

Age: late middle age
Race: desert orc
Pronouns: he/him
Occupation:

- Butler

Class: assassin
Level: 5
Alignment: lawful neutral
Languages:

- Humam
- dwarvish
- orcish

Factions:

- [Butler to the police chief; dabbling member of White Gloves, Black Arts libertarian alchemists.](#)

Adjectives:

- Servile

Armour Class: 14
Hit Points: 23
Speed: 30

STR 14	DEX 17	CON 11	INT 13	WIS 12	CHA 13
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Saving Throws TODO Saving Throws

Role-Playing

Improv

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

Appearance: Black long-tailed tuxedo, white gloves and socks; brown skin, mottled with rust.

Expressions: "Does sir/madam have an appointment with His Grace?"; "Scones with your libation, master/madam?"; "Graciouse me!"

Mannerisms: Strokes chin ponderously, eyes rolled back; wipes the ground with his handkerchief after people have stepped on it.

Acting

Motivations: Hierarchy, tradition and literature are laced like marrow through his thoughts; martial arts; marksmanship.

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.

Vulnerabilities: Refuses to create a scene among the nobler classes, so will go to extraordinary lengths to delay or cover up a conflict.

Skills:

- Alchemy; Cooking; Poisoner's Kit; Disguise Kit;

Special Abilities: Sneak Attack, Assassinate; | Uncanny Dodge; | Cunning Action
Attacks: 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)

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

Special Equipment:

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

Story

<p>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.

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 came 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 blue 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.

Author notes for the artist:

- Inspired by P. G. Wodehouse (Something Fresh etc novels).