

Age: young adult

Race: elf

Pronouns: he/him

Occupation:

- Artist

Class: civilian

Level: 0

Alignment: chaotic neutral

Languages:

- Elven
- Common
- Gnomish
- Undercommon

Factions:

- [Artists' Guild](#)

Adjectives:

Armour Class: 12

Hit Points: 12

Speed: 30

STR 8	DEX 12	CON 11	INT 11	WIS 16	CHA 20
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Saving Throws TODO Saving Throws

# Role-Playing

## Improv

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.~~

## Acting

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.

Vulnerabilities:

Skills:

- Persuasion; Performance; Painter's tools; Calligrapher's tools; Woodcarver's tools

Special Abilities:

Attacks:

Combat Tactics: He's a coward and will always avoid combat, albeit with some regal excuse.

# 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 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 my wish?"</i> Salanar inquired.</p><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 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>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.</p><p>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.</p><p>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.</p>