

(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

CHA

17

Saving Throws
TODO Saving Throws
Skills Medecine; 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 Missile**
Extra Attack | Stunning Strik
Unarmored Defense

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

Staff | Martial Arts

Factions

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 a quick escape. He will approach seemingly courageous adventurers to see if they would help him regain control of his lands.

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

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

Gestures in what appears to be a very official and regal way
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???)

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

Politics; Himself; Bloodline

Cal is not royalty at all. Or he?


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2500 x 3235

 Image Dummy

ROLEPLAYING

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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

2500 x 3235

Image Dummy

Special Abilities

- Martial Arts | Deflection
Extra Attack | Stunning
| Unarmored Defense

Special Equipment

Combat Tactics

Cal isn't a coward. His mind ensures that he loses track of his well-being and launches himself into combat. He will bellow at opponent to opponent swing from his staff to fists in a martial artistry.

Actions

Staff | Martial Arts

Factions

"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 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?

BACKGROUND STORY

<p>Wandering through the woods, Cal Manterius realized that he had no idea where he or where he was going. The fog imposed by that Green Ha 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 saw 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 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 died again! They silenced us. We mustn't allow this!</i> He thought to himself. His mind turned inward upon itself. All 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 sought 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 reclaim 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>

PERSONALITY

<p>Wandering through the woods, Cal Manterius realized that he had no idea where he or where he was going. The 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 saw 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 found what he had been searching for. <i>This is it! But why was I searching for this place?</i> He searched the area further only to find burnt Firbolg bones and burnt equipment. <i>They died again! They silenced us. We mustn't allow this!</i> He thought to himself. His mind turned inward upon itself. All 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 sought 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 reclaim 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>