

THE FRIEND FOLIO II

20 MORE SIDEKICKS FOR THE WORLD'S GREATEST ROLEPLAYING GAME

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FORMATING THE HOMEBREWERY



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DAAR

Black Dragonborn Spellcaster

Backstory: Daar grew up in a swamp far to the west where an old forgotten empire once resided. She always spent her time outside playing with frogs and spending many a night in the old willow tree. Her family were marauders who prayed upon caravans that traveled down the single road that ran through their swamp. When she was supposed to be training to kill Daar would sneak away to play with flowers and tap into the life magic that was all around her. One day, her brothers took her on an epic training mission, driving the cart for two days before shoving her down a ravine. Close to death the Goddess Mielikki came to her, the unicorn aspect breathing life and magic into Daar's lungs.

Personality: "We are going into another tomb? There are flowers to admire out here, the crisp air."

Ideal: "The world around us provides everything we need. I go with you because you are friends, but do we really need to be so violent about it all?"

Bond: "Everything can be cured, wounds, broken feelings, even those creatures people call monsters. We need not kill so much. They have been calling us Murder hobos."

Flaw: "I can not summon the black rage of my people, even when my friends are dying, I can't pick up a weapon even if I want to. I say it's principal but in reality, it's fear."

Pronouns: She/Her



ELLYJOBELL

Gnome Warrior

Backstory: As a small child all Ellyjobell knew was anger. Then she found Lliira the Goddess of Joy. Faith centered her, and she knew that forever she would love only the deity. Taking her martial training she joined the Six-Pointed Stars, a small force that guards the temple of Lliira. Before taking your vows, they allow you 40 years, for the longer-lived races, to live and experience joy in all its forms. There is no shame in not returning. Ellyjobell is five years into her sabbatical.

Personality: "Lliira found me, she centered an angry child. So, can I pass some of that joy onto you? Food, Drink, company how can I bring you into the fold?"

Ideal: "Without joy life is only anger, and that is pain and suffering."

Bond: "I have given my word to return, and I haven't a second thought about doing it."

Flaw: "Sometimes anger brings me joy, and then I feel crippling shame."

Pronouns: She/Her



ESCOBAR!

Human Expert

Backstory: Everybody knows Escobar, you know him, I know him, even my cat knows him. He is the biggest act that has ever performed in Waterdeep. Coming from humble beginnings in Greenest, Escobar wowed the music world by being the best singer that has ever been. He has hit a small hiccup though. See you probably have heard some of his *original* songs, especially if you are from those small towns in far off Meztica. Now he is on a quest to write an original ballad, to find his inner creative again, to write one last great song for the ages.

Personality: "I am Escobar, the greatest that there ever was. You are lucky I have decided to come along with you. I am lowering myself to be in this group, we shall call it Escobar and Friends."

Ideal: "The creative process can't be rushed, like by waking up at dawn. But alas you must go where the mood and the stories are, to find that spark."

Bond: "You are a fan? Then you are everything to me, a singer without a person to hear their music is like a lonely tree falling in the woods."

Flaw: "Okay so I didn't write all my songs, It's not about the words it's the music the feeling. Now they are Escobar's! So, do you have any interesting stories?" *Cracks open journal*

Pronouns: He/Him



FLAP *THE SOUND OF WIND THROUGH HIS WINGS*

Kenku Expert

Backstory: Flap was adopted as an egg by a group of monks who lived high in the mountains and practiced their art in peace. Flap would spend the time, when not training, standing on the edge of the cliffs his wings out, eyes closed, pretending to fly. Then the Talon came and slaughtered Flap's friends. He escaped, the last thing his master said stuck in his head, "Avenge us." On the hunt Flap makes friends everywhere he goes.

Personality: *Old man voice* "Love others and they will love you." "Return that which is given."

Ideal: *Female singing voice* "Way up high in the sky, I can feel free to fly. Fly toward tomorrow."

Bond: *reading voice* "Family is who you choose not who you were born to."

Flaw: "What good is a bird without flight," *kicking sounds* "Just a walking pillow."

Pronouns: He/Him



GILLYDD GOLDFINDER

Dwarf Spellcaster

Backstory: The Goldfinders were a prosperous clan, running a massive mine in the northern reaches of the Sword Coast. Their middle daughter Gillydd wanting nothing to do with mines preferred to live above ground. Her family tried to drag her back and she tried to cut them out of her life. Wanting to marry the Elf boy had been the last straw. Then the darkness reached out from the depths of Toril and pulled the Goldfinder's mine into oblivion. She ran and was finally at peace. Now she studies nature and roams the land. Her relationship with nature is forever, which is far longer than it was with the Elf boy.

