

## 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 avoid 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 brown hair. Too much costume jewelry.

### Expressions

"Have you an imagination? Provide me something upon which to muse"; "Eons past"

2500 x 3235  
Image Dummy

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## STR DEX CON INT WIS

8 12 11 11 16  
(-1) (+1) (+1) (+1) (+3)

## CHA

20  
(+5)

**Saving Throws**  
TODO Saving Throws  
**Skills**  
Persuasion; Performance  
Painter's tools; Calligraphy  
tools; Woodcarver's tool

**Proficiencies**  
**Damage Immunities**  
TODO Damage Immunities  
**Condition Immunities**  
TODO Condition Immunities  
**Senses** TODO Senses  
**Languages**  
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## Special Abilities

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## 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. 60s hippy-esque.

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## 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 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 the undead.

## BACKGROUND STORY

<p>Primo named himself. Born Salanar Kholemdia, he had a natural knack for cooking and an imaginative way of interacting with and serving others. He seemed destined for a life in the kitchen. On a fine summer's day he strolled through the local marketplace and caught a glimpse of a local artist displaying his work. The artist was surrounded by paramours and admirers and sat leisurely in the sun.</p><i>Goodness. That sure beats slaving in the heat.</i> He thought to himself.</p><p>After many nights of prayer for the aid of a prosperous artist to what seemed silent gods, Salanar instead turned to roaming through the small temple district of his home town. There he questioned the holy men and women why his prayers went unanswered.</p><p><i>"The God's won't respond to selfishness. Our pantheon honors the disciplined accrual of experience and provides fecund rewards for such,"</i> one notable priest replied. <p><i>"Well, who might grant me wish?"</i> Salanar inquired.</p><p><i>"You. You can."</i> The high priest responded resolutely.</p><i>Bullshit,</i> he thought, trudging back to perform his duties in the kitchen. <i>If only I could have that life. I'd give up anything.</i></p><p>That night, after a long shift stewing meat and cleaning surfaces, Salanar had a vision in his sleep of a decayed ancient elf in regal robes

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

### Actions

### Factions

war. But nippy-esque.

### Passions

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and ancient chain, its face sun  
with black opal eyes staring  
straight into Salanar's bone  
marrow.

Quiet you  
pleas for more, boy. I'll give y  
all you wish for...

Petrified and unable to w  
Salanar sunk deeper into the  
dream.

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 inspirati  
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

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after a long shift stewing meat and cleaning surfaces, Salanar had a vision in his sleep of a decayed ancient elf in regal robes and ancient chain, its face sunken with black opal eyes staring straight into Salanar's bone marrow.

*Quiet your pleas for more, boy. I'll give you all you wish for...*

Petrified and unable to wake, Salanar sunk deeper into the dream.

*You only risked to pledge your very being to me through life and into death.*

The figure made a brief gesture to one side and Salanar's mind was filled with an infinite number of beautiful works of art pouring over one another again and again, and again and again, and his heart filled with the hope to become the artist he always wanted. His very bones agreed to Kiaransalee's terms.

When he awoke the next morning, Salanar was filled with such confidence and inspiration that he began demanding that others call him 'Primo'. He proceeded to fill the taverns, markets, and streets with his labor and produce volumes of art.

Little did he expect, however, that he became haunted by undeath. Ghosts, wraiths, and more, peering around corners, over windows, and over his bed while he slept.