns: he/him

Occupation:

- Security/Enforcer

Class: barbarian

Level: 3

Alignment: chaotic neutral

Languages:

- Common
- Goblin
- Thieve's Cant

Factions:

Adjectives:

- Brash

Armour Class: 15

Hit Points: 38

Speed: 30

STR 20

DEX 17

CON 16

INT 8

WIS 9

CHA 6

Saving Throws TODO Saving Throws

Role-Playing

Improv

Introduction: The party discovers a secret entrance to the local thief's guild, Hogarrk stands inside the door asking for a password

Appearance: He is a massive hulking beast standing almost 8 feet tall and 350lbs.

He is wearing what looks like reclaimed pieces leather armor. His skin is a hair-covered dark tan brown and his hair dark brown and unkempt. He has large pointed ears and a bestial face. He carries a large, heavy, spiked mace with a handle made of bone

Expressions: password?, "you should have had the password", "Hogarrk SMASH!!!"

Mannerisms: He is large, unkempt and dumb as a brick. He regularly picks his

~~nose and picks his teeth with the spikes on his mace~~

Acting

Motivations: Food, Money, Fear

Passions: N/A

Secrets: He knows the password

Vulnerabilities: He is about as smart as paint and because of this he is easily confused or tricked

Special Abilities: Surprise Attack | Long-Limbed | Powerful Build | Reckless Attack | Rage

Attacks: Great Mace | Punch

Combat Tactics:

Special Equipment:

- A huge bone-handled mace covered in spikes that counts as a +1 magical great club

Story

Driven out of his clan when he was challenged by a younger, stronger Bugbear for the role of pack alpha, he went into exile rather than die fighting for leadership. He wandered for several years fending for himself before he was captured by slavers and sold into servitude as an enforcer/security. He found that he relished his new role as it provided a steady meal, a frequent outlet for his aggression and as little thinking as possible