

2500 x 3235  $\longleftrightarrow$   $\updownarrow$ Image Dummy

### PRIMO

Chaotic Neutral

Pronouns - he/him **Armor Class - 12 Hit Points -**12 (TODO Hitdice) **Speed - 30.** 

STR DEX CON INT WIS 8 12 11 11 16 (-1) (+1) (+1) (+1) (+3)

CHA 20 (+5)

x 3235

\$

Dummy

Skills -

Persuasion; Performance; Painter's tools; Calligrapher's tools; Woodcarver's tools **Proficiencies -**

**Proficiency Mod - +2** 

Languages -

Elven Common Gnomish

### **P**RIMO

Young Adult Elf Chaotic Neutral Level 0 Civilian

Pronouns - he/him **Occupations - Artist Armor Class - 12** Hit Points -12 (TODO Hitdice) **Speed - 30.** 

STR DEX CON INT WIS 12 11 11 16 (-1) (+1) (+1) (+1) (+3)

CHA 20 (+5)

> Saving Throws -**TODO Saving Throws** Skills -

Persuasion; Performance; Painter's tools; Calligrapher's tools; Woodcarver's tools Proficiencies - TODO

**Damage Immunities -TODO Damage Immunities** 

**Condition Immunities -**TODO Condition **Immunities** 

Senses - TODO Senses Languages -

## ROLEPLAYING

#### Introduction

A crowd bustles around a slender figure hands flowing magically over wet clay. "I love an audience", he proclaims.

#### **Appearance**

Sharp, remarkable features. Noticeably pauper-esque clothing. Short, wild brown hair. Too much costume jewelry.

#### **Expressions**

"Have you an imagination? Provide me something upon which to muse"; "Eons pass and at best we create war? Pshhh";

#### **Mannerisms**

Very flamboyant gesticulations pauses. Fingers woven, cracks knuckles. Winks often with expressive

### BACKG STORY

Prim Born Sa he had for CO imagina interacti serving seemed in the k summer through marketp a glimps displayir artist w paramou and sat sun.

Good beats sl He thou After prayer prosper seemed Salanar roaming small to his hom question and w prayers unanswe

"The respond Our pan disipline experier fecund i one replied. "Wei

grant Salanar "You high p resolute Bullshit,

trudging his duties

only I cou I'd giv That long shi and cl Salanar his slee

ancient

and an

Young Adult Elf Level 0 Civilian

**Occupations - Artist** 

# Saving Throws -

Adjectives -

#### **Special Abilities**

### **Special Equipment**

#### **Combat Tactics**

He's a coward and will always avoid combat, albeit with some regal excuse.

#### **Actions**

# Factions Artists' Guild

Role: The Order of Kiaransalee

NULEPLAYING

#### Introduction

A crowd bustles around a slender figure with hands flowing magically over wet clay. "I love an audience", he proclaims.

#### **Appearance**

Sharp, remarkable features. Noticeably pauper-esque clothing. Short, wild brown hair. Too much costume jewelry.

#### **Expressions**

"Have you an imagination? Provide me something upon which to muse"; "Eons pass and at best we create war? Pshhh";

#### **Mannerisms**

Very flamboyant gesticulations and pauses. Fingers woven, cracks knuckles. Winks often with expressive eyes.

#### **Motivations**

To reach such renown that none will ever forget him. To spread creativity as an alternative to war. 60s hippy-esque.

#### **Passions**

Art. Dismantling militant governance. Undercutting the role of the military in the goings-on of the Realms.

#### **Secrets**

He's sold out his family to the Order of Kiaransalee, an evil Elven Lich, in return for his talents. He's since haunted by undead. Elven Common Gnomish Undercommon

### Adjectives -

# Special Abilities Special Equipment

#### **Combat Tactics**

He's a coward and will always avoid combat, albeit with some regal excuse.

#### Actions

## Factions Artists' Guild

Role: The Order of Kiaransalee

#### **Motivations**

To reach such renown that none will ever forget him. To spread creativity as an alternative to war. 60s hippy-esque.

#### **Passions**

Art. Dismantling militant governance. Undercutting the role of the military in the goingson of the Realms.

#### Secrets

He's sold out his family to the Order of Kiaransalee, an evil Elven Lich, in return for his talents. He's since haunted by undead.

face su opal eye into marrow.

Quie more, be you wish Petri to wak

Petri
to wak
deeper i
You
pledge y
me thro
death.
The

The broad grand Sal filled v number of art panother and aga his hea hope to he alwayery be Kiaransa Whe

next n
was fi
confider
inspirati
demand
call hi
proceed
taverns,
streets n
produce
Little
he beca

undeath

and mo

sills, ar

while he