



# 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
(-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**  
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",  
he proclaims.

2500 x 3235  
Image Dummy

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### 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.

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## 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><p><i>Goodness.  
That sure beats slaving in the  
heat.</i> He thought to himself.  
</p><p>After many nights of  
prayer for the life 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.

<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.

<i>"Well, who might grant me my wish?"</i> Salanar inquired.

<i>"You. You can."</i> The high priest responded resolutely.

<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 anything.</i>

That night, after a long shift stewing meats 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 need to pledge your very being to me through life and into death.

The figure made a broad 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, he became haunted by undeath. Ghosts, wraiths, and more, peer around corners, over window sills, and over his bed while he sleeps.

## PERSONALITY