



(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 Medicine; Persuasion
Proficiencies
Damage Immunities
TODO Damage Immunities
Condition Immunities
TODO Condition Immunities
Senses TODO Senses
Languages Firbolg Common
Giant Elven
Adjectives Loud,

Special Abilities

-

Special Equipment

Combat Tactics

Cal isn't a coward. His mental state 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

-

Factions

2500 x 3235
Image Dummy

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 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 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 official 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?

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BACKSTORY

War in the woods, that he was or v The brain Green H his villag a hag? I tumbled thought wouldn't getting He cried

He stumbled in the woods buildings from village jutter landscape lil fingers reach freedom of t where I was looked about place that o He set up a chewed down tack, and gr nice sleep.

Upon war filled with w he had found searching fo why was I se place? Cal s further only Firbolg bone equipment. They silence allow this! H himself. His upon itself. living and gr Firbolg village muddled tog recent explo couldn't disc and instead must be the line that son seeks to end

No. I cal find our sac Kingdom. Th connect with royal positio region and b rebuild our p made his wa tangled fore town and be political carr his royal line not consciou Firbolg clan' heritage, his and reflexiv embedded v contradiction is loud and b