

TRISTETH MULHOLLAND

elderly human
neutral
Level 2/2 rogue; cleric

Pronouns: he/him
Occupations: Gravekeeper
Armor Class 11
Hit Points 35 (TODO Hitdice)
Speed 30.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
13	9	9	14	11	15

Saving Throws TODO Saving Throws
Skills Gravekeeping; Embalming;
Proficiencies TODO
Damage Immunities TODO Damage Immunities
Condition Immunities TODO Condition Immunities
Senses TODO Senses
Languages Common Dwarven ,
Adjectives Dim ,

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

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.

Actions

Dagger | Fist

Factions

2500 x 3235



ROLEPLAYING

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 cogitating; overfeeds pets with treats.

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.

Background

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. 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". 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 Duergar 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.