

CELL ONEDR

*middle aged adult human
chaotic neutral
Level 10 barbarian*

Pronouns: he/him
Occupations: Bandit L
Armor Class 19
Hit Points 127 (TODO
Speed 30.

STR **DEX** **CON** **INT** **V**
19 () 18 18 10 1

CHA
15

Saving Throws
TODO Saving Throws
Skills
Proficiencies
Damage Immunities
TODO Damage Immunit
Condition Immunities
TODO Condition Immuni
Senses TODO Senses
Languages Common ,
Adjectives Brutish ,

Special Abilities

- Intimidating Presen
Mindless Rage | Fer
Instinct | Reckless A

2500 x 3235
Image Dummy

ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

Ha, what a fine sword you have. Let's have an arm wrestling contest. Winner gets the loser's prized sword!

Appearance

A tall, immensely broad shouldered human with salt and pepper medium length hair. Tanned skin show his years of wandering. Scars cover his body. His love of beer caused him to develop a slight pot-belly in more recent years, but he still exudes dangerousness.

Expressions

"Want to arm wrestle?", "Let me show you my trophy

DRAAKE

*middle aged adult human
chaotic neutral
Level 10 barbarian*

Pronouns: he/him
Occupations: Bandit Leader
Armor Class 19
Hit Points 127 (TODO Hitdice)
Speed 30.

STR **DEX** **CON** **INT** **WIS**
19 18 18 10 12

CHA
15

Saving Throws
TODO Saving Throws
Skills

Proficiencies TODO

Damage Immunities
TODO Damage Immunities
Condition Immunities
TODO Condition Immunities
Senses TODO Senses
Languages Common ,
Adjectives Brutish ,

Special Abilities

- Intimidating Presence | Mindless
Rage | Feral Instinct | Reckless
Attack | Rage

Special Equipment

- Hand Axe +2
- Hand Axe +1
- Boots of Speed

Combat Tactics

Actions

Hand Axe +2 | Hand Axe +1

Factions

2500 x 3235
Image Dummy

<div><div>Rage</div><div>Special Equipment</div><div><div><div>• Hand Axe +2</div><div>• Hand Axe +1</div><div>• Boots of Speed</div></div></div><div>Combat Tactics</div><div>Actions</div><div>Hand Axe +2 Hand Axe</div><div>Factions</div></div>	<div><div>collection [of swords]."</div><div>Mannerisms</div><div>Enjoys flexing. Broad dramatic hand gestures.</div><div>Motivations</div><div>Draake leads a band of about 100 bandits. He commands his men and women fairly and they look up to him.</div><div>Passions</div><div>Raids and banditry. War.</div><div>Secrets</div><div>His brother is secretly the local lord. The two communicate via matching message rings. The lord tells him which caravans to raid.</div></div>	<div><div>Cell3</div></div>	<div><div>ROLEPLAYING</div><div>Introduction</div><div>Ha, what a fine sword you have. Let's have an arm wrestling contest. Winner gets the loser's prized sword!</div><div>Appearance</div><div>A tall, immensely broad shouldered human with salt and pepper medium length hair. Tanned skin show his years of wandering. Scars cover his body. His love of beer caused him to develop a slight pot-belly in more recent years, but he still exudes dangerousness.</div><div>Expressions</div><div>"Want to arm wrestle?", "Let me show you my trophy collection [of swords]."</div><div>Mannerisms</div><div>Enjoys flexing. Broad dramatic hand gestures.</div><div>Motivations</div><div>Draake leads a band of about 100 bandits. He commands his men and women fairly and they look up to him.</div><div>Passions</div><div>Raids and banditry. War.</div><div>Secrets</div><div>His brother is secretly the local lord. The two communicate via matching message rings. The lord tells him which caravans to raid.</div></div>