

CELL ONEPRIMO

young adult elf
chaotic neutral
Level 0 civilian

Pronouns: he/him
Occupations: Artist
Armor Class 12
Hit Points 12 (TODO Hitdice)
Speed 30.

STR 8 (**DEX** 12 **CON** 11 **INT** 11 **VIS** 16)

CHA 20

Saving Throws
TODO Saving Throws
Skills
Persuasion; Performance; Painter's tools; Calligrapher's tools; Woodcarver's tools
Proficiencies
Damage Immunities
TODO Damage Immunities
Condition Immunities
TODO Condition Immunities
Senses TODO Senses
Languages
Elven Common Gnomish Undercommon ,
Adjectives ,

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";

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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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<p>Special Abilities</p> <p>Special Equipment</p> <p>Combat Tactics</p> <p>He's a coward and will al avoid combat, albeit with regal excuse.</p> <p>Actions</p> <p>Factions</p>	<p>Mannerisms</p> <p>Very flamboyant gesticulations and pauses. Fingers woven, cracks knuckles. Winks often with expressive eyes.</p> <p>Motivations</p> <p>To reach such renown that none will ever forget him. To spread creativity as an alternative to war. 60s hippy-esque.</p> <p>Passions</p> <p>Art. Dismantling militant governance. Undercutting the role of the military in the goings-on of the Realms.</p> <p>Secrets</p> <p>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.</p>	<p>ROLEPLAYING</p> <p>Introduction</p> <p>A crowd bustles around a slender figure with hands flowing magically over wet clay. "I love an audience", he proclaims.</p> <p>Appearance</p> <p>Sharp, remarkable features. Noticeably pauper-esque clothing. Short, wild brown hair. Too much costume jewelry.</p> <p>Expressions</p> <p>"Have you an imagination? Provide me something upon which to muse"; "Eons pass and at best we create war? Pshhh";</p> <p>Mannerisms</p> <p>Very flamboyant gesticulations and pauses. Fingers woven, cracks knuckles. Winks often with expressive eyes.</p> <p>Motivations</p> <p>To reach such renown that none will ever forget him. To spread creativity as an alternative to war. 60s hippy-esque.</p> <p>Passions</p> <p>Art. Dismantling militant governance. Undercutting the role of the military in the goings-on of the Realms.</p> <p>Secrets</p> <p>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.</p>
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