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Image Dummy

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 (-1)	9 (0)	13 (+2)	9 (0)	8 (-1)

CHA
9 (0)

Saving Throws TODO Saving Throws
Skills Very Little
Proficiencies
Damage Immunities

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ROLEPLAYING

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.

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Proficiencies TODO
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TODO Damage Immunities
Condition Immunities
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Senses TODO Senses
Languages Common Elven ,
Adjectives ,

Special Abilities
Special Equipment
Combat Tactics
Actions
Factions

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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 consummation of art"

Mannerisms

Immunity Immunities
Damage Immunities
Condition Immunities
Senses
Languages
Adjectives

Special Abilities

Special Equipment

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Factions

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 in 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 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>

PERSONALITY