

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
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

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

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

Cell3

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