



2500 x 3235
→ ↓
Image Dummy

Swarth

SWARTH

Middle Aged Adult Human
Chaotic Evil
Level 3 Civilian N/A

Pronouns - he/him

Occupations - Barkeep, chef, tavern owner

Armor Class - 12

Hit Points - 22 (TODO Hitdice)

Speed - 20.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
16	15	16			
(+3)	(+3)	(+3)	9 (0)	6 (-2)	8 (-1)

Saving Throws -

Skills - N/A

Proficiencies -

Proficiency Mod - +2

Languages - Common Gnome

Adjectives - Dull, Abusive, Angry,

Special Abilities -

Special Equipment -

Combat Tactics

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

Actions -

Factions

Role:

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?/"

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

He's basically a serial killer, who has never been afraid to murder to advance his career

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