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primo

2500 x 3235
↔ ↕

Image Dummy

Primo

young adult Elf
Chaotic Neutral
Level 0 Civilian N/A

Pronouns -

he/him

Occupations -

Artist

Armor Class -

12

Hit Points -

12 (TODO Hitdice)

Speed -

30.

STR

8 (-1)

DEX

16 (+3)

CON

11 (+1)

INT

11 (+1)

WIS

12 (+1)

CHA

20 (+5)

Saving Throws -

Skills -

{ "Elf Abilities"=>[{ "Fey Ancestry"=>"Advantage on saving throws againts charm and immune to sleep magic",
"Darkvision"=>"Can see 60 in dim light as though it was bright light and in darkness as if it was dim light", "Keen Senses"=>"You have proficiency in the Perception skill", "Trance"=>"Elves don't need to sleep. Instead, they meditate deeply, remaining semiconscious, for 4 hours a day. (The Common word for such meditation is "trance.") While meditating, you can dream after a fashion; such dreams are actually mental exercises that have become reflexive through years of practice. After Resting in this way, you gain the same benefit that a human does from 8 hours of sleep", "Elf Weapon Training"=>"You have proficiency with the Longsword, Shortsword, Shortbow, and Longbow", "Cantrip"=>"Can cast Prestidigitation. Intelligence is your Spellcasting Ability for it"}] }

Proficiencies -

Proficiency Mod -

+2

Languages -

Elvish Common Gnomish Undercommon { "id"=>"artists_guild", "name"=>"Artists' Guild", "role"=>"The Order of Kiaransalee" }

Adjectives -

Insufferable, Smug, Haunted,

Special Abilities

Special Equipment

Combat Tactics

Actions

Factions

2500 x 3235
↔ ↕

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 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.

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Languages -

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Adjectives -

Insufferable, Smug, Haunted,

Special Abilities

-

-

Special Equipment

-

Combat Tactics

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

Actions

-

Factions

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Background Story

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.