



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	9	6	8
(+3)	(+3)	(+3)	(0)	(-2)	(-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  
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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**  
He's basically a serial killer, who has never been afraid to murder to advance his career

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