

# TRILEAH McAllistair

Young Adult Halfling Chaotic Neutral Level 0 Civilian

Pronouns: she/her Occupations: Bartender Armor Class 10 Hit Points 9 (TODO Hitdice) Speed 30.

STR DEX CON INT WIS 10 14 11 11 9 (0) (+2) (+1) (+1)

15 (+3)

my

Saving Throws
TODO Saving Throws
Skills Persuasion; History
Proficiencies
Damage Immunities
TODO Damage Immunities
Condition Immunities
TODO Condition Immunities
Senses TODO Senses
Languages Common,
Halfiling, Gnomish,

## **Special Abilities**

**Adjectives** 

### **Special Equipment**

## Combat Tactics

Will rarely initiate combat and will often flee if engaged.

### **Actions**

Factions

# Image Dummy

# ROLEPLAYING

### Introduction

The din of dining & Dirinking succumbs to a surprisingly gruff vo of a surly halfling woman. "Ok, ok. Settle down!"

### Appearance

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

### **Expressions**

"Git yer ale and grub in ya and keep down. This is a classy joint"; "None of make this world better"

#### Mannerisms

Seemingly always tense. Scowls. Eye everyone suspiciously. Offers goods seeming reluctance.

### **Motivations**

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

### Passions

Peace and Quiet.

### Secrets

# TRILEAH McAllistair

Young Adult Halfling Chaotic Neutral Level 0 Civilian

Pronouns: she/her Occupations: Bartender Armor Class 10 Hit Points 9 (TODO Hitdice) Speed 30.

STR DEX CON INT 10 14 11 11 9 (0) (+2) (+1) (+1)

15 (+3)

Saving Throws
TODO Saving Throws
Skills Skills Persuasion;
History

Proficiencies TODO

Damage Immunities
TODO Damage Immunities
Condition Immunities
TODO Condition
Immunities
Senses TODO Senses

Senses TODO Senses Languages Common, Halfling, Gnomish, Adjectives

Special Abilities -Special Equipment

## **Combat Tactics**

Will rarely initiate combat and will often flee if engaged.

# Actions

Club | Dirk

**Factions** 

# ROLEPLAYING

### Introduction

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

### **Appearance**

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

### **Expressions**

"Git yer ale and grub in ya and keep it down. This is a classy joint"; "None can make this world better"

### **Mannerisms**

Cell3

Seemingly always tense. Scowls. Eyes everyone suspiciously. Offers goods with seeming reluctance.

#### **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

# BACKGROUND STORY

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.