

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 pas

2500 x 3235
Image Dummy

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Painter's tools; Calligraphy
tools; Woodcarver's tools
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ROLEPLAYING

Introduction
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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

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 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 the Order of Kiaransalee, an elven Elven Lich, in return for his talents. He's since haunted the undead.

BACKGROUND STORY

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 as he sat leisurely in the sun. Goodness. That sure beats slaving in the heat. He 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 district of his home town. There he questioned the holy men and women why his prayers went unanswered. "The God's won't respond to selfishness. Our pantheon holds the disciplined accrual of experience and provides few rewards for such," one notable priest replied. "Well, who might grant me wish?" Salanar inquired. "You. You can." The high priest responded resolutely. "Bullshit," he thought, trudging back to perform his duties in the kitchen. If one could have that life. I'd give anything. 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 not
combat, albeit with some
excuse.

Actions

Factions

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.

and ancient chain, its face sun
with black opal eyes staring
straight into Salanar's bone
marrow.</p><p><i>Quiet you
pleas for more, boy. I'll give y
all you wish for...</i></p>
<p>Petrified and unable to w
Salanar sunk deeper into the
dream.</p><p><i>You only r
to pledge your very being to i
through life and into death.</i>
</p><p>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.</p>
<p>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
</p><p>Little did he expect,
became haunted by undeath.
Ghosts, wraiths, and more, pe
around corners, over window
and over his bed while he slee
</p>

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 risk to pledge your very being to me through life and into death.

The figure made a beckoning 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 work.

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