



# GRIEN SALOVAR

Elderly Elf  
Neutral Good  
Level 0 Civilian

**Pronouns:** she/her  
**Occupations:**  
Provisioner; Salve and  
Ointment Trader  
**Armor Class** 10  
**Hit Points** 8 (TODO Hitdice)  
**Speed** 15.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS
6	8	8	15	20
(-2)	(-1)	(-1)	(+3)	(+5)

**CHA**  
16  
(+3)

**Saving Throws**  
TODO Saving Throws  
**Skills**  
Herbalism; Survival;  
Alchemy; Medecine  
**Proficiencies**  
**Damage Immunities**  
TODO Damage Immunities  
**Condition Immunities**  
TODO Condition Immunities  
**Senses** TODO Senses  
**Languages** Elven, Common,  
Halfling,  
**Adjectives**

## Special Abilities

## Special Equipment

## Combat Tactics

She will avoid combat

## Actions

## Factions

2500 x 3235



Image Dummy

# ROLEPLAYING

## Introduction

From a shanty extension to a cluster of market buildings, a door creaks open. "Come in. Get well, my friends."

## Appearance

Frail build yet smooth skin, barely mottled by age. Crops of long, silver hair. Many scarves & textiles fold over her.

## Expressions

"You've got the smell of battle. I've got what you need", "Seal those wounds old Grien bring more than respite."

## Mannerisms

Hobbles about with a beautiful cane. Attention drawn away often. Folds and tucks the textiles wrapping her fragile frame

## Motivations

Grien seeks to serve the greater good the last years of her long life..

## Passions

Herbs, salves. Helping others.

## Secrets

# GRIEN SALOVAR

Elderly Elf  
Neutral Good  
Level 0 Civilian

**Pronouns:** she/her  
**Occupations:**  
Provisioner; Salve and  
Ointment Trader  
**Armor Class** 10  
**Hit Points**  
8 (TODO Hitdice)  
**Speed** 15.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS
6	8	8	15	20
(-2)	(-1)	(-1)	(+3)	(+5)

**CHA**  
16  
(+3)

**Saving Throws**  
TODO Saving Throws  
**Skills** **Skills** Herbalism;  
Survival; Alchemy;  
Medecine

**Proficiencies** TODO

**Damage Immunities**  
TODO Damage Immunities

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

**Special Abilities**  
**Special Equipment**

## Combat Tactics

She will avoid combat

## Actions

## Factions

# ROLEPLAYING

## Introduction

From a shanty extension to a cluster of market buildings, a door creaks open. "Come in. Get well, my friends."

## Appearance

Frail build yet smooth skin, barely mottled by age. Crops of long, silver hair. Many scarves & textiles fold over her.

## Expressions

"You've got the smell of battle. I've got what you need", "Seal those wounds. Let old Grien bring more than respite."

## Mannerisms

Hobbles about with a beautiful cane. Attention drawn away often. Folds and tucks the textiles wrapping her fragile frame

## Motivations

Grien seeks to serve the greater good for the last years of her long life..

## Passions

Herbs, salves. Helping others.

## Secrets

# BACKGROUND STORY

Grien has survived and witnessed many wars, local and national, in her 700 odd years. Over this time, she's grown tired of seeking wealth and those who subscribe to such a lifestyle. She's also abandoned religion and the Gods around which that institution has been fashioned, often jokingly dismissing them as nothing other than hallucinations of madmen in search of power. Over her many years she has gathered near perfect skills as an herbalist, practicing doctor, and distiller of fine salves, ointments, and potions. She is rarely without the support and oversight of her three assistants: Yemen, a young half-orc woman ostracized by her tribe who reveres Grien's wisdom and abilities; Tsk, an aging Kenku who has sworn his life to Grien for the healing she provided him when he suffered from a major medical condition; and Miles, a warforged veteran of the militia who fled the military of the nearby region and found peace and solace in Grien's teachings and in service to her and her shop. Grien sells medicinal goods, potions, chemicals, and provisions of all sorts.