

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)

 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

Special Abilities

Adjectives

Special Equipment

Combat Tactics

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

Actions

Factions

SWARTH

2500 x 3235

Image Dummy

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ROLEPLAYING

The tectonically massive proprietor

quakes toward you. "You! Have you seen Flee? I must find Flee. Was he

Sweltering, bald, tidal pools of flowing

flesh. Thin, pale lips. Cold, steely,

murderous eyes. Delicate hands.

"Aaaaaaah ha"; "My little doves";

chicadees"; "A pint of Swarth's and a

pound of flesh, and you'll never grov

Wheezes. Facial ticks ripple and

his eyes. Unblinking. Sharpens

radiate from his cheeks and around

At night, pale green-lit kitchen barel

illuminates him practicing sneaking

up on a sack of rice, cleaver in hand

Food, both peparing and consuming

though he never eats his own food;

always eats out at respectable

Introduction

with you?"

Appearance

Expressions

Mannerisms

cleaver constantly.

Motivations

Passions

Secrets

establishments.

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Factions

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."

Cells

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

STOR

Swarth v
large pa
mother':
have fire

BACK

large pa mother!s have fire delicate father's could kn forest fil canaries were chof diabe was in h

By then

talents

preparir that his quite ac dessert specialt dishes h Swarth pseudo other. F up slow sous-ch replacin by virtu and a fr cleaver He owns he is no head ch half a lit pale spo with the prepara hours, a roles ar revolvin all ages Swarth's layers o meat, e arrange liver pa on top. During a mitzvah Swarth. delibera acciden Swarth chain. E has bee Flee. He what pu store fo face is saved.