

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 past"

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 H
Speed 30.

STR DEX CON INT WIS

8 () 12 11 11 16

CHA

20

Saving Throws

TODO Saving Throws

Skills

Persuasion; Performance
Painter's tools; Calligraph
tools; Woodcarver's too

Proficiencies

Damage Immunities
TODO Damage Immunit

Condition Immunities
TODO Condition Immuni

Senses TODO Senses

Languages

Elven Common Gnomist
Undercommon ,

Adjectives ,

Special Abilities

Special Equipment

Combat Tactics

He's a coward and will al

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 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 war. 60s hippy esque.

Cell3

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 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 and undead.

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><i>Goodness. That sure beats slaving in the heat.</i> He thought to himself.</p><p>After many nights of prayer for the aid 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.</p><p><i>"The God's won't respond to selfishness. Our pantheon honors the disciplined accrual of experience and provides fecund rewards for such,"</i> one notable priest replied. <p><i>"Well, who might grant me wish?"</i></p><i>Salanar inquired.</p><i>"You. You can."</i> The high priest responded resolutely.</p><i>Bullshit,</i> he thought, trudging back to perform his duties in the kitchen. <i>If only I could have that life. I'd give up anything.</i></p><p>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

combat, albeit with some excuse.

Actions

Factions

war. But nippy-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 sunken with black opal eyes staring straight into Salanar's bone marrow.

Quiet you please for more, boy. I'll give you all you wish for...

Petrified and unable to waken, Salanar sunk deeper into the dream.

You only remain to pledge your very being to me through life and into death.

The figure made a big 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, however, that he became haunted by undeath. Ghosts, wraiths, and more peered around corners, over windows and over his bed while he slept.

PERSONALITY

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.

Goodness. That sure beats slaving in the heat. He thought to himself.

After many nights of prayer for the favor 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 honors the disciplined accrual of experience and provides fecund rewards for such,"

one notable priest replied.

"Well, who might grant me what I wish?"

Salanar inquired.

"You. You can."

The high priest responded resolutely.

Bullshit,

he thought, trudging back to perform his duties in the kitchen. If only he could have that life. I'd give up anything.

That night, after a long shift stewing meat

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 art.

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