

Age: middle aged adult

Race: elf

Pronouns: she/her

Occupation:

- Bartender

Class: civilian

Level: 0

Alignment: chaotic neutral

Languages:

- Common
- Elven

Factions:

Adjectives:

Armour Class: 10

Hit Points: 8

Speed: 20

STR 8

DEX 9

CON 13

INT 9

WIS 8

CHA 9

Saving Throws TODO Saving Throws

# Role-Playing

## Improv

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

~~Foodies with most goods. Trapezeingetically bumps and farts.~~

## Acting

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:

Vulnerabilities:

Skills:

- Very Little

Special Abilities:

Attacks:

Combat Tactics:

# 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>

