

ROLAND STANFIELD

DEVA MAYOR



ABILITIES

STR 8 (-1)

DEX 12 (+1)

CON 10 (+0)

INT 16 (+3)

WIS 19 (+4)

CHA 14 (+2)

ATTRIBUTES

Initiative +1

Speed 30 feet

Hit Dice 10d8

Resist necrotic

- Bluff +1d10
- History +1d8
- Persuade +1d12
- Religion +1d8
- Spot +1d6

15

ARMOR CLASS

HIT POINTS

53

COMBAT

Short Sword +1 (1d6)

Many Incarnations

Spend 1 hit die as an action to summon one of your previous selves. He appears beside you and lasts as long as you concentrate. You share his senses. Range 250 ft.

You can spend an action to either replace him with another incarnation in his current location, or to dismiss him and regain 1 hit die.

Your incarnations have 20 HP and use your stats unless otherwise noted.

- **Mage.** AC 12, resistance to magical attacks. Can turn invisible or shoot 3 *magic missiles* as an action, 1d4+1 damage, 100 ft.
- **Skulk.** AC 17, Str 12, Dex 17. Stealth +1d10, Thievery +1d10. Uses barbed poison dagger +6 (1d6+1 plus target makes Con save DC 14 or be slowed to speed 5 ft.). Extra +3d6 damage if target is granting advantage or you have another ally adjacent to it.
- **Warrior.** AC 18, Str 17, Dex 14. Uses two bastard swords +9/+9 (1d10+3 each).
- **Wisp Swarm.** Wispy incarnations, resistance to nonmagical attacks, fill 20-ft. radius, and can fly 60 ft. Area is obscured, and foes that enter or end their turn within take 10 cold damage.

BACKGROUND

Four centuries ago you saw a goddess die. It changed you, and years later when you eventually perished you reincarnated, reappearing fully-grown in the wilderness with only vague memories.

Over the course of a hundred years and several incarnations you found your way to Risur, and became mayor of the coastal town of Flint. Upon your next death, the people of Flint found you and asked you to return. You had trouble at first, but then a mysterious man named Nicodemus taught you how to manifest your previous incarnations. With each life you were a slightly different man, but now your former selves could advise you. Thereafter Flint quickly prospered.

Then forty years ago a witch known as The Red Contessa established a coven atop a looming peak in the city's center, which the locals renamed Cauldron Hill. At first they moved subtly, the threat they posed not worth the risk of fighting them. But five years ago Risur went to war, and while the nation was distracted the witches began to terrorize your people and curse the families who looked to you for protection and guidance. You tried to drive them out. They killed you.

Your next incarnation opposed her as well. She killed you again, then a third time, all the while gathering power that made her ever more impossible to confront.

Your current incarnation is not a warrior, but you are a far better politician. And king Lorcan's war has ended, so he turns his attention back to the homeland. He has now gathered great warriors to free your city.

Last night Nicodemus returned, centuries since you last saw him. His body was different, but his voice the same. He reminisced, congratulated your leadership, and asked only one favor before leaving: "When the tiefling arrives, accept her aid, and keep her alive. She has the power to make Flint the mightiest city in the world."