



# 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	DEX	CON	INT	WIS
14	16	8	15	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

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## 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

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## 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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# BACKGROUND STORY

Needless to say, Orcs aren't known for their navy. Yet that isn't to say that Orcs aren't sea-men. Born and raised by the Yellow Teeth tribe in the Northern Wastes of Kalauzumar [Any Remote Wasteland], Nagata was taught in how to navigate the more shallow seas that surrounded the Wastelands. An ambitious young man, he dreamed of a life on the seas. But he knew this wouldn't be possible within the confines of his tribe. Although he tried his hands at engineering various war machines for his tribe and was actually quite talented at it, this couldn't possibly compare to his dreams of living a 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 broad 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".