

(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.

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STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS
12	17	14	10	10
(+1)	(+4)	(+2)	(+0)	(+0)

CHA

17
(+4)

Saving Throws TODO Saving Thro
Skills Medicine; Persuasion

Proficiencies TODO

Damage Immunities
TODO Damage Immunities

Condition Immunities
TODO Condition Immunities

Senses TODO Senses

Languages
Firbolg Common Giant Elven ,

Adjectives Loud ,

Special Abilities

- Martial Arts | Deflect Missiles |
Extra Attack | Stunning Strike |
Unarmored Defense

Special Equipment

Combat Tactics

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

Actions

Staff | Martial Arts

Factions

ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

Cal tends to stay in safer space where guards are in sight. With mild agoraphobia he prefers be at gates or roadways that perr travel or a quick escape. He wil approach seemingly courageou

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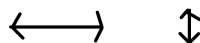


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Introduction

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 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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BACKGROUND STORY

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

rice sleep.</p><p>Upon waking, C
mind filled with wonder and glee th
he had found what he had been
searching for. <i>This is it! But why
was I searching for this place?</i> I
searched the area further only to fir
burnt Firbolg bones and burnt
equipment. <i>They did it again! Th
silenced us. We mustn't allow this!<
He thought to himself. His mind turn
inward upon itself. All his memories
living and growing up in a regal Firt
village became muddled together w
his recent explorations. He couldn't
discern the difference and instead
concluded that he must be the last
his royal line that some mysterious
force seeks to end.</p><p><i>No
cannot allow it. I must find our sacra
land. Our true Kingdom. The only w
is to connect with those who claim
royal positions here in this region an
beyond. I must rebuild our people.<
Crazy Cal made his was through the
tangled forests to the nearest town
began his meager political campaig
recharge his royal line. Although he
not consciously aware of his Firbolg
clan's monastic heritage, his muscle
memory and reflexive training are
embedded within him. A contradicti
this Firbolg monk is loud and brazer
</p>

PERSONALITY