

Garreck Palegold Character Name **Pete B** Player **Chaotic Good** Alignment **2097** Current XP **6000** Next Level XP XP Change
Factotum Class **Duergar (Und pg 11)** Race **Rob's World** Campaign **Gond** Deity
1 (LA 1) Level **M/L** Size **47** Age **M** Gender **4'** Height **130** Weight **Pale Yellow** Eyes **White & Gold** Hair

Ability	Score	Mod	Temp Score	Temp Mod
STR	14	2		
DEX	16	3		
CON	18	4		
INT	20	5		
WIS	15	2		
CHA	14	2		

HP	AC	TOTAL	Current HP	Nonlethal Damage	Hit Dice	Damage Reduction
12	17/16	10	3	1	3	0
			Armor	Shield	Dex	Size
					Natural	Deflect
						Misc

Touch	Flat-footed	INIT	Speed	Armor Type
13	14	5	20	Light



Light Load	58/76
Med Load	116/153
Max Load	175/230
Over Head	175
Off Ground	350
Push/ Drag	875

Saving Throws	Total	Base	Ability Mod	Magic Mod	Misc Mod	Temp Mod
FORTITUDE	4	0	4	0	0	0
REFLEX	5	2	3	0	0	0
WILL	3	0	3	0	0	0

MELEE	GRAPPLE	RANGED	Total Attack Bonus	Base Attack Bonus	Str Mod	Size Mod	Misc Mod	Temp Mod
+2	0	+1	0	0	2	0	0	0
					0	0	0	0
					3	0	-2	0

Weapon	Total Attack Bonus	Damage	Critical	Range
Battleaxe (M/L) 10gp	1(2Str-1Rckls) / 1(3 Str-1Rckls-1 Nlrg)	1d8+3 / 1D10+4	x3	5'/10'
Special Properties	Ammunition	Weight	Size	Type
Parry +1, Fumble 18, MS 9, MD 6, WSM -2		6	M / L	S
Weapon	Total Attack Bonus	Damage	Critical	Range
Malegar MW Warhammer (M/L) 350gp	2(2Str-1Rckls+1Mw)/2(3Str-1Rckls-1Nlrg+1Mw)	1d8+3 / 1D10+4	x3	5'/10'
Special Properties	Ammunition	Weight	Size	Type
Parry -2, Fumble 19, MS 6, MD 5, WSM -2	+2 sapping/ +1 vs plate	5	M / L	B
Weapon	Total Attack Bonus	Damage	Critical	Range
Spiked Armor (M/L)	+0/+1	1d6/1d8	x2	5'/10'
Special Properties	Ammunition	Weight	Size	Type
WSM 0		-	M	P
Weapon	Total Attack Bonus	Damage	Critical	Range
Light Hammer (M/L) 2gp	melee (m) (+1/+1), Thrown(t) (+0/+0)	1d4+3m,+2t/1d5+3m,+3t	x2	20'
Special Properties	Ammunition	Weight	Size	Type
-1, MS 4, MD 5(6), FUMBLE 18, WSM-1		1	M/L	B

Armor/Protective Item	Type	AC Bonus	Check Pen	Max Dex
Masterwork Spiked Studded Leather (225gp)	L	3	0	5
Special Properties		Weight	Spell Fail	Speed
MW gives 1 less on ACP, 1 min Don(5 rnds hastily) 1 min rmv (Dmg to Grapplers. (A&E PG 8)		30	15%	30
Shield/Protective Item	Type	AC Bonus	Check Pen	Max Dex
Masterwork Light Steel Shield (159gp)	Shield	1	0	-
Special Properties		Weight	Spell Fail	Speed
MW gives 1 less on ACP, Don/Remove 1 move action		6	5%	-

