



NAGATA

Late Tweens Night Orc
Neutral
Level 5 Thief

Pronouns: they/them
Occupations: Engineer, ex-naval officer
Armor Class 13
Hit Points 19 (TODO Hitdice)
Speed 30.

STR 14 **DEX** 16 **CON** 8 **INT** 15 **WIS** 11
(+2) (+3) (-1) (+3) (+1)

CHA 11
(+1)

Saving Throws TODO Saving Throws
Skills Arcana; History; Insight;
Proficiencies
Damage Immunities TODO Damage Immunities
Condition Immunities TODO Condition Immunities
Senses TODO Senses
Languages Human, orcish,
Adjectives Restless,

Special Abilities

Special Equipment

-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-

Combat Tactics

Nagata will Use his <i>Staff of Charming</i> at the start of combat to try to eliminate the most threatening opponent off the bat.

Actions

-

Factions

2500 x 3235
Image Dummy

ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

A slender spire of an orc spills gears and belts from a jute sack at your feet. "Ah'm sorry, y'all, ah'm fallin' apart!"

Appearance

Black skin with tints of purple and ochre, smouldering eyes, thin lips, well-dressed with leather high-stacked boots.

Expressions

"Howdy"; "Y'all"; "Ah reckon"; "Ain't no thang"; "Pitchin' woo"; "By golly"; "Here's a florin for your troubles."

Mannerisms

Steady, ponderous. Never a quick or jerky movement. Watches everyone and everything with interest.

Motivations

He is motivated to cultivate his intelligence and talents with magic in spire of his heritage.

Passions

Brilliant with devices (clocks, thieves' tools, autocarpentry). Quiet, unassuming, straightforward and honest.

Secrets

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Special Abilities
Special Equipment -

Combat Tactics

Nagata will Use his <i>Staff of Charming</i> at the start of combat to try to eliminate the most threatening opponent off the bat.

Actions

Staff of Charming (as Quarterstaff)

Factions

Cell3

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BACKGROUND STORY

Needless to say, Nagata aren't known for the navy. Yet that isn't that Orcs aren't sea-Born and raised by the Yellow Teeth tribe in Northern Wastes of Kalauzumar [Any Real Wasteland], Nagata taught in swamp navigation and ever in how to navigate the more shallow seas than the Wastelands. An amtyoung man, he dreamed of a life on the seas, he knew this would be possible within the confines of his tribe. Although he tried his hands at engineering various war machines, his tribe and was quite talented at it, couldn't possibly come to his dreams of living life on the high-seas. Although he loved his people, he loved the sea more. After yet another unnecessarily violent raid by his tribe on a sea-side frontier town they made there way back towards the black swamps they deemed their home. Nagata was dismayed. He took a quick look around at the crew, made a brood and clearly unsuspicious gesture towards the starboard bow of the ship and whistled clearly (a known call for his shipmates) and then made a deliberate and unnoticeable dash to the port side of the ship diving off quietly into the water. Nagata swam to shore unnoticed and sat on his knees. He ran his fingers through the sand, muttering, "dear sea, you have me".