

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 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",
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

2500 x 3235
Image Dummy

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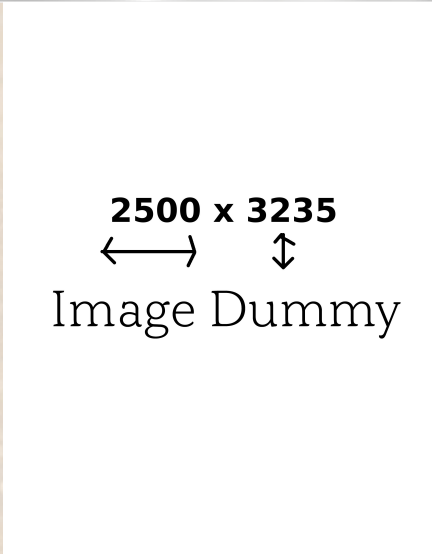
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Mannerisms

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.

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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 the undead.

BACKGROUND STORY

Primo named himself. Born Salanar Kholemdia, he had a knack for cooking and an imaginative way of interacting with and serving others. He seemed destined for a life in the kitchen. One 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 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 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 an ancient chain, its face sunken with black opal eyes staring straight into Salanar's bone marrow. Quiet your pleas for more, but I'll give you all you wish for... Petrified and unable to wake, Salanar sunk deeper into

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*You only ne
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through life and into death.*

The figure made a bro
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number of beautiul works of art
pouring over one another again
again, and again and again, and
heart filled with the hope to be
the artist he always wanted. His
very bones agreed to Kiaransalee
terms.

When he awoke
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 w
his labor and produce volumes
art.

Little did he expect
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Ghosts, wraiths, and more, pee
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When he awoke 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.

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