



# 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**  
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 dance undersized satyr, Slapping a horn o wine into your hand, he cries "To Xenagos!"

## Appearance

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

## 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 a guitar

## Motivations

Reveling, loving, relaxing

## Passions

Wine, women (and men) and Song

## Secrets

none... that he remembers

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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