

Age: middle aged adult

Race: human

Pronouns: he/him

Occupation:

- Barkeep, chef, tavern owner

Class: civilian / commoner

Level: 3

Alignment: lawful evil

Languages:

- Common
- Gnome

Factions:

Adjectives:

Armour Class: 12

Hit Points: 22

Speed: 20

STR 16

DEX 6

CON 16

INT 8

WIS 9

CHA 15

Saving Throws TODO Saving Throws

Role-Playing

Improv

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.~~

Acting

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:

Vulnerabilities: Treats tavern staff with contempt. Obsessed with finding Flee and avenging the chain-slap humiliation.

Skills:

- Cooking; Survival

Special Abilities:

Attacks: Cleaver

Combat Tactics: Full frontal assault, either with his cleaver, or the squishy smother-hug of doom

Special Equipment:

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

Story

Swarth was born large to large parents. His mother's breasts would 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 his teens. 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 to chef, often replacing his predecessor by virtue of fearsomeness and a frighteningly sharp cleaver.

<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 a revolving door pf 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 in the face with a chain. Ever since, Swarth has been trying to find Flee. He does not know what punishment lies in store for Flee, only that face is important to be saved.</p>

Author notes for the artist:

- Inspired by Swelter from the Gourmenghast novels.