

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
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

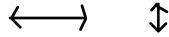


Image Dummy

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 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 the undead.

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BACKSTORY

Born in the heart of the forest, he has a deep connection to nature. He has a knack for cooking and a talent for imagination. He serves as a destitute kitch sumner, through which he marks the glimmers of displacement. He is an artist, a paragon of and a sun. Good beats slanders. He thought After prayer for prosperity seemed so Salanar in roaming temple down. The town. The holy why his p unanswe "The respond Our pants disciplined experience fecund re one notal "Wel grant me Salanar in "You high prie resolutely Bullshit, he trudging b his duties only I coul I'd give an That long shift and clear Salanar h sleep of a elf in reg ancient c sunken w eyes star Salanar's Quiet more, bo you wish Petri wake, Sa into the c You c pledge yo me throu death. The f broad ge and Salar filled with number c of art pot another a and again his heart hope to b he alway very bono Kiaransal When next mor filled with and inspi began de others ca proceede taverns, streets w produce Little he becan undeath. and more

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Image Dummy

