



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
↔ ↓
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

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
16	15	16	9	6
(+3)	(+3)	(+3)	(0)	(-2)

CHA
8
(-1)

Saving Throws -
Saving Throws -
Skills - N/A
Proficiencies -

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:

ROLEPLAYING

Introduction
The massive quakes /"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