Feats & Special Abilities

RACE: +2 Search checks to notice unusual stonework	CLASS: Inspiration 2, refills at beginning of 'encounter'	FEAT: Magic in the Blood(PG p40) racial spell-like 3/day	FEAT: Steadfast Determination: PH2, p. 83) You can use
RACE: can intuit underground depth	CLASS: Cunning Insight: Add Int to Atk/Dmg/Save roll	FEAT: Daylight Adaptation (RE, p. 108) remove SunSens	your Constitution modifier in place of your
RACE: +4 bonus to resist being bull rushed/tripped	Used before roll is made.	FEAT: Endurance: (PH, p. 93) You gain	Wisdom modifier on Will saves. You do not
	CLASS: Cunning Knowledge: Add class level to ranked	a +4 bonus on the following checks and saves:	automatically fail Fortitude saves on a natural 1.
	skill, only once per day per skill	Swim checks made to resist nonlethal damage	FEAT: Parry (3ENF p. 4)
RACE: +2 on saving throws against spells/spell-likes	CLASS: Trapfinding: Search to locate traps with DC>20	Constitution checks made to continue running	
RACE: +1 to attack rolls against orcs and goblinoids	disable device to bypass or disarm magic traps.	Constitution checks made to avoid nonlethal	
RACE: +4 AC dodge bonus against giant-type	CLASS: Shield Prof. except tower PH p100	damage from a forced march	
RACE: +2 on Appraise checks w/ stone or metal	CLASS: Simple Weapon Prof. PH p100	Constitution checks made to hold your breath	
RACE: +2 on Craft checks w/ to stone or metal	CLASS: Martial Weapon Prof. PH p.97	Constitution checks made to avoid nonlethal	
RACE: +2 Constitution, -4 Charisma.	CLASS: Light Armor Prof PH p89	damage from starvation or thirst	
RACE: Darkvision up to 120 feet.		Fortitude saves made to avoid nonlethal damage	
RACE: Immunity-paralysis, phantasms, poison		from hot or cold environments.	

RACE: +4 on Move Silently checks.	Fortitude saves made to resist damage from suffocation
RACE: +1 on Listen and Spot checks.	May sleep in light or medium armor without fatigue.
RACE: Spell-Like Abilities: enlarge and invisibility as a wizard twice the duergar's level (minimum 3rd level).	
These affect only the duergar and whatever it carries	Forgotten Realms Region:Darklands(Magic in the Blood)

Skills [Auto Fill | Update CC | Clear]

