

2500 x 3235
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SWARTH

*middle aged adult h
lawful evil
Level 3 civilian /
commoner*

Pronouns: he/him
Occupations:
Barkeep, chef, tavern o
Armor Class 12
Hit Points 22 (TODO H
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; Surviva

ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

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

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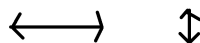


Image Dummy

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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 inscripti
in ancient dwarvish"=>"For my
little chicadee"}
- A well-used whetstone

Combat Tactics

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

Actions

Cleaver

Factions

ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

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quakes toward you. "You! Have
you seen Flee? I must find Flee
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Appearance

Sweltering, bald, tidal pools of
flowing flesh. Thin, pale lips. Co
steely, murderous eyes. Delica
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<p>Proficiencies Damage Immunities TODO Damage Immunities Condition Immunities TODO Condition Immunities Senses TODO Senses Languages Common G Adjectives ,</p>	<p>Appearance</p> <p>Sweltering, bald, tidal pools of flowing flesh. Thin, pale lips. Cold, steely, murderous eyes. Delicate hands.</p> <p>Expressions</p> <p>"Aaaaaaaah ha"; "My little doves"; "My chicadees"; "A pint of Swarth's and a pound of flesh, and you'll never grow old."</p> <p>Mannerisms</p> <p>Wheezes. Facial ticks ripple and radiate from his cheeks and around his eyes. Unblinking. Sharpens cleaver constantly.</p> <p>Motivations</p> <p>At night, pale green-lit kitchen barely illuminates him practicing sneaking up on a sack of rice, cleaver in hand.</p> <p>Passions</p> <p>Food, both peparing and consuming it, though he never eats his own food; always eats out at respectable establishments.</p> <p>Secrets</p>	<p>Expressions</p> <p>"Aaaaaaaah ha"; "My little dove "My chicadees"; "A pint of Swa and a pound of flesh, and you never grow old."</p> <p>Mannerisms</p> <p>Wheezes. Facial ticks ripple and radiate from his cheeks and ar his eyes. Unblinking. Sharpens cleaver constantly.</p> <p>Motivations</p> <p>At night, pale green-lit kitchen barely illuminates him practic sneaking up on a sack of rice, cleaver in hand.</p> <p>Passions</p> <p>Food, both peparing and consu it, though he never eats his ow food; always eats out at respectable establishments.</p> <p>Secrets</p>
<p>Special Abilities</p> <p>Special Equipment</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • {"A cleaver bearing inscription in ancient dwarvish"=>"For n chicadee"} • A well-used whetstone <p>Combat Tactics</p> <p>Full frontal assault, either cleaver, or the squishy sword hug of doom</p> <p>Actions</p> <p>Cleaver</p> <p>Factions</p>	<p>Expressions</p> <p>"Aaaaaaaah ha"; "My little doves"; "My chicadees"; "A pint of Swarth's and a pound of flesh, and you'll never grow old."</p> <p>Mannerisms</p> <p>Wheezes. Facial ticks ripple and radiate from his cheeks and around his eyes. Unblinking. Sharpens cleaver constantly.</p> <p>Motivations</p> <p>At night, pale green-lit kitchen barely illuminates him practicing sneaking up on a sack of rice, cleaver in hand.</p> <p>Passions</p> <p>Food, both peparing and consuming it, though he never eats his own food; always eats out at respectable establishments.</p> <p>Secrets</p>	<p>Expressions</p> <p>"Aaaaaaaah ha"; "My little dove "My chicadees"; "A pint of Swa and a pound of flesh, and you never grow old."</p> <p>Mannerisms</p> <p>Wheezes. Facial ticks ripple and radiate from his cheeks and ar his eyes. Unblinking. Sharpens cleaver constantly.</p> <p>Motivations</p> <p>At night, pale green-lit kitchen barely illuminates him practic sneaking up on a sack of rice, cleaver in hand.</p> <p>Passions</p> <p>Food, both peparing and consu it, though he never eats his ow food; always eats out at respectable establishments.</p> <p>Secrets</p>

BACKGROUND STORY

<p>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.<p><p>But then he had acquired talents for cooking and preparing meats, to a level that his parents had never quite achieved. While desserts were his father's specialties, and potato dishes his mother's, Swarth prepared liver paste 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 his fearsomeness and a frighteningly slick cleaver.<p><p>He owns the tavern where he is now barkeep and head chef, having spent half a lifetime (in a several subordinates) there. Two pasty 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.<p><p>Swarth's food comprises layers of various types of meat, exquisitely arranged, often with a liver paste as signature on top.<p><p>During a recent bar mitzvah catered by Swarth Flee -- whether deliberately or accidentally -- slapped Swarth in 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.<p>

PERSONALITY