



## 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

-  
-

### Combat Tactics

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

### Actions

-

### Factions

2500 x 3235

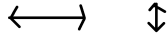


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## ROLEPLAYING

### 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 though he never eats his own food; always eats out at respectable establishments.

### Secrets

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## BACK STORY

Swarth has large pale breasts, more delicate than his father's. He was knocked out with yellow parents died of old age.

By then, he had talents for cooking meats, to a level his parents had achieved. When his father's spotato dishe Swarth prep and deep fry like no other way up slow sous-chef to replacing his virtue of fear frighteningly.

He owns a kitchen. He is now barkeep, having a lifetime (and subordinate) spotty boys cooking and during busy waitress role revolving door, shape.

Swarth's layers of varnished exquisitely a liver paste top.

During a mitzvah catered Flee -- whether accidentally in the face v since, Swarth to find Flee, what punish for Flee, only important to

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