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Image Dummy

## 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
(+3)	(-2)	(+3)	(-1)	(0)

**CHA**  
15  
(+3)

**Saving Throws** -

**Skills** - Cooking; Survival

**Proficiencies** -

**Proficiency Mod** - +2

**Languages** -

Common Gnome

**Adjectives** -

**Special Abilities**

**Special Equipment**

- -

**Combat Tactics**

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

**Actions** -

**Factions**

## 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."

### 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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## BACKG STORY

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