Personality: "We can all get along and be one big happy family. But if you hurt the forest or rip holes in the ground for no reason other than unbridled greed, I'll cut you!"

Ideal: "The land around provides enough for us to survive in comfort. Taking more than that is immoral and will lead to the world removing us from it like we do a tick from a deer."

Bond: "No matter where I go, and I go to many places, nature is always there. The trees wave as I pass by and I wave back."

Flaw: "I can cut a person out of my life for the smallest slight and not feel bad about it. People are just trash we have to interact with."

Pronouns: She/Her



GOLDFEATHER

Tabaxi Expert

Backstory: Goldfeather's clan elder returned to their island when he was still a cub and brought with him the feather of a Couatl. Giving it to the young child, his path was set. As he grew up Goldfeather became more and more enamored with birds, watching them every chance he got, writing about them in his little book drawing what they looked like, always on the hunt to see a Couatl. If not for the opportunity to see such a rare bird, then to retrieve the treasure his elder talked about.

Personality: "You see the majesty of flight, that is what I'm looking for. What do you mean you can't teach me the Fly spell?"

Ideal: "We all have a hobby, some of us take it a bit more seriously than others, that's all I'm saying."

Bond: "This feather has brought me so much joy, but it is time to return it. So that it isn't locked to the ground anymore."

Flaw: : *Looking up at a bird, writing in his book, while the party is twenty feet away fighting Orcs.* "Hey ya'll come check this out, it's a Spotted Backdoor Finch."

Pronouns: He/Him



GROT SEER

Goblin Spellcaster

Backstory: Grot lives in a small hovel deep in the poor dangerous district of Baldur's Gate. The only people who come to see her are those who need to know the future quickly, usually to see if they are going to get away with or be the victim of a horrible crime. For you see Grot is Clairvoyant. Or at least she thinks she is, there is magic in her blood, along with so many strange herbs and enough booze to drown a pirate ship. Telling the future is a dangerous game, because it doesn't always cooperate, and at the moment there are quite a few people coming for Grot Seer because what she said would happen hasn't come to pass.

Personality: "You have come to see me, put out your hand, and the mysteries of the cosmos will be revealed to you! I am the seer! The eye of eternity!"

Ideal: "Everybody deserves to know the future. That way you can change it, see once you know the future it's not set."

Bond: "I stand by my prognostications, that said, I'm going to run from a killer. I saw them coming after all."

Flaw: "If I don't have my roots, and my rum in the morning, I won't be able to see the future. They open my third eye."

Pronouns: She/Her



HAGNAR

Kobold Expert

Backstory: Hagnar grew up a hatchling of poor city Kobolds, who took care of the sewer system of Baulder's Gate. At no point did the clan ever have more than a few coppers to rub together. During this time Hagnar learned to make traps and slip into and out of places unnoticed. One day while procuring some cast iron pots for a trap they overheard a great story about cultists collecting gold and a dragon. Kobolds after all are just small dragons. Maybe that is why they kept Hagnar's people poor. Because to become a dragon you need coins. Yes, to become big and scary and powerful, a real dragon, Hagnar was just going to need a gargantuan pile of coins.

Personality: "If you need it built, I can build it! Nothing keeps a good Kobold down. That will just be five gold for mats and 5 for my time. Now where can I cut corners to save money..."

Ideal: "Money makes the world go round, it's what turns a small Kobold like me into a Dragon like Kurtulmak."

Bond: "The Clan means more than anything. Once I am a Dragon, I shall lift them from poverty, and give them all piles to sit upon."

Flaw: "Do not stand in my way, Dragon's show no mercy, and I shall follow suit."

Pronouns: They/Them



IVELLIOS GEMFLOWER

Eladrin Spellcaster

Backstory: Ivellios was a summer Eladrin in the Fey Wild, living with his people moving with the hunt. Then came the day that he found the small pouch. There was an old feast table the forest had consumed and sitting atop a small mound of grass was a leather bag. Inside were three preserved fingers. Palming them he returned to the hunt. But as the days and weeks went on the voices started talking to him, compelling him to do horrible things, to murder his own. Before anything irreparable could happen, he was banished to the Material plane. Here the voice from the fingers grew louder, pushing him forward to look for the rest of his new master's parts.

Personality: "I'm ready for the Adventure of a lifetime, let's go and see what is out there." *My master is out there, my power, my curse* "Yes adventure!"

Ideal: Live free and let your emotions roll."

Bond: "I'll figure myself out, I'll control the wrong emotions, embrace the right ones, and go home one day."

