

500 x 3235
→ ↕
Image Dummy

Swarth

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	CHA
16 (+3)	6 (-2)	16 (+3)	8 (-1)	9 (0)	15 (+3)

Saving Throws -
Skills - Cooking; Survival
Proficiencies -
Proficiency Mod - +2

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

Secrets

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ROLEPLAYING

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Appearance

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Expressions

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