

[Previous](#)[Next](#)

grien saloven

2500 x 3235
↔ ↕

Image Dummy

Grien Salovar

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

6 (-2)

DEX

8 (-1)

CON

8 (-1)

INT

15 (+3)

WIS

20 (+5)

CHA

16 (+3)

Saving Throws -

Skills -

Herbalism; Survival; Alchemy; Medecine

Proficiencies -

Proficiency Mod -

+2

Languages -

Elven Common Halfling

Adjectives -

Special Abilities

Special Equipment

Combat Tactics

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. 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

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

6 (-2)

DEX

8 (-1)

CON

8 (-1)

INT

15 (+3)

WIS

20 (+5)

CHA

16 (+3)

Saving Throws -

Saving Throws -

Skills -

Herbalism; Survival; Alchemy; Medecine

Proficiencies -

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.