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

CHA

20

Saving Throws TODO Saving Throws Skills

Persuasion; Performance; Pain 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 ave 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", proclaims.

Appearance

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

Expressions

"Have you an imagination? Provide me something upo which to muse"; "Eons pas

and at best we create war? Pshhh";

Cell3 Mannerisms

Very flamboyant gesticulat and pauses. Fingers wover cracks knuckles. Winks oft with expressive eyes.

Motivations

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

Passions

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

Secrets

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

Primo

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Image Dummy

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Saving Throws

TODO Saving Throws **Skills**

Persuasion; Performanc Painter's tools; Calligrap tools; Woodcarver's too

Proficiencies Damage Immunities

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ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

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"Have you an imagination? Provide me something upon which to muse"; "Eons pass and at best we create war? Pshhh";

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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

BACKGROUND STORY

Primo named himself. Bor Salanar Kholemdia, he had a natural knack for cooking and imaginative way of interacting with and serving others. He seemed destined for a life in t kitchen. On a fine summer's d he strolled through the local marketplace and caught a glii of a local artist displaying his work. The artist was surround by paramours and admirers a sat leisurely in the sun.< <i>Goodness. That sure beats slaving in the heat.</i> thought to himself.A many nights of prayer for the of a prosperous artist to what seemed silent gods, Salanar instead turned to roaming through the small temple dist of his home town. There he questioned the holy men and women why his prayers went unanswered.<i>"The God's won't respond to selfishness. Our pantheon hor the disiplined accrual of experience and provides fecu rewards for such,"</i> one notable priest replied. <i>"Well, who might grant me wish?"</i> Salanar inquired.< <i>"You. You can."</i> Tl high priest responded resolut <i>Bullshit,</i> he though trudging back to perform his duties in the kitchen. <i>If or could have that life. I'd give anything.</i>That ni after a long shift stewing mea and cleaning surfaces, Salana had a vision in his sleep of a decayed ancient elf in regal re

combat, albeit with some excuse.

Actions

Factions

war. ous mppy-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.

and ancient chain, its face sur with black opal eyes staring straight into Salanar's bone marrow.<i>Quiet yo pleas for more, boy. I'll give y all you wish for...</i> Petrified and unable to w Salanar sunk deeper into the dream.<i>You only r to pledge your very being to I through life and into death.</ The figure made a bi gesture to one side and Salan mind was filled with an infinit number of beautiul works of a pouring over one another aga and again, and again and aga and his heart filled with the h to become the artist he alway wanted. His very bones agree Kiaransalee's terms. When he awoke the next morning, Salanar was filled w such confidence and inspiration that he began demanding tha others call him 'Primo'. He proceeded to fill the taverns, markets, and streets with his labor and produce volumes of Little did he expect, became haunted by undeath. Ghosts, wraiths, and more, pe around corners, over window and over his bed while he slee

PERSONALITY

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