

THE DRUNKEN COWARD

middle-aged adult human
neutral
Level 6 monk

Pronouns: he/him
Occupations: Bartender; Inkeeper
Armor Class 18
Hit Points 57 (TODO Hitdice)
Speed 90.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS
10	19	12	10	16
CHA				
16				

Saving Throws
TODO Saving Throws
Skills
Persuasion; Performance; Acrobatics; Athletics
Proficiencies TODO
Damage Immunities
TODO Damage Immunities
Condition Immunities
TODO Condition Immunities
Senses TODO Senses
Languages Common Dwarven
Adjectives ,

- Special Abilities**
- Flurry of Blows; Drunken Technique; Topsy Sway, Unarmored Defense; Extra Attack; Stunning Strike; Ki empowered strikes | Martial Arts;

Special Equipment

Combat Tactics

He is a notable combatant. Few know of this and when and if he ever engages in combat, look out. Occasionally this is apparent when he bounces patrons.

Actions

Martial Artistry | Tambos

Factions

ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

Bellying up to the bar, the bartender smiles, "the drunken coward has all your libations and respite needs!"

Appearance

A surly human with smooth cacao skin and short dreadlocked hair. Bright, patched clothes. Flamboyant scarves.

Cell3

Expressions

"The ale and mouths are pouring!"; "Need not know what's next. Rest. Begin at tomorrow"; "The mind makes the troubles"

Mannerisms

Busy-body who wavers in movement. Tremors early in the day. Joyously but mistakenly spills drinks and foods.

Motivations

To provide balance through comfort and respite alongside the chaos and tumult of tavern-life.

Passions

Ales. More Ales. Ornately carved tankards. Meditation and the balance of mind over balance of body.

Secrets

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Skills

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Damage Immunities

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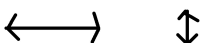
Condition Immunities

ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

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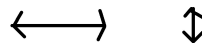


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Flamboyant scarves.

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"The ale and mouths are pouring!"; "Need not
know what's next. Rest. Begin anew tomorrow";
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Busy-body who wavers in each movement.
Tremors early in the day. Joyously but mistakenly
spills drinks and foods.

Motivations

To provide balance through comfort and respite
alongside the chaos and tumult of tavern-life.

Passions

Ales. More Ales. Ornatly carved tankards.
Meditation and the balance of mind over balance
of body.

Secrets

BACKGROUND STORY

<p>Training in the monastery
the Reclusive Abbots of Iremc
Firmoore's father was distant
removed. This was most likely
because Firmoore's birth was
scar on the face of the monas
since sex and procreation,
especially out of wedlock, we
forbidden. Thus, his existence
kept secret from the abbots a
the small township of peoples
that surrounded the monaste
</p><p>Although emotionall
unavailable, his father still
trained him in the ways of the
Abbots. He learned quickly in
order to impress his father an
hopes of gaining his attentior
When the monastery was raid
by the political faction in char
of the region and its hidden ri
of lore and ornate religious it
plundered, Firmoore's father
among the dead. The townshi
was broken and its population
scattered. In flight, Firmoore
his mother landed in a nearby
port-town known for its fine
imported ales. As his mother
aged, she fell victim to a
respiratory condition and
Firmoore was faced with tend
to her while generating a dec
income.</p><p>He took to
tending bar at a popular tave
and acquired a taste foe the
numerous imported ales that
populated its stores. He vowe
gain revenge for his father's
death and would train into ea
hours of the morning in the
storehouse of the tavern,
siphoning ales as he went. He
developed a drunken style tha
aided significantly in bouncin
unruly patrons. When the ow
of the tavern discovered that
Firmoore had been removing
of 'surplus stock', he fired hin
</p><p>Returning to his mot
that evening, drunk and
dismayed, he informed her of
their new compromised financ
position. <i>"You drunken
coward,"</i> she condemned,
<i>"you've let your father do
</i></p><p>Firmoore's moth
passed away not long after. L
without roots, Firmoore trave
the region in search of anothe
place to call home. Over his
travels he earned significant
fighting in pits and cages wit
ardent fervor of unfulfilled
revenge fueling his ferocity.
Eventually finding comfort in
town of Hiraas Calling, he use
the purses he collected from l
brief fighting career to open t
Drunken Coward, a name he u
not only for his establishment
also for himself.</p>

PERSONALITY

<p>Training in the monastery the Reclusive Abbots of Iremc Firmoore's father was distant removed. This was most likely because Firmoore's birth was scar on the face of the monas since sex and procreation, especially out of wedlock, were forbidden. Thus, his existence kept secret from the abbots and the small township of peoples that surrounded the monastery.</p><p>Although emotionally unavailable, his father still trained him in the ways of the Abbots. He learned quickly in order to impress his father and hopes of gaining his attention. When the monastery was raided by the political faction in charge of the region and its hidden riches of lore and ornate religious items plundered, Firmoore's father was among the dead. The township was broken and its population scattered. In flight, Firmoore and his mother landed in a nearby port-town known for its fine imported ales. As his mother aged, she fell victim to a respiratory condition and Firmoore was faced with tending to her while generating a decent income.</p><p>He took to tending bar at a popular tavern and acquired a taste for the numerous imported ales that populated its stores. He vowed to gain revenge for his father's death and would train into each hour of the morning in the storehouse of the tavern, siphoning ales as he went. He developed a drunken style that aided significantly in bouncing unruly patrons. When the owner of the tavern discovered that Firmoore had been removing stock of 'surplus stock', he fired him.</p><p>Returning to his mother that evening, drunk and dismayed, he informed her of their new compromised financial position. <i>"You drunken coward,"</i> she condemned, <i>"you've let your father down."</i></p><p>Firmoore's mother passed away not long after. Like without roots, Firmoore traveled the region in search of another place to call home. Over his travels he earned significant money fighting in pits and cages with ardent fervor of unfulfilled revenge fueling his ferocity. Eventually finding comfort in the town of Hiraas Calling, he used the purses he collected from his brief fighting career to open the Drunken Coward, a name he used not only for his establishment but also for himself.</p>