

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

CHA 20 (+5)

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**Saving Throws** 

**TODO Saving Throws** Skills

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

**Damage Immunities TODO Damage Immunities Condition Immunities TODO Condition Immunities** Senses TODO Senses Languages Elven Common **Gnomish Undercommon** 

#### **Special Abilities**

**Adjectives** 

# **Special Equipment**

# **Combat Tactics**

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

# Actions

# **Factions**

#### **Artists' Guild**

The Order of Kiaransalee

#### 2500 x 3235 $\longleftrightarrow$ 1

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# ROLEPLAYING

#### Introduction

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

## **Appearance**

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

# **Expressions**

"Have you an imagination? Provide I something upon which to muse"; "Ed pass and at best we create war? Psh

# **Mannerisms**

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

# **Motivations**

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

### **Passions**

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

# Secrets

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

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**Artists' Guild** The Order of Kiaransalee

# ROLEPLAYING

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"The respond to disiplined experient fecund re one notal

"Wel grant me Salanar ii "You.

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trudging b his duties

only I could I'd give an

> That long shift and clear Salanar h sleep of a elf in reg ancient c sunken w eyes star Salanar's

> Quie more, bo you wish Petri wake, Sa into the c

Your pledge yo me throu death.

The f broad geand Salar filled with number of of art pou another a and again his heart hope to b he alway: very bon Kiaransal

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