



## ROLEPLAYING

Middle Aged Adult Human  
Lawful Evil  
Level 3 Civilian / Commoner

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
16	6 (-2)	16	8 (-1)	9 (0)	15
(+3)		(+3)			(+3)

**Languages -** Common Gnome  
**Adjectives -**

**Special Equipment** - -

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

## Factions

The tectonically massive proprietor quakes toward you. "You! Have you seen Flee? I must find Flee. Was he with you?"

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

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

Wheezes. Facial ticks ripple and radiate from his cheeks and around his eyes. Unblinking. Sharpens cleaver constantly.

At night, pale green-lit kitchen barely illuminates him practicing sneaking up on a sack of rice, cleaver in hand.

Food, both preparing and consuming it, though he never eats his own food; always eats out at respectable establishments.

## Secrets

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15  
(+3)

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— — —

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## Factions

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