Flaw: "The fingers ask me to do horrible things, and I don't fight it anymore."

Pronouns: He/Him



KILDRAK GORUNN

Dwarf Spellcaster

Backstory: Kildrak was a scientist obsessed with innovation, and as a wizard he was consumed with experimentation above all else. With a deep streak of superiority, he approached his apprenticeship in a way that all but guaranteed he wouldn't be loved. The trams were slow and old, he knew they could be better, but nobody listens to an apprentice. He could fix it if he was just able to get to the Great Forge, but only a Master can use the great forge. No matter, he was as smart as them. Slipping in one night, Kildrak started making his masterwork. Then the forge turned on him, a lever hadn't been moved at the right time, a stupid error to be sure. The lava consumed him burning away most of his body leaving a burned husk of a man. Slowly Kildrak, now exiled, has been rebuilding his body making it stronger, better.

Personality: "Listen you subhuman moron, I'm not going to explain this to you again, look at the board it's all up there." *Throws chalk across room.*

Ideal: "These are the arms that didn't work. Still better than what you could make for sure, but failures none the less. All steps to perfection."

Bond: "I will travel to strengthen myself and my craft. Nothing and no one is more important than that."

Flaw: "I don't think I am better than you, I *am* better than you."

Pronouns: He/Him



LYLE TOSSCOBBLE

Halfling Warrior

Backstory: Lyle was raised on the road, his family selling belt chronometers. It was a lonely life, and he spent many a night at the Taverns along the way. There he noticed that the person running the bar, always had a friend, new friends each night even. That is what he wanted to do, run a tavern. Lyle though doesn't know the first thing about running an establishment, and if he is going to do it, he was going to do it right. So, he hit the road heading to each and every tavern along The Sword Coast. Learn from the best.

Personality: "Hi I'm Lyle you probably didn't see me down here it's okay most people don't. I've got a question about how you brew your ale?"

Ideal: "There is no reason to reinvent the wheel. Creativity is overrated, doing something everybody loves and knows to a high degree of fidelity is the real challenge."

Bond: "I don't have many friends, so if I stick around for more than a few days, you're family."

Flaw: "I'm just going to sit here quietly; somebody will ask to talk. I just I can see what I want to say but I just can't say it, can't approach and ask."

Pronouns: He/Him



QUILLATHE XILOSCIENT

Banshee Spellcaster

Backstory: Quillathe came from a well to do High Elf family, city Elves. She loved pretty things, and the prettiest thing she could think of was herself, decked out and adorned with jewels and the finest dresses you could buy in Waterdeep. After that whole mess with Lord Neverember her family fell on hard times, and she needed to find new sources of income. Malcom was a nice enough man, a Lord's son, a knight, not to bright. Okay so he was brighter than she at first thought, and not nearly as nice. Malcom caught her stealing and in a fit of rage smashed her head through the mirror and dropped her body off at her parent's house. They rushed Quillathe to the temple, taking with them her favorite necklace that held a diamond of the quality to bring somebody back from the dead. As the ritual was cast and the diamond shattered Quillathe's soul balked at her jewels being used as mere spell components. The clerics lost control and her wrath found its way into the necklace and she became a banshee. Not attached to a place but an object.

Personality: "Um are your sure this is a good plan? Because like most of your plans this seems really stupid."

Ideal: "Aesthetic beauty is the only thing meaningful, and you must value yourself above all others."

Bond: "Just because my fate is sealed to yours doesn't mean I have to like it."

Flaw: "Don't walk away from me you know who I am.... I'm important...really..."

Pronouns: She/Her



RETTA

Tiefling/pink (Spellcaster)

Backstory: Mephistopheles had a plan, a plan to breach the celestial gate. He would bind the soul of an innocent to the spirit of a devil so tightly as to mask its putrid presence. Works of goodness and righteousness throughout its life would gain the soul access to the Heavens, and with it a spy for Asmodeus. They would need a child of good and light. Retta was raised by a devil cult, but her childhood was happy, and she was well loved. She was raised being told her life would have special purpose. That she was to do good deeds in the world, to help people, for what better way to mask the evil within than with a soul of purity and righteousness. One day everything came crashing down, as it often does for devil cults in Phandalin. With their dying breath the cult members helped their most precious cargo escape the adventurers. Now a small child in the woods alone though the process is not complete, sometimes the spirit of the succubus trapped within the small child gains control of the body, but it knows its task and still begrudgingly marches towards righteousness for devils are long lived and orders are orders.

