(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 (+1) (+4) (+2) (+0) (+0)

CHA

17 (+4)

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,

Special Abilities

Adjectives Loud,

 Martial Arts | Deflect Missile Extra Attack | Stunning Stri Unarmored Defense

Special Equipment

Combat Tactics

Cal isn't a coward. His mental st ensures that he loses track of h well-being and launches himsel into combat. He will bounce fro opponent to opponent switchin 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 agoraphob he prefers being at gates o

roadways that permit trave a quick escape. He will approach seemingly courageous adventurers to if they would help him rega control of his lands.

Appearance

Cal is a tall and gaunt firbol with pale yellow-ish skin an wild bark colored hair; his bulbous nose radiates pink reddish hues; he is covered various scars; he wears cleating that dirty and torn

Expressions

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

Mannerisms

Cell3

Gestures in what appears to very offical and regal ways; Questions adventurers and passers-by on their bloodlin Consistently making politics speeches and promises and demanding the loyalty of th around him to the 'Order of Indontus' (Does it exist???)

Motivations

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

Passions

Politics; Himself; Bloodlines

Secrets

Cal is not royalty at all. Or is

(Lord) Cai Manterius

middle-aged firbolg chaotic neutral Level 5 monk

Pronouns: he/him Occupations: Messenger; Crier; Barke Armor Class 13 Hit Points 32 (TODO H

Speed 30.

STR DEX CON INT WIS

12 17 14 10 10 **ROLEPLAYING**(+1) (+4) (+2) (+0) (+0)

CHA

17 (+4)

> Saving Throws TODO Saving Throws

Skills Medecine; Persua Proficiencies

Damage Immunities
TODO Damage Immunit
Condition Immunities
TODO Condition Immuni
Senses TODO Senses
Languages

Firbolg Common Giant E **Adjectives** Loud,

Special Abilities

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 of 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-is skin and wild bark colored hair; his bulbous nos radiates pink and reddish hues; he is covered in various scars; he wears clearly inauthentic roya 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 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"

 Martial Arts | Deflec Extra Attack | Stuni | Unarmored Defen

Special Equipment

Combat Tactics

Cal isn't a coward. His mensures that he loses tra well-being and launches into combat. He will bour opponent to opponent sy from his staff to fists in a martial artistry.

Actions

Staff | Martial Arts

Factions

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.

Passions

Politics; Himself; Bloodlines

Secrets

Cal is not royalty at all. Or is he?

Background Story

Wandering through the woods, Cal Manterius realized that he had no idea where he or where he was going. The br 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 thou were memories but wouldn't st tumbling. He was getting dizzy <i>Stop tumbling!</i> He crie out in his mind.He stumbled into a clearing in the woods where ruined buildings from a long razed village jutte out of the landscape like giant skeletal fingers reaching for th freedom of the sky. <i>Is this where I was headed?</i> Cal looked about. Seemed like a p that one might look for. He set a makeshift camp, chewed dov some jerky and tack, and grab himself a nice sleep. Upon waking, Cal's mind fi with wonder and glee that he found what he had been search for. <i>This is it! But why was searching for this place?</i> searched the area further only find burnt Firbolg bones and burnt equipment. <i>They did again! They silenced us. We mustn't allow this!</i> thought to himself. His mind turned inward upon itself. All I memories of living and growin 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 lir that some mysterious force se to end.<i>No. I canno allow it. I must find our sacred land. Our true Kingdom. The or way is to connect with those w claim royal positions here in th region and beyond. I must reb our people.</i> Crazy Cal mad his was through the tangled forests to the nearest town an began his meager political campaign to recharge his roya line. Although he is not consciously aware of his Firbol clan's monastic heritage, his muscle memory and reflexive training are embedded within him. A contradiction, this Firbo monk is loud and brazen.

PERSONALITY

Wandering through the wood Cal Manterius realized that he had no idea where he was or where had was going. The brain fog impose by that Green Hag who was haunting his village lingered.

<i>Was there a hag? What villag </i> Cal's mind tumbled through what he thought were memories 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 building from a long razed village jutted of the landscape like giant skele fingers reaching for the freedom the sky. <i>Is this where I was headed?</i> Cal looked about. Seemed like a place that one mig look for. He set up a makeshift camp, chewed down some jerky tack, and grabbed himself a nice sleep.Upon waking, Cal mind filled with wonder and glee that he had found what he had b searching for. <i>This is it! But was I searching for this place?</ Cal searched the area further on to find burnt Firbolg bones and burnt equipment. <i>They did it again! They silenced us. We mus 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 discerr the difference and instead concluded that he must be the la of his royal line that some mysterious force seeks to end.< <i>No. I cannot allow it. I m find our sacred land. Our true Kingdom. The only way is to connect with those who claim ro positions here in this region and beyond. I must rebuild our peop </i> Crazy Cal made his was through the tangled forests to the nearest town and began his mea political campaign to recharge h royal line. Although he is not consciously aware of his Firbolg clan's monastic heritage, his mu memory and reflexive training a embedded within him. A contradiction, this Firbolg monk loud and brazen.