



CELL ONE (Lord Cal Manterius)

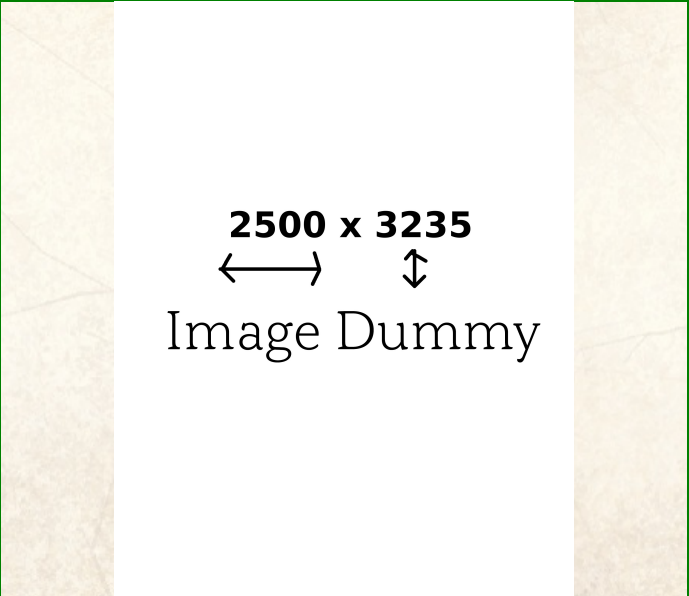
*middle-aged firbolg
chaotic neutral
Level 5 monk*

Pronouns: he/him
Occupations:
Messenger; Crier; Barker
Armor Class 13
Hit Points 32 (TODO Hitdice)
Speed 30.

STR 12 (**DEX** 17 **CON** 14 **INT** 10 **VIS** 10)

CHA
17

Saving Throws
TODO Saving Throws
Skills Medicine; Persuasion
Proficiencies
Damage Immunities
TODO Damage Immunities
Condition Immunities
TODO Condition Immunities



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

CELL 2

(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)
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STR 12 **DEX** 17 **CON** 14 **INT** 10 **WIS** 10

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Saving Throws
TODO Saving Throws
Skills Medicine; 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 Missiles | Extra Attack | Stunning Strike | Unarmored Defense

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

Staff | Martial Arts

Factions

2500 x 3235
Image Dummy

<div><div>Senses</div><div>TODO Senses</div><div>Languages</div><div>Firbolg Common Giant E</div><div>Adjectives</div><div>Loud ,</div></div>	<div>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</div>
<div><div>Special Abilities</div><div><div><div>• Martial Arts Deflect Missiles Extra Attack Stunning Strike Unarmored Defense</div></div></div><div><div>Special Equipment</div></div><div><div>Combat Tactics</div><div>Cal isn't a coward. His mother's state ensures that he loses sight of his well-being and launders himself into combat. He will bounce from opponent to opponent switching from magic to fists in a blur of martial artistry.</div></div><div><div>Actions</div><div>Staff Martial Arts</div></div><div><div>Factions</div></div></div>	<div><div>Expressions</div><div>"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"</div><div><div>Mannerisms</div><div>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???)</div></div><div><div>Motivations</div><div>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.</div></div><div><div>Passions</div><div>Politics; Himself; Bloodlines</div></div><div><div>Secrets</div><div>Cal is not royalty at all. Or is he?</div></div></div>

Cell3

<div><div>ROLEPLAYING</div></div>
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