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

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 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 hi cleaver, or the squishy smother-h of doom

Actions

Cleaver

Factions

ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

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

Appearance

Sweltering, bald, tidal pool flowing flesh. Thin, pale lix Cold, steely, murderous ey Delicate hands.

Expressions

doves"; "My chicadees"; "A of Swarth's and a pound of flesh, and you'll never ground."

Cell3

Mannerisms

Wheezes. Facial ticks ripple and radiate from his cheek and around his eyes. Unblinking. Sharpens cleav constantly.

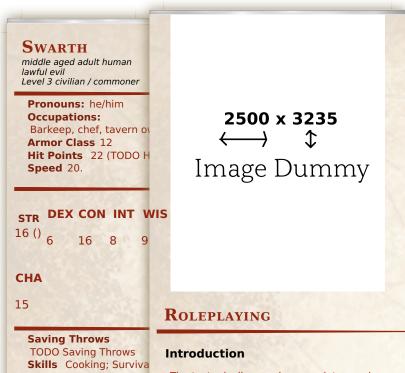
Motivations

At night, pale green-lit kitc barely illuminates him practicing sneaking up on sack of rice, cleaver in han

Passions

Food, both peparing and consuming it, though he no eats his own food; always out at respectable establishments.

Secrets



 Skills Cooking; Surviva Proficiencies Damage Immunities TODO Damage Immunit Condition Immunities TODO Condition Immuni Senses TODO Senses

Languages Common Condition Adjectives ,

Special Abilities

Special Equipment

• {"A cleaver bearing

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

dwarvish"=>"For n chicadee"}

A well-used whetsto

Combat Tactics

Full frontal assault, eithe cleaver, or the squishy si hug of doom

Actions

Cleaver

Factions

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

BACKGROUND STORY

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

PERSONALITY

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