# (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

CHA 17

> Saving Throws TODO Saving Throws Skills Medecine; 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 Missile Extra Attack | Stunning Strik Unarmored Defense

**Special Equipment** 

## **Combat Tactics**

Cal isn't a coward. His mental sta 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** 

# ROLEPLAYING

### Introduction

Cal tends to stay in safer spaces where guards are in sight. With mild agorapholihe prefers being at gates of roadways that permit travel a quick escape. He will approach seemingly courageous adventurers to if they would help him regiontrol of his lands.

## **Appearance**

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 $\longleftrightarrow \qquad \updownarrow$ 

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 offical 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.

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#### **Passions**

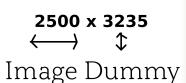
Politics; Himself; Bloodline

## Secrets

Cal is not royalty at all. Or he?

## BACKGROUND STORY

Wandering through the woo Cal Manterius realized that he h no idea where he was or where was going. The brain fog imposby that Green Hag who was haunting his village lingered. <i>Was there a hag? What villa </i> Cal's mind tumbled throug what he thought were memorie wouldn't stop tumbling. He was getting dizzy. <i>Stop tumbling </i> He cried out in his mind.</ He stumbled into a clearing the woods where ruined buildin from a long razed village jutted of the landscape like giant skell fingers reaching for the freedor the sky. <i>Is this where I was headed?</i> Cal looked about. Seemed like a place that one m look for. He set up a makeshift camp, chewed down some jerky tack, and grabbed himself a nic sleep.Upon waking, Ca



## **Passions**

Politics; Himself; Bloodlines

#### **Secrets**

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mind filled with wonder and gle that he had found what he had searching for. <i>This is it! But was I searching for this place?< Cal searched the area further o to find burnt Firbolg bones and burnt equipment. <i>They did i again! They silenced us. We mu allow this!</i> He thought to himself. His mind turned inward upon itself. All his memories of living and growing up in a regal Firbolg village became muddled together with his recent explorations. He couldn't discer the difference and instead concluded that he must be the of his royal line that some mysterious force seeks to end. <i>No. I cannot allow it. I n find our sacred land. Our true Kingdom. The only way is to connect with those who claim re positions here in this region and beyond. I must rebuild our peor </i> Crazy Cal made his was through the tangled forests to 1 nearest town and began his me political campaign to recharge I royal line. Although he is not consciously aware of his Firbolc clan's monastic heritage, his mi memory and reflexive training a embedded within him. A contradiction, this Firbolg monl loud and brazen.

# **Personality**

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