

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
16 (+3)	6 (-2)	16 (+3)	8 (-1)	9 (0)

CHA

15
(+3)

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 his cleaver, or the squishy smother-hug of doom

Actions

Cleaver

Factions

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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2500 x 3235

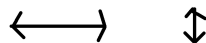


Image Dummy

2500 x 3235
Image Dummy

<div>CHA</div> <div>15 (+3)</div>		<div>ROLEPLAYING</div> <div>Introduction</div> <div>The tectonically massive proprietor quakes toward you. "You! Have you seen Flee? I must find Flee. Was he with you?"</div> <div>Appearance</div> <div>Sweltering, bald, tidal pools of flowing flesh. Thin, pale lips. Cold, steely, murderous eyes. Delicate hands.</div> <div>Expressions</div> <div>"Aaaaaaaah ha"; "My little doves"; "My chicadees"; "A pint of Swarth's and a pound of flesh, and you'll never grow old."</div> <div>Mannerisms</div> <div>Wheezes. Facial ticks ripple and radiate from his cheeks and around his eyes. Unblinking. Sharpens cleaver constantly.</div> <div>Motivations</div> <div>At night, pale green-lit kitchen barely illuminates him practicing sneaking up on a sack of rice, cleaver in hand.</div> <div>Passions</div> <div>Food, both peparing and consuming it, though he never eats his own food; always eats out at respectable establishments.</div> <div>Secrets</div>		<div>Appearance</div> <div>Sweltering, bald, tidal pools of flowing flesh. Thin, pale lips. Cold, steely, murderous eyes. Delicate hands.</div> <div>Expressions</div> <div>"Aaaaaaaah ha"; "My little doves"; "My chicadees"; "A pint of Swarth's and a pound of flesh, and you'll never grow old."</div> <div>Mannerisms</div> <div>Wheezes. Facial ticks ripple and radiate from his cheeks and around his eyes. Unblinking. Sharpens cleaver constantly.</div> <div>Motivations</div> <div>At night, pale green-lit kitchen barely illuminates him practicing sneaking up on a sack of rice, cleaver in hand.</div> <div>Passions</div> <div>Food, both peparing and consuming it, though he never eats his own food; always eats out at respectable establishments.</div> <div>Secrets</div>
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<div>Actions</div> <div>Cleaver</div> <div>Factions</div>				

carefully murders him, pretending
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

PERSONALITY
