

SWARTH

middle aged adult human  
lawful evil  
Level 3 civilian / commoner

Pronouns: he/him  
Occupations:  
Barkeep, chef, tavern owner  
Armor Class 12  
Hit Points 22 (TODO Hitdice)  
Speed 20.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS
16	6	16	8	9 (0)
(+3)	(-2)	(+3)	(-1)	

CHA

15  
(+3)

Saving Throws  
TODO Saving Throws  
Skills Cooking; Survival  
Proficiencies TODO  
Damage Immunities  
TODO Damage Immunities  
Condition Immunities  
TODO Condition Immunities  
Senses TODO Senses  
Languages Common Gnome ,  
Adjectives ,

Special Abilities

Special Equipment

- {"A cleaver bearing an inscription in ancient dwarvish"=>"For my little chicadee"}
- A well-used whetstone

Combat Tactics

Full frontal assault, either with cleaver, or the squishy smother hug of doom

Actions

Cleaver

Factions

ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

The tectonically massive proprietor quakes toward y  
"You! Have you seen Flee? I must find Flee. Was he with you?"

Appearance

Sweltering, bald, tidal pools



<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• {"A cleaver bearing inscription in ancient dwarvish"=&gt;"For n chicadee"}</li> <li>• A well-used whetstone</li> </ul>	<p>Wheezes. Facial ticks ripple and radiate from his cheeks and around his eyes. Unblinking. Sharpens cleaver constantly.</p>
<p><b>Combat Tactics</b></p> <p>Full frontal assault, either cleaver, or the squishy slug hug of doom</p>	<p><b>Motivations</b></p> <p>At night, pale green-lit kitchen barely illuminates him practicing sneaking up on a sack of rice, cleaver in hand.</p>
<p><b>Actions</b></p> <p>Cleaver</p>	<p><b>Passions</b></p> <p>Food, both preparing and consuming it, though he never eats his own food; always eats out at respectable establishments.</p>
<p><b>Factions</b></p>	<p><b>Secrets</b></p>

## BACKGROUND STORY

Swarth was born large to large parents. His mother's breasts would have firehosed a more delicate babe, and his father's flatulence alone could knock out a vast forest filled with yellow canaries. Both parents were chefs, and both died of diabetes when Swarth was in his teens. By then he had acquired talents for curing and preparing meats, to a level that his parents had never quite achieved. While desserts were father's specialties, and potato dishes his mother's, Swarth prepared liver pastes and deep fried pseudodragons like no other. He worked his way up slowly, from cook to sous-chef to chef, often replacing his predecessor by virtue of fearsomeness and a frighteningly sharp cleaver. He owns the tavern where he is now barkeep and head chef, having spent half a lifetime (and seven subordinates) there. Two pale spotty boys help out with the cooking and food preparation during busy hours, and the waitress roles are filled from a revolving door of ladies of all ages, shapes and sizes. Swarth's food comprises layers of various types of meat exquisitely arranged, often with liver paste "S" signature on top. During a recent bar mitzvah catered by Swarth, Flee whether deliberately or accidentally -- slapped Swarth the face with a chain. Ever since Swarth has been trying to find Flee. He does not know what punishment lies in store for Flee, only that face is important to be saved.



# PERSONALITY

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