

# 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

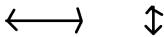


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# ROLEPLAYING

## 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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# BACKSTORY

Trileah was born to a somewhat poor family, a commoner who had lost himself in a civilization he couldn't fit into. Tradition might have been a fun, but she thought that she could make a better life for herself.

Trileah was a strange creature, one that impacted her functions: growth, sensory perception. Her hair was a mess and sometimes her senses are not as sharp as they should be. Rather, highly intelligent. Particularly in the way she bode well in the world and she grew up for loud noises.