Personality: "Hello I'm Retta, and these are my friends, we are adventurers!" *Yes, we'll do good things for you, altruistically? Is that the right word?*

Ideal: "I'm skipping and singing a song that I made up." *Oh if you only knew what the words meant in Abyssal.*

Bond: "Why would I want to be bad where is the fun in that?" *Phuff*

Flaw: *Darling, I don't have any flaws.* "Um sometimes I get angry and then shot the fire from my hands. I know I'm supposed to ask first."

Pronouns: She/Her



RISWYNN IRONFIST

Dwarf Warrior

Backstory: Riswynn's father was a high noble goldsmith, so skilled that his name was known from Gauntlgrym to Gracklstugh. In most societies that would mean his children would be set for life. Not so here. He gave his children nothing making them work for everything from the moment they could hold a hammer. Even when she matched him with smiting, the old man gave his eldest daughter only a head nod worth of respect. Frustrated with the inability to rise she left, only to find that the surface was just as harsh to a young Dwarf who could craft like a master but was only in her 40s.

She isn't indigent though, that isn't how she was raised. Riswynn just put her head down and worked harder, going out with adventuring groups looking for ancient magical artifacts so she could learn lost smiting technics.

Personality: "This isn't a laughing matter, this is serious. I need to know who put the hammers back in such a haphazard order. They go smallest to largest, graded by style. I don't mind you using them, but they have to be... why are you snickering?"

Ideal: "My father used to say, 'you eat what you kill with what you make,' so I'm going to get dinner with this sword."

Bond: "I'll earn my keep, you'll earn yours. We will make a good team." *Almost moment of emotion,* "Can you pass that hammer?"

Flaw: "I'll never be loved for just being me, only for what I can produce, what I can make."

Pronouns: She/Her



ROYBURT VOYAGE

Changeling, Expert

Backstory: Royburt is the greatest actor alive, and probably the greatest actor to ever live. Yes, he is a Changeling but that doesn't negate his skill when it comes to inhabiting the people he plays. That is just a selling point. A production with his name can sell out its entire run in a single day. When not working, he is on the town, enjoying the life of an actor. Currently he is working on a new play about the Heroes who prevented Baldur's Gate from falling into the nine hells. As such he has gone off to preform "Research"

Personality: "I understand the quest but what is my motivation? What drives the man to do delve into this dark pit of evil. I must break him down, then build him back to understand."

Ideal: "To be a person you must completely understand them, come close to losing your since of self."

Bond: "You fine people are just a different kind of traveling company, and a leading man is only as good as his supporting actors."

Flaw: "I can give a flawless performance every night, but please don't ask me to improvise."

Pronouns: He/Him



THROAX'NORAL

Dwarf Warrior

Backstory: Thorax Doranel was a timid, middling blacksmith in Gauntlgrym. He was a small cog in the expedition to the Underdark that sent to demon princes back to the Abyss. While there he found this hard steel fused into a skull. It called to him, and he snuck it back to the surface. He set about forging it into a hammer of pure quality, something far above his ability. The more he worked the steel the more it talked to him. Imploring a return to the Underdark, a trip to the old tombs, anywhere but the Dwarf city where they were. The Hammer finished Thorax Doranel set out and wasn't seen for five years. When he showed up again, he was different, changed, and holding conversations with the hammer.

Personality: "Thorax was weak, Noral is strong, together we are invincible! Come let us go to glorious battle. *I'm not so sure about that?*"

Ideal: "Those who get in our way get smashed." *I don't want to smash anybody. "We will only smash evil!" Deal*

Bond: *As long as I hold the hammer and do good with it, I'll be strong.*

Flaw: "Thorax is weak of mind and body; he might need to be hardened... or replaced."

Pronouns: He/Him



TYREE MACOMB

Human Expert

Backstory: Tyree appeared in Phandalin a year ago, fell right out of the sky. After hugging the first person they saw, the townspeople started to learn their story. Tyree came from a faraway land called Sokal'ye, where they traveled around playing music and embracing those who needed love and companionship. They don't question the grand design of the universe that brought them here. Strapping on their sandals and strange lute Tyree set out to bring joy and maybe find another portal that will lead home.

