

WENDIGOLA

elderly human
neutral
Level 0 civilian

Pronouns: she/her
Occupations:
Widow, hermitess, suspected v
Armor Class 10
Hit Points 10 (TODO Hitdice)
Speed 30.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS
7	12	14	9	9

CHA

4

Saving Throws
TODO Saving Throws
Skills Alchemy

Proficiencies TODO

Damage Immunities
TODO Damage Immunities
Condition Immunities
TODO Condition Immunities
Senses TODO Senses
Languages Human ,
Adjectives Creepy ,

Special Abilities

Special Equipment

- The egg is not cursed... Or is it?

Combat Tactics

Wendigola will avoid combat at all costs due to her frail frame

Actions

Factions

ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

An objectively ugly old woman leaps before you. "Curse o Fowl Unbegotten be upon thee!" She hurls an egg at

Appearance

Cowled; jangling bracelets; rings. Bee sting welts. Her teeth have been systematically filed into sharp fangs.

Expressions

"Bzzz bzzz"; "Nobody lisher
"Sho thatsh how it ish"; "I shaysh to them - century f and trout. Shee if they can

Mannerisms

Cell3

One eyelid opens only half
Mumbles to herself. Kisses
call her half-feral, inbred c
Clicks and smacks tongue.

Motivations

Wendigola seeks to become
real witch but subconscious
knows she doesn't yet have
what it takes.

Passions

Spends her days studying
Arcane Lore, potion- and
bread-making, beekeeping
and trying to keep her cats
Arcane Lore.

Secrets

In her younger years,
Wendigola murdered and
consumed her husband with
coven of witches under the
false pretense it would enable
her to become one of them.
Instead, she almost
immediately laid an egg at
the coven all laughed,
pronouncing this as her cure
for such a foul deed. She
secretly lays a few dozen eggs
at random per year.

BACKGROUND STORY

<p>Wendy Gol was born to
farmers in the village of Eldw
[A small Human settlement] in
plans of Overmarsh Gale [Any
broad plain of rich, fertile soil
Having a humble and challeng
upbringing as the youngest of
brothers and 4 sisters, Wendy
sought the recognition of both
parents, even when she married
well-respected farmer's son from
an adjacent farm. Her longing
love and attention was never
fulfilled and, as might be
expected, Wendy was treated
much like an employee of the
farm and as a child by her
husband. This lack of recognition
and attention was so profound
that Wendy would often wander
towards the sparse woods near
which she heard from her siblings
contained caves and steppes
were home to covens of witches
who were known to wield great
magicks. Her mundane life drew
her to the excitement of trying to
uncover where this coven was
hiding.</p><p>Upon her 21st
birthday, receiving no
celebrations, Wendy made her
usual trip to the woods nearby.
Upon entering the shade of the
canopies she heard a whisper
the back of her mind. <i>"We
here. We have been watching
You are welcome, sister."
</i>Shocked and elated, Wendy
drove deeper into the woods
she came upon a chipped and
cracked carving out of the stone

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Passions

Spends her days studying Arcane Lore, potion- and bread-making, beekeeping, and trying to keep her cats off Arcane Lore.

Secrets

In her younger years, Wendigola murdered and consumed her husband with a coven of witches under the false pretense it would enable her to become one of them. Instead, she almost immediately laid an egg and the coven all laughed, pronouncing this as her curse for such a foul deed. She secretly lays a few dozen eggs at random per year.

cracked carting out of the stone wall surrounded by entangled roots and vines.

A beautiful elven face slowly advanced from the darkness of the cave and into the light. Smiling, the Elven woman said, "Welcome, sister. We have been waiting" and she beckoned Wendy to enter the cave.

Wendy cautiously entered the cave which was populated by 4 beautiful elven women dressed in wondrous garments standing around a fire. The four held hands to form a circle, yet leaving one spot open.

"Come girl", one said, "find your true place in the world". Wendy joined the circle and was suddenly filled with a surge of disgust, hatred, and bilious discontent.

"We plot to thee, dear Wendy, that you never be ignored again!"

At this moment, Wendy's husband who had been following her in the woods for sometime to investigate what his wife was to, burst into the cave.

"You vile creatures, leave her be!"

He shouted. Cackling, the coven charmed the young man and demanded that Wendy consume him with them if she were to truly become something more than a farmer's daughter. Having been charmed herself, Wendy followed their demand.

Cackling as Wendy's once beautiful appearance withered into that of an old, wicked hag, the coven surged in a circle of blue and green electrical etheric energy that concluded with a blast of light centered upon Wendy who promptly squatted and laid an egg. The coven cackled in concert yet again as the egg hatched and a chick stumbled forth with a head that was an exact replica of her husband. One member of the coven snatched the fleeing chick and forced it down Wendy's throat, crying in a crackled voice, "henceforth you will be Wendigola, she who lost her beauty to her longing..."

Reluctantly reborn and recognizing she hadn't gained power and comradeship as she had expected, Wendigola fled the coven as the coven's cackling slowly faded away among the interstices of the steppes and trees.

PERSONALITY

Wendy Gol was born to farmers in the village of Eldw [A small Human settlement] in the plains of Overmarsh Gale. Any broad plain of rich, fertile soil. Having a humble and challenging upbringing as the youngest of brothers and 4 sisters, Wendy sought the recognition of both parents, even when she married.

well-respected farmer's son from an adjacent farm. Her longing for love and attention was never fulfilled and, as might be expected, Wendy was treated much like an employee of the farm and as a child by her husband. This lack of recognition and attention was so profound that Wendy would often wander towards the sparse woods near which she heard from her siblings that there were caves and steppes which were home to covens of witches who were known to wield great magicks. Her mundane life drew her to the excitement of trying to uncover where this coven was hiding.

Upon her 21st birthday, receiving no celebrations, Wendy made her usual trip to the woods nearby. Upon entering the shade of the canopies she heard a whisper at the back of her mind. *"We have been waiting for you here. We have been watching you. You are welcome, sister."*

Shocked and elated, Wendy drove deeper into the woods. When she came upon a chipped and cracked carving out of the stone wall surrounded by entangled roots and vines.

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