

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	6	16	8	9

CHA

15

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? You must find Flee. Was he with you?"

Appearance

Sweltering, bald, tidal pool flowing flesh. Thin, pale lips. Cold, steely, murderous eyes. Delicate hands.

Expressions

"A good day to you."

Cell3

Wheezes. Facial ticks ripple and radiate from his cheek and around his eyes. Unblinking. Sharpens cleav

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practicing sneaking up on
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Image Dummy

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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

BACKGROUND STORY

<p>Swarth was born large to large parents. His mother's breasts would have firehosed 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 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, often replacing his predecessor by virtue of his fearsomeness and a frighteningly sharp cleaver.</p><p>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 the 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 liver paste "S" signature on top.</p><p>During a recent bar mitzvah catered by Swarth, Flea, whether deliberately or accidentally -- slapped Swarth in the face with a chain. Ever since Swarth has been trying to find Flea. He does not know what punishment lies in store for Flea, only that face is important to be saved.</p>

PERSONALITY

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