

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
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

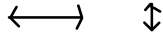


Image Dummy

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

Secrets

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BACKG STORY

Swarth has large p breasts more d father's knock c yellow c were ch diabete teens.

By ther talents for c meats, to a had never c desserts we specialties, mother's, S pastes and pseudodrag worked his cook to sou replacing hi virtue of fea frighteningl

He own is now bark having sper several sub pale spotty cooking and during busy waitress rol revolving do ages, shape Swarth' layers of va exquisitely, liver paste

During catered by whether del accidentally the face wit Swarth has Flee. He do punishment only that fa saved.

2500 x 3235
Image Dummy