

MARGOT THIMBSY

CHARACTER BIO

- Rock Gnome
- 2nd-Level Druid, Circle of the Stars
- Alignment: Neutral Good
- Motivations: Understanding the stars, enjoying nature

LIFE IN THE CITY

Rurrtuck wasn't a bad place to grow up in. I'm sure some people enjoyed it there.

It had five hundred gnomes and a handful of dwarves and halflings who'd lived there for generations. Then there were all the visitors and the merchants from big cities who had to pass through our canyon to get across the mountains. It made sense that it'd turn into a bustling little merchant town.

I'm still not sure why my parents settled there when there was a perfectly fine forest less than a mile away, just down the river. Ma made our living by shooting game in that forest, and Da spent his days hawking meat and pretending he wasn't a failed astromancer. Neither one was worth a damn. Least not in a town like this.

We had a cozy little wood house among all the others. Twelfth plot down on the third road. A single room and an outhouse for three people. Then the twins came, and the house got even smaller. It never felt like a home to me.

No, my home was that forest. I'd run through Merchant's Lane and cover my ears while all the big people yelled about their wares and their prices. I'd go deeper into the woods every day, marking my path so I could get back. I doubt if Ma and Da cared if I did. One less mouth to feed.

But I'd always come back. Someone had to take care of my little sisters, and it sure wasn't gonna be our useless parents.

Since I was born, I had a habit of understanding how things work. How the world works. How people work. I've never known how to explain it. Never needed to. I'd look at the sky at night and just know things. It was like the stars were guiding me.

If the stars told me anything, it was that nobody was gonna take care of me. I had to be the one to take care of everybody else.

GUIDING LIGHT

"Margot? Margot! Where's that girl gone? I'll string her up by her locks, I swear!"

I heard Ma calling for me as I left again. Matilda and Marietta were old enough now to help with the chores, and you'd think she'd know by now that I always left for the woods before sunset. The lights of the city drowned out the stars.



GNOME GIRL
SHASHASART

I ran along the river and saw that it flowed extra frantic today from the spring snowmelt. My pack waddled back and forth in tandem with my curls in the warm evening air. Perfect weather for what was coming. If Da's astrological charts were right, tonight would be a great show.

I tried to temper my expectations. The charts were rarely right.

Even still, a meteor shower! The first one of the year. If I was lucky, I'd see a few each hour.

I reached my favorite spot and laid out a cozy green blanket among the sunflowers, just having sprouted a few days ago. They still leaned west from the evening sun. I sniffed one before plucking a few petals to put in my hair. They looked better on me, anyway.

Breathing in the air, I relaxed on my back in the dark and watched the sky. The first star appeared. Then the next. Then ten more. I counted them one by one, like always.

I dreamed of worlds up there in the sky with people just like me on them, looking back down. Maybe they had forests there, too.

A noise startled me from wonder.

I looked left and saw a fox meandering through the flowers. It seemed to pay me no mind. A male, based on the breadth of the head.

"Hey, little man. Whatcha doin'?" I asked, smiling at him. "Come to see the stars with me tonight?"

He drew a little closer, gentler than most foxes. Probably just had a meal.

I noticed the fur pattern on his face just then. A white outline around his right eye. It looked like a monocle. I let loose a giggle, imagining a scholar in a fox's body.

He seemed to like the sound. He nestled up on my blanket and curled into a crescent, glancing at the sky.

"Okay, we'll watch together," I told him, still smirking.

We spent the next hour counting the shooting stars as they fell west toward the mountain. I'd hoped to see a few, but instead we were met with dozens.

One lingered in the sky for a while. It moved slowly and grew in size. After a minute, I realized it was way bigger than it should've been.

My eyes widened as it grew faster and faster until I could see detail on it. It burned bright and flashed yellow, searing the sky as it slammed into the mountain above Rurrtuck.

The fox was startled. It leapt to its feet and ran toward the mountain.

"Hey!" I called out to the little creature. He turned his head as if to beckon me over, then ran off again into the trees.

I followed as fast as I could. He was always ahead of me, but I never lost sight of him. We raced through the trees and up the mountain path toward the fallen star.

"I guess no one else is interested," I said, heaving for breath as we stopped momentarily. Not another person around for a mile. The mountain was empty.

Both of us walked the rest of the way, climbing with sore legs. We refused to stop, though. Something drew us there. Guided us.

We reached the impact point halfway up the mountain. There in a crater, it burned. A glowing, twinkling metal.

"There's no heat," I said, not understanding. I approached and reached out a hand. "The flames aren't hot."

The fox looked at me quizzically. He sat down on his haunches and waited.

I paced forward, unafraid. The rock burned bright, but as I reached to touch it, I knew it wouldn't harm me. I held it in my hand and felt its power.

Something flowed into me. A knowledge. An understanding. I lacked the words to describe it.

At that moment, I knew things that had eluded me my entire life. I understood celestial mechanics. The movement of planets. The lunar cycles. The nature of the stars themselves.

The entire universe opened itself to me, and there was so much more to be learned.

I looked to the fox, still sitting on the ground. He seemed to smile before fading away into the night, turning into floating stars himself before joining the sky.

"Thanks, friend," I said, still gripping the shining rock. The glow gently faded, but I knew its power remained in me.

As I stood on the mountain, other shooting stars fell. I watched them impact on the horizon all around me. So many stars hitting the earth, just like mine.

Walking back to my grove, I knew it was time to leave my home. Those other fallen stars called to me. I needed to know why they chose me. I needed to know their secrets.

The secrets of the stars.

ALIGNMENT AND ROLEPLAY

Margot's origin has her becoming a druid in a mysterious way, as many do. Whether her power was granted by happenstance or prophecy, she longs to understand it.

She's a good person at heart, despite her misgivings toward her home life and situation. As druids tend to revere balance, she'll likely draw her ethics from her newfound place in the world and her morals from her family. She truly believes the universe is meant for good and that the stars guide us all to a better future. This sense of hope embodies Neutral Good.

That doesn't mean she's locked into this, however. She might experience pain and sorrow through her adventure that will change the way she feels. If Margot leans into the violence of Wild Shape, taking on the Dragon form granted by her celestial alignment and using her Star Map powers to punish people who aren't necessarily evil, she might dip more toward True Neutral or even into Chaotic Neutral if she falls far enough.

However, if Margot decides to use her star powers to aid and channels her Chalice magic into healing, Margot can be a strong force for good. As always with druids, maintaining balance is important. What that means is up to you.

The key to roleplaying Margot will be to lean on her wisdom as her confidence. She understands how things work, and this intuition is guided by the stars. This means that she understands not just nature, but the nature of people. Make use of Insight, Survival, and Perception to walk her path, and once she makes a decision, don't falter in that. She might not be as studied as a scholar or a tactician, but wisdom and experience can be powerful teachers.

Margot's necklace is more than just a keepsake. Ask your DM about integrating this magic item into your campaign.

STAR PENDANT

Wondrous item, Uncommon

This chainmail necklace is crafted from a fallen star. It counts as a druidic focus when worn or held.

While the pendant is worn, a druid who is a member of the Circle of the Stars can use it in place of their Star Map for purposes of casting druid spells and using the feature to cast Guiding Bolt.

DRUID STAR MAP
AMANDA FREIX