Max Rank 4 / 1

Skill Name	Key Ab	CS	Skill Mod	Ab Mod	Rank	Misc Mod	ACP
Appraise (+2 if Stone/Metal)	Int	<input type="checkbox"/>	8	= 5	+ 3	+ 0	0
Balance	Dex	<input type="checkbox"/>	3	= 3	+ 0	+ 0	0
Bluff	Cha	<input type="checkbox"/>	3	= 2	+ 1	+ 0	0
Climb	Str	<input type="checkbox"/>	2	= 2	+ 0	+ 0	0
Concentration	Con	<input type="checkbox"/>	4	= 4	+ 0	+ 0	0
Craft (Weaponsmith)(Race +2 metal)	Int	<input type="checkbox"/>	11	= 5	+ 4	+ 2	0
Decipher Script	Int	<input type="checkbox"/>	5	= 5	+ 0	+ 0	0
Diplomacy	Cha	<input type="checkbox"/>	2	= 2	+ 0	+ 0	0
Disable Device	Int	<input type="checkbox"/>	6	= 5	+ 1	+ 0	0
Disguise	Cha	<input type="checkbox"/>	2	= 2	+ 0	+ 0	0
Escape Artist	Dex	<input type="checkbox"/>	3	= 3	+ 0	+ 0	0
Forgery	Int	<input type="checkbox"/>	5	= 5	+ 0	+ 0	0
Gather Information	Cha	<input type="checkbox"/>	3	= 2	+ 1	+ 0	0
Handle Animal	Cha	<input type="checkbox"/>	2	= 2	+ 0	+ 0	0
Heal	Wis	<input type="checkbox"/>	2	= 2	+ 0	+ 0	0
Hide	Dex	<input type="checkbox"/>	4	= 3	+ 1	+ 0	0
Intimidate	Cha	<input type="checkbox"/>	3	= 2	+ 1	+ 0	0
Jump	Str	<input type="checkbox"/>	2	= 2	+ 0	+ 0	0
Knowledge (Local/Willip)	Int	<input type="checkbox"/>	9	= 5	+ 4	+ 0	0
Knowledge (Dungeoneering)	Int	<input type="checkbox"/>	7	= 5	+ 2	+ 0	0
Knowledge (Arcana)	Int	<input type="checkbox"/>	7	= 5	+ 2	+ 0	0
Knowledge (Religion)	Int	<input type="checkbox"/>	7	= 5	+ 2	+ 0	0
Listen (+1 Race -1 Impulsive)	Wis	<input type="checkbox"/>	3	= 2	+ 1	+ 0	0
Move Silently (+4 Race)	Dex	<input type="checkbox"/>	8	= 3	+ 1	+ 4	0
Open Lock	Dex	<input type="checkbox"/>	4	= 3	+ 1	+ 0	0
Perform (Percussion)	Cha	<input type="checkbox"/>	2	= 2	+ 0	+ 0	0
Profession (Smith)	Wis	<input type="checkbox"/>	6	= 2	+ 4	+ 0	0
Ride	Dex	<input type="checkbox"/>	3	= 3	+ 0	+ 0	0
Search (+2 if Stone -1 Impulsive)	Int	<input type="checkbox"/>	4	= 5	+ 0	+ -1	0
Sense Motive	Wis	<input type="checkbox"/>	3	= 2	+ 1	+ 0	0
Sleight of Hand	Dex	<input type="checkbox"/>	3	= 3	+ 0	+ 0	0
Spellcraft	Int	<input type="checkbox"/>	5	= 5	+ 0	+ 0	0
Spot (+1 Race -1 Impulsive)	Wis	<input type="checkbox"/>	2	= 2	+ 0	+ 0	0
Survival	Wis	<input type="checkbox"/>	2	= 2	+ 0	+ 0	0
Swim(+4 endurance)	Str	<input type="checkbox"/>	6	= 2	+ 0	+ 4	0
Tumble	Dex	<input type="checkbox"/>	3	= 3	+ 0	+ 0	0
Use Magic Device	Cha	<input type="checkbox"/>	3	= 2	+ 1	+ 0	0
Use Rope	Dex	<input type="checkbox"/>	3	= 3	+ 0	+ 0	0
_____	_____	<input type="checkbox"/>	_____	= _____	+ _____	+ _____	_____
_____	_____	<input type="checkbox"/>	_____	= _____	+ _____	+ _____	_____
Knowledge (architecture and engineering)	Int	<input type="checkbox"/>	8	= 5	+ 3	+ 0	0
Knowledge (geography)	Int	<input type="checkbox"/>	7	= 5	+ 2	+ 0	0
Knowledge (history)	Int	<input type="checkbox"/>	7	= 5	+ 2	+ 0	0
Knowledge (nature)	Int	<input type="checkbox"/>	7	= 5	+ 2	+ 0	0
Knowledge (nobility and royalty)	Int	<input type="checkbox"/>	7	= 5	+ 2	+ 0	0
Knowledge (The planes)	Int	<input type="checkbox"/>	7	= 5	+ 2	+ 0	0
_____	_____	<input type="checkbox"/>	_____	= _____	+ _____	+ _____	_____
Craft (Alchemy)	Int	<input type="checkbox"/>	5	= 5	+ 0	+ 0	0
Craft (Stonemasonry) (Race +2)	Int	<input type="checkbox"/>	7	= 5	+ 0	+ 2	0
_____	_____	<input type="checkbox"/>	_____	= _____	+ _____	+ _____	_____
_____	_____	<input type="checkbox"/>	_____	= _____	+ _____	+ _____	_____
Total Skill Points:					44		

