

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
8	9	13	9	8

CHA  
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  
Special Equipment  
Combat Tactics  
Actions  
Factions

ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

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

Appearance

Resigned to fatty foods and alcoholism and it shows. Poor 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 gear. Unapologetically burps and farts.



## PERSONALITY

Raised by an abusive hum adopted father, Hylinn develo  
numerable psychological  
complexes. Her self-esteem a  
normally natural capabilities  
elf were largely lost during th  
train-wreck of an upbringing.  
Abandoning her in a marketpl  
when she was barely into her  
years certainly didn't help wit  
any of these damages.

order to survive, she took up  
first available opportunity to  
support herself - a role as  
boatswain on a questionable  
of ne'er-do-wells. Over the co  
of a number of voyages, she  
realized these 'sailors' were  
second-rate pirates who woul  
plunder minor textile and fab  
shipments or something of  
equally laughable financial ga  
The crew were, surprisingly,  
abusive - especially with her -  
her disorders compounded. F  
and drunker, Hylinn returned  
land-based civilization as a  
quarter of half the person she  
might have been. But not witi  
the Captain of the crew pluck  
out her right eye as a prize ar  
also a punishment for abando  
the ship.

Taking up  
various custodial and service  
wherever she could in order t  
survive, or, rather, subsist, H  
focused most of her frustratio  
into her love for a good drunk  
fatty foods. Her numerous  
disorders, perhaps too many t  
count, helps haughty and self  
centered patrons feel better  
about themselves and thus dr  
a decent amount of business  
the barstools in the tavern at  
which she works - "the Dull  
Dragoon".