

INTO WONDERLAND ROLEPLAYING CARDS

MAYOR HITCHEN ATTERCAT



Illustrated By: [RikaRini](#)

Page References: IW 11, 14-18, 23, 27, 29-30, 41-42, 89, 98-99, 102-106, 148, 154-156, 158-160, 164, 170-171

Flustered and incompetent, Mayor Attercat struggles to maintain control of the city of Endercoast after it is spirited to the Feywild. His lack of competence has opened up opportunities for several competing factions to vie for control, all under his nose.

Mayor Attercat can be represented by a human **king** (NPC 220). He relies on his magic items, given to him as bribes throughout his political career, to reassure him of his self-image as an effective leader.

Appearance. Short, overweight, with a bright red nose from his alcoholism. He's dressed in glorious purple robes.

Voice. He has a nasally voice and a sneering affectation. New York accent.

Personality. Paranoid and mousey.

Ideal. One's financial standing is a measure of one's worth as a person. The richer you are, the more deserving of those riches you are. The poor oughtta pull themselves up by their bootstraps. (Lawful Evil)

Bond. Indebted to the Union of Small Business Owners who have bribed him with luxurious piles of magic items and gold.

Flaw. Easily bribed, which means that his government really has no identity distinct from its "investors". Whatever the lobbyists say is what goes.

COMMISSIONER HUCK LASICK OF THE ENDERCOAST GUARD



Illustrated By: [RikaRini](#)

Page References: IW 11, 13-15, 29-31, 36, 38, 41, 88, 98-99, 105-106, 155-158, 161, 164, 170-171, 175

Commissioner Lasick is a brutal, no-nonsense infrastructure coordinator who has built his career in the engineering sector. He has recently acquired the badge of commissioner and intends to reform the slipshod Endercoast guards into a fighting force to be reckoned with.

Commissioner Lasick can be represented either by a stout halfling (IW 189) **trebucheter** (TPN 14) or **artillerist** (NPC 186).

Appearance. A dark-skinned halfling with deep scars on his face and calluses of a life working with his hands. He wears drab, functional armor somewhat visible underneath his commissioner's uniform.

Voice. Deep, gruff, and a bit snarly. Canadian accent.

Personality. No nonsense.

Ideal. A single competent person can make all the difference in the world. (Lawful Neutral)

Bond. His six chiefs and their immediate underlings are his "untouchables" -- they cannot be bought.

Flaw. His failures as an engineer follow him. He sees his mistakes in Endercoast's infrastructure everywhere he goes.

HERMIONE GALANODEL OF THE SENTINELS OF EQUITY



Illustrated By: [RikaRini](#)

Page References: IW 11, 16, 21, 34, 83, 98-99, 105-106, 151, 155, 158-160, 165, 171

Hermione Galanodel is a devotee and spokeswoman of the Sentinels of Equity whose goals are to return Endercoast to a state of nature. She believes that by presenting her arguments reasonably, people will be turned to her point of view. Anyone who isn't convinced is therefore unreasonable and should be eliminated.

Hermione can be represented either by a wood elf (IW 188) **court debater** (TPN 20) or **glamour bard** (NPC 36).

Appearance. Tall, thin, covered entirely in white robes. Her long black hair trails out from her hood.

Voice. Oozes like honey. Upper class non-rhotic Southern American.

Personality. Affable, insistent, and self-assured. Prides herself in her stoic affectation.

Ideal. All shall be made equal. (Chaotic Neutral)

Bond. Joined the sentinels after her high elven village elder betrayed her people to become a lich.

Flaw. Cannot suppress her emotions as well as she thinks.

TURPH MUSHEEN OF THE UNION OF SMALL BUSINESS OWNERS



Illustrated By: [RikaRini](#)

Page References: IW 11, 17, 21, 36, 41, 98-99, 105-106, 154-156, 159-161, 165, 171, 185

Turph Musheen is a retired adventurer and small business owner. He owns a flower shop. He's also on the board of the Union of Small Business Owners and has gained massive support from the other union members for his rejection of the Feywild's influence over Endercoast. The city should be self-sufficient. It should not give in to the magic of the Fey.

Turph is represented by a half-orc (IW 188) **commander** (NPC 206).

Appearance. Well-dressed grey-skinned man with tusks. Braided through his hair are four flowers: a white rose, two daffodils, and a chrysanthemum.

Voice. Rough and working class, hiding a sharp intelligence. Heavy cockney accent.

