

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

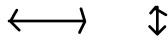


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ROLEPLAYING

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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Proficiencies TODO

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BACK STORY

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