



Steve Patch Yarrow

STEVE PATCH YARROW

Older Adult Human
Neutral
Level 3 Rogue

Pronouns - he/him
Occupations - Bartender
Armor Class - 14
Hit Points - 41 (TODO Hitdice)
Speed - 30.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
12	18	13	16	10	9
(+1)	(+4)	(+2)	(+3)	(+0)	(0)

Saving Throws -
Skills -
Proficiencies -
Proficiency Mod - +2

Languages -
Common Undercommon Thieve's Cant
Adjectives -

Special Abilities

Special Equipment

Combat Tactics

He's a quick draw and a decent shot with his hand crossbow, so he'll always start with that but he's definitely not above getting blood on his hands if necessary

Actions

Factions

A Thieve's/Assassin's Guild
Role:



ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

A one-eyed man behind the bar meets your gaze as you enter the run-down tavern. "Whatdya Want?" He says with a scowl

Appearance

balding with a bad comb-over, one eye covered with a leather patch. Plain grubby clothes and a dagger on his belt

Expressions

"We've got one kinda ale, take it or leave it", "Nah we don't serve food here", "Finish yer drink and kindly leave"

Mannerisms

a perpetual scowl on his face, rubs his hands together like they're cold all the time

Motivations

Money, Protecting the local thief's guild's secrets

Passions

Stabbing people he doesn't like

Secrets

He's the gatekeeper to the local thief's guild which has a secret entrance in the back of his dive bar

STEVE PATCH YARROW

Older Adult Human
Neutral
Level 3 Rogue

Pronouns - he/him
Occupations - Bartender
Armor Class - 14
Hit Points - 41 (TODO Hitdice)
Speed - 30.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS
12	18	13	16	10
(+1)	(+4)	(+2)	(+3)	(+0)

CHA
9
(0)

Saving Throws -
Saving Throws -
Skills -
Proficiencies -

Languages -
Common Undercommon
Thieve's Cant
Adjectives -

Special Abilities

Special Equipment

Combat Tactics

He's a quick draw and a decent shot with his hand crossbow, so he'll always start with that but he's definitely not above getting blood on his hands if necessary

Actions

Factions

A Thieve's/Assassin's Guild
Role:

ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

A one-eyed man behind the bar meets your gaze as you enter the run-down tavern. "Whatdya Want?" He says with a scowl

Appearance

balding with a bad comb-over, one eye covered with a leather patch. Plain grubby clothes and a dagger on his belt

Expressions

"We've got one kinda ale, take it or leave it", "Nah we don't serve food here", "Finish yer drink and kindly leave"

Mannerisms

a perpetual scowl on his face, rubs his hands together like they're cold all the time

Motivations

Money, Protecting the local thief's guild's secrets

Passions

Stabbing people he doesn't like

Secrets

He's the gatekeeper to the local thief's guild which has a secret entrance in the back of his dive bar