

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	9	13	9	8	9

**Saving Throws** TODO Saving Throws  
**Skills** Very Little

**Proficiencies** TODO

**Damage Immunities** TODO Damage Immunities  
**Condition Immunities** TODO Condition Immunities  
**Senses** TODO Senses  
**Languages** Common Elven ,  
**Adjectives** ,

**Special Abilities**

COMBAT TACTICS

ACTIONS

FACTIONS

2500 x 3235  
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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

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

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**

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**

## **BACKGROUND**

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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".