



Moss

Middle-Aged Human
Lawful Neutral
Level 5 Druid

Pronouns: she/her
Occupations:
Botanist; Florist; Royal Floral Arranger
Armor Class 7
Hit Points
44 (TODO Hitdice)
Speed 30.

STR DEX CON INT WIS

6 5 17 13 13
(-2) (-2) (+4) (+2) (+2)

CHA

10
(+0)

Saving Throws
TODO Saving Throws
Skills Nature; Survival;
Perception; Investigation
Proficiencies
Damage Immunities
TODO Damage Immunities
Condition Immunities
TODO Condition Immunities
Senses TODO Senses
Languages Human, elvish,
halfling,
Adjectives Beautiful,

Special Abilities

Barkskin | Spiderclimb | Call
Lightning | Spells - 0 - 3; 1 - 4;
2 - 3; 3 - 2. | Wild Shape

Special Equipment

Many exotic roots traded with
travelers.

Combat Tactics

Moss will often take <i>wild
shape</i> to avoid combat by
fleeing into the woods. When
cornered, she is a fierce and
prolific combatant.

Actions

Cudgel

Factions

The Druidic Enclave of Luu
[Any Regional Enclave of
Druids]



ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

A face peers up from behind a bask
flowers being watered. "I see the
hoodlum convention is in town agai
the woman says from one side of h
mouth.

Appearance

Paralysed on her left side, Moss wal
lifting one graceful, strong leg, then
stamping and clobbering the floor w
her rigid half. Her face is half frown,
curled down, and half expressive. W
stripes streak her roiling black curle
hair.

Expressions

"Woman's oldest profession, next to
seamstress..."; "Men are nuts"; "Tak
dearie, take in."

Mannerisms

A facial tick causes Moss to wince, th
right side of her face folded into ridg
while the left side of her face remain
unmoved in its permanent sadness.

Motivations

Moss leads a simple life, finding plea
in tending gardens and arranging
bouquets. She is meticulously clean,
believing that to scrub is to be free.

Passions

Moss loves flowers, especially perenn
(rododendrons are among her
favourites; she also grows numerous
ferns at the royal gardens, and eats
fiddleheads in spring); and chamber
music.

Secrets

Moss

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by fleeing into the woods.
When cornered, she is a
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Actions

Cudgel

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The Druidic Enclave
of Luu [Any
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ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

A face peers up from behind
a basket of flowers being
watered. "I see the hoodlum
convention is in town
again," the woman says
from one side of her mouth.

Appearance

Paralysed on her left side,
Moss walks by lifting one
graceful, strong leg, then
stamping and clobbering
the floor with her rigid half.
Her face is half frown, lips
curled down, and half
expressive. White stripes
streak her roiling black
curled hair.

Expressions

"Woman's oldest profession,
next to seamstress..."; "Men
are nuts"; "Take in, dearie,
take in."

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A facial tick causes Moss to
wince, the right side of her
face folded into ridges,
while the left side of her
face remains unmoved in its
permanent sadness.

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Moss leads a simple life,
finding pleasure in tending
gardens and arranging
bouquets. She is
meticulously clean,
believing that to scrub is to
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especially perennials
(rododendrons are among
her favourites; she also
grows numerous ferns at
the royal gardens, and eats
the fiddleheads in spring);
and chamber music.

Secrets

BACKGROUND STORY

<p>Whispering to an
Amyrillis that <i>"the
current war will end soon",
</i> a young Moss heard a
quiet voice in her head.
</p><p>You have the gift,
child.</p><p>Moss was
suddenly struck with a
channel of supernatural
energy from beyond. Her
mind was filled with visions
of nature while her body
was struck with unfortunate
disabilities. At this point,
when the Goddess of
Blooms, without location
but existing within every
seed and petal, touched
her, Moss became aware
that she was destined for
more than a life arranging
flowers for others.</p>
<p>Moss' real name is lost
in time. Raised in a
testosterone fueled
environment with 3
brothers and a long-passed
mother, Moss was
beleaguered with pseudo-
abuse directed towards her
womanhood. She absorbed
these in her youth, thinking
it was normal, but after
touched buy the Goddess of
Blooms she realized the
horrors of which men are
capable. In this moment
another insight was
whispered directly into the
center of her mind.</p>
<p><i>Men are but the
seeds. Save the soils,
milady. Bless the petals.
Love the stems. Revere the
roots. But we will always be
able to produce more
seeds.</i></p>