

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

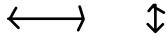


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ROLEPLAYING

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 adapt to. Tradition might have been fun, but she thought that she was better off in the contemporary world.

Trileah was a strange creature, one that impacted her functions: growth, sensory perception. Her hair was long 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.

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