

middle aged adult human
lawful evil
Level 3 civilian / commoner

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|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS |
| 16 | 6 | 16 | 8 | 9 |

Factions

"Aaaaaaaah ha"; "My little doves"; "My chicadees"; "A of Swarth's and a pound of flesh, and you'll never grow

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lawful evil
Level 3 civilian / commoner

2500 x 3235

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Image Dummy

Barkeep, chef, tavern owner

Armor Class 12

Hit Points 22 (TODO Hit Points)

Speed 20.

STR 16

DEX 6

CON 16

INT 8

WIS 9

CHA 15

Saving Throws

TODO Saving Throws

Skills Cooking; Survival

Proficiencies

Damage Immunities

TODO Damage Immunities

Condition Immunities

TODO Condition Immunities

Senses TODO Senses

Languages Common C

Adjectives ,

Special Abilities

Special Equipment

- { "A cleaver bearing inscription in ancient dwarvish" => "For n chicadee" }
- A well-used whetstone

Combat Tactics

Full frontal assault, either cleaver, or the squishy sack of doom hug of doom

Actions

Cleaver

Factions

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

"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 preparing and consuming it, though he never eats his own food; always eats out at respectable establishments.

Secrets

Cell3

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BACKGROUND STORY

<p>Swarth was born large to large parents. His mother's breasts were 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 teens.</p><p>By then he had acquired talents for curing and preparing meats, to a level that 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.</p><p>He owns a 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, the waitress roles are filled from 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 "S" signature on top.</p><p>During a recent bar mitzvah catered by Swarth, Flee -- whether deliberately or accidentally -- slapped Swarth the face with a chain. Ever since then Swarth has been trying to find Flee. He does not know what punishment lies in store for Flee, only that Flee is important to be saved.</p>

PERSONALITY

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