

Age: young adult
Race: halfling
Pronouns: she/her
Occupation:

- Bartender

Class: civilian
Level: 0
Alignment: chaotic neutral
Languages:

- Common
- Halfling
- Gnomish

Factions:

Adjectives:

Armour Class: 10
Hit Points: 9
Speed: 30

STR 10	DEX 14	CON 11	INT 11	WIS 9	CHA 15
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Saving Throws TODO Saving Throws

Role-Playing

Improv

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.

Acting

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:

Vulnerabilities:

Skills:

- Persuasion; History

Special Abilities: Lucky; Brave; Halfling Nimbleness

Attacks: Club | Dirk

Combat Tactics: Will rarely initiate combat and will often flee if engaged.

Story

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 <i>sound</i> 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.