

[Previous](#)[Next](#)

Hylinn Groveby

**2500 x 3235**  
↔ ↕

Image Dummy

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Hylinn Groveby

**Hylinn Groveby**

**middle aged adult Elf**

**Chaotic Neutral**

**Level 0 Civilian N/A**

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**Pronouns -**

she/her

**Occupations -**

Bartender

Armor Class -

10

Hit Points -

8 (TODO Hitdice)

Speed -

20.

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STR

8 (-1)

DEX

9 (0)

CON

13 (+2)

INT

9 (0)

WIS

8 (-1)

CHA

9 (0)

---

Saving Throws -

Skills -

{ "Elf Abilities"=>[ { "Fey Ancestry"=>"Advantage on saving throws againts charm and immune to sleep magic",  
"Darkvision"=>"Can see 60 in dim light as though it was bright light and in darkness as if it was dim light",  
"Trance"=>"Elves don't need to sleep. Instead, they meditate deeply, remaining semiconscious, for 4 hours a day. (The Common word for such meditation is /"trance."/") While meditating, you can dream after a fashion; such dreams are actually mental exercises that have become reflexive through years of practice. After Resting in this way, you gain the same benefit that a human does from 8 hours of sleep" ] } }

Proficiencies -

Proficiency Mod -

+2

Languages -

Common ELvish

**Adjectives -**

Plain, Disheveled, Gruff,

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**Special Abilities**

**Special Equipment**

**Combat Tactics**

**Actions**

**Factions**

Role:

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**2500 x 3235**  
↔ ↕

# Image Dummy

## Roleplaying

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### Introduction

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

### Appearance

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

### Expressions

*Seen me other eye?*

*The seas are generally unkind - to me especially*

*Piracy is a consuming art*

**Mannerisms**

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

**Motivations**

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

**Passions**

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

**Secrets**

N/A

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Proficiencies -

Languages -

Common ELvish

Adjectives -

Plain, Disheveled, Gruff,

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Special Abilities

-

Special Equipment

-

Combat Tactics

Will only fight if it's life or death, or if she's drunk enough

Actions

-

Factions

Role:

# Roleplaying

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## Introduction

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## Secrets

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# Background Story

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Raised by an abusive human adopted father, Hylinn developed numerable psychological complexes. Her self-esteem and normally natural capabilities as an elf were largely lost during this train-wreck of an upbringing. Abandoning her in a marketplace when she was barely into her teen years certainly didn't help with any of these damages. In order to survive, she took up the first available opportunity to support herself - a role as boatswain on a questionable ship of ne'er-do-wells. Over the course of a number of voyages, she realized these 'sailors' were second-rate pirates who would plunder minor textile and fabric shipments or something of equally laughable financial gain. The crew were, surprisingly, abusive - especially with her - and her disorders compounded. Fatter and drunker, Hylinn returned to land-based civilization as a quarter of half the person she might have been. But not without the Captain of the crew plucking out her right eye as a prize and also a punishment for abandoning the ship. Taking up various custodial and service jobs wherever she could in order to survive, or, rather, subsist, Hylinn focused most of her frustrations into her love for a good drunk and fatty foods.

Her numerous disorders, perhaps too many to count, helps haughty and self-centered patrons feel better about themselves and thus drives a decent amount of business to the barstools in the tavern at which she works - "the Dull Dragoon".