

CELL ONE

*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 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 Gnome ,
Adjectives ,

Special Abilities

Special Equipment

- {"A cleaver bearing an inscription in ancient dwarvish"=>"For my little chicadee"}

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

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

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 16 **DEX** 6 **CON** 16 **INT** 8 **WIS** 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

2500 x 3235
Image Dummy

<p>inscription in ancient dwarvish"=>"For n chicadee"} • A well-used whetstone</p> <p>Combat Tactics</p> <p>Full frontal assault, either cleaver, or the squishy sword hug of doom</p> <p>Actions</p> <p>Cleaver</p> <p>Factions</p>	<p>Mannerisms</p> <p>Wheezes. Facial ticks ripple and radiate from his cheeks and around his eyes. Unblinking. Sharpens cleaver constantly.</p> <p>Motivations</p> <p>At night, pale green-lit kitchen barely illuminates him practicing sneaking up on a sack of rice, cleaver in hand.</p> <p>Passions</p> <p>Food, both preparing and consuming it, though he never eats his own food; always eats out at respectable establishments.</p> <p>Secrets</p>	<p>Cell3</p> <p>ROLEPLAYING</p> <p>Introduction</p> <p>The tectonically massive proprietor quakes toward you. "You! Have you seen Flee? I must find Flee. Was he with you?"</p> <p>Appearance</p> <p>Sweltering, bald, tidal pools of flowing flesh. Thin, pale lips. Cold, steely, murderous eyes. Delicate hands.</p> <p>Expressions</p> <p>"Aaaaaaaaah ha"; "My little doves"; "My chicadees"; "A pint of Swarth's and a pound of flesh, and you'll never grow old."</p> <p>Mannerisms</p> <p>Wheezes. Facial ticks ripple and radiate from his cheeks and around his eyes. Unblinking. Sharpens cleaver constantly.</p> <p>Motivations</p> <p>At night, pale green-lit kitchen barely illuminates him practicing sneaking up on a sack of rice, cleaver in hand.</p> <p>Passions</p> <p>Food, both preparing and consuming it, though he never eats his own food; always eats out at respectable establishments.</p> <p>Secrets</p>
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