Personality. Everything's a negotiation to him. He likes to beat around the bush before getting to the point.

Ideal. If we don't stand up for ourselves, nobody's gonna do it for us. (Neutral)

Bond. His son was killed in the Endercoast salt mines ten years ago. He vowed never to let anything like that happen again, no matter the cost. His wife and two daughters now live a respectable lifestyle in a nice part of town. The four flowers in his hair symbolise his family. Flowers need a gardener.

Flaw. Not above using dirty tricks and intimidation to get what he wants, and he doesn't see the hypocrisy in his actions.

LORD CALS OF THE LITTER AND THE PEAT



Illustrated By: [Scodo](#)

Page References: IW 12, 16, 18, 43, 59, 63, 80-81, 87, 98-99, 108-116, 119, 127, 133, 165, 167-168, 171, 179, 182, 190-192, 216, 228

Lord Cals of the Litter and the Peat is an ancient archfey, perhaps older than the Feywild itself. He is as patient as the winds that flatten a mountain. He is as determined as a root that grows in a crack in a stone. He waits, sometimes for millennia, as eventually all good things shall fall into his lap. Lord Cals knows that the problem of Endercoast will soon go away. He only has to nudge it along.

Lord Cals is represented by the **Lord Cals** statblock (IW 190). He primarily uses **time vultures** (IW 216) and **stone golems** (MM 170) as minions.

Appearance. He appears to mortals as a black-cloaked skeletal specter, his head the skull of a goat, wearing a rope necklace adorned with a beautiful red rose.

Voice. Deep, slow, cracked, and sonorous.

Personality. Patient. His wrath is unearthed only after careful deliberation.

Ideal. It doesn't matter who you are. Your time will end eventually. (Neutral Evil)

Bond. The red rose pinned to his rope necklace is a symbol of a long-lost faerie queen whose advances he spurned. When she gathered her forces to destroy him, he slew them all and locked her forever away in his rose.

Flaw. He does not sweat small failures, knowing that in the end he will be victorious. But for mortals with short lives, this means he can be defeated. At least for a while.

CIRRUS THE JESTER



Based on Artwork By: [Tithi Luadthong](#)

Page References: IW 10, 12, 19, 29, 43, 46, 59, 81, 87, 98-99, 109, 118-124, 127, 133, 159, 165, 168, 171, 179, 193-195, 229

Cirrus the Jester is a trickster spirit. They tell jokes to soothe their addled, sickened mind. But nothing suffices.

Cirrus is represented by the **Cirrus** statblock (IW 193). They primarily use eladrin **jokers** (NPC 219), **jesters** (NPC 37), and **clowns** (NPC 197) as minions.

Appearance. They generally appear to mortals as a clown with a formless, indistinct body, wearing a wooden mask that betrays no emotion. They can shapeshift at will into any mortal that has ever laughed at their jokes.

Voice. Modulating wildly between masculine and feminine, deep and high, joking and serious. They have an unsettling, mirthless, megalomaniacal laugh.

Personality. Desperately clownish. More mean-spirited than comedic.

Ideal. Humour is how we cope with the absurdity of an uncaring universe. (Chaotic Neutral)

Bond. As a mortal, Cirrus was a genderfluid eladrin circus clown, blessed by Corellon with shapeshifting powers. They fell in love with a beautiful acrobat, a woman who glowed with the joy of life itself. The acrobat asked for Cirrus' hand in marriage, and on the night of their wedding, she revealed that her true form was that of Lliira, Goddess of Joy. Overwhelmed by the revelation, Cirrus descended into madness.

Flaw. Cirrus would like nothing more than to return to Lliira and join her in Elysium. But they know they are too far gone for her to ever want them back. So much has gone wrong. So much is lost.

DAILILI, THE TREE OF INFINITY



Based on Artwork By: [Tithi Luadthong](#)

Page References: IW 12, 20, 59, 61, 64-65, 70, 82, 87, 98-99, 102-106, 109, 119, 126-130, 133, 151, 165-166, 168-169, 171, 179-183, 196-197, 203, 218, 230

Dailili was once a dryad whose many children in the material realm were cut down by an overzealous woodsman. She slew the woodsman but was banished to the Feywild for the crime of murder. In the Feywild, she grew to the power of an archfey on spite alone.

Dailili is represented by the **wild guardian** (NPC 121) statblock (her dryad form) and her true **Dailili** (IW 196) form. She primarily uses **dryads** (MM 121) and either **wood woads** (VGM 198) or **primeval guardians** (NPC 130) as minions, plus other plant monsters, each of which are an extension of herself.

