

2500 x 3235  
Image 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

**CHA**  
15

**Saving Throws**  
TODO Saving Throws  
**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-hug of doom

**Actions**

Cleaver



**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,

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Cell3

**Secrets**

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