

Age: early middle age

Race: wood elf

Pronouns: he/him

Occupation:

- Mercenary

Class: fighter

Level: 5

Alignment: chaotic neutral

Languages:

- Human
- Elvish
- Halfling

Factions:

- [The Dream Hunters](#)

Adjectives:

- Dreamy

Armour Class: 16

Hit Points: 35

Speed: 30

STR 16	DEX 17	CON 13	INT 14	WIS 8	CHA 14
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Saving Throws TODO Saving Throws

Role-Playing

Improv

Introduction: A tan elf with one end of a long string tied to a stake in the road chases the shadow of a cloud down the street.

Appearance: Red eyes, half-grey moustache, bite mark on left forearm. Well-poised. Nose ring; feedbag on belt around waist.

Expressions: "Hela!", "Khlum!", "We have a saying - tsu khlum iz tsu lebn - you will not find what you seek with your eyes open."

Mannerisms: Suave. Measures and tracks the speed of clouds. Speaks a language ~~he does not know in his sleep.~~

Acting

Motivations: Travels great distances in his dreams, searching for the one who is dreaming his own waking life.

Passions: Samuel is literally in love with Cloud Formations and points to them crying out the shapes that he can see.

Secrets:

Vulnerabilities: Learns skills while sleeping (including sword-fighting) that challenge his lack of waking muscle memory.

Skills:

- Arcana; History

Special Abilities: Extra Attack | Second Wind | Improved Critical | Action Surge

Attacks: Halberd

Combat Tactics: Samuel will not hesitate to defend himself or anyone else, leaping into combat and switching between opponents if there are multiples.

Special Equipment:

- The Dictionary of the Khazar Halflings
- unbound loose leaf pages in his feedbag
- written in Death Ink.

Story

When someone needs something dirty done, something that will inspire ire in the minds of the local guard or militia, one does not turn to a friend or even an acquaintance unless they wish trouble to descend upon their home or business. Instead, one turns to a paid person, a person who they may only know through

stories at the tavern or from the songs of a bard. Samuel Cohen comes up in both story and song. His dreams ring of each story and lyric. A haunting or a gift? Not even Samuel can tell.

Samuel is an orphan. He hasn't received word from the clergy as to who his parents were or the circumstances through which he was dropped off. One thing he does know is that he doesn't really care. Family is for the blind. His youth in the orphanage in a small town was as expected: violent and traumatizing. He learned quickly the value of exchanging things or coins for safety or services. What's more, and what he may not have even consciously learned, per se, was from the conditioning imposed upon him by the clergy of Khalal [A separatist sect turned sour], a deity of scarcity largely followed by the marginalized and desperate. These priestesses and nuns would subject the children to questionable behavior modification experiments in their sleep. There goal was to remove the resentment and contempt from the desperate and replace it with gratitude and hope. Little did they know, they had created entire worlds in the minds of their guinea pigs.

Upon release from the clergy during his adolescence, Samuel vowed to care about only one thing: how he could advance himself in the waking world.

Author notes for the artist:

- Straight outta Dictionary of the Khazars.