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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	
(+3)	(-2)	(+3)	(-1)	9 (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

-
-

Combat Tactics

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

Actions

-

Factions

2500 x 3235

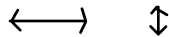


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ROLEPLAYING

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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BACK STORY

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