Appearance. She appears to mortals as an ordinary (if toweringly tall) dryad. Only her sheer size and her glowing magenta-tinted eyes give away her true identity as an archfey. Her true form is the entire forest around her court, where every tree shares the same root system with the Tree of Infinity at the center.

Voice. Soft, bitter, and rumbling.

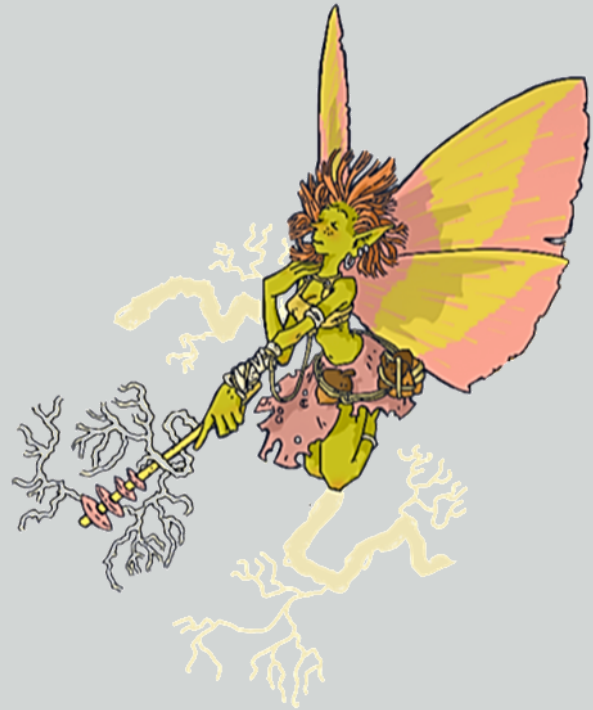
Personality. Brimming with rage, spite, and hatred for all things except the plants and creatures she has birthed.

Ideal. Mortals have no respect for nature. She will make them respect her. (Chaotic Evil)

Bond. She was banished from the Material Plane, her birth plane, for the crime of murder. Perhaps there is a chance that she can be pardoned for her crimes. But what then of her court in the Feywild?

Flaw. Dailili does not value the lives of creatures other than herself. They are so small, and she is so big.

TETTLEBUG MOONFLOWER



Illustrated By: [Jack Homer](#)

Page References: IW 12, 21, 31-32, 59, 72, 80, 83, 87, 99, 109, 119, 132-137, 146, 165-167, 171, 179, 198-199, 231

The Princess of Dewdrops brings rain, fog, and chill in her endless dance, wreaking havoc across the Feywild as she revels in the melancholy of distant thunder.

Tettlebug Moonflower is represented by the **Tettlebug** statblock (IW 198). She primarily uses **stormcloud mephits** (IW 216), **sprites** (MM 283), and **pixies** (MM 253) as minions.

Appearance. Tettlebug appears to mortals as an ordinary pixie. Her status as an archfey is revealed by the intricate patterns on her wings that glow with barely-contained thunderous energy, and by the fact that every beat of her wings lets loose a minor thunderclap.

Voice. She has a tiny little voice that somehow booms across the land.

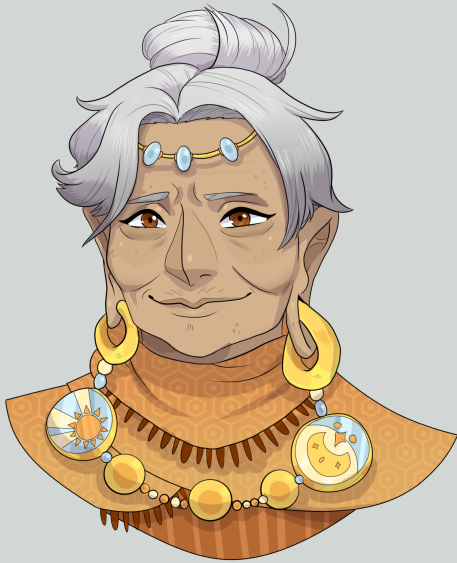
Personality. She is a reveller, a dancer, a singer, and a destroyer, and she hardly knows the destruction she has wrought.

Ideal. There is nothing more comforting than the sound of rain pattering against the leaves and the boom of thunder in the distance in the night time. (Chaotic Neutral)

Bond. She has a family of **pixies** that are very worried about her. They do not know the immense power that she has gained since she went missing. She is just their lost sister.

