

**NAME**

Syndre Gilde, of Stardust

**GENDER / RACE**

Male Dragonborn (Gold)

**CLASS / LEVEL**

Celestial Warlock - Level 3

**ALIGNMENT**

Lawful Neutral

**ABILITIES**

Strength - 14

Dexterity - 16

Constitution - 16

Intelligence - 12

Wisdom - 13

Charisma - 19

**PROFICIENCIES**

Arcana, Religion, Animal Handling, and  
Survival

**LANGUAGES**

Common and Draconic

**BACKGROUND**

Folk Hero

## FEATURES

### Dragonborn

- You can breathe a 15 ft cone of fire (once between rests), dealing 2d6 fire damage, Dex save for half damage. DC = 8 + Con mod + prof
- You resist fire damage

### Folk Hero

- Commoners are willing to shelter you from some troubles

### Celestial Warlock

- The spells cure wounds and guiding bolt are added to the warlock spell list for you
- You know sacred flame and light
- Gain healing light per day equal to your level + 1
- You use healing light to grant 1d6 healing per point (max Cha mod) to someone within 60 feet that you can see as a bonus action
- The spells flaming sphere and lesser restoration are added to the warlock spell list for you

### Pact of the Tome

- Can cast three cantrips from any class

### Eldritch Invocation

- Agonizing Blast: Your eldritch blast does Cha mod extra damage
- Improved Tome: You can cast any class's rituals from your Tome of Astilabor

## EQUIPMENT

### Component pouch

### Scholar's pack:

- Backpack
  - Bottle of ink
  - Ink pen
  - Parchment (10)
  - Stardust Dice
- Book of lore
- Bag of sand
- Small knife

### Jeweler's tools

### Shovel

### Iron pot

### Improved Tome of Astilabor

### Weapons:

- Handaxe (2)
- Dagger (2)

### Armor:

- Leather armor
- Common clothes

### Belt Pouch: 110 Gold

## DESCRIPTION / BACKSTORY

From his own adventure journal:

“I was once but an average adventurer, hoping to gain power and wealth, and found a hidden mountain lair, filled with treasures and riches beyond my wildest dreams. What I saw in front of me was my goal, my life’s meaning. This was obviously a dragon’s den.

My wish was for this wealth to be my own, and I would never think myself as weak enough to take from someone else. If I did not earn these riches, then I would not have them.

I spent several months in that lair, hunting in the nearby mountain forest for food, waiting for my chance to see whoever would return to this place. I had hoped for it to be a wyrmling, as if I defeated it in raw combat, I would have earned my stake.

Instead of a wyrmling, what came to me one fateful night was a goddess; an ancient, deific dragon, an opal, shining of all colors imaginable. Even in the night sky she shined brighter than the sun.

“To what do I owe the pleasure, visitor?”

As she slowly lowered herself to the ground, I was in such awe that I found it impossible to say a word.

“This treasury of mine seems to still be full, and you seem to have lived here a while. Yet the spark in your eyes tells me of your yearning. I ask again: why are you here?”

I respond honestly, as that is all that I can do.

“I found this place alone, and as you have said, I wished nothing more than to have it. But within me flows the blood of dragons, and my pride would never allow me to stoop to petty theivery.”

“And so you waited. For what?”

“For the owner to return, so that I may prove myself in combat, and take these riches rightfully.

“So I am here now. Shall we begin?”

After seeing her magnificence, I knew I had no hope of succeeding.

“I would never hope to. You are above me, I can see that.”

“Yet you have not run. You have not stolen, hidden, nor lied. You have not just the blood, but the spirit of the dragons within you. Do you greet your fate with honor, mortal?”

“With honor and with pride. I humbly ask for but one request.”

“Oh? Name it.”

“May I be so blessed as to know the name of the being whose power I never hoped to match?”

The shining dragon smiled, and gave her blessing.

“Astilabor.”

With that, she roared her thunderous white flame across me, burning me as I has never been burned before.

To my surprise, I awake, in the same place I stood before. Her Grace is gone, but her riches are the same. In a white light floats before me a Tome, and once again I hear her voice.

“Congratulations, mortal. You have piqued my interest. I have granted you the power you need to become like I, and I look forward to seeing your own hoard grow like mine has. With this I grant you your title: Stardust.”

I have been granted Celestial power by Her Grace Astilabor, and am now a Warlock. My scales, once a dull yellow, have taken on the golden hue of my ancestry, and my horns, once brown, have turned a majestic white. My pupils glow with shining colors as she did, and I feel her power enhancing the dragon within my veins.

I have continued adventuring, as like a dragon I have no home until I make one. I will not settle down until my wealth and treasures no longer allow me to carry them with me. I have traveled through many territories, met with many citizens of many villages. I have saved them from goblins, bandits, wolves, and more. Many have called me a hero, and it seems my name has spread farther than I have. I will not deny a request for help, but I will also not hesitate to require payment, although I recognize the limits of the poor townsfolk.”

Syndre, conflating his identity as a descendent of dragons and his admiration of Astilabor as the perfect being, believes that he must uphold the draconic pride of his ancestors. He believes foremost in power and wealth, but he thinks that such things should be gained righteously, so as not to tarnish his pride. No matter what situation may present itself to him, his draconic pride will always come first.