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swarth

**2500 x 3235**  
↔ ↕

Image Dummy

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Swarth

## Swarth

**middle aged adult Human**

**Chaotic Evil**

**Level 3 Civilian N/A**

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**Pronouns -**

he/him

**Occupations -**

Barkeep, chef, tavern owner

**Armor Class -**

12

**Hit Points -**

22 (TODO Hitdice)

**Speed -**

20.

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**STR**

16 (+3)

**DEX**

15 (+3)

**CON**

16 (+3)

**INT**

9 (0)

**WIS**

6 (-2)

**CHA**

8 (-1)

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**Saving Throws -**

**Skills -**

N/A

**Proficiencies -**

**Proficiency Mod -**

+2

**Languages -**

Common Gnome

**Adjectives -**

Dull, Abusive, Angry,

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**Special Abilities**

**Special Equipment**

**Combat Tactics**

**Actions**

**Factions**

Role:

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**2500 x 3235**



Image Dummy

**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**

*Aaaaaaaaah 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**

He's basically a serial killer, who has never been afraid to murder to advance his career

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Languages -

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Adjectives -

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Special Abilities

-

## Special Equipment

- 
- 

## Combat Tactics

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

## Actions

- 

## Factions

Role:

# Roleplaying

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# Background Story

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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. By then he had acquired talents for curing 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 pastes 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 fearsomeness and a frighteningly sharp cleaver. He owns the tavern where he is now barkeep and head chef, having spent half a lifetime (and several subordinates) there. Two pale 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. Swarth's food comprises layers of various types of meat, exquisitely arranged, often with a liver paste "S" signature on top. 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.