

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	CHA
8	12	11	11	16	20

Saving Throws TODO Saving Throws  
Skills Persuasion; Performance; Painter's 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

COMBAT TACTICS

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

ACTIONS

FACTIONS

2500 x 3235  
↔ ↕

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 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.

## BACKGROUND

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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 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.

*"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 my 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 I could have that life. I'd give anything.*

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.

*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 need to pledge your very being to me through life and into death.*

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.

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, he became haunted by undeath. Ghosts, wraiths, and more, peer around corners, over window sills, and over his bed while he sleeps.