SWARTH

middle aged adult human Level 3 civilian / commoner

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

STR DEX CON INT WIS 16 () 6 16 8

CHA

15

Saving Throws

TODO Saving Throws Skills Cooking; Surviva **Proficiencies Damage Immunities TODO Damage Immunit Condition Immunities TODO Condition Immuni**

Senses TODO Senses Languages Common G Adjectives ,

Special Abilities

Special Equipment

- {"A cleaver bearing inscription in ancie dwarvish"=>"For n chicadee"}
- · A well-used whetsto

Combat Tactics

Full frontal assault, eithe cleaver, or the squishy si hug of doom

Actions

Cleaver

2500 x 3235 Image Dummy

ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

The tectonically massive proprietor quake 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,

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Proficiencies TODO

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Special Abilities

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Cleaver

Factions

ROLEPLAYING

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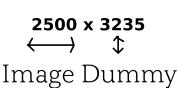
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Secrets

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