

500 x 3235
→ ↕
Image Dummy

2500 x 3235
↔ ↕
Image Dummy

Swarth

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

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

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