

x 3235 Dummy

# **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.

CON CHA WIS 15 (+3) 16 8 (-1) 9 (0) 6 (-2) (+3)(+3)

Saving Throws -Skills - Cooking; Survival

**Proficiencies -Proficiency Mod -** +2

Languages - Common Gnome Adjectives -

### **Special Abilities**

#### **Special Equipment**

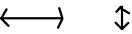
# **Combat Tactics**

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

# Actions

**Factions** 

# 2500 x 3235



# Image Dun

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# **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 tectonica massive proprie quakes toward you. "Yo Have you seen Flee? must find Flee. Was with you?"

## **Appearance**

Sweltering, bald, ti pools of flowing fle Thin, pale lips. Co steely, murderous ey 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 tid ripple and radiate from his cheeks and around Unblinkii Sharpens clear constantly.

#### **Motivations**

At night, pale gree kitchen illuminates him practici sneaking up on a sack rice, cleaver in hand.

Food, both pepari and consuming it, thou he never eats his o food; always eats out respectable establishments.

# Secrets

# 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**

"Aaaaaaah 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.

Food, both peparing and consuming it. though he never eats his own food; always eats out at respectable establishments.

# Secrets