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Grien Salovar

GRIEN SALOVAR

Elderly Elf  
Neutral Good  
Level 0 Civilian N/A

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

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
6 (-2)	8 (-1)	8 (-1)	15 (+3)	20 (+5)	16 (+3)

**Saving Throws** -  
**Skills** -  
{ "Elf Abilities"=>[{"Fey Ancestry"=>"Advantage on saving throws againsts charm and immune to sleep magic", "Darkvision"=>"Can see 60 in dim light as though it was bright light and in darkness as if it was dim light", "Keen Senses"=>"You have proficiency in the Perception skill", "Trance"=>"Elves don't need to sleep. Instead, they meditate deeply, remaining semiconscious, for 4 hours a day. (The Common word for such meditation is "trance.") While meditating, you can dream after a fashion; such dreams are actually mental exercises that have become reflexive through years of practice. After Resting in this way, you gain the same benefit that a human does from 8 hours of sleep"}]]  
**Proficiencies** -  
**Proficiency Mod** - +2

**Languages** - Elvish Common Halfling  
**Adjectives** - Kind, Empathetic, Frail,

**Special Abilities** -  
**Special Equipment** -  
**Combat Tactics**  
She's too old to fight  
**Actions** -  
**Factions**

Role:

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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 and 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

N/A

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