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 (0) 13 9 (0) 8 (-1)

CHA

9 (0)

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 ow with a tankard. "Fuck it. On house."

Appearance

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

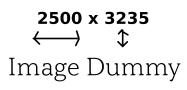
Expressions

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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

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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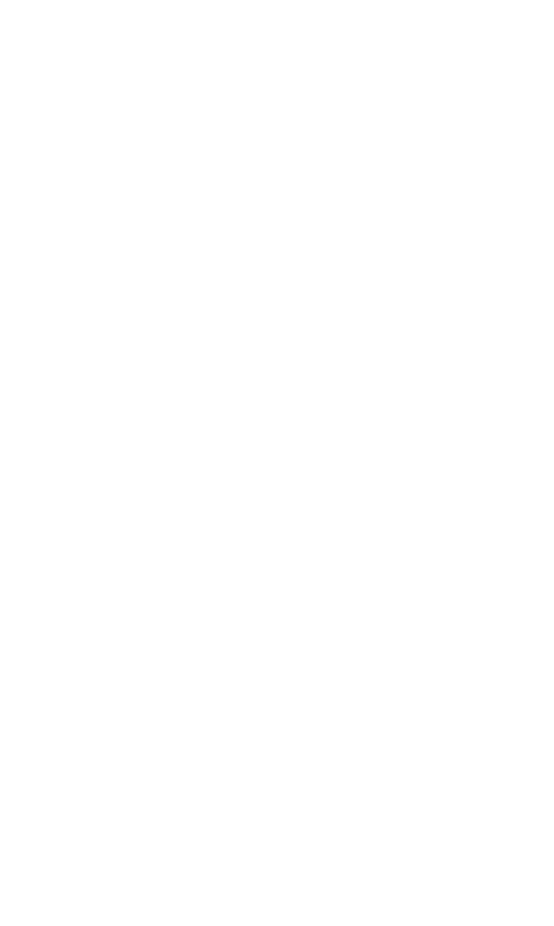
Passions

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Secrets

BACKGROUND **S**TORY

Raised by an abusive huma adopted father, Hylinn develop numerable psychological complexes. Her self-esteem an normally natural capabilities a elf were largely lost during thi train-wreck of an upbringing. Abandoning her in a marketpla when she was barely into her years certainly didn't help with any of these damages.<p order to survive, she took up t first available opportunity to support herself - a role as boatswain on a questionable s of ne'er-do-wells. Over the cou of a number of voyages, she realized these 'sailors' were second-rate pirates who would plunder minor textile and fabri shipments or something of equally laughable financial gai The crew were, surprisingly, abusive - especially with her her disorders compounded. Fa and drunker, Hylinn returned t land-based civilization as a quarter of half the person she might have been. But not with the Captain of the crew plucking out her right eye as a prize and also a punishment for abandor the ship. Taking up various custodial and service j wherever she could in order to survive, or, rather, subsist, Hy focused most of her frustration into her love for a good drunk fatty foods. Her numerous disorders, perhaps too many to count, helps haughty and selfcentered patrons feel better about themselves and thus dri a decent amount of business to the barstools in the tavern at which she works - "the Dull Dragoon".



PERSONALITY

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