

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

 (+2)
 (+4)
 (+1)
 (+2)
 (+1)

13 (+2)

Saving Throws

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

{"title"=>"Burleigh and Stronginthearm Number IX", "description"=>"A +3 precise crossbow; only 2 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

{"title"=>"Assassin's Dagger (+1)", "Description"=>"When Beach Hits a creature that is surprised with this dagger, target must make a DC 18 CON throw or take 4d6 necrotic damage. |"} {"title"=>"Hidden Blade (1d4 piercing, finesse)"}

Factions

Local Constabulary Butler to the Chief The White Gloves Dabbler black arts libertarian alchemists Developer



ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

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

Appearance

Black long-tailed tuxedo, white glove and socks; brown skin, mottled with

Expressions

"Does sir/madam have an appointm with His Grace?"; "Scones with your libation, master/madam?"; "Gracious me!"

Mannerisms

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

Motivations

Hierarchy, tradition and literature ar laced like marrow through his thoug martial arts; marksmanship.

Passions

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

Secrets

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

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Secrets

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BACKGROUND STORY

["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 warparty's treks between camps, she abandoned Ukhtor in a basket by a well-traveled road just outside of the party's planned travel path."]