

# (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

**Cal is not royalty at all. Or he?**

## Expressions

## Image Dummy

## Image Dummy



**Languages**  
Firbolg Common Giant E  
**Adjectives** Loud ,

**Special Abilities**

- Martial Arts | Deflec  
Extra Attack | Stun  
| Unarmored Defen

**Special Equipment**

**Combat Tactics**

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

**Actions**

Staff | Martial Arts

**Factions**

**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"

**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**

<p>Wandering through the  
woods, Cal Manterius realized  
that he had no idea where he  
or where he was going. The b  
fog imposed by that Green Ha  
who was haunting his village  
lingered. <i>Was there a hag  
What village?</i> Cal's mind  
tumbled through what he tho  
were memories but wouldn't s  
tumbling. He was getting dizz  
<i>Stop tumbling!</i> He cri  
out in his mind.</p><p>He  
stumbled into a clearing in th  
woods where ruined buildings  
from a long razed village jutte  
out of the landscape like gian  
skeletal fingers reaching for t  
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 se  
a makeshift camp, chewed do  
some jerky and tack, and grat  
himself a nice sleep.</p>  
<p>Upon waking, Cal's mind t  
with wonder and glee that he  
found what he had been sear  
for. <i>This is it! But why was  
searching for this place?</i>  
searched the area further onl  
find burnt Firbolg bones and  
burnt equipment. <i>They did  
again! They silenced us. We  
mustn't allow this!</i> He  
thought to himself. His mind  
turned inward upon itself. All  
memories of living and growin  
up in a regal Firbolg village  
became muddled together wit  
his recent explorations. He  
couldn't discern the differenc  
and instead concluded that he  
must be the last of his royal li  
that some mysterious force se  
to end.</p><p><i>No. I cann  
allow it. I must find our sacre  
land. Our true Kingdom. The o  
way is to connect with those v  
claim royal positions here in t  
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 Firbo  
clan's monastic heritage, his  
muscle memory and reflexive  
training are embedded within  
him. A contradiction, this Firb  
monk is loud and brazen.</p>

# PERSONALITY

Wandering through the woods, Cal Manterius realized that he had no idea where he or where he was going. The fog imposed by that Green Hag who was haunting his village lingered. *Was there a hag? What village?* Cal's mind tumbled through what he thought were memories but wouldn't stop tumbling. He was getting dizzy. *Stop tumbling!* He cried out in his mind.

He stumbled into a clearing in the woods where ruined buildings from a long razed village jutted out of the landscape like giant skeletal fingers reaching for the freedom of the sky. *Is this where I was headed?* Cal looked about. Seemed like a place that one might look for. He set a makeshift camp, chewed down some jerky and tack, and grabbed himself a nice sleep.

Upon waking, Cal's mind filled with wonder and glee that he found what he had been searching for. *This is it! But why was searching for this place?* He searched the area further only to find burnt Firbolg bones and burnt equipment. *They did this again! They silenced us. We mustn't allow this!* He thought to himself. His mind turned inward upon itself. All 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 sought to end.

*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 reborn our people.* Crazy Cal made his way through the tangled forests to the nearest town and began his meager political campaign to recharge his royal line. Although he is not consciously aware of his Firbolg clan's monastic heritage, his muscle memory and reflexive training are embedded within him. A contradiction, this Firbolg monk is loud and brazen.