

# **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)

20 (+5)

Savin

x 3235

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Dummy

Saving Throws Skills Persuasion; Performance;
Painter's tools; Calligrapher's

tools; Woodcarver's tools

Proficiencies -

Proficiency Mod - +2

Languages -

Flven Common Gnomish

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> 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

# 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.

# BACKG STORY

Prim Born Sal he had a for cook imagina interacti serving seemed in the ki summer through marketp a glimps displayir artist wa paramou and sat sun.

Good beats slither thousand after prosper of seemed Salanar roaming small tehis homogeneous and wor prayers unanswers.

"The respond Our pan disipline experier fecund r one nota replied.
"Wei

grant m Salanar "You high pric resolute Bullshit,

trudging
his duties
only I cou

I'd giv That long shit and clea Salanar his sleep ancient

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

#### NULEPLAYING

## Introduction

A crowd bustles around a slender figure with hands flowing magically over wet clay. "I love an audience", he proclaims.

#### **Appearance**

remarkable Sharp, features. **Noticeably** pauper-esque clothing. Short, wild brown hair. Too much costume jewelry.

## **Expressions**

"Have you 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.

#### Languages -

Elven Common Gnomish Undercommon **Adjectives -**

## **Special Abilities**

## **Special Equipment**

### **Combat Tactics**

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## **Factions Artists' Guild**

The Order of Kiaransalee

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face sun opal eye into Sala marrow. Quie more, bo you wish

Petri to wake, deeper i You pledge y me thro death.

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while he