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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.

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

-  
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### 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 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

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## BACKSTORY

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