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 (-1) (+1) (+1) (+1) (+3)

CHA

20 (+5)

Saving Throws
TODO Saving Throws
Skills
Persuasion; Performance; Paint
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 avoid 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", h 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 upor which to muse"; "Eons pass and at best we create war? Pshhh";

Cell3

Mannerisms

Very flamboyant gesticulation and pauses. Fingers woven, cracks knuckles. Winks ofte with expressive eyes.

Motivations

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

Passions

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

Secrets

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

BACKGROUND STORY

Primo named himself. Borr 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 the kitchen. On a fine summer's da he strolled through the local marketplace and caught a glim of a local artist displaying his work. The artist was surrounded by paramours and admirers an sat leisurely in the sun.< <i>Goodness. That sure beats slaving in the heat.</i> thought to himself.Af many nights of prayer for the of a prosperous artist to what seemed silent gods, Salanar instead turned to roaming through the small temple distr 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 hon the disiplined accrual of experience and provides fecun rewards for such,"</i> one notable priest replied. <i>"Well, who might grant me wish?"</i> Salanar inquired.</ <i>"You. You can."</i> Th

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2500 x 3235

Image Dummy

1

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