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Image Dummy

Swarth

## 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	CHA
16	6 (-2)	16	8 (-1)	9 (0)	15
(+3)		(+3)			(+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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### Appearance

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