

Age: middle aged adult
Race: other (you will be asked to specify)
Pronouns: he/him
Occupation:

- Dockworker

Class: civilian / commoner
Level:
Alignment: chaotic neutral
Languages:

- Common
- Draconic
- Aquan

Factions:

- [His Tribe](#)
- [Thieve's Guild](#)

Adjectives:

Armour Class: 14
Hit Points: 43
Speed: 30 walking, 30 swimming

STR 18	DEX 11	CON 17	INT 9	WIS 14	CHA 8
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Saving Throws TODO Saving Throws

Role-Playing

Improv

Introduction: A gruff and scaly lizardfolk pushes past you, guiding a cart full of crates down the dock. "Outta da way, softskin!"
Appearance: Greenish-brown scaly hard skin, small beady eyes. Massive muscular build with claws and sharp jagged teeth
Expressions: "Y'all softskins don't know how to live", "Gotta get my work done, it's almost time to eat"

~~Mannerisms: Clumsy and showboating~~

Acting

Motivations: Food
Passions: also food
Secrets: he occasionally helps smuggle goods passed port officials
Vulnerabilities: He's not very smart

Special Abilities: Lizardfolk Traits: Bite Cunning Artisan Hold Breath Hunter's Lore Natural Armor Hungry Jaws Tail
Attacks: Bite and Claws | Club
Combat Tactics: He's not keen to fight, but he won't go out of his way to avoid one. He's not much on tactics, he'll claw, bite and slash with his tale until he wins or loses

Story

The swamp community that Slizz'nek lives in has become an important port city at a river delta bordering a large lake between nation-states, much to the chagrin of the local lizardfolk population. But as always, his tribe adapts. Taking a job on the docks to show the "softskins" what a "real male" is. He's gruff, uncultured and temperamental, but he works hard and makes enough to afford all of the food that he can eat. Not being terribly bright and generally having a disrespect the government that has overtaken his lands, he can easily be bribed to help out with smuggling operations at the docks