

Age: middle-aged

Race: firbolg

Pronouns: he/him

Occupation:

- Messenger; Crier; Barker

Class: monk

Level: 5

Alignment: chaotic neutral

Languages:

- Firbolg
- Common
- Giant
- Elven

Factions:

Adjectives:

- Loud

Armour Class: 13

Hit Points: 32

Speed: 30

STR 12	DEX 17	CON 14	INT 10	WIS 10	CHA 17
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Saving Throws TODO Saving Throws

Role-Playing

Improv

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: Gestures in what appears to be very official 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 Indomus' (Does it exist???)

Acting

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?

Vulnerabilities:

Skills:

- Medicine; Persuasion

Special Abilities: Martial Arts | Deflect Missiles | Extra Attack | Stunning Strike | Unarmored Defense

Attacks: Staff | Martial Arts

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.

Story

<p>Wandering through the woods, Cal Manterius realized that he had no idea where he was or where he was going. The brain fog imposed by that Green Hag

who was haunting his village lingered. <i>Was there a hag? What village?</i> Cal's mind tumbled through what he thought were memories but wouldn't stop tumbling. He was getting dizzy. <i>Stop tumbling!</i> He cried out in his mind.

</p><p>He stumbled into a clearing in the woods where ruined buildings from a long razed village jutted out of the landscape like giant skeletal fingers reaching for the freedom of the sky. <i>Is this where I was headed?</i> Cal looked about. Seemed like a place that one might look for. He set up a makeshift camp, chewed down some jerky and tack, and grabbed himself a nice sleep.</p><p>Upon waking, Cal's mind filled with wonder and glee that he had found what he had been searching for. <i>This is it! But why was I searching for this place?</i> Cal searched the area further only to find burnt Firbolg bones and burnt equipment. <i>They did it again! They silenced us. We mustn't allow this!</i> He thought to himself. His mind turned inward upon itself. All his memories of living and growing up in a regal Firbolg village became muddled together with his recent explorations. He couldn't discern the difference and instead concluded that he must be the last of his royal line that some mysterious force seeks to end.</p><p><i>No. I cannot allow it. I must find our sacred land. Our true Kingdom. The only way is to connect with those who claim royal positions here in this region and beyond. I must rebuild our people.</i> Crazy Cal made his way through the tangled forests to the nearest town and began his meager political campaign to recharge his royal line. Although he is not consciously aware of his Firbolg clan's monastic heritage, his muscle memory and reflexive training are embedded within him. A contradiction, this Firbolg monk is loud and brazen.</p>