

WENDIGOLA

elderly human
neutral
Level 0 civilian

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

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

CHA

4
(-3)

Saving Throws
TODO Saving Throws
Skills Alchemy

Proficiencies TODO

Damage Immunities
TODO Damage Immunities
Condition Immunities
TODO Condition Immunities
Senses TODO Senses
Languages Human ,
Adjectives Creepy ,

Special Abilities

Special Equipment

- The egg is not cursed... Or i

Combat Tactics

Wendigola will avoid combat at
costs due to her frail frame

Actions

Factions

ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

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

Appearance

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

Expressions

Cell3

"Bzzz bzzz"; "Nobody lishen"
"Sho thatsh how it ish"; "I
shaysh to them - century fo
and trout. Shee if they care

Mannerisms

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

Motivations

Wendigola seeks to become
real witch but subconscious
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
Arcane Lore.

Secrets

In her younger years,
Wendigola murdered and
consumed her husband with
coven of witches under the
false pretense it would ena
her to become one of them.
Instead, she almost
immediately laid an egg and
the coven all laughed,
pronouncing this as her cur
for such a foul deed. She
secretly lays a few dozen eg
at random per year.

BACKGROUND
STORY

<p>Wendy Gol was born to
farmers in the village of Eldwy
[A small Human settlement] in
plans of Overmarsh Gale [Any
broad plain of rich, fertile soil]
Having a humble and challengi
upbringing as the youngest of
brothers and 4 sisters, Wendy
sought the recognition of both
parents, even when she marrie
well-respected farmer's son fro
an adjacent farm. Her longing
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 recogniti
and attention was so profound
that Wendy would often wande
towards the sparse woods nea
which she heard from her sibli
contained caves and steppes t
were home to covens of witche
who were known to wield grea
magicks. Her mundane life dro
her to the excitement of trying
uncover where this coven was
hiding.</p><p>Upon her 21st
birthday, recieving no
celebrations, Wendy made her
usual trip to the woods nearby

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Wendigola will avoid combat costs due to her frail frame

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

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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.

Upon entering the shade of the canopies she heard a whisper at the back of her mind. *"We are here. We have been watching. You are welcome, sister."*

</i>Shocked and elated, Wendy drove deeper into the woods until she came upon a chipped and cracked carving out of the step wall surrounded by entangled roots and vines.
</p><p>A beautiful elven face slowly advanced from the darkness of the cave and into the light. Smiling, the Elven woman said
<i>"Welcome, sister. We have been waiting" and she gently beckoned Wendy to enter the cave.
</p><p>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
<i>"Come girl", one said, *<i>"find your true place in this world".* Wendy joined the circle and was suddenly filled with a surge of disgust, hatred, and bilious discontent. *<i>"We pledge to thee, dear Wendy, that you 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 doing, burst into the cave. *<i>"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 etheric 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 *<i>"henceforth you will be Wendigola, she who lost her beauty to her longing..."*
</i></p><p>Reluctantly reborn and recognizing she hadn't gained power and comradeship as expected, Wendigola fled the coven as the coven's cackling slowly faded away among the interstices of the steppes and trees.

PERSONALITY

Wendy Gol was born to farm in the village of Eldwynn [A small Human settlement] in the plains

Human settlement] in the plains Overmarsh Gale [Any broad plain 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 more like an employee of the farm and 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 coven 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 celebration, 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.

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