



3235
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Dummy

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)	(0)

CHA
15
(+3)

Saving Throws
TODO Saving Throws
Skills Persuasion; History
Proficiencies
Damage Immunities
TODO Damage Immunities
Condition Immunities
TODO Condition Immunities
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

-

Factions

2500 x 3235

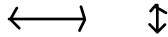


Image Dummy

ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

The din of dining & drinking 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

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

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BACK STORY

Trileah grew up in a small, somewhat isolated halfling farmstead. They lived there for many years, had imbibed themselves with alcohol, and the civilization they grew up in consequently reflected on their traditions.

Trileah was a strange character, impacted by the functions of sensory perception, etcetera. She grew in a noisy environment, sometimes senses are but, rather irritable. ears. This in a noisy environment she grew for loud r