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 (0) (+3) (-2) (+3) (-1)

CHA

15 (+3)

> Saving Throws TODO Saving Throws Skills Cooking; Survival

Proficiencies TODO

Damage Immunities
TODO Damage Immunities
Condition Immunities
TODO Condition Immunities
Senses TODO Senses
Languages Common Gnome,
Adjectives,

Special Abilities

Special Equipment

- {"A cleaver bearing an inscription in ancient dwarvish"=>"For my little chicadee"}
- A well-used whetstone

Combat Tactics

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

Actions

Cleaver

Factions

ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

The tectonically massive proprietor quakes toward y "You! Have you seen Flee? I must find Flee. Was he with you?"

Appearance

Sweltering, bald, tidal pools

flowing flesh. Thin, pale lips Cold, steely, murderous eye **Delicate hands.**

Expressions

"Aaaaaaaah ha"; "My little doves"; "My chicadees"; "A of Swarth's and a pound of flesh, and you'll never grow old."

Cell3 **Mannerisms**

Wheezes. Facial ticks ripple and radiate from his cheeks and around his eyes. Unblinking. Sharpens cleave constantly.

Motivations

At night, pale green-lit kitch barely illuminates him practicing sneaking up on a sack of rice, cleaver in hand

Passions

Food, both peparing and consuming it, though he ne eats his own food; always e out at respectable establishments.

Secrets



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2500 x 3235

Image Dummy

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Secrets

BACKGROUND STORY

Swarth was born large to large parents. His mother's breasts would have firehosed a more delicate babe, and his father's flatulence alone could knock out a vast forest filled w vellow canaries. Both parents were chefs, and both died of diabetes when Swarth was in h teens.By then he had acquired talents for curing and preparing meats, to a level tha his parents had never quite achieved. While desserts were father's specialties, and potato dishes his mother's, Swarth prepared liver pastes and deep fried pseudodragons like no other. He worked his way up slowly, from cook to sous-chef chef, often replacing his predecessor by virtue of fearsomeness and a frightenin sharp cleaver.He own the tavern where he is now barkeep and head chef, having spent half a lifetime (and seve subordinates) there. Two pale spotty boys help out with the cooking and food preparation during busy hours, and the waitress roles are filled from a revolving door pf ladies of all ages, shapes and sizes. Swarth's food comprises layers of various types of meat exquisitely arranged, often wit liver paste "S" signature on to During a recent bar mitzvah catered by Swarth, Fle whether deliberately or accidentally -- slapped Swarth the face with a chain. Ever sine Swarth has been trying to find Flee. He does not know what punishment lies in store for Flo only that face is important to b saved.

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