

Solrig

CHARACTER NAME

Fighter
CLASS & LEVEL

Human
RACE

Soldier - Infantry
BACKGROUND

Chaotic Good
ALIGNMENT

Michal
PLAYER NAME

EXPERIENCE POINTS

STRENGTH

+3

16

DEXTERITY

+2

14

CONSTITUTION

+2

15

INTELLIGENCE

+2

14

WISDOM

+0

11

CHARISMA

-2

7

INSPIRATION

+2

PROFICIENCY BONUS

- ☒ +5 Strength
- ☐ +2 Dexterity
- ☒ +4 Constitution
- ☐ +2 Intelligence
- ☐ +0 Wisdom
- ☐ -2 Charisma

SAVING THROWS

- ☐ +2 Acrobatics (Dex)
- ☐ +0 Animal Handling (Wis)
- ☐ +2 Arcana (Int)
- ☒ +5 Athletics (Str)
- ☐ -2 Deception (Cha)
- ☐ +2 History (Int)
- ☒ +2 Insight (Wis)
- ☒ +0 Intimidation (Cha)
- ☒ +4 Investigation (Int)
- ☐ +0 Medicine (Wis)
- ☐ +2 Nature (Int)
- ☐ +0 Perception (Wis)
- ☐ -2 Performance (Cha)
- ☐ -2 Persuasion (Cha)
- ☐ +2 Religion (Int)
- ☐ +2 Sleight of Hand (Dex)
- ☐ +2 Stealth (Dex)
- ☐ +0 Survival (Wis)

SKILLS

ARMOR
CLASS

+2

INITIATIVE

30ft

SPEED

Hit Point Maximum¹²

CURRENT HIT POINTS

TEMPORARY HIT POINTS

Total

1d10

HIT DICE

SUCCESS

FAILURES

DEATH SAVES

I've lost too many friends, and I'm slow to make new ones.

PERSONALITY TRAITS

Independence. When people follow orders blindly, they embrace kind of tyranny.

IDEALS

I fight for those who cannot fight for themselves.

BONDS

The monstrous enemy we faced in battle still leaves me quivering with fear.

FLAWS

NAME

ATK BONUS DAMAGE/TYPE

ATTACKS & SPELLCASTING

+0

PASSIVE WISDOM (PERCEPTION)

Common, Orcish

All Armor, Shields
Simple and Martial
Weapons

Gaming set,
Vehicles (land)

OTHER PROFICIENCIES & LANGUAGES

CP

SP

EP

GP

PP

EQUIPMENT

FEATURES & TRAITS



Solrig

CHARACTER NAME

28

AGE

188cm

HEIGHT

83kg

WEIGHT

green

EYES

white

SKIN

short black

HAIR



CHARACTER APPEARANCE

Former member.
Served as infantry.
Left after
witnessing
atrocities and
losing faith in their
ideals of order and
discipline.

NAME

The Lords' Alliance



SYMBOL

ALLIES & ORGANIZATIONS

Solrig was just a boy when orcs raided his home. His parents hid him in the cellar, holding the door against the invaders, but when he emerged, the house was ashes and his parents were gone. From that day, he hated orcs with all his heart.

Driven by loss and rage, Solrig trained relentlessly with the greatsword, becoming a fearsome warrior. When recruiters from The Lords' Alliance arrived, he joined willingly, believing in their promises of order and protection. He fought in their wars, but the endless bloodshed slowly eroded his faith. Names of friends became whispers lost to smoke. Mourning became a luxury.

At Glenholt, a rebel farming village, his unit was ordered to make an example of the people. Solrig tried to speak out but was silenced. That night, homes and families burned. He buried a girl he never knew, then walked away with blood on his hands, not from battle, but from obedience. From that day on, he fought only for those who couldn't fight for themselves.

Later, during what was meant to be a simple mission against scattered raiders, Solrig's unit entered a fog-choked forest. But something was waiting in the mist, something ancient, inhuman, and full of malice. It struck without warning, tearing through men like paper, faster than thought, stronger than steel. Solrig saw friends vanish mid-scream, limbs torn away, faces twisted in terror. The fog echoed with screams that ended too soon.

He remembers only fragments: the flash of claws, the gurgle of blood, the pounding of his heart as he fled through trees slick with rain and gore. No sword swing mattered. No formation held. There was no winning, only surviving.

He survived, but the horror clung to him. The creature vanished, but the fear never did. Nightmares took root. He woke drenched in sweat, hands trembling, breath caught in his chest. Something inside him stayed cracked.

And then came Grakha One-Ear, an old orc with a limp and tired eyes. Grakha found Solrig collapsed and bleeding, and without a word, he helped him. He brought food, tended wounds, and stayed nearby through the worst of Solrig's fevered nights. Over time, he taught him rough orcish phrases—insults, survival terms, the language of the land.

Though Solrig had once believed all orcs were monsters, Grakha never spoke of kindness, he simply showed it. Slowly, Solrig's heart began to soften toward them.

When Solrig was strong enough to walk again, Grakha pointed east, then turned and walked away. No goodbyes. No explanation.

CHARACTER BACKSTORY

- Lingered Hatred, Fading Edges

Once, Solrig's hatred of orcs was absolute. Time and one unexpected friendship have dulled its edge. Solrig still carry tension in their presence, but he is capable of seeing individuals, not just enemies.

- Soldier's Discipline (Fading)

Years of military life taught Solrig structure, strategy, and survival. Solrig can read formations and respond to commands quickly, but he now questions orders rather than follow them blindly. He still maintain his gear, movements, and vigilance like a soldier.

ADDITIONAL FEATURES & TRAITS

TREASURE



SPELLCASTING
CLASS

SPELLCASTING
ABILITY

SPELL SAVE DC

SPELL ATTACK
BONUS

0

CANTRIPS

3

6

SPELL
LEVEL

SLOTS TOTAL

SLOTS EXPENDED

1

4

7

PREPARED

SPELL NAME

5

8

2

6

9

SPELLS KNOWN