

## 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	
(+3)	(-2)	(+3)	(-1)	9 (0)

**CHA**  
15  
(+3)

**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

-  
-

### Combat Tactics

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

### Actions

-

### Factions

2500 x 3235

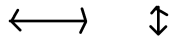


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## ROLEPLAYING

### 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 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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## BACKSTORY

Swarth was born to a large mother who had a delicate father who could not work in the forest. He was a canary in a coal mine, a diabetic, and a punishment in his father's eyes.

By the time he was 10, he had acquired the skills of a prep school level that he never quite mastered. He was a dessert warden, a specialist in dishes his mother prepared. He was a deep fryer, like no other. He was a sous-chef, replacing his father by virtue of his and a frightful cleaver.

He owned a small shop where he sold his and head cheese. He spent half of his time in several sultry locations. Two pale sons of his out with the food preparation. He was a busy waitress, a revlon lady of all trades and sizes.

Swarth's life comprises types of meat arranged in a paste "S" shape.

During his mitzvah ceremony, he was Fleed -- when he was or accidently Swarth in the chain. Even though he has been told He does not punishmer Fleed, only a important

3235



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Cell3