

CELL 2SWARTH

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 Hitdie)

Speed 20.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS
16	6	16	8	9

CHA
15

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 Gnomish

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 his cleaver, or the squishy smother-hug of doom

Actions

Cleaver

Factions

Cell3

ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

The tectonically massive proprietor quakes toward you. "You! Have you seen Flee? You 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."

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2500 x 3235
Image Dummy

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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 preparing and consuming it,

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Factions

though he never eats his own food; always eats out at respectable establishments.

Secrets

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