

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	9
(+3)	(-2)	(+3)	(-1)	(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

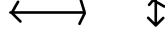


Image Dummy

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

Secrets

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	9
(+3)	(-2)	(+3)	(-1)	(0)

CHA
15
(+3)

Saving Throws
TODO Saving Throws
Skills 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

-
-

Combat Tactics

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

Actions

-

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."

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

BACK STORY

Swarth has large breasts more than his father! knock on wood with ye parents! died of fear was in

By their talents for meats, to a parents had achieved. V his father's potato dish Swarth pre and deep fr like no other way up slow sous-chef to replacing h virtue of fe frightening

He ower he is now b chef, havin lifetime (an subordinate spotty boys cooking an during busy waitress ro revolving d ages, shap

Swarth layers of va exquisitely a liver past top. During mitzvah cal Flee -- whe accidentally in the face since, Swar to find Flee what punish for Flee, on important t

x 3235
↕
Dummy