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	CHA
10	14	11	11	9	15

Saving Throws TODO Saving Throws
Skills Persuasion; History

Proficiencies TODO

Damage Immunities TODO Damage Immunities
Condition Immunities TODO Condition Immunities
Senses TODO Senses
Languages Common Halfling Gnomish ,
Adjectives ,

Special Abilities Lucky; Brave; Halfling Nimbleness

COMBAT TACTICS

Will rarely initiate combat and will often flee if engaged.

ACTIONS

Club | Dirk

FACTIONS

TEST

2500 x 3235

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

BACKGROUND

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.