

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 ( )	6	16	8	9	15

**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 his cleaver, or the squishy smother-hug of doom

Actions

Cleaver

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

## Secrets

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