

STEVE "PATCH" YARROW

Older Adult Human
Neutral
Level 3 Rogue

Pronouns - he/him
Occupations - Bartender
Armor Class - 14
Hit Points -
41 (TODO Hitdice)
Speed - 30.

STR **DEX** **CON** **INT** **WIS**
12 **18** **13** **16** **10**
(+1) **(+4)** **(+2)** **(+3)** **(+0)**

CHA
9
(0)

Saving Throws -
Skills -
Proficiencies -
Proficiency Mod - +2

Languages -
Common Undercommon
Thieve's Cant
Adjectives -

Special Abilities -

Special Equipment

Combat Tactics

He's a quick draw and a decent shot with his hand crossbow, so he'll always start with that but he's definitely not above getting blood on his hands if necessary

Actions -

Factions

A Thieve's/Assassin's Guild
Role:

2500 x 3235

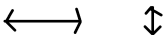


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ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

A one-eyed man behind the bar meets your gaze as you enter the run-down tavern. "Whatdya Want?" He says with a scowl

Appearance

balding with a bad comb-over, one eye covered with a leather patch. Plain grubby clothes and a dagger on his belt

Expressions

"We've got one kinda ale, take it or leave it", "Nah we don't serve food here", "Finish yer drink and kindly leave"

Mannerisms

a perpetual scowl on his face, rubs his hands together like they're cold all the time

Motivations

Money, Protecting the local thieve's guild's secrets

Passions

Stabbing people he doesn't like

Secrets

He's the gatekeeper to the local thieve's guild which has a secret entrance in the back of his dive bar

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BACKG STORY

Steve greets the streets, stealing to accomplish and in the reputation specialist. cold-blooded has no stabbing questions he became execution on the robberies. greed got and he became on a job. the Thieve's eye, strip responsibility jobs and the bar hides their basically doorman he resents it. He doesn't permanen betray the mean and serving cu gets paid is drinking a hand the bar and belt in makes it outside the

x 3235



Dummy