

# 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 you  
"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

"Aaaaaaaaah ha"; "My little doves"; "My chicadees"; "A 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 cleave 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 preparing and consuming it, though he never eats his own food; always eats out at respectable establishments.**

## Secrets

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## Special Equipment

**2500 x 3235**

Image Dummy

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**2500 x 3235**

Image Dummy

Special Equipment	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• {"A cleaver bearing inscription in ancient dwarvish"=&gt;"For n chicadee"}</li> <li>• A well-used whetstone</li> </ul>
Combat Tactics	<p>Full frontal assault, either with the sharp cleaver, or the squishy sword, or a hug of doom</p>
Actions	<p>Cleaver</p>
Factions	<p>Wheezes. Facial ticks ripple and radiate from his cheeks and around his eyes. Unblinking. Sharpens cleaver constantly.</p>
Motivations	<p>At night, pale green-lit kitchen barely illuminates him practicing sneaking up on a sack of rice, cleaver in hand.</p>
Passions	<p>Food, both peparing and consuming it, though he never eats his own food; always eats out at respectable establishments.</p>
Secrets	

## BACKGROUND STORY

<p>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 with yellow canaries. Both parents were chefs, and both died of diabetes when Swarth was in his teens.<p><p>By then he had acquired talents for curing and preparing meats, to a level that 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 to chef, often replacing his predecessor by virtue of fearsomeness and a frighteningly sharp cleaver.</p><p>He owns the tavern where he is now barkeep and head chef, having spent half a lifetime (and seven 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.</p><p>Swarth's food comprises layers of various types of meat exquisitely arranged, often with liver paste "S" signature on top.</p><p>During a recent bar mitzvah catered by Swarth, Flee whether deliberately or accidentally -- slapped Swarth the face with a chain. Ever since Swarth has been trying to find Flee. He does not know what punishment lies in store for Flee, only that face is important to be saved.</p>

# PERSONALITY

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