

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 16 6 16 8 9 (0) (+3) (-2) (+3) (-1)

15 (+3)

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Dummy

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

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Factions

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

"Aaaaaaah 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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BACK STORY

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By the talents for preparing r that his par quite achie desserts w specialties, his mother liver paster pseudodral He worked from cook in chef, often predecessor fearsomen frightening

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