



### Saving Throws -

An objectively ugly old woman leaps

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<b>Skills -</b>			
<b>Proficiencies -</b>			
<b>Proficiency Mod -</b>	+2		
<b>Languages -</b>	Common		
<b>Adjectives -</b>	Creepy,	Addle-Minded,	
<b>Covetous,</b>			
<hr/>			
<b>Special Abilities</b>	-	-	
<b>Special Equipment</b>	-		
<b>Combat Tactics</b>			
Wendigola will avoid combat at all costs due to her frail frame			
<b>Actions</b>	-		
<b>Factions</b>			
<b>Role:</b>			

before you. "Curse of the Fowl Unbegotten be upon thee!" She hurls an egg at you.

**Appearance**

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

**Expressions**

*Bzzz bzzz*

*Nobody lishens*

*Sho thatsh how it ish*

*I shaysh to them; century foot and trout. Shee if they caresh.*

**Mannerisms**

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

**Motivations**

Wendigola seeks to become a real witch but subconsciously 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 off Arcane Lore.

**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.

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