

ORFTHALL HOGDEN

*middle aged adult half-orc
neutral good
Level 0 civilian / commoner*

Pronouns: he/him
Occupations: Butcher

Armor Class 14

Hit Points 52 (TODO Hitdice)
Speed 30.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
13	18	14	9	11	8

Saving Throws TODO Saving Throws
Skills He is an incredibly skilled butcher and proficient with several kinds of knife as the pertain to his profession
Proficiencies TODO

Damage Immunities TODO Damage Immunities
Condition Immunities TODO Condition Immunities
Senses TODO Senses
Languages Common Orcish ,
Adjectives ,

Special Abilities
Special Equipment

- +2 Butcher's Knife

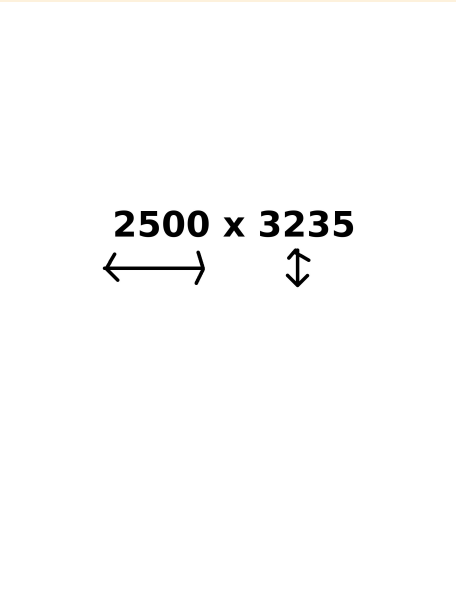
Combat Tactics

It's unlikely that he would ever fight, but he is pretty spectacular with a knife

Actions

Knife

Factions



ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

A big ugly half-orc wields a huge carving knife behind the counter at the local butcher shop. "Best cuts in town!"

Appearance

Large, 6'3", heavyset Half-Orc with scraggly black hair in a hair net and a blood covered butchers apron

Expressions

"How many chops do you want?", "Oi, that's a fine cut of mutton right there". "Time to make the sausage"

Mannerisms

brilliantly fast knife-work with surprising grace for his size

Motivations

Making a living, Loves meat of all kinds. Providing the best product for his customers

Passions

He sees butchering as an art not just a profession

Secrets

His meat isn't always what he says it is

Background

Abandoned as a child and raised in orphanages, he had an early pension for catching and dissecting small animals. As he got older he found out he could do that for a living without people shunning him for it.

He found a kindly butcher in town and became his apprentice. He took to the trade light lightning and quickly far surpassed the abilities of his mentor. When it came time for his mentor to retire, Orfthall took over the business and has excelled. However, as skilled as Orfthall is, he's not immune to the fluctuations of the market and has from time to time, passed off lesser meats as better cuts, especially in his sausage.