

Age: elderly
Race: human
Pronouns: he/him
Occupation:

- Gravekeeper

Class: rogue; cleric
Level: 2/2
Alignment: neutral
Languages:

- Common
- Dwarven

Factions:

- [Order of Selune \[Any Good Moon God\]](#)

Adjectives:

- Dim

Armour Class: 11
Hit Points: 35
Speed: 30

STR 13	DEX 9	CON 9	INT 14	WIS 11	CHA 15
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Saving Throws TODO Saving Throws

Role-Playing

Improv

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", "Honey", "Sweetie".

~~Mannerisms: Sucks breath when negotiating, overfeeds pets with treats.~~

Acting

Motivations: To keep those departed in his graveyard safe from disturbances and their stones and cryptfaces well-kept and beautiful 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 sacrifice the bodies at his gravesite to their deity.
Vulnerabilities: His mind is in the grips of Duergar Warlocks and is falling apart.

Skills:

- Gravekeeping; Embalming;

Special Abilities: Uncanny Evasion | Cleric Spells: Healing Word, Guidance, Spare the Dying, Sacred Flame, Bane, Bless.
Attacks: Dagger | Fist
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.

Story

Up>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>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.

[Optional]

Tristeth is being exploited by Duerger 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.