

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 12 11 11 16 (-1) (+1) (+1) (+1) (+3)

CHA 20 (+5)

c 3235

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Dummy

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 \longleftrightarrow

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 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

Motivations

To reach such renown that none will ever forget him. To spread creativity as an alternative to war. 60s hippyesque.

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 Kiaransalee, an evil Elven Lich, in return for his talents. He's since haunted by undead.

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Mannerisms

BACK STORY

> Prin Salanar natural an imag interact others. a life in summer artist di artist wa paramo sat leisu Goodne.

slaving in th to himself. After ma for the life o artist to wha

gods, Salana roaming thro temple distr town. There holy men an prayers wen "The Go

to selfishnes honors the c experience a fecund rewa notable pries

"Well, w my wish?" S

"You. Yo priest respon Bullshit, he th

back to perfor

kitchen. If onl

life. I'd give a That nig shift stewing cleaning sur a vision in h decayed and robes and ar eyes staring Salanar's bo

Quiet yo boy. I'll give for...

Petrified wake, Salan the dream.

You only your very be life and into

The figu gesture to o Salanar's mi an infinite n works of art another aga again and ag filled with th the artist he His very bon Kiaransalee'

When he morning, Sa with such co inspiration tl demanding 'Primo'. He p taverns, mai volumes of a

Little did became hau Ghosts, wrai peer around window sills while he slee