PRIMO

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

8 12 11 11 16

CHA

20

Saving Throws TODO Saving Throws Skills

Persuasion; Performance; Pain tools; Calligrapher's tools; Woodcarver's tools

Proficiencies TODO

Damage Immunities
TODO Damage Immunities
Condition Immunities
TODO Condition Immunities
Senses TODO Senses
Languages
Elven Common Gnomish
Undercommon,
Adjectives,

Special Abilities

Special Equipment

Combat Tactics

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

Actions

Factions

ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

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

Appearance

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

Expressions

"Have you an imagination? Provide me something upo which to muse"; "Eons pas

and at best we create war: Pshhh":

Mannerisms Cell3

Very flamboyant gesticulat and pauses. Fingers wover cracks knuckles. Winks oft with expressive eyes.

Motivations

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

Passions

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

Secrets

He's sold out his family to 1 Order of Kiaransalee, an ev Elven Lich, in return for his talents. He's since haunted undead.

BACKGROUND STORY

Primo named himself. Bor

Salanar Kholemdia, he had a

natural knack for cooking and

imaginative way of interacting

marketplace and caught a glii of a local artist displaying his

work. The artist was surround

by paramours and admirers a sat leisurely in the sun.< <i>Goodness. That sure beats

slaving in the heat.</i>

thought to himself.A

many nights of prayer for the

of a prosperous artist to what

through the small temple dist

questioned the holy men and

women why his prayers went

unanswered.<i>"The

selfishness. Our pantheon hor

experience and provides fecu

<i>"Well, who might grant me

wish?"</i> Salanar inquired.<

<i>"You. You can."</i> Tl

high priest responded resolut <i>Bullshit,</i> he though

trudging back to perform his

could have that life. I'd give anything.</i>That ni

duties in the kitchen. <i>If or

after a long shift stewing mea and cleaning surfaces, Salana

had a vision in his sleep of a

decayed ancient elf in regal re

rewards for such,"</i> one

notable priest replied.

God's won't respond to

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instead turned to roaming

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> Pronouns: he/him Occupations: Artist **Armor Class 12** Hit Points 12 (TODO H Speed 30.

2500 x 3235

Image Dummy

STR DEX CON INT WIS

12 11 11 (-1) (+1) (+1) (+1) (+3)

Saving Throws

Proficiencies

Languages

Adjectives ,

Undercommon,

Special Abilities

Combat Tactics

Special Equipment

TODO Saving Throws

Persuasion; Performance

Painter's tools; Calligrap

tools; Woodcarver's too

Damage Immunities

TODO Damage Immunit

Condition Immunities

TODO Condition Immun

Elven Common Gnomish

Senses TODO Senses

CHA

20 (+5)

ROLEPLAYING

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 pauperesque 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 60c hinny acque

2500 x 3235

Image Dummy

He's a coward and will al combat, albeit with some excuse.

Actions

Factions

war. ous mppy-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.

and ancient chain, its face sur with black opal eyes staring straight into Salanar's bone marrow.<i>Quiet you pleas for more, boy. I'll give y all you wish for...</i> Petrified and unable to w Salanar sunk deeper into the dream.<i>You only r to pledge your very being to I through life and into death.</ The figure made a bi gesture to one side and Salan mind was filled with an infinit number of beautiul works of a pouring over one another aga and again, and again and aga and his heart filled with the h to become the artist he alway wanted. His very bones agree Kiaransalee's terms. When he awoke the next morning, Salanar was filled w such confidence and inspiration that he began demanding tha others call him 'Primo'. He proceeded to fill the taverns, markets, and streets with his labor and produce volumes of Little did he expect, became haunted by undeath. Ghosts, wraiths, and more, pe around corners, over window and over his bed while he slee

PERSONALITY

Primo named himself. Bor Salanar Kholemdia, he had a natural knack for cooking and imaginative way of interacting with and serving others. He seemed destined for a life in t kitchen. On a fine summer's d he strolled through the local marketplace and caught a glii of a local artist displaying his work. The artist was surround by paramours and admirers a sat leisurely in the sun.< <i>Goodness. That sure beats slaving in the heat.</i> thought to himself.A many nights of prayer for the of a prosperous artist to what seemed silent gods, Salanar instead turned to roaming through the small temple dist of his home town. There he questioned the holy men and women why his prayers went unanswered.<i>"The God's won't respond to selfishness. Our pantheon hor the disiplined accrual of experience and provides fecu rewards for such,"</i> one notable priest replied. <i>"Well, who might grant me wish?"</i> Salanar inquired.< <i>"You. You can."</i> Tl high priest responded resolut <i>Bullshit,</i> he though trudging back to perform his duties in the kitchen. <i>If or could have that life. I'd give anything.</i>That ni after a long chift stewing me-

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