



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

CHA
19
(+5)

Saving Throws
TODO Saving Throws

Skills
He's an accomplished lute player and storyteller

Proficiencies
Damage Immunities
TODO Damage Immunities
Condition Immunities
TODO Condition Immunities
Senses TODO Senses
Languages Common, Sylvan,
Adjectives

Special Abilities

-

Special Equipment

-

Combat Tactics

He has zero tactics for anything in his life

Actions

-

Factions

Satyr Clan
Thieve's Guild

2500 x 3235



Image Dummy

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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**Special Abilities -
Special Equipment** -

Combat Tactics

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Actions

Headbutt | Fists and hooves

Factions

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**BACKGROUND
STORY**

Dimri, or Clodhopper as his friends call him, (and everyone is his friend) is the life of the party. And in satyr society, that's saying something! Friendly, outgoing, gregarious and boisterous, he has never met a wine he wouldn't drink or a creature he wouldn't sleep with. He lives for the revels and despite being an accomplished musician, would rather lead the crowd in a traditional singalong, than pursue an actual career in it. If it's not part of the party, he's just not interested, though he will happily share his life's philosophy with anyone who will listen