



is my

# 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.

<b>STR</b>	<b>DEX</b>	<b>CON</b>	<b>INT</b>	<b>WIS</b>
8	9 (0)	13 (+2)	9 (0)	8 (-1)

**CHA**  
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. "Fuck 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

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# BACKGROUND STORY

<p>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.</p><p>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.</p><p>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".</p>