

## THE "PENNYMO! CON"

middle-aged wood elf chaotic evil Level 10 rogue

Pronouns: he/him Occupations: Fence Armor Class 14 Hit Points 75 (TODO Hitdice) Speed 30.

#### STR DEX CON INT WIS

10 15 16 12 12 (+0) (+3) (+3) (+1) (+1)

#### CHA

15 (+3)

#### Saving Throws

TODO Saving Throws **Skills** 

Persuasion; Stealth; Perception; Acrobatics; Athletics; Intimidation; Deception

#### Proficiencies TODO

Damage Immunities
TODO Damage Immunities
Condition Immunities
TODO Condition Immunities
Senses TODO Senses
Languages
Common Elvish Halfling
Gnomish,

#### **Special Abilities**

Adjectives Opaque,

• Uncanny Dodge | Cunning Action

#### **Special Equipment**

 Bullwhip of Entanglement;
 Quaal's Feather Token (Whip)

#### **Combat Tactics**

The Con will engage in combat with a smile, first using his acrobatics to parour and disorient unsuspecting combatants.

#### **Actions**

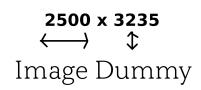
Bullwhip of entanglement (+9 to hit, 1d6+5 force dmg, finesse, entangle, chance to leave target prone (DC 15 Dex Save))

#### **Factions**

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#### **Appearance**

Bridging on elderly looking; Worn skin and sunken features; Small poke tattoos on his face, neck, and hands; Wears a dusty old semi-formal outfit -Jacket, button-up, slacks, and boots; crewcut; small leather cap

#### **Expressions**

"Can never make a truly fair trade - so might as well go with the flow"; "The things we do, the things we do...why do we do the things we do?"; "I once bought a large slice of land from a tribe of hobgoblins and sold it to an enemy tribe just to watch the party";

#### **Mannerisms**

Bows with a twirling wrist, sardonically, as if to say, 'you obviously will think you're better than me'; Drops into a daze and traces ancient sigils in the air, only to fall still again; mild OCD - walks in patterns counting steps, opens a door at the count of three, obviously counts coins out loud during transactions, etc.

#### **Motivations**

The Con is known for using trade in valuable goods as a means for inciting conflict on a large scale. He desires to go down in history as the catalyst for some great war.

#### **Passions**

Sales; Historical wars; Antiques;

#### **Secrets**

The "Pennymore Con" is in search of a magic stone with sigils carved into it. It passed through his fencing shop and in the process captured an aspect of his soul. He doesn't know what it does

## ROLEPLAYING

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## BACKGROUND STORY

As is well known across the Realms, Elves live a very long time. During these extensive life-spans, they are susceptible to major life changes, whether in vocation, direction, location, or what-have-you. Nobody knows where the Con hails from, they only know that he is a Sylvan Elf because of his gaunt, lanky, and gruff appearance, ruddy skin and hair, and his bright silverish eyes. Nobody is sure what life trajectory brought the Pennymore Con to where he is today. The few things that are known about him could be myth. The Con is blamed across the Realm for various high-level robberies and for starting various skirmishes between nations by offering a contract on an important local Duke in exchange for a longsought after item that had been fenced to him. Constantly seeking business with members of every eschelon of a city or town, the Con is open about his business dealings but opaque as to his motivations. Consequently, although suspected of high crimes, none have been proven and the Con is allowed free movement. In fact, his movement is likely advocated among higher magistrates because of the goods and services they've

## **Personality**

obtained from him through lessthan-legal means.