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## WENDIGOLA

Elderly Human  
Neutral  
Level 0 Civilian

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

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS
7	12	14		
(-1)	(+1)	(+2)	9 (0)	9 (0)

**CHA**  
4  
(-3)

**Saving Throws**  
TODO Saving Throws  
**Skills** Alchemy  
**Proficiencies**  
**Damage Immunities**  
TODO Damage Immunities  
**Condition Immunities**  
TODO Condition  
Immunities  
**Senses** TODO Senses  
**Languages** Human  
**Adjectives** Creepy,

### Special Abilities

### Special Equipment



## 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

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### 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

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### Combat Tactics

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

### Actions

### Factions

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.

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Wendy entered the forest, a small, populated elven woman with a four held harem, standing at the edge of a circle, yet open. "Corwen, *"find your world"*. We circle and filled with a disgust, had discontent *thee, dear will never be again!"* At the time, Wendy's husband had been following her into the woods for investigation. She was up to, in a cave. "*You leave her to me!*" Cackling, the coven charmed the husband and demanded he consume her. She was terrified, something she had never done. The farmer's daughter had been charmed by Wendy following her demands. Wendy's own appearance was that of an elf, the coven of blue and green, ethereal eyes. She concluded that the light center of the circle was who prompted her to lay an egg. Wendy cackled in the middle as the egg hatched, a chick stuck its head that was a replica of her. A member of the coven snatched the chick and forced it into her throat, crying out in voice, "*her beauty is yours, be Wendigola, her beauty is yours, longing..."*"

Reluctant, Wendy recognized the coven's comradery. She expected, the cave a cackling slither among the trees, the steppe.