

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 16 (+1) (+1) (+1) (+3)(-1)

CHA 20 (+5)

> **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 **Adjectives**

Special Abilities

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 \updownarrow

Image Dummy

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 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.

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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Secrets

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Mannerisms

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3235)ummy

BACK

Born S had a cookin way of servin destin kitche day he local n caugh artist (The ar by par and sa Goodn beats slavi

He though After r prayer for prosperous seemed sil Salanar ins roaming th temple dis town. Ther the holy m why his pr

unanswere "The G respond to pantheon disiplined a experience fecund rev one notabl

"Well. me my wis inquired. "You.

high priest resolutely.

Bullshit, he back to perf

the kitchen. have that lif

anything.

That n shift stewing cleaning si had a visio a decayed regal robes chain, its f black opal straight int marrow.

Quiet more, boy. you wish fo Petrific

wake, Sala into the dr You or pledge you me throug

death The fig broad gest and Salana filled with number of art pouring another ac and again his heart fi hope to be he always bones agre Kiaransale

When next morn filled with and inspira began den others call proceeded taverns, m streets wit produce vo

Little of became had undeath. Go and more, corners, on and over h sleeps.