

(LORD) CAL MANTERIUS

Middle-Aged Firbolg Chaotic Neutral Level 5 Monk

Pronouns: he/him Occupations: Messenger; Crier; Barker Armor Class 13 Hit Points 32 (TODO Hitdice) Speed 30.

 STR
 DEX
 CON
 INT
 WIS

 12
 17
 14
 10
 10

 (+1)
 (+4)
 (+2)
 (+0)
 (+0)

17 (+4)

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Saving Throws
TODO Saving Throws
Skills Medecine; Persuasion
Proficiencies
Damage Immunities
TODO Damage Immunities
Condition Immunities
TODO Condition Immunities
Senses TODO Senses
Languages Firbolg Common
Giant Elven

Special Abilities

Adjectives Loud,

Special Equipment

Combat Tactics

Cal isn't a coward. His mental state ensures that he loses track of his well-being and launches himself into combat. He will bounce from opponent to opponent switching from his staff to fists in a blur of martial artistry.

Actions

Factions

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Actions

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ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

Cal tends to stay in safer spaces where guards are in sight. With mild agoraphobia he prefers being at gates or roadways that permit travel or a quick escape. He will approach seemingly courageous adventurers to ask if they would help him regain control of his lands.

Appearance

Cal is a tall and gaunt firbolg with pale yellow-ish skin and wild bark colored hair; his bulbous nose radiates pink and reddish hues; he is covered in various scars; he wears clearly inauthentic royal garb that is dirty and torn

Expressions

"Don't you know who I am??!"; "I ought to have you thrown into the dungeon of Carmite for that transgression!"; "The villainous scum of this region will feel my full wrath!"; "I must consult with the rest of my circle about these transpirations"

Mannerisms

Cell3

Gestures in what appears to be very offical and regal ways; Questions adventurers and passers-by on their bloodlines; Consistently making political speeches and promises and demanding the loyalty of those around him to the 'Order of Indontus' (Does it exist???)

Motivations

He seeks to trace his bloodline exclusively to a royal end, whether true or not. Cal will often spend hours barking and crying news of the activity of royalty or magistrates and spin it into something relating to his extended family and social circles; most of it true, but spun.

Passions

Politics; Himself; Bloodlines

Secrets

Cal is not royalty at all. Or is he?

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Gree haun linge What tumb thou but v tumb dizzy cried He st clearing i where rul from a lo jutted ou like giant reaching of the sky was head about. Se place tha for. He se camp, ch jerky and grabbed sleep.

Upor mind fille and glee found wh searching But why for this p searched only to fir bones an equipmen again! Th We must thought t mind turi itself. All living and regal Firb became i with his r exploration discern tl instead c must be royal line mysterio

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