



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



Image Dummy

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
down. This is a classy joint"; "None c
make this world better"

Mannerisms

Seemingly always tense. Scowls. Ey
everyone suspiciously. Offers goods
seeming reluctance.

Motivations

Not much motivation, really, besides
trying to keep her patrons in order a
keep a modicum of peace and quiet.

Passions

Peace and Quiet.

Secrets

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BACKGROUND 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 *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.