

# 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 Thro  
**Skills**  
Persuasion; Performance; Painter's  
tools; Calligrapher's tools;  
Woodcarver's tools

Proficiencias TODO

## Damage Immunities

### TODO Damage Immunities

**Condition Immunities**  
TODO Condition Immunities

**Senses** TODO Senses

**Languages**  
Elven Common Gnomish Undercom

## Adjectives

### Special Abilities

### Special Equipment

## Combat Tactics

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

## Actions

## Factions

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**2500 x 3235**

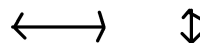


Image Dummy

## 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

2500 x 3235  
Image Dummy

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Persuasion; Performance; Painter's tools; Calligraphy; tools; Woodcarver's tools

**Proficiencies**  
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TODO Damage Immunities

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**Senses** TODO Senses

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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 like 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 success.</i> one notable priest replied. <p><i>"Well, who might grant me my wish?"</i> Salanar inquired.</p><p><i>"You. You can."</i> The high priest responded resolutely.</p><p><i>Bulls</i> he thought, trudging back to perform his duties in the kitchen. <p><i>only I could have that life. I'd give anything.</i></p><p>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.

</p><p><i>Quiet your pleas for more, boy. I'll give you all you wish for...</i></p><p><p>Petrified and unable to wake, Salanar sunk deeper into the dream.</p><p><i>You only need to pledge your very being to me through life and into death.</i></p><p>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