

## 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	
(+3)	(-2)	(+3)	(-1)	9 (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  
it, though he never eats his own  
food; always eats out at  
respectable establishments.

### Secrets

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Survival  
**Proficiencies** TODO  
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**Condition Immunities**  
TODO Condition  
Immunities  
**Senses** TODO Senses  
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## BACK STORY

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