

# BEACH

Late Middle Age Desert Orc  
Lawful Neutral  
Level 5 Assassin

**Pronouns:** he/him  
**Occupations:** Butler  
**Armor Class** 14  
**Hit Points**  
23 (TODO Hitdice)  
**Speed** 30.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS
14	17	11	13	12
(+2)	(+4)	(+1)	(+2)	(+1)

**CHA**  
13  
(+2)

**Saving Throws**  
TODO Saving Throws  
**Skills** Alchemy  
Cooking  
Poisoner's Kit  
Disguise Kit  
**Proficiencies**  
**Damage Immunities**  
TODO Damage Immunities  
**Condition Immunities**  
TODO Condition Immunities  
**Senses** TODO Senses  
**Languages** Humam,  
dwarvish, orcish,  
**Adjectives** Servile,

## Special Abilities

**Sneak Attack** - A sneay  
attack **Assassinate** -  
**Uncanny Dodge** - **Cunning**  
**Action** -

## Special Equipment

**Burleigh and**  
**Stronginthearm Number IX**  
- A +3 precise crossbow; only  
2 were ever made.

## Combat Tactics

If combat erupts, Beach  
appears to flee but instead is  
actually finding the best  
shadows from which to strike.

## Actions

**Assassin's Dagger (+1)** -  
When Beach Hits a creature  
that is surprised with this  
dagger, target must make a  
DC 18 CON throw or take 4d6  
necrotic damage. | **Hidden**  
**Blade (1d4 piercing,**  
**finesse)** -

## Factions

**Local Constabulary**  
*Butler to the Chief*  
**The White Gloves**  
*Dabbler*  
**black arts libertarian**  
**alchemists**  
*Developer*



# ROLEPLAYING

## Introduction

A dignified gentleman orc with an  
upturned nose eyes the party from  
gate of a well-to-do mansion.

## Appearance

Black long-tailed tuxedo, white glove  
and socks; brown skin, mottled with

## Expressions

"Does sir/madam have an appointm  
with His Grace?"; "Scones with your  
libation, master/madam?"; "Graciou  
me!"

## Mannerisms

Strokes chin ponderously, eyes rolle  
back; wipes the ground with his  
handkerchief after people have step  
on it.

## Motivations

Hierarchy, tradition and literature ar  
laced like marrow through his thoug  
martial arts; marksmanship.

## Passions

Service; Peacekeeping; Libertarianis  
Fine Foods; Fine clothes; The 'White  
Gloves'; Alchemy;

## Secrets

Not so much a secret, Beach isn't fo  
sharing his origins.

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Cooking  
Poisoner's Kit  
Disguise Kit

## Proficiencies

**Damage Immunities**  
TODO Damage Immunities  
**Condition Immunities**  
TODO Condition  
Immunities  
**Senses** TODO Senses  
**Languages** Humam,  
dwarvish, orcish,  
**Adjectives** Servile,

**Special Abilities**  
{ "title"=>"Sneak Attack",  
"description"=>"A sneay  
attack" }  
{ "title"=>"Assassinate" }  
{ "title"=>"Uncanny  
Dodge" }  
{ "title"=>"Cunning  
Action" }  
**Special Equipment**  
{ "title"=>"Burleigh and  
Stronginthearm Number IX",  
"description"=>"A +3  
precise crossbow; only 2  
were ever made." }

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shadows from which to  
strike.

## Actions

{ "title"=>"Assassin's  
Dagger (+1)",  
"Description"=>"When  
Beach Hits a creature that  
is surprised with this  
dagger, target must make a  
DC 18 CON throw or take  
4d6 necrotic damage. |" }  
{ "title"=>"Hidden Blade  
(1d4 piercing, finesse)" }

## Factions

**Local Constabulary**  
*Butler to the Chief*  
**The White Gloves**  
*Dabbler*  
**black arts**  
**libertarian**  
**alchemists**  
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Hierarchy, tradition and  
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## Passions

Service; Peacekeeping;  
Libertarianism; Fine Foods;  
Fine clothes; The 'White  
Gloves'; Alchemy;

## Secrets

Not so much a secret, Beach  
isn't fond of sharing his  
origins.

# BACKGROUND STORY

Spartan in nature (but  
without the honorable  
intent) Orcish culture is  
well-known for its  
celebration of brute  
strength and denunciation  
of the more feminine side of  
an individual's nature. From  
birth, Beach, born 'Ukhtor',  
was smaller than his cohort  
and more inclined towards  
cleanliness and grace. As a  
baby he would cry and  
whine if exposed to violence  
or filth of any kind.</p>
<p>Bullied and beaten  
often for what were  
perceived as less 'Orcish'  
features, even as an infant,  
Ukhtor's mother feared for  
her son growing up in such  
a horrible environment.  
What's more, she was  
embarrassed to have  
produced such a creature.  
During one of the war-  
party's treks between  
camps, she abandoned  
Ukhtor in a basket by a  
well-traveled road just  
outside of the party's  
planned travel path. Local  
constables were escorting  
magistrates between  
nearby towns and cam  
across the basket. Peering  
inside, the head of the  
constabulary, Amin Carr,  
exclaimed, "cursed Orcs!  
They cannot even care for  
their own!" "Do away with  
the filthy runt!" One of the  
constables sneered. Amin  
peered into Ukhtor's deep  
blues eyes and saw a  
nimble, dedicated soul;  
much different from the  
ferocious hatred he'd seen  
in his battles against raid-  
parties. "No," Amin  
exclaimed, "this one is  
different. And we needn't  
fall victim to the same  
virulent hatred that afflicts  
the Orcs." Amin brought  
Ukhtor with him for the  
journey. Staring into his  
sea-blue eyes he  
pronounced that the  
youngster be named  
'Beach'. Raised within the  
Constabulary's ranks, Beach  
learned skills more akin to  
his natural abilities and  
became an agile killer. He  
was also imbued with their  
sense of nobility and  
respect.