

Middle Aged Adult Elf
Chaotic Neutral
Level 0 Civilian

Pronouns: she/her
Occupations: Bartender
Armor Class 10
Hit Points 8 (TODO Hitdice)
Speed 20.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS
8		13		8
(-1)	9 (0)	(+2)	9 (0)	(-1)

CHA
9 (0)

TODO Saving Throws
Skills Very Little
Proficiencies
Damage Immunities
 TODO Damage Immunities
Condition Immunities
 TODO Condition Immunities
Senses TODO Senses
Languages Common Elven
Adjectives

Actions

Factions




Image Dummy

A dumptruck of an elven woman brushes matted hair from her eyes, waddling over with a tankard. "Fuck it. On the house."

Resigned to fatty foods and alcohol
and it shows. Plain, unkempt clothing.
Missing teeth. One eye.

"Seen me other eye?" laughs; "The seas are generally unkind; to me especially"; "Piracy is a consuming art"

Waddles more than walks. Fixes apron to fit oversized form. Fumbles with most goods . Unapologetically burps and farts.

Not much other than getting drunk and filling up on fatty foods.

Very little besides feeding herself and getting wasted on cheap ales.

Secrets

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Combat Tactics

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Cell3

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Secrets

In order to take up an opportunity for herself, she goes to the boatswain's quarters, questioning the do-well's of a nurse, she realizes that she and her who work in the textile industry are equally as exploited. The surprising discovery is especially her discovery of a drunken person to land—as a quack person—been. But Captain plucking her as a prize, punishment and abandonment. Taking up and serving she could survive, Hylinn's frustration for a good food. It is disorderly many to haughty patrons themselves drives a business in the textile works — Dragon