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#### **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 CHA (+3) 6 (-2) (+3) 8 (-1) 9 (0) (+3)

Saving Throws -Skills - Cooking; Survival Proficiencies -Proficiency Mod - +2

Languages - Common Gnome
Adjectives -

### **Special Abilities**

#### **Special Equipment**

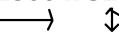
#### **Combat Tactics**

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

#### Actions

#### **Factions**

# 2500 x 3235



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Armor Class - 12 Hit Points -22 (TODO Hitdice)

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Speed - 20.

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Languages -

Adjectives -

**Actions** 

**Factions** 

Common Gnome

**Special Abilities** 

**Combat Tactics** 

**Special Equipment** 

Full frontal assault, either with his cleaver, or

the squishy smother-hug

Skills - Cooking; Survival Proficiencies -

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

CHA 15 (+3)

#### Introduction

ROLEPLAYING

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**

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

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