Other Possessions

Item	Weight (lbs)	Loc
Masterwork Artisan's Tools (Weaponsmithing) (55gp)	5	BP
-Tent (5gp) (#10 not countedat Manor)	0	Manor
-Sleeping Sack (5sp)	1.01	BP
_____	_____	_____
-Rations (10 days) (5gp)	10	BP
-Leather Work Apron (5sp) (#2 not Counted)	2	BP
-Heavy Duty Leather Gloves (9sp)	.5	BP
-Bolt Cutters (3gp)	3	BP
-Full Length Leather Coat (4gp)	8	BP
-Masterwork Artisan's Tools (Stoneworkers) w/ 2 Sldgehms (53gp) (#5 not Counted)	0	Manor
-Torch x2 (2cp)	6	BP/Belt
Total BP #40.5		
Backpack w/ Metal Frame cap 85 (12gp)	4.5	Worn
_____	_____	_____
Money Belt W/ Zipper (2gp)	.1	Worn
Canteen (1gp)	5	Belt
3x Std Set of Adventurer's Clothing (111sp) (3.9# - not counted for weight)	0	Worn/X's
Artisan's Outfit (free) (#2 not counted at X's)	0	Manor
Spell Component Pouch	2	Worn/Belt
Large Pouch, belt, cap 8 (14sp)	1	Worn
-Pipe (5sp)	.1	LP
-10 pages of parchment (2sp per)	.01	LP
-Ink (8gp)	.25	LP
-Quill (1cp)	.001	LP
-Vial of Lilac Perfume	.01	LP
-Steel Thieves Tools (30g) (+1 to checks using)	3	LP
Thieves Cloak (12gp) +5% HIS	2	Worn
Scarf	.2	
High hard Boots	4	Worn
Canteen #2 (1gp)	5	BP
Taint absorbing stick (100gp)	.01	BP
Teleportation pill box	.25	LP
_____	_____	_____
Total Weight:	110.941	

Currency

10 Copper pieces (cp) = 1 sp = 2 Bronze pieces (bp)
20 Silver pieces (sp) = 1 gp = 2 Electrum pieces (ep)
1 Platinum piece (pp) = 5 gp
1 Mithril piece (mp) = 10 gp
1 Adamantine piece (ap) = 20 gp
22 gp

Languages

Automatic: Common, Undercommon, Dwarven

Bonus: Draconic, Giant, Goblin, Orc, Terran

Description

4', 130 lbs Dark grey skin that seems to shine vibrantly in sunlight, a beard of white with gold streaks, and - unusually for a Duergar - hair on his head at all, much less of the same unique colors. The longer he is in the sun, it seems that the more the gold spreads in his hair before lowering back to it's normal size when out of it. (Think like an iris contracting and expanding, just cosmetic)

Character Traits

Impulsive: You gain a +2 to initiative checks. -1 to Listen, Search, & Spot. Reckless: You gain a +1 bonus on damage rolls after successful melee attacks and take a -1 penalty on melee attack rolls.

Contacts / Friends

Father - last known to be in Hillsfar Mother, Brother, 2 Sisters - Last known to be in Darklands - still there? Father's Employees from Darklands who he befriended - still there? Caravan Master he took up with when leaving Hillsfar. Traveled with off and on until Whillip. Bryson Caldwell - Smith he works for in Whillip. Bar he visits every day.

Personality

Seems to have a constant level of frustration and annoyance, though the cause isn't usually apparent. He is quick to laugh, quick to drink, and quick to fight. Mostly quick on anything, including making rash decisions without thinking about them. He seems driven by a desire to 'know' - to learn, to solve mysteries, to discover new ones.

He seems to harbor some bitterness regarding his family and never speaks of them. He is untrusting, almost belligerent to other Duergar he comes across. He won't stand for the helpless being taken advantage of.

Character Flaws

Shaky: He is poor at ranged combat. (-2 penalty on all ranged attack rolls) Overlooked by Tymora: Having to flee the Underdark, then fleeing from his father. He hasn't had a particularly lucky growing up period. -2 to heroic luck.

