

500 x 3235  
→  
Image Dummy

2500 x 3235  
↔  
Image Dummy

Swarth

**SWARTH**  
*Middle Aged Adult Human  
Lawful Evil  
Level 3 Civilian / Commoner*

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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	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
16	6 (-2)	16	8 (-1)	9 (0)	15
(+3)		(+3)			(+3)

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**Saving Throws** -  
**Skills** - Cooking; Survival  
**Proficiencies** -  
**Proficiency Mod** - +2

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**Languages** - Common Gnome  
**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**

**ROLEPLAYING**

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**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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STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS
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(+3)	(-2)	(+3)	(-1)	(0)

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**CHA**  
15  
(+3)

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**Saving Throws** -  
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**Skills** - Cooking; Survival  
**Proficiencies** -

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**Languages** - Common Gnome  
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**Special Equipment** - -  
**Combat Tactics**  
Full frontal assault, either with his cleaver, or the squishy smother-hug of doom  
**Actions** -  
**Factions**

**ROLEPLAYING**

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**Introduction**  
The massive quakes toward you. Have you must find with you?"

**Appearance**  
Sweltering pools of Thin, pale steely, delicate hands.

**Expressions**  
"Aaaa"  
"My little doves"; "My chicadees"; "A pint of Swarth's and a pound of flesh, and you'll never grow old."

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