

RUTGARD ELDERHUT

adolescent human  
chaotic neutral  
Level 2 fighter

Pronouns: he/him  
Occupations: Brigand

Armor Class 14

Hit Points 29 (TODO Hitdice)  
Speed 30.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
16	14	15	13	9	16

Saving Throws TODO Saving Throws  
Skills

Proficiencies TODO

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

Special Abilities Fighting Style: Defense, Second Wind, Action Surge | Athletics, Intimidation  
Special Equipment

Combat Tactics

Straight ahead with his sword and if he proves outmatched, he'll fall back and use his bow if possible

Actions

Sword | Bow

Factions



ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

A burly young man steps out into the firelight, "Don't anybody move, we've got you surrounded"

Appearance

Tall and broad with sandy hair and a five o'clock shadow that makes him look older than he is. Dressed in cheap leathers

Expressions

"Aye, don't you be trying anythin funny", "Just hand o'er yer loot and we'll be on our way, no need to get yerself hurt"

Mannerisms

An odd accent and a touch of a slur

**Motivations**

Money, survival, power

**Passions**

Clog Dancing

**Secrets**

He's not in charge of the gang, but he definitely knows who is

**Background**

Rutgard grew up poor in a small mining town with not much in the way of prospects. He was a big lad and a bit of a scrapper, but had always expected to grow up and work in the mine. Unfortunately, by the time he grew up, the mine had run dry and most of the town had moved on. Setting off to find his fortunes elsewhere with a cheap suit of leather armor and a cheap sword and bow, he quickly found work on the more unsavory side. His boss rounded up a group of like-minded, impoverished youngsters and set them loose robbing travelers and merchants along the less policed travel routes. Proving a good fit for him, Rutgard was soon given his own crew.