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 WIS CHA 16() 16 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 ,

CELL

ONE

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 smotherhug of doom

Actions

Cleaver

Factions

2500 x 3235



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

middle aged adult human lawful evil Level 3 civilian / commoner

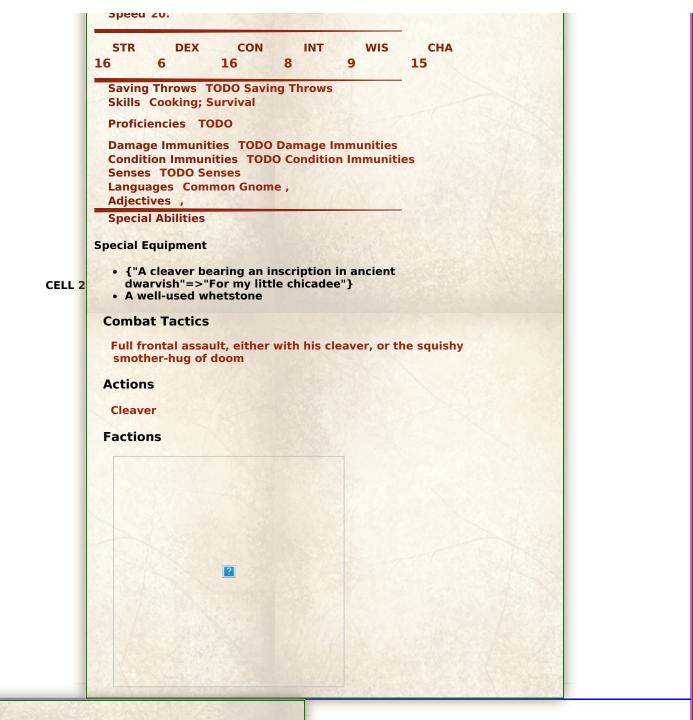
Pronouns: he/him

Occupations: Barkeep, chef, tavern owner

Armor Class 12

Hit Points 22 (TODO Hitdice)

SWARTH



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

"Aaaaaaah 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

bottom stats 2

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