

## DIMRI CLODHOPPER

Young Adult Other (You Will Be  
Asked To Specify)  
Chaotic Good  
Level 3 Bard

**Pronouns** - he/him

**Occupations** -

Reveler / Musician

**Armor Class** - 14

**Hit Points** -

43 (TODO Hitdice)

**Speed** - 35.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS
11	16	13	12	9
(+1)	(+3)	(+2)	(+1)	(0)

**CHA**  
19  
(+5)

**Saving Throws** -  
**Skills** -

He's an accomplished lute  
player and storyteller

**Proficiencies** -

**Proficiency Mod** - +2

**Languages** -  
Common Sylvan  
**Adjectives** -

**Special Abilities** -

**Special Equipment**

**Combat Tactics**

He has zero tactics for  
anything in his life

**Actions** -

**Factions**

**Satyr Clan**

Role:

**Thieve's Guild**

Role:

2500 x 3235

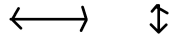


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## ROLEPLAYING

### Introduction

Through a break in the  
crowd dances an  
undersized satyr, Slapping a  
horn of wine into your hand,  
he cries "To Xenagos!"

### Appearance

Short and chubby with  
flaming red hair on both his  
head and legs. Short but  
sharp horns and rarely  
without a drink

### Expressions

"Come! You must  
join the Revel!",  
"Ooooh I'll take a piece  
of that!", "Aren't you  
the prettiest thing I  
ever did see!"

### Mannerisms

moves with a drunken  
lurch. plays air guitar

### Motivations

Reveling, loving,  
relaxing

### Passions

Wine, women (and men)  
and Song

### Secrets

none... that he  
remembers

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## BACKG STORY

Dimri, or  
friends  
everyone  
the life of  
satyr soci  
something  
outgoing,  
boisterous  
met a w  
drink or  
wouldn't  
lives for  
despite  
accomplis  
would ra  
crowd in  
singalong,  
actual car  
part of th  
not intere  
will happi  
philosophy  
who will li

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