



## TRISTETH MULHOLLAND

Elderly Human  
Neutral  
Level 2/2 Rogue; Cleric

**Pronouns:** he/him  
**Occupations:** Gravekeeper  
**Armor Class** 11  
**Hit Points**  
35 (TODO Hitdice)  
**Speed** 30.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS
13 (+2)	9 (0)	9 (0)	14 (+2)	11 (+1)
<b>CHA</b>				
15 (+3)				

**Saving Throws**  
TODO Saving Throws  
**Skills** Gravekeeping;  
Embalming;  
**Proficiencies**  
**Damage Immunities**  
TODO Damage Immunities  
**Condition Immunities**  
TODO Condition Immunities  
**Senses** TODO Senses  
**Languages** Common,  
Dwarven,  
**Adjectives** Dim,

### Special Abilities

Uncanny Evasion | Cleric  
Spells: Healing Word,  
Guidance, Spare the Dying,  
Sacred Flame, Bane, Bless.

### Special Equipment

### Combat Tactics

Tristeth will, more often than  
not, flee combat. Should that  
not be an option he will face-  
off with the weakest opponent  
possible.

### Actions

Dagger | Fist

### Factions

**Order of Selune [Any Good  
Moon God]**

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## ROLEPLAYING

### Introduction

Leaves his post to find supplies at the  
nearest market; Often visits the  
alehouse for some grub and a good  
drunk

### Appearance

Lanky, with a curved spine and potbelly.

### Expressions

"It is what it is"; "Love", "Dear", "Ho",  
"Sweetie".

### Mannerisms

Sucks breath when cogitating; over-  
feeds pets with treats.

### Motivations

To keep those departed in his grave  
safe from disturbances and their sto-  
ries and cryptfaces well-kept and beauti-  
ful for visitors.

### Passions

Pet otters and pet raven; bastard son  
wandering The Chalk.

### Secrets

Created the world's first Ansible, and  
named it, too. Tristeth has colluded  
with evil necromancers/warlocks to sacri-  
fice the bodies at his gravesite to their deity.

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Evasion | Cleric Spells:  
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Spare the Dying, Sacred  
Flame, Bane, Bless.  
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Ansible, and named it, too.  
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evil necromancers/warlocks  
to sacrifice the bodies at his  
gravesite to their deity.

## BACKGROUND STORY

<p>Growing up as the son  
of a poor farmer can be  
hard as it is. Add  
alcoholism, abuse, and  
lecherous behaviors and  
you have the ingredients for  
an exploitative upbringing  
rife with imparted  
dysfunctional behaviors.  
Tristeth learned to put his  
focus on what he could  
control: whether or not  
small animals would live or  
die.</p><p>As this trope  
would suggest, Tristeth  
began with the family cat.  
He then began picking off  
birds with his slingshot. He  
would carefully examine  
these animals inside and  
out, learning their  
morphologies and organic  
composition. He would  
often bury the parts  
separately in what he,  
arbitrarily, deemed to be  
the "right spot".</p><p>  
<p>Nobody ever really  
found out about his little  
hobby. He covered it up  
well by always having a  
variety of pets that he  
cared for. Eventually,  
Tristeth came of age where  
he had to choose between  
laboring on his father's farm  
or venturing out on his own  
to pursue a different trade.  
The choice wasn't hard. He  
hated living there, as much  
as he adored a few of his 7  
brothers and sisters. He  
departed to a nearby village  
and volunteered for the  
coroner of the religious  
order of Selune [Any Moon  
or Good Goddess] and  
learned various respectful  
means of preparing bodies  
for burial or pyre. Because  
this religious Order  
preached the sanctity of  
bodies and spirits, he also  
began changing his overall  
attitude and strange  
hobbies. Eventually he  
worked his way into the  
position of gravekeeper for  
the Order and currently  
presides over their  
countryside sacred burial  
grounds. He and his one  
bastard son, abandoned by  
his mother, reside in the  
small townhouse next to the  
burial grounds.</p><p>  
[Optional] Tristeth is being  
exploited by Duergar  
Warlocks looking to sacrifice  
the bodies in the burial  
ground to an Evil Deity.  
Consequently, they have  
penetrated his mind and  
begun causing a sort of  
madness where Tristeth  
escapes to an astral realm  
that he calls, "the Chalk".  
The Warlocks essentially  
send his astral form to  
wander an endless expanse  
of near nothingness; only  
faint and fading chalk  
outlines of reality. In the  
chalk, he is faced with the  
spirits of those the Warlocks  
seek to sacrifice next. The  
victim convinces Tristeth to  
continue his supply of  
bodies. He then wakes,  
exhausted and wondering  
why sleep no longer  
provides him rest. He's  
begun talking to himself  
and exhibiting odd twitches  
and spasms due to  
exhaustion.</p>