Hylinn Groveby

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	CHA
8 (-1)	9 (0)	13 (+2)	9 (0)	8 (-1)	9 (0)

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

Special Abilities

Special Equipment

Combat Tactics

Actions

Factions

2500 x 3235

Image Dummy

Roleplaying

Introduction

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

Appearance

Resigned to fatty foods and alcoholis and it shows. Plain, unkempt clothin Missing teeth. One eye.

Expressions

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

Mannerisms

Waddles more than walks. Fixes apr fit oversized form. Fumbles with mos goods . Unapologetically burps and f

Motivations

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

Passions

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

Secrets

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Special Abilities
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Cell3

Roleplaying

Introduction

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

Appearance

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Expressions

"Seen me other eye?" laughs; "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

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Passions

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

Secrets

Background Story

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".