

*middle aged adult human*  
*lawful evil*  
*Level 3 civilian / commoner*

**Speed 20.**

*middle aged adult human*  
*lawful evil*

2500 x 3235  
Image Dummy

lawful evil  
Level 3 civilian / common

**Pronouns:** he/him  
**Occupations:**  
Barkeep, chef, tavern owner  
**Armor Class** 12  
**Hit Points** 22 (TODO Hitdie)  
**Speed** 20.

**STR** 16 (+3) **DEX** 6 (-2) **CON** 16 (+3) **INT** 8 (-1) **WIS** 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**

- {"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**

"Aaaaaaaaah 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 preparing and consuming it, though he never eats his own food; always eats out at respectable establishments.

**Secrets**

Cell3

Sweltering, bald, tidal pools of flowing flesh. Thin, pale lips. Cold, steely, murderous eyes. Delicate hands.

## Expressions

"Aaaaaaaaah 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 preparing and consuming it, though he never eats his own food; always eats out at respectable establishments.

## Secrets

# BACKGROUND STORY

<p>Swarth was born large to large parents. His mother's breasts were like firehoses, and his father's flatulence alone could knock out a vast forest filled with yellow canaries. Both parents were chefs, and both died of diabetes when Swarth was in teens.</p><p>By then he had acquired talents for curing and preparing meats, to a level that his parents had never quite achieved. While desserts were his father's specialties, and potato dishes his mother's, Swarth prepared liver pastes and deep fried pseudodragons like no other. He worked his way up slowly, from cook to sous-chef to chef, often replacing his predecessor by virtue of fearsomeness and a frighteningly sharp cleaver.</p><p>He owns a tavern where he is now barkeep and head chef, having spent half a lifetime (and several subordinates) there. Two pale spotty boys help out with the cooking and food preparation during busy hours, and the waitress roles are filled from the revolving door of ladies of all ages, shapes and sizes.</p><p>Swarth's food comprises layers of various types of meat, exquisitely arranged often with a liver paste "S" signature on top.</p><p>During a recent bar mitzvah catered by Swarth, Flee -- whether deliberately or accidentally -- slapped Swarth

or accidentally -- slapped Swarth the face with a chain. Ever since Swarth has been trying to find Flee. He does not know what punishment lies in store for Flee, only that fate is important to be saved.

## PERSONALITY

Swarth was born large to large parents. His mother's breasts were like firehoses and his father was a delicate babe, and his father's flatulence alone could knock out a vast forest filled with yellow canaries. Both parents were chefs, and both died of diabetes when Swarth was in teens.

By then he had acquired talents for curing and preparing meats, to a level that his parents had never quite achieved. While desserts were his father's specialties, and potato dishes his mother's, Swarth prepared liver pastes and deep fried pseudodragons like no other. He worked his way up slowly, from cook to sous-chef to chef, often replacing his predecessor by virtue of fearsomeness and a frighteningly sharp cleaver.

He owns a tavern where he is now barkeep and head chef, having spent half a lifetime (and several subordinates) there. Two pale spotty boys help out with the cooking and food preparation during busy hours, and the waitress roles are filled from the revolving door of ladies of all ages, shapes and sizes.

Swarth's food comprises layers of various types of meat, exquisitely arranged, often with a liver paste "S" signature on top.

During his recent bar mitzvah catered by Swarth, Flee -- whether deliberately or accidentally -- slapped Swarth the face with a chain. Ever since Swarth has been trying to find Flee. He does not know what punishment lies in store for Flee, only that fate is important to be saved.