

[Previous](#)[Next](#)

wendigola

2500 x 3235
↔ ↕

Image Dummy

Wendigola

Wendigola

elderly Human

Neutral

Level 0 Civilian N/A

Pronouns -

she/her

Occupations -

Widow, Hermitess, Suspected Witch

Armor Class -

10

Hit Points -

10 (TODO Hitdice)

Speed -

25.

STR

7 (-1)

DEX

12 (+1)

CON

14 (+2)

INT

9 (0)

WIS

9 (0)

CHA

4 (-3)

Saving Throws -

Skills -

Proficiencies -

Proficiency Mod -

+2

Languages -

Common

Adjectives -

Creepy, Addle-Minded, Covetous,

Special Abilities

Special Equipment

Combat Tactics

Actions

Factions

Role:

2500 x 3235



Image Dummy

Roleplaying

Introduction

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

Appearance

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

Expressions

Bzzz bzzz

Nobody lishens

Sho thatsh how it ish

I shaysh to them; century foot and trout. Shee if they caresh.

Mannerisms

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

Motivations

Wendigola seeks to become a real witch but subconsciously 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 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.

Wendigola

elderly Human

Neutral

Level 0 Civilian N/A

Pronouns -

she/her

Occupations -

Widow, Hermitess, Suspected Witch

Armor Class -

10

Hit Points -

10 (TODO Hitdice)

Speed -

25.

STR

7 (-1)

DEX

12 (+1)

CON

14 (+2)

INT

9 (0)

WIS

9 (0)

CHA

4 (-3)

Saving Throws -

Saving Throws -

Skills -

Proficiencies -

Languages -

Common

Adjectives -

Creepy, Addle-Minded, Covetous,

Special Abilities

-

-

Special Equipment

-

Combat Tactics

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

Actions

-

Factions

Role:

Roleplaying

Introduction

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

Appearance

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

Expressions

Bzzz bzzz

Nobody lishens

Sho thatsh how it ish

I shaysh to them; century foot and trout. Shee if they caresh.

Mannerisms

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

Motivations

Wendigola seeks to become a real witch but subconsciously 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 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.

Background Story

Wendy Gol was born to farmers in the village of Eldwynn [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 3 brothers and 4 sisters, Wendy sought the recognition of both parents, even when she married a 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 nearby which she heard from her siblings contained caves and steppes that were home to covens of witches who were known to wield great magicks. Her mundane life drove 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 in the back of her mind. "We are here. We have been watching. You are welcome, sister." Shocked and elated, Wendy drove deeper into the woods until she came upon a chipped and cracked carving out of the steppe 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 gently 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 this world". Wendy joined the circle and was suddenly filled with a surge of disgust, hatred, and bilious discontent. "We pledge to thee, dear Wendy, that you will never be ignored again!" At this moment, Wendy's husband, who had been following her into the woods for sometime to investigate what his wife was up 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 demands. 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 ethereal 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 the power and comradery she had expected, Wendigola fled the cave as the coven's cackling slowly faded away among the interstices of the steppes and trees.