Enemies

Any who would profit off the suffering of others (Slavers, some nobles, etc.) Those who would keep knowledge hidden His Family? Alcohol he hasn't drank yet

Statistic Block [NPC GEN IMPORT] [GENERATE STATBLOCK]

Synergies:

Condition and Effects

Additional Information

(Malegar - Thunder Thumper of Urkhon of Brikklex|has consciousness-not evil| MW Warhammer| +1 to Attack

Other Notes

If you were to sit in a certain tavern in Whillip one evening, you could perhaps meet a certain unusual Duergar. Known to the others there as a regular, but perhaps not to the level of friend. His want is to come in, slap down a few silver before the barkeep, and drink until it runs out. He more often than not sits in a corner, if it's open. If it's not, he'll usually huff and act grumpy and then sit close to it, hoping to grab it if they leave. He stands maybe four feet tall, with his form that kind of stout girth that all dwarves seem to carry. That is where most of the 'usual' things you'd expect end. For a Duergar, he is quite unusual. First, with his mere presence so far from the Underdark. Second, with his long, gray beard tied in a rather surface dwarf braid. Third, with that braid having a bright streak of what could pass as spun gold tracing one of the braids of it, spiraling downward. And fourth, and most unusual of all, that he has hair on his expected-to-be-bald Duergar head, again adorned with a brilliant yellow streak starting at his right temple, an inch in width, that extends to the back of his head and down to his mid back where his hair ends. On his first drink, none come to him. Nor his second. Nor his third. But if you were to come to him while he is deep in his cups, you could perhaps jostle a conversation out of him. Gruff, but not mean-spirited in manner. A polished stone that fell and was covered in grit could be an apt comparison. Stay yet longer, past his bauldness and bravado, his ramblings about what he could do with but a handful of noble dwarves at his side, or his poor attempts at poetry (Rest your shields, lean on stones, listen and always remember, long are the arms and legs of men, yet still longer, the Dwarven members!) and you could get him in a more reflective state and here the tale recounted below. Though one would be cautioned to maybe apply a hearty cup of disbelief to some of the more hyperbolic aspects of his tale. "...aye, my Da was a smith. The greatest to ever be found, beneath stone or sky! He could make a' anvil sing a song as never been heard before! Like a symphony! A true master, my Da. I worked with him, aye. Was born and watching in the forge before me beard even grew. As I got older, I tried to help, to learn. If only I'd known how things would go...it didn't last very long, though memories I still hold dearly to me heart. The lads in the forge, they were the same as my Ma and my brudders and sisters. We were as a family in those days. All my friends, all watching out for the wee ball of chaos I was. And then...this. This fookin' streak of gold. Ruined a good damn thing. The Lords of the Darklands where we lived in Dunspeirrin...my Da didn't think they'd take kindly to it. Not sure why. But my da was a wise man I thought, he knows best. He knows best. Heh. Stupid kid I was then. But I'm jumpin ahead. My Da, he decided we had to get out of there. To leave me home, me family, everything that I knew. Only me mother was havin none of it. She and the others, they weren't leaving, and she told her Da. I don't remember much then. Just being woken in the night, tossed in a sack, and then the beatin thumps of riding jostling me around till I passed out. When I woke, I was alone with me da, campin in some cavern off the beaten path. But slopin up. Up? I didn't know what my da was doin, nor would he say anything beyond a 'quiet' and a good whallop on me head. My beard was maybe, oooh, an inch or so by then. Dwarven peach fuzz you sunners would call it. I was maybe 19. I dun rightly recollect. But up we went. And up some more. Sometimes we'd hide a bit, sometimes run. I never saw much, bein in a bloody bag, but I felt it - best believe I felt when we sped up, harhar. A few times I heard my da talking. Not to other dwarf voices. Maybe some of the spidey elves - never did care for them - or the little dwarves...yeah, the gnomes...but I didn't see. Don't think it was a gnome...voice was too...lilly. Hells, too beautiful for one of the elves either. Something else. But I never saw't. Too busy being acquainted with me bag. And then after...oh fuck, I dunno...a week? Maybe three? We were at the surface. That sun. The first time I saw it I wanted to crawl back in me bag and never leave! Not so bad now, but those first two decades topside. It was a rough patch. Rougher still that we got picked up by some fuckin slaver scumfucks in the cloth of a healer as we were just gettin our wits. Caged us right quick, took us to Hillsfar. Aye, that shitehole. I bear no love to the slavers and their masters, those who revel in the blood of those who can't stop what's pushed on them in that arena, but I'd be lyin to say I didn't have it good there. My da, when they realized he was a smith, a dwarven smith, a GREAT dwarven smith, they put him in a nice little house surrounded by walls and guards. Kept in workin in a forge from sunup to sundown. But a 'nice' one as if t'would excuse the rest. Maybe it did to him. I nary know. But I had the days to meself. And the nights. Books. Took a bit to get the hang of common, but once I got it, was me favorite tool. Readin' any book I could get me hands on, that they deemed 'appropriate' for me to have. But bein in me da's house, we got more than any other was like to get. 'Spose if I had stayed, I'd be workin a bellows there too by now. But the books. Everything. History, the gods, the mysteries of the world - I love it. A good tale sustained me fuller than a slave meal ever did. Knowin' there's an outside. Knowin' I'd get there. That we'd get there. We. Heh. My fookin da. Suppose I woulda known what his weapons were for if I ever thought about it. But I didn't. Why would I? My da'd always say "Look how good ye have it compared to the slave'ens out dere - we're fortunate by the arm of a smith, boy." 'Fortunate.' Funny way of sayin livin off da blood of innocents. Because we were. Those weapons went to the arena, givin the nobles their right proper ration o' bloodshed so they didn't get too cranky. Gods forbid they not see some nonhuman die at least once a fortnight or they'd get right ornery I think. First time I saw the fights was the last time I saw the fights. Last time I was in Hillsfar. Last time I saw my da. He knew what he was doin, didn't fight it. Maybe he'll say he did it for me, but don't believe his shite. He did it for his ego. Because he was a smith, and a smith has to smith. Couldn't take a stand. No, no - couldn't do that. Now? Wandered a bit, city here, caravan there. Worked as a smith, aye. Or a mason. Or a laborer. Wasn't picky. Just gettin to the next place I'm goin to figure out the next place I was gon' go. Home? What's home? Underdark? Better to walk a dark tunnel. Hillsfar? Already gone down that shaft, not doin that again. Wound up here maybe...five years ago? Somethin like that? Met ole Bryce. Nice as a human goes. Gave me meals, made me better. Somethin nice in me core when I swing a hammer. I understand that at least about my da. It pays enough. That and gettin fights here for a bit of coin. That's a fun too. Not too chatty are ye? Eh, it's fine. I'll chat enough for us both...

