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.

8

WIS

STR DEX CON INT

16

CHA 15

16 6

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 hi cleaver, or the squishy smother-h of doom

Actions

Cleaver

Factions

ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

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

Appearance

Sweltering, bald, tidal pool flowing flesh. Thin, pale lip Cold, steely, murderous ey **Delicate hands.**

Expressions

"Aaaaaaah ha"; "My little doves"; "My chicadees"; "A of Swarth's and a pound of flesh, and you'll never gro

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Actions

Cleaver

Food, both peparing and consuming it,

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

2500 x 3235

Image Dummy

The tectonically massive proprietor quakes

Sweltering, bald, tidal pools of flowing flesh.

toward you. "You! Have you seen Flee? I

Thin, pale lips. Cold, steely, murderous

"Aaaaaaah ha"; "My little doves"; "My

Wheezes. Facial ticks ripple and radiate

Unblinking. Sharpens cleaver constantly.

from his cheeks and around his eyes.

of flesh, and you'll never grow old."

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must find Flee. Was he with you?"

ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

Appearance

Expressions

Mannerisms

Motivations

eyes. Delicate hands.

Passions

2500 x 3235

Image Dummy

though he never eats his own food; always eats out at respectable establishments. Cell3

Secrets

old."

Mannerisms

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