

# (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 sta 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.

## Appearance

Cal is a tall and gaunt firbolg

2500 x 3235  
Image Dummy

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Introduction

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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 tha  
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.

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Passions

Politics; Himself; Bloodline

Secrets

Cal is not royalty at all. Or  
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BACKGROUND STORY

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no idea where he was or where  
was going. The brain fog impos  
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haunting his village lingered.  
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</i> Cal's mind tumbled throug  
what he thought were memorie  
wouldn't stop tumbling. He was  
getting dizzy. <i>Stop tumbling  
</i> He cried out in his mind.</  
<p>He stumbled into a clearing  
the woods where ruined buildin  
from a long razed village jutt  
of the landscape like giant skel  
fingers reaching for the freedo  
the sky. <i>Is this where I was  
headed?</i> Cal looked about.  
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look for. He set up a makeshift  
camp, chewed down some jerky  
tack, and grabbed himself a nic  
sleep.</p><p>Upon waking, Ca

## Passions

Politics; Himself; Bloodlines

## Secrets

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mind filled with wonder and gle that he had found what he had searching for. *<i>This is it! But was I searching for this place?</i>* Cal searched the area further on to find burnt Firbolg bones and burnt equipment. *<i>They did it again! They silenced us. We must allow this!</i>* He thought to himself. His mind turned inward upon itself. All his 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 seeks to end.  
*<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 rebuild our people.</i>* Crazy Cal made his way through the tangled forests to the nearest town and began his new political campaign to recharge his royal line. Although he is not consciously aware of his Firbolg clan's monastic heritage, his memory and reflexive training are embedded within him. A contradiction, this Firbolg monarch, loud and brazen.</p>

## PERSONALITY

<p>Wandering through the woods Cal Manterius realized that he had no idea where he was or where he was going. The brain 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 that 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 from the landscape like giant skeletal fingers reaching for the freedom of the sky. *<i>Is this where I was headed?</i>* Cal looked about. It seemed like a place that one might look for. He set up a makeshift camp, chewed down some jerky, and grabbed himself a nice sleep.</p><p>Upon waking, Cal's mind filled with wonder and gle that he had found what he had been searching for. *<i>This is it! But was I searching for this place?</i>* Cal searched the area further on to find burnt Firbolg bones and burnt equipment. *<i>They did it again! They silenced us. We must allow this!</i>* He thought to himself. His mind turned inward upon itself. All his 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

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