

STELLA OF HILLTOP

adult halfling chaotic neutral Level 5 rogue; scout

Pronouns: she/her **Occupations:** Merchant **Armor Class 14** Hit Points 32 (TODO Hitdice) Speed 25.

DEX CON INT WIS

9 (0) 14 14 16 15 (+2) (+2) (+3) (+3)

CHA

13 (+2)

Saving Throws

TODO Saving Throws Skills Persuasion; Stealth; Sleight of

Hand

Proficiencies TODO

Damage Immunities TODO Damage Immunities Condition Immunities TODO Condition Immunities Senses TODO Senses Languages Orcish Goblin Common, Adjectives suspecting,

Special Abilities

Special Equipment

Combat Tactics

Stella is calculated about her tactics because of her lung condition and how it limits her endurance

Actions

Dagger

Factions

ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

Recommended fence for acquired goods; Rebel faction may recommend her place as a hideout

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Mannerisms

place as a filueout

Appearance

Expressions

Waif-like

Scratches her head in thought during transactions. Breathes very noisily, almost laboriously as though she has a lung condition.

Motivations

Residual income. Freeing township or city from tyranny. Keeping a secure hideout for rebels and antagonists.

Passions

Love and belonging (i.e., keeping a warm home or safe space for others with good grub and fine linens). Toppling dictators.

Secrets

Stella operates as a lieutenant for a local rebel faction

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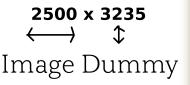
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BACKGROUND STORY

 Hilltop [Village; Town] is a quiet halfling town located on a well-used trade route. This has conditioned the population to become diverse in their skillsets and relatively wealthy overall compared to other halfling settlements. With all the coming and going of people and voluminous exchange of coins, goods, and services, people can get lost. When people get lost and nobody comes looking for you, well, then what do you do? A lecherous and ornery halfling grain and feed merchant from the nearby economic centre of Invasaad [Major City] was traveling through Hilltop with his "best employees", his three young daughters. The girls would heave the sacks of grain and feed on and off the cart or sometimes would be responsible for interacting with immediate buyers. In one transaction, the feed had been hauled onto the buver's cart whilst Stella - the voungest of the 3 sisters - was



bargaining for the first time with a crotchety old woman who couldn't afford to feed her goats. "I'll give ya two silver, nothin more! My husband has passed and we 'ad no children. I'm left to me own devices! 'Ave pity on an old lady". Remembering how her father would deal abusively with her sisters whenever they returned with less than he expected, Stella continued to bargain. In the meanwhile, her father, who had grown tired of feeding a third child and who had resigned himself to cutting down the weakest buffalo, had carried on in the cart out of town. Stella continued to barter, none the wiser, until the argumentative customer wouldn't budge. She looked back for her father's approval and saw no cart, no father, no sisters. Stella ended the barter, panicked. She raced around town thinking that her father had other dealings. He was nowhere to be found. Young Stella wept in the square. Eventually that evening a kind elderly halfling woman approached the weeping figure. She comforted her. Told her their were bigger problems. Bigger problems that needed solutions. The kind elderly halfling lady told Stella, "you're from where you choose to be from. You can be Stella of Hilltop". The name stuck and Stella quickly became a surrogate child to the people of Hilltop. Her father never did return.

PERSONALITY