

adult halfling  
chaotic neutral  
Level 5 rogue; scout

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS
9 (0)	14 (+2)	14 (+2)	16 (+3)	15 (+3)

13  
(+2)

**Languages** Orcish Goblin Common  
**Adjectives** suspecting ,

## Factions

"We shall replace the Queen with a figurehead of those with boots on the ground!"; "I will bring the best goods to the people so they can

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CHA



Image Dummy

2500 x 3235  
Image Dummy

13 (+2)	ROLEPLAYING			Cell3
	goods to the people so they can rise".			
	Mannerisms			
	Scratches her head in thought during transactions. Breathes v noisily, almost laboriously as though she has a lung condition			
	Motivations			
	Residual income. Freeing towns or city from tyranny. Keeping a secure hideout for rebels and antagonists.			
	Passions			
	Love and belonging (i.e., keepir warm home or safe space for others with good grub and fine linens). Toppling dictators.			
	Secrets			
	Stella operates as a lieutenant f local rebel faction			
BACKGROUND STORY				
<p>&lt;p&gt; Hilltop [Village; Town] is a quiet halfling town located on a well-used trade route. This has conditioned the population to become diverse in the skillsets and relatively wealthy over 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 "business 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 buyer's cart whilst Stella - the youngest of the 3 sisters - was bargaining for first time with a crotchety old woman who couldn't afford to feed her goat</p> <p>&lt;/p&gt;&lt;p&gt;"I'll give ya two silver, not more! My husband has passed and 'ad no children. I'm left to me own devices! 'Ave pity on an old lady".</p> <p>&lt;/p&gt;&lt;p&gt;Remembering how her father would deal abusively with her sister 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.&lt;/p&gt;&lt;p&gt;Eventually that evening a kind elderly halfling woman approached the weeping figure. She comforted her. Told her their were bigger problems. Bigger problems than</p>				

bigger problems. Bigger problems 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.</p></div>
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<h2>PERSONALITY</h2>
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