

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
14	17	11	13	12

CHA

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

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

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

ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

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



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ROLEPLAYING

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?"; "Gracious me!"

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Mannerisms

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Motivations

Hierarchy, tradition and
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Passions

Service; Peacekeeping;
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Fine clothes; The 'White
Gloves'; Alchemy;

Secrets

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Not so much a secret, Beach isn't fond of sharing his origins.

BACKGROUND STORY

<p>Spartan in nature (but with the honorable intent) Orcish culture is well-known for its celebration of brute strength 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.</p><p>Bullied and beaten often what were perceived as less 'Orcish' features, even as an infant, Ukhtor's mother feared 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 on a well-traveled road just outside of the party's planned travel path.</p><p>Local constables were escorting magistrates between nearby towns and came across the basket. Peering inside, the head of the constabulary, Amin Car, exclaimed, <i>"cursed Orcs! They cannot even care for their own children!"</i></p><p><i>"Do away with the filthy runt!"</i> One of the constables sneered. </p>Amin peered into Ukhtor's deep blue eyes and saw a nimble, dedicated soul; much different from the ferocious hatred he'd seen in battles against raid-parties. <i>"No,"</i> Amin exclaimed, <i>"this one is different. And he needn't fall victim to the same virulent hatred that afflicts the Orcs."</i></p><p>Amin brought Ukhtor with him for the journey. Staring into his sea-blue eyes, he pronounced that the youngster 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.</p>

PERSONALITY

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