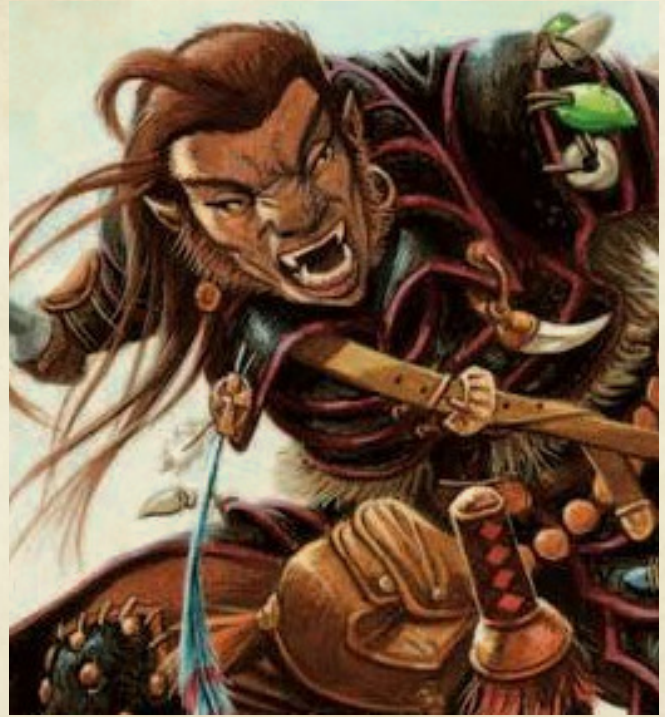
Personality: "We have to love each other man. Come in for a hug, it'll feel good. There see, relax and let it flow."

Ideal: "Music and fellowship are what will bring us all together. My mission in life is to go and collect songs and share their love across the multiverse."

Bond: "Once you are my compatriot, I'm loyal forever man."

Flaw: "I use pure optimism as a shield from actually connecting and solving people's problems because I'm not capable of actually processing my own grief."

Pronouns: They/Them



VARIS FROM THE FIELD

Firbolg Spellcaster

Backstory: Varis and her family were displaced from their forest by the Cult of Dragons and then a Giant attack. They settled in Waterdeep's Field Ward. Varis had trouble adapting to this new life, not understanding how these humans didn't share everything to keep the tribe alive. Her friends tried to explain but she refused to accept that this was how it should be. Captivated and inspired by the great Dragon Heist she set out to right this wrong. Using her druid magic she lifted money and food from the rich, distributing it to the poor. Quickly though she was found out and forced to flee. Now she adventures to gather cast off resources, seriously Humans waste so much, so that they can be given to those who have nothing.

Personality: "What can I do for you today? It's such a wonderful day Comrades, let us make the most of it. When we thrive, the tribe thrives."

Ideal: "It is abhorrent that there are a few who have so much, and many that have so little. This must be corrected; it is an imbalance."

Bond: "I might have lost my forest home, but the Field Ward and it's people are my new Tribe my new home."

Flaw: "The feeling of power and correctness sometimes goes to my head; I can take returning wealth to those who have nothing too far. Both in how I deal with them and the rich."

Pronouns: She/Her



VLARYN VUVAXATH
Triton Warrior

Backstory: Vlaryn was an outrider for her people for many years, scouting the edges of their underwater territory. She was one of the few that interacted with the surface dwellers. Then the Wizard came, he built his tower upon the Coast. Vlaryn watched in horror as his arcane experiments were discarded from the tower and started wreaking havoc on her land. Try as they might her people couldn't contain the destruction to their home. Vlaryn tried to go and end the magical pollution but the wizard had left abandoning the tower. Bidding farewell to her displaced people, as they looked for a new home, she set out to have her vengeance. Her Justice.

Personality: "You surface dwellers tell many of these jokes. I do not understand them. There is work to be done, be direct in your language, let us find those we are here to take care of."

Ideal: "People shouldn't cast things off, they should be cognizant of their impacts on the world around them."

Bond: "My people are everything, and they shall have justice, even if it takes my entire life to bring it to them."

Flaw: "Some days I push too hard, I don't stop to find new communities, I let vengeance cloud all other ideas."

Pronouns: She/Her



ZENDASHALEE VRAMMAZZA
Drow Expert

Backstory: Zen was on a mission for her sister who was the matron of the house. She was sent to the surface to kill two adventurers who had broken into their tower and stolen a spider statue for some ritual. It went sideways from the start, had been a trap. They were waiting as were the city guards. She only survived because that surface loving Baenre had saved her. That would have been bad enough, but the assassins had the mark of house Vrammazza, her sister had set the whole thing up. One the run now, she will get back to Menzoberranzan and kill her sister if it's the last thing she does.

Personality: "Get out of my way male, or I'll kill you. Then I'll kill the men outside until I get back to my sister, and I'll kill her last."

Ideal: "It's all about family, and when a bad mushroom is trying to spoil the barrel you have to cut it out."

Bond: "Once I put you on my list, only blood shall remove your name."

Flaw: "I forgave a man once..."

Pronouns: She/Her