## **P**RIMO

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; Paint
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", h 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 upor which to muse"; "Eons pass and at best we create war? Pshhh";

#### Cell3

#### **Mannerisms**

Very flamboyant gesticulation and pauses. Fingers woven, cracks knuckles. Winks ofte with expressive eyes.

#### **Motivations**

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

#### **Passions**

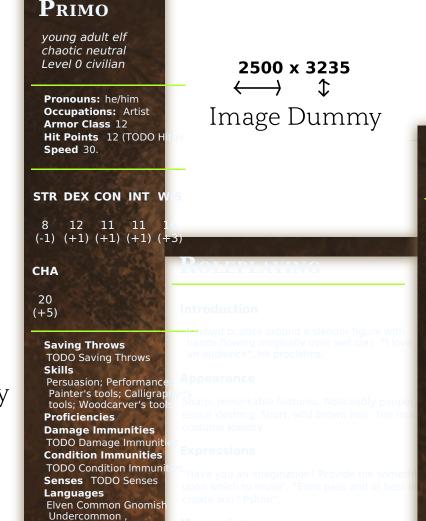
Art. Dismantling militant governance. Undercutting t role of the military in the goings-on of the Realms.

#### Secrets

He's sold out his family to the Order of Kiaransalee, an ev Elven Lich, in return for his talents. He's since haunted undead.

# BACKGROUND STORY

Primo named himself. Born Salanar Kholemdia, he had a nat knack for cooking and an imaginative way of interacting w and serving others. He seemed destined for a life in the kitchen a fine summer's day he strolled through the local marketplace a caught a glimpse of a local artist displaying his work. The artist w surrounded by paramours and admirers and sat leisurely in the sun.<i>Goodness. That sure beats slaving in the heat.</ He thought to himself. After many nights of prayer the life of a prosperous artist to what seemed silent gods, Salana instead turned to roaming throu the small temple district of his home town. There he questioned the holy men and women why hi prayers went unanswered.< <i>"The God's won't respond to selfishness. Our pantheon honor the disiplined accrual of experie and provides fecund rewards for such,"</i> one notable priest replied. <i>"Well, who migh grant me my wish?"</i> Salanaı inquired.<i>"You. You can."</i> The high priest respon resolutely.<i>Bullshit,</i> thought, trudging back to perfor his duties in the kitchen. <i>If o



Adjectives ,

**Special Abilities** 

**Combat Tactics** 

**Special Equipment** 

 He's a coward and will alternated to combat, albeit with some excuse.

Actions

Factions

Paysions

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 fo

I could have that life. I'd give anything.</i>That nigh after a long shift stewing meats cleaning surfaces, Salanar had a vision in his sleep of a decayed ancient elf in regal robes and ancient chain, its face sunken wi black opal eyes staring straight Salanar's bone marrow. <i>Quiet your pleas for more, bo I'll give you all you wish for...</i Petrified and unable to wake, Salanar sunk deeper into dream.<i>You only nee pledge your very being to me through life and into death.</i> The figure made a broa gesture to one side and Salanar mind was filled with an infinite number of beautiul works of art pouring over one another again again, and again and again, and heart filled with the hope to bec the artist he always wanted. His very bones agreed to Kiaransale terms.When he awoke 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 wi his labor and produce volumes o art.Little did he expect, became haunted by undeath. Ghosts, wraiths, and more, peer around corners, over window sill and over his bed while he sleeps 

# **Personality**

Primo named himself. Born Salanar Kholemdia, he had a nat knack for cooking and an imaginative way of interacting w and serving others. He seemed destined for a life in the kitchen. a fine summer's day he strolled through the local marketplace a caught a glimpse of a local artist displaying his work. The artist w surrounded by paramours and admirers and sat leisurely in the sun.<i>Goodness. That sure beats slaving in the heat.</ He thought to himself. After many nights of prayer the life of a prosperous artist to what seemed silent gods, Salana instead turned to roaming throu the small temple district of his home town. There he questioned the holy men and women why hi prayers went unanswered. <i>"The God's won't respond to selfishness. Our pantheon honor the disiplined accrual of experie and provides fecund rewards for such,"</i> one notable priest replied. <i>"Well, who migh grant me my wish?"</i> Salanar inquired.<i>"You. You can."</i> The high priest respon resolutely.<i>Bullshit,</i> thought, trudging back to perfor his duties in the kitchen. <i>If o I could have that life. I'd give anything.</i>That night after a long shift stewing mea

cleaning surfaces, Salanar had a