

Age: older adult

Race: firbolg

Pronouns: they/them

Occupation:

- Fur and Skins Trader

Class: shaman

Level: 5

Alignment: neutral good

Languages:

- Firbolg
- Common
- Elvish
- Giant

Factions:

Adjectives:

Armour Class: 16

Hit Points: 54

Speed: 30

STR 13

DEX 15

CON 9

INT 9

WIS 16

CHA 15

Saving Throws TODO Saving Throws

Role-Playing

Improv

Introduction: A stall displays numerous quality tanned hides and furs from iron racks. "Lovely, huh?" A Firbolg asks, chewing on jerky

Appearance: Tall & stocky. Grey fur. Long wild deep blue hair and beard.

Patched hides & leathers. Tiny bones and flora tied to hair

Expressions: "Eek. Da dreamers be frownin"; "Long days make good pay"; "Right, right, right. Think it through";

Mannerisms: Taps head and body in various places in various sequences. Points

not overly formal things. Refers to self in 3rd person

Acting

Motivations: To resist the industrial and technological innovations and cultural change and thus rebel against political structures.

Passions: Nature. Protecting Lycanthropes. Equality. Socialism.

Secrets: His Shamanic Calling of Dreams attacks his psyche with demands to tear down royal lineages.

Vulnerabilities:

Skills:

- Survival; Nature; Athletics; Perception; Insight; Tanning; Skinning; Fabrics & Textiles; Stealth

Special Abilities: Detect Magic; Disguise Self | Hidden Step; Shamanic Calling; Spirit Magic; Shamanic Invocations; Blessings of Dream; Dreamrender; Fauna Shaman; Gift of Sight; Glimpse the Path | Silent Image; Sleep; Phantasmal Force; Suggestion; Major Image; Sending | Spells: 0 - 2; 1 - 3; 2 - 2

Attacks: Quarterstaff

Combat Tactics: Gleadric will retract from conflict. Cujuloa will ferociously use his magicks and invocations to down combatants.

Story

Gleadric was raised in a Firbolg stronghold in the remote forests of Yyl on the outskirts of known civilization. The pivoting day in his youth, when his shamanic calling took control of his dreams and appended them to his woken life, was nearly crippling at first; changing him from the day-to-day gentle tenderer to flora into a seemingly secretive tanner and collector of furs.

"You've changed." One of his closest friends imparted, "but...change is life." He patted Gleadric on the back while Cujuloa continued stripping a large Bison of it's hide.

Gleadric became two spirits inhabiting one physical body. Cujuloa was largely in charge of his daily productive activities - invoking dreams in his waking life and providing soft, warm dreams to his peoples - while Gleadric

remained in control of his interactions with his community. However, Cujulooa demanded that they take their firm beliefs in equality and profound spirituality to the civilized communities and that they find new means and ways to bring peoples back to the basic love of for flora and fauna. They believe that by building room in the market for impressive hide and fur trade - a return to more primitive and anarchic ways - while impressing the importance of adhering to dreams over the purported reality of the waking world; that this will bring peoples back to their essential being.

Their goals, along with their split psyche, make social appearances, well, a challenge in situations relying on a finely detailed social contract. They come across to most as wild or 'crazy', but upon closer inspection and interactions, their distilled spirituality leaves a mark of genuine good.

Depending on which spirit is taking charge, they refer to themselves in 3rd person - either Gleadric or Cujulooa.