

500 x 3235 ge Dummy

SWARTH

Middle Aged Adult Human Level 3 Civilian / Commoner

Pronouns - he/him

Occupations - Barkeep, chef, tavern owner **Armor Class - 12**

Hit Points - 22 (TODO Hitdice) **Speed -** 20.

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

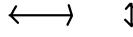


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ROLEPLAYING

The tectonically massive proprietor quakes toward you. "You! Have you seen

Sweltering, bald, tidal pools of flowing

flesh. Thin, pale lips. Cold, steely, murderous

"Aaaaaaah ha"; "My little doves";

Wheezes. Facial ticks ripple and radiate

At night, pale green-lit kitchen barely illuminates him practicing sneaking up on a

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

from his cheeks and around his eyes.

Unblinking. Sharpens cleaver constantly.

"My chicadees"; "A pint of Swarth's and

a pound of flesh, and you'll never grow

Flee? I must find Flee. Was he with you?"

Introduction

Appearance

Expressions

Mannerisms

Motivations

Secrets

sack of rice, cleaver in hand.

old.

eyes. Delicate hands.

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CHA

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Languages -Common Gnome Adjectives -

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

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(+3)

Special Abilities

ROLEP

Introduc

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Appeara Swelter

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Expression

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Manneris

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Motivatio

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Passions Food

and consur he never food; alwa respectable establishm

Secrets