

# 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	CHA
14	17	11	13	12	13

**Saving Throws** TODO Saving Throws  
**Skills** Alchemy; Cooking; Poisoner's Kit; Disguise Kit;  
**Proficiencies** TODO

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

**Special Abilities** Sneak Attack, Assassinate; | Uncanny Dodge; | Cunning Action  
**Special Equipment**

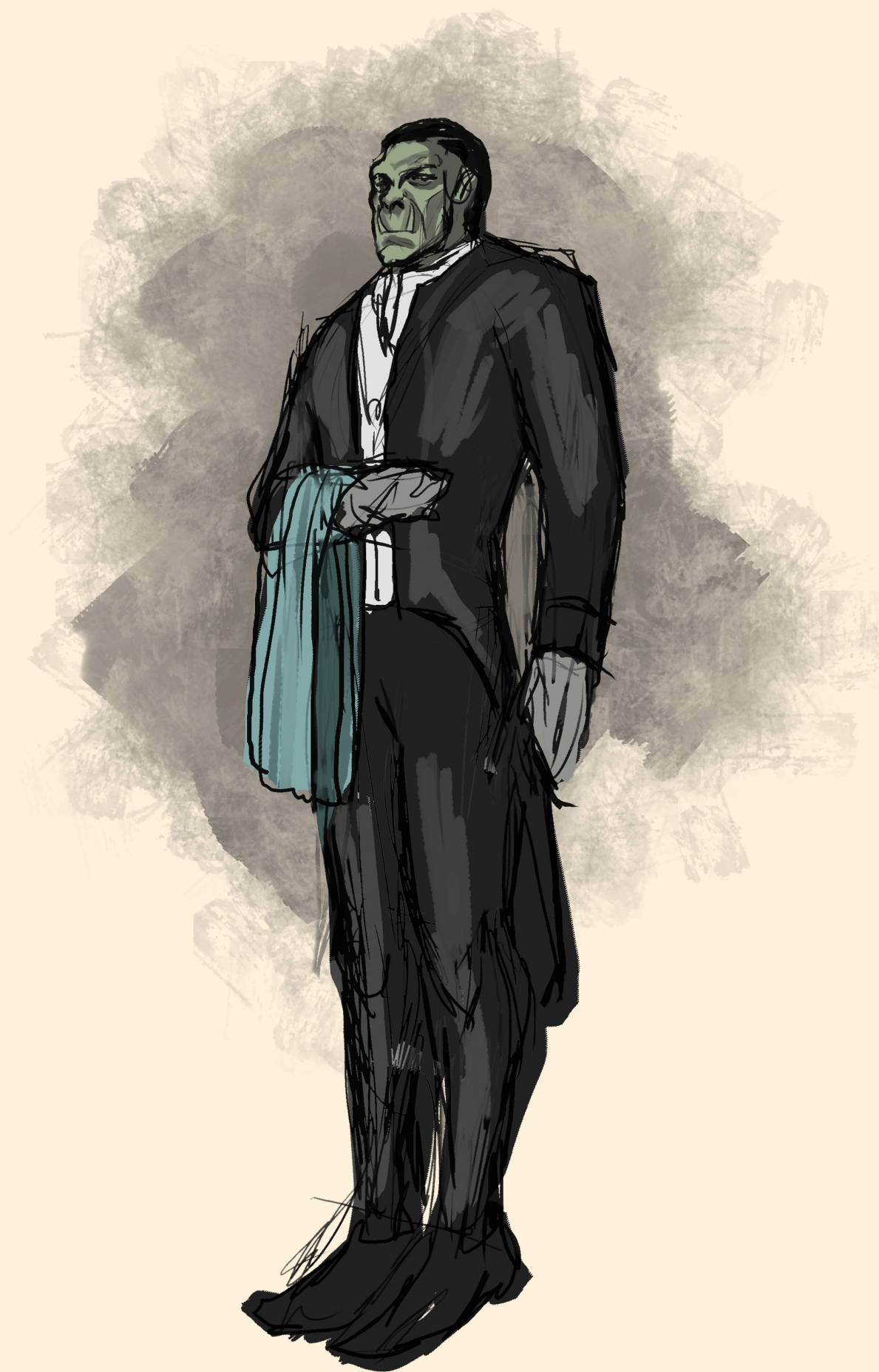
## Combat Tactics

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



## 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?"; "Graciously me!"

## Mannerisms

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

## 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.

## Background

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 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.

## Author notes for the artist:

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