

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



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Widow, hermitess, suspected
witch

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Speed 30.

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7 12 14 9 (0) 9 (0)
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CHA

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ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

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

"Bzzz bzzz"; "Nobody lishens"
"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 farm
in the village of Eldwynn [A smal
Human settlement] in the plans
Overmarsh Gale [Any broad plain
rich, fertile soil]. Having a humb
and challenging upbringing as th
youngest of 3 brothers and 4
sisters, Wendy sought the
recognition of both parents, eve
when she married a well-respect
farmer's son from an adjacent fa
Her longing for love and attentio
was never fulfilled and, as might
expected, Wendy was treated m
like an employee of the farm and
a child by her husband. This lack
recognition and attention was so
profound that Wendy would ofte
wander towards the sparse wood
nearby which she heard from he
siblings contained caves and
steppes that were home to cover
of witches who were known to w
great magicks. Her mundane life
drove her to the excitement of
trying to uncover where this cov
was hiding.</p><p>Upon her 21
birthday, recieving no celebratio
Wendy made her usual trip to th
woods nearby. Upon entering th
shade of the canopies she heard
whisper in the back of her mind.
<i>"We are here. We have been

Cell3



Saving Throws

TODO Saving Throws

Skills Alchemy

Proficiencies

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, is it?

Combat Tactics

Wendigola will avoid combat at all costs due to her frail frame.

Actions

Factions

Appearance

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

Expressions

"Bzzz bzzz"; "Nobody lishens"; "Sho thatsh how lish"; "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 she unconsciously knows she doesn't yet have what it takes.

Passions

Spends her days studying Arcane Lore, potion-making, thread-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 a random per year.

watching. You are welcome, sister."</p></i>Shocked and elated, Wendy drove deeper into the woods until she came upon a chipped and cracked carving out of the stepping wall surrounded by entangled roots and vines.</p><p>A beautiful elf 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"</i> and she gently beckoned Wendy to enter the cave.</p><p>Wendy cautiously entered the cave which was populated by 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"</i>, one said, <i>"find your true place in the world".</i> Wendy joined the circle and was suddenly filled with a surge of disgust, hatred, and bitter discontent. <i>"We pledge to the dear Wendy, that you will never be ignored again!"</i>At this moment Wendy's husband, who had been following her into the woods for sometime to investigate what his wife was up to, burst into the cave.<i>"You vile creatures, leave her be!"</i>He shouted. Cackling, the coven charmed the young man and demanded that Wendy consume 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 once beautiful appearance withered into that of an old, wicked hag, the coven surged in a circle of blue and green electrical ethereal 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 crackling voice, <i>"henceforth you will be Wendygol, she who lost her beauty to her longing..."</i></p><p>Reluctantly reborn and recognizing she hadn't gained the power and comradeship she had expected, Wendigola fled the cave as the coven's cackling slowly faded away among the interstices of the steppes and trees.</p>

PERSONALITY

<p>Wendy Gol was born to farm in the village of Eldwynn [A small Human settlement] in the plains of Overmarsh Gale [Any broad plain with 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 stepping wall surrounded by entangled roots and vines.

A beautiful elf face slowly advanced from the darkness of the cave and into the light. Smiling, the Elven woman said, *"Welcome, sister. We have been waiting"* and she gently beckoned Wendy to enter the cave.

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Reluctantly reborn and recognizing she hadn't gained the power and comradery she had expected, Wendigola fled the cave.

Expected, Wendigola heard the call as the coven's cackling slowly faded away among the interstices of the steppes and trees.</p>