

SWARTH

*middle aged adult h
lawful evil
Level 3 civilian /
commoner*

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

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

CHA
15
(+3)

Saving Throws TODO Saving Throws
Skills Cooking; Survival

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?"

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 (0)
(+3)	(-2)	(+3)	(-1)	

CHA
15
(+3)

Saving Throws TODO Saving Thro
Skills Cooking; Survival

Proficiencies TODO

Damage Immunities
TODO Damage Immunities

Condition Immunities
TODO Condition Immunities

Senses TODO Senses

Languages Common Gnome ,
Adjectives ,

Special Abilities

Special Equipment

- {"A cleaver bearing an inscription in ancient dwarvish"=>"For my little chicadee"}
- A well-used whetstone

Combat Tactics

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

Actions

Cleaver

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.

2500 x 3235
Image Dummy

Image Dummy

Proficiencies Damage Immunities TODO Damage Immunities Condition Immunities TODO Condition Immunities Senses TODO Senses Languages Common G Adjectives	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."	Expressions "Aaaaaaaah ha"; "My little doves"; "My chicadees"; "A pint of Swarth's and a pound of flesh, and you'll never grow old."
Special Abilities	Expressions "Aaaaaaaah ha"; "My little doves"; "My chicadees"; "A pint of Swarth's and a pound of flesh, and you'll never grow old."	Cell3	Mannerisms Wheezes. Facial ticks ripple and radiate from his cheeks and around his eyes. Unblinking. Sharpens cleaver constantly.
Special Equipment <ul style="list-style-type: none"> { "A cleaver bearing inscription in ancient dwarvish"=>"For my chicadee"} A well-used whetstone 	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.	Motivations At night, pale green-lit kitchen barely illuminates him practicing sneaking up on a sack of rice, cleaver in hand.
Combat Tactics Full frontal assault, either with the cleaver, or the squishy sword. Hug of doom	Motivations At night, pale green-lit kitchen barely illuminates him practicing sneaking up on a sack of rice, cleaver in hand.	Passions Food, both preparing and consuming it, though he never eats his own food; always eats out at respectable establishments.	Passions Food, both preparing and consuming it, though he never eats his own food; always eats out at respectable establishments.
Actions Cleaver	Secrets	Secrets	Secrets
Factions	Secrets	Secrets	Secrets

BACKGROUND STORY

<p>Swarth was born large to large parents. His mother's breasts would have firehosed a more delicate baby and his father's flatulence alone could knock out a vast forest filled with yellow canaries. Both parents were chefs, and both died of diabetes when Swarth was in his teens.<p><p>By then he had acquired talents for cooking and preparing meats, to a level that his parents had never quite achieved. While desserts were his father's specialties, and potato dishes his mother's, Swarth prepared liver paste and deep fried pseudodragons like no other. He worked his way up slowly from cook to sous-chef to chef, often replacing his predecessor by virtue of fearfulness and a frighteningly sharp cleaver.<p><p>He owns the tavern where he is now barkeep and head chef, having spent half a lifetime (and several subordinates) there. Two part-time spotty boys help out with the cooking and food preparation during busy hours, and the waitress roles are filled from a revolving door of ladies of all ages, shapes and sizes.<p><p>Swarth's food comprises layers of various types of meat, exquisitely arranged, often with a liver paste "signature" on top.<p><p>During a recent bar mitzvah catered by Swarth Flee -- whether deliberately or accidentally -- slapped Swarth in the face with a chain. Ever since, Swarth has been trying to find Flee. He does not know what punishment lies in store for Flee, only that face is important to be saved.<p>

PERSONALITY