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trileah mcallistair

**2500 x 3235**  
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Image Dummy

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## Trileah McAllistair

**young adult Halfling**

**Chaotic Neutral**

**Level 0 Civilian N/A**

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**Pronouns -**

she/her

**Occupations -**

Bartender

**Armor Class -**

10

**Hit Points -**

9 (TODO Hitdice)

**Speed -**

25.

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**STR**

10 (+0)

**DEX**

14 (+2)

**CON**

11 (+1)

**INT**

11 (+1)

**WIS**

9 (0)

**CHA**

15 (+3)

---

**Saving Throws -**

**Skills -**

{ "Halfling Abilities"=>[ { "Lucky"=>"When rolling a 1 on The D20 for an Attack roll, ability check, or saving throw, can reroll the die and must use the new roll"}, { "Brave"=>"Has advantage on Saving Throws against being Frightened"}, { "Halfling Nimbleness"=>"can move through the space of any creature that is of a size larger than her"}, { "Stout Resilience"=>"You have advantage on saving throws against poison, and you have resistance to poison damage"} ] }

**Proficiencies -**

**Proficiency Mod -**

+2

**Languages -**

Common Halfling Gnomish N/A

**Adjectives -**

Gruff, Surly, Unpleasant,

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**Special Abilities**

**Special Equipment**

**Combat Tactics**

**Actions**

**Factions**

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**2500 x 3235**



Image Dummy

# Roleplaying

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**Introduction**

The din of dining and drinking succumbs to a surprisingly gruff voice of a surly halfling woman. "Ok, ok. Settle down!"

**Appearance**

She's mostly bald with a thick unkempt mustache and a five o'clock shadow, sloppily dressed and bags under her eyes

Expressions

*Git yer ale and grub in ya and keep it down. This is a classy joint*

*None can make this world better*

Mannerisms

Unusually surly and leathery for a halfling. Bald head, no eyebrows. Sleeveless tunic and tight felt jerkins.

Motivations

Not much motivation, really, besides trying to keep her patrons in order and keep a modicum of peace and quiet.

Passions

Peace and Quiet.

Secrets

N/A

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**Proficiencies -**

**Languages -**

Common Halfling Gnomish N/A

**Adjectives -**

Gruff, Surly, Unpleasant,

---

**Special Abilities**

- 
- 

**Special Equipment**

- 
- 

**Combat Tactics**

Will rarely initiate combat and will often flee if engaged.

## Actions

-

## Factions

# Roleplaying

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# Background Story

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Trileah grew up in a somewhat traditional halfling family, except they lived in a clan who had imbricated themselves into broader civilization and, consequently, couldn't exactly follow those traditions as they normally might have. A family of artists and musicians might sound fun, but it was all the sound that She reflects on with contempt. Trileah was born with a strange condition that impacted her body's finer functions: growing hair, sensory perception, etcetera. Her hair would grow in clumps and sometimes not at all. Her senses are not heightened but, rather, highly irritable. Particularly her ears. This didn't bode well in a noisy household and she grew a serious disdain for loud noises.