Flaw. She is unaware of the true extent of her power.

DEAREST GRAN



Illustrated By: [RikaRini](#)

Page References: IW 13, 59-63, 65, 98, 108-114, 139-141, 150-151, 166-168, 171, 179-180, 232-236

The hag in the woods can grant you your wildest dreams, but if you cross her, those dreams will become a nightmare. And you'll never wake up.

Dearest Gran has her own statblock in this book (IW 232).

Appearance. A crooked old woman in simple clothes, wielding a disarmingly kind smile like a carving knife.

Voice. Her voice is like that of a traditional fairy-tale witch, all scratchy and cackly and manic, though her words are always sober and dangerous.

Personality. Dearest Gran has no issues whatsoever with enslaving others to her will, and she will often lazily use her servants for simple tasks. She dotters around like a harmless old woman most of the time, but if she is crossed, her wrath is absolute.

Ideal. Dearest Gran despises a cheater. (Neutral)

Bond. Her most powerful magic comes from a coven between her and her two sisters, **night hags** (MM 178) that have retreated to the Nine Hells and mostly ignore her. She resents her sisters but dares not confront them for fear of losing her powers.

Flaw. While she cannot explicitly be said to be evil, Dearest Gran is typical of the immorality of hags, having no issues with stealing children, enslaving people against their will, and sending people hurtling into horrors worse than death.

MAGPIE RAVENWING



Illustrated By: [RikaRini](#)

Page References: IW 143-146

Magpie is a teenage dwarven girl with the stars in her eyes. She grew up convinced that she was never truly an only child, and that her seven brothers had been whisked away to some far-off land. Turns out she was right.

Magpie can be represented by a teen (NPC 237) dwarf (IW 188) **courtier** (NPC 207).

Appearance. A dwarven girl with the start of a beard growing on her chin. She has the feather of a magpie tucked behind her ear. Her eyes are wide in search for a new dawn.

Voice. A rough Scottish accent that tends to trail off, as if in a dream.

Personality. Filled with the overwhelming urge to explore. She relies on metaphors and emotions to explain herself.

Ideal. She who wanders is not lost. (Chaotic Good)

Bond. My parents kept the existence of my seven raven brothers from me.

Flaw. I put more stock in dreams than reality.

ANHAERN LEPORIDA



Illustrated By: [RikaRini](#)

Page References: IW 148-152

Anhaern Leporida was once the princess of a beautiful eladrin kingdom. Her father made a deal with a hag and earned himself a castle in the dark underground to die in. She has spent the last hundred years grieving what is lost by taking the form of a rabbit and distracting herself with only the fulfillment of simple needs, but after falling in love with a human, she has found a new purpose in life.

Anhaern can be represented by an eladrin (IW 188) **liminal druid** (NPC 71) statblock.

Appearance. Anhaern is a beautiful eladrin princess with icy skin and hair like snowdrifts. Her time as a jackrabbit has permanently given her long, drooping rabbit ears. She is stricken with grief.

Voice. Blustery with emotion.

Personality. Like all eladrin, I feel emotions more deeply, more truly than other races. But I envy the dead, who feel nothing at all. The dead should be respected for that.

Ideal. Soulmates. I believe that everyone has their one true love waiting for them somewhere. (Chaotic Good)

Bond. I fell in love with Jacob Pleasant, a human from Endercoast. I invited him into the Feywild to marry me, but he died.

Flaw. I forget how fragile human lives truly are.

JILWOCKY NIFTYWOOP

Page References: IW 13, 35, 52, 151

Despite his diminutive size, Jilwocky is a dangerous force to be reckoned with. It was his savvy that allowed the Sylvan Gardens to remain as large and impressive as they are in the middle of an otherwise industrial city.

Jilwocky can help the party enter the Feywild. On a fullmoon, he will take the form of a wolf and ask the party to reveal to him a deep, powerful truth about themselves. Only then can they pass through the Shimmer.

Jilwocky can be represented by an **archdruid** (VGM 210) or by an **archdruid coven leader** (NPC 65).

Appearance. Diminutive, yet self-assured and powerfully built.

Voice. Gnomes have high voices, and he has a deep voice for a gnome, meaning he just has a relatively unassuming voice that hides a deep wisdom.

Personality. He always knows more than he lets on.

Ideal. The wilds can't be dismissed as mindless chaos.

