

2500 x 3235
↔ ↑
Image Dummy

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 -
Skills -
Persuasion; Performance;
Painter's tools; Calligrapher's
tools; Woodcarver's tools
Proficiencies -
Proficiency Mod - +2

Languages -
Elven Common Gnomish

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

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.

BACKG STORY

Prim
Born Sal
he had a
for cook
imagina
interacti
serving
seemed
in the ki
summer
through
marketp
a glimps
displayin
artist wa
paramou
and sat
sun.

Good
beats sl
He thou

After
prayer f
prosper
seemed
Salanar
roaming
small te
his hom
questio
and wor
prayers
unanswe

"The
respond
Our pan
discipline
experien
fecund r
one nota
replied.

"We
grant m
Salanar

"You
high prie
resolute

Bullshit,

trudging

his duties

only I cou

I'd giv

That
long shi
and clea
Salanar
his sleep
ancient
and anc

x 3235
↑
Dummy

Elven

Common

Common

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

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.

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.

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

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.

One and the same face sunken into opal eyes, into Sala's marrow. Quiet more, but you wish Petri to wake, deeper in You pledge y me thro death. The broad ge and Sala filled wit number of art pe another and aga his hear hope to he alway very bor Kiaransa Whe next mo was fille confider inspirati demand call him proceed taverns, streets v produce Little he beca undeath and mor corners, sills, and while he