

# High Priest Aldomar Sunweald

**Class:** Cleric 16 **Race:** Human (Weohstan) **Background:** Acolyte **Alignment:** Lawful Good  
**Age:** 61 **Gender:** Male **Height:** 5ft 11in

<b>10</b> Armor Class	<b>1</b> Hit Points	<b>30 ft</b> Speed	<b>+0</b> Initiative	<b>+2</b> Prof. Bonus	<b>10</b> Passive Perc.
<b>STR 10</b> +0	<b>DEX 10</b> +0	<b>CON 10</b> +0	<b>INT 10</b> +0	<b>WIS 10</b> +0	<b>CHA 10</b> +0

## Saving Throws

- +2 Strength
- +2 Dexterity
- +2 Constitution
- +2 Intelligence
- +2 Wisdom
- +2 Charisma

## Skills

- +0 Acrobatics (DEX)
- +0 Animal Handling (WIS)
- +0 Arcana (INT)
- +0 Athletics (STR)
- +0 Deception (CHA)
- +0 History (INT)
- +0 Insight (WIS)
- +0 Intimidation (CHA)
- +0 Investigation (INT)
- +0 Medicine (WIS)
- +0 Nature (INT)
- +0 Perception (WIS)
- +0 Performance (CHA)
- +0 Persuasion (CHA)
- +0 Religion (INT)
- +0 Sleight of Hand (DEX)
- +0 Stealth (DEX)
- +0 Survival (WIS)

## Personality

Personality Traits	Ideals
Direct, warm, pastorally skilled. Currently discovering none of those skills are adequate to what he is holding.	The light of Solgarde is the light of truth -- a belief now strained past anything he was prepared for.
Bonds	Flaws
Solgarde, the Temple, and Caernguard. His loyalty to the god is total. His loyalty to the Temple is why he has told no one.	He will not break confidence with a god. The players must give him a reason to reframe disclosure as faithfulness rather than betrayal.

## Languages & Proficiencies

**Languages:** Common, Celestial, Elvish

**Distinguishing Features:** A man built for certainty carrying something that is destroying that certainty from the inside.

## Backstory

Aldomar Sunweald has served the Temple of Solgarde in Caernguard for forty-one years, the last eleven as High Priest. He was confirmed by Solgarde directly in a vision witnessed by three senior clerics -- unusual enough that no one in the Temple hierarchy has ever questioned the appointment.

He is a genuinely good man. He has done the work of a senior cleric in a major city for four decades: the funerals and the weddings, the quiet conversations with the powerful about their obligations, the less quiet conversations with the desperate about what the god actually asks of them. He is trusted by people across Caernguard's factional lines in a way that is rare and earned.

He is also, to anyone paying close attention, carrying something. There is a quality of strain around his eyes and jaw that his warmth does not fully conceal. He prays more than he used to. He is precise and careful in conversation in a way that suggests a man measuring his words against something he is not saying. Whatever it is, he has been carrying it for some time.