There is a rhythm to them. An understanding you must reach if you are to survive. (Neutral)

Bond. Jilwocky lives in a little hill in the Sylvan Gardens with his wife and six kids. He's not available in the evenings because he always cooks dinner for them all.

Flaw. Jilwocky is extremely reluctant to use his power. He is afraid that he will be overtaken by the wilds and forced into direct service to Silvanus. He likes the pocket of lawfulness he has achieved for himself in Endercoast.

RITA BARNACKY

Page References: IW 13, 19, 40-41, 154-161

Everyone assumes the Saltine Herald has been publishing papers for a long time, but no record exists from before Endercoast came to the Feywild. No one can say that they have ever seen its editor in person, Rita Barnacky. In actual fact, she is a formless fey spirit that was trapped in Endercoast when it was teleported to the Feywild.

Rita Barnacky can be represented by a **banshee** (MM 23) if she is ever summoned.

Appearance. Rita will take on the form of a winter eladrin banshee if somehow summoned.

Voice. Rita is voiceless, only able to communicate through her newspaper. If fought in banshee form, she screams random headlines in a shrill, high-pitched middle-aged woman's voice.

Personality. Rita is extremely conservative and theocratic, an unusual trait for a fey. This is likely why she immediately became attached to Endercoast when it arrived.

Ideal. Rita is nothing without her new identity as a newspaper editor, and if the city falls, she will go back to being a formless spirit. She only cares for others to the extent that they would make a good story in her paper. (Neutral Evil)

Bond. Of the four factions in the city, she often flip-flops in her biases, but generally likes the government and the Sentinels of Equity and hates the union and commissioner.

Flaw. Rita is inflammatory to a fault and can't resist publishing attack pieces of even those who should be on her side.

MATTHEW

Page References: IW 13, 17, 24, 32, 36, 38-39, 41

Matthew is the owner of a large adventuring shop in Endercoast where he sells all gear that any adventurer could conceivably want. He is secretly a powerful fighter/cleric, though he does not like to advertise this fact. A terrible curse prevents him from ever leaving his shop.

Matthew is represented by the **indefatigable** (NPC 77) statblock with the quick features of a **forge cleric** (NPC 53).

Appearance. A barrel-chested man in his mid-to-late fifties, a thin layer of fat over a thick layer of muscle. His curly black hair and beard is neatly trimmed in a Greek style.

Voice. Sonorous, with always a hint of amusement and interest in others' stories.

Personality. He doesn't get a lot of human connection locked up in his shop, so he tries to make conversation with his regulars wherever possible. He's lived a long, hard life with many twists and turns and loves to swap stories.

Ideal. He is a cleric of Hephaestus and values independence and freedom. He feels he lacks these things in his own life. (Neutral Good)

Bond. If he can break his curse, he may be able to return to the Plane of Fire to be with his one true love, a fiery salamander.

Flaw. He has little patience for those who rely too much on others. An adventurer should be effective even on their own. Specialisation is for insects.

SURRIC

Page References: IW 29-36, 56-65

Surric is an elf of indeterminate age and gender. They just happen to show up whenever the party is in need of direction. They seem to fit in fine in Endercoast, even despite their eccentricities, and in the Feywild, they are as free as a bird.

Surric can be represented as an eladrin (IW 188) **jester** (NPC 37). If killed, they just reappear later as though nothing happened, claiming to have no memory of the incident.

Appearance. They have big floppy rabbit ears instead of elf ears, and their two front teeth are almost too big for their jaw. They have a massive shield strapped to their back. The shield is made of wood, but its face is covered in thick black fabric. It almost resembles a turtle shell. The shield is an odd piece of equipment for someone without weapons and who is otherwise dressed in simple fabrics.

Voice. Casual, always delivered with a half smile and a roll of the eyes.

Personality. Subtle digs and jabs at the party, and an overall cynicism towards the world at large and the party's chances of survival within it. Thinks it's all a bit amusing.

Ideal. Humour is how we cope with the absurdity of an uncaring universe. (Chaotic Neutral)

Bond. Surric is secretly the archfey Cirrus in disguise. If the disguise is revealed, Surric's skin sloughs off like snakeskin, revealing a hideous mess of strings and pulleys within. The shield's fabric burns away to reveal the large wooden mask of Cirrus, the puppeteer. Even after the disguise is revealed, Surric will reappear at a later time for the party as though nothing has happened. It's still Cirrus.

Flaw. Surric offers nothing to the party but snarky directions. They never ask for anything from the party, either, so maybe it balances out.