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Dummy

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Image Dummy

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.

STR16(+3)

DEX6(-2)

CON16(+3)

INT8(-1)

WIS9(0)

CHA15(+3)

Saving Throws -

Skills - Cooking; Survival

Proficiencies -

Proficiency Mod - +2

Languages - Common Gnome

Adjectives -

Special Abilities

Special Equipment - -

Combat Tactics

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

Actions -

Factions

ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

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

Appearance

Sweltering, bald, tidal pools of flowing flesh. Thin, pale lips. Cold, steely, murderous eyes. Delicate hands.

Expressions

"Aaaaaaaah ha"; "My little doves"; "My chicadees"; "A pint of Swarth's and a pound of flesh, and you'll never grow old."

Mannerisms

Wheezes. Facial ticks ripple and radiate from his cheeks and around his eyes. Unblinking. Sharpens cleaver constantly.

Motivations

At night, pale green-lit kitchen barely illuminates him practicing sneaking up on a sack of rice, cleaver in hand.

Passions

Food, both peparing and consuming it, though he never eats his own food; always eats out at respectable establishments.

Secrets

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