Private Notes

Bldg Name/Type of business (generated for Stephen's char. - 16 Sep '19) ----- 024 The Right Cut / A barber shop 052 Where Now / Business and Private Residence Info in Whillip: Bidvar Minitin (Halfling); Owns the right to provide directions in the city 091 City Guard barracks & Temple to Helm / Run by one lone priest. Garivek a 12th level cleric. 094 City square kiosk / Government - A public bulletin board. Help wanted, for sale, lost dog, etc. 096 City of Whillip Town Hall / Government - Get some paperwork taken care of. 159 Bank of Whillip / A secure place to keep your money. 197 Skywhite's house of lavation / A bath house & Massage parlor 213 The Tree Stump / A bar for short folks. Has a sign outside/around the entrance that says 4' and under. Building is mostly underground. looks like it's made from a gigantic tree stump. 242 The Archer's Guild / Buy archery equipment, practice, get instruction 245 Under Lock & Key / A locksmith's shop. 260 The Black Rose / Apothecary and herbalist shop 285 Boots & Shoes / A cobblers shop 323 Temple of Selune & Gond / An interesting combination (Gond is Gnomish deity of invention. Selune is deity of the moon, stars, navigation, wanderers, those on a quest. 334 The Sharpest Edge Smithy (owner = Bryson Caldwell - Human, male, 40yo 337 The Singing Frog / Inn & Tavern. This is where you've been staying. 341 Fine Furniture / A shop that sells custom made fine furniture.

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