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albrecht mukht

**2500 x 3235**  
↔ ↕

Image Dummy

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Albrecht Mukht

**Albrecht Mukht**

**middle aged adult Half-Orc/Half-Dwarf**

**Neutral Evil**

**Level 5 Barbarian Path of the Berserk**

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**Pronouns -**

he/him

**Occupations -**

General Contractor

**Armor Class -**

13

**Hit Points -**

48 (TODO Hitdice)

**Speed -**

35.

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**STR**

18 (+4)

**DEX**

12 (+1)

**CON**

16 (+3)

**INT**

9 (0)

**WIS**

10 (+0)

**CHA**

8 (-1)

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**Saving Throws -**

Constitution

Strength

**Skills -**

Masonry

**Proficiencies -**

Intimidation, Persuasion, Mason's Tools, Woodcrafter's Tools,

**Proficiency Mod -**

+3

**Damage Immunities -**

N/A

**Condition Immunities -**

N/A

**Resistances -**

N/A

**Languages -**

Common Orcish Dwarvish

**Adjectives -**

Angry, Skilled, Racist,

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**Special Abilities**

**Special Equipment**

- 
- 

**Combat Tactics**

Albrecht has worked to control his anger and will likely only rage if vehemently provoked. After this point, however, better duck and run

**Actions**

- 

**Factions**

**Mason's Guild**

Role: *General Contractor*

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# Image Dummy

## Roleplaying

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### Introduction

Often encountered while working a contracting job on a home or business, such as a tavern or inn.

### Appearance

Stout and muscular - barrel shaped; 5'5"; Tanned reddish brown skin; Deep brown dreadlocks with blonde highlights

### Expressions

*If you gots a need, I do the deed*

*Poor craftsmanship. Damned elves/humans couldn't build quality if they tried*

### Mannerisms

Always pointing out the differences between the races yet can't tell the difference between members of the same race.

Motivations

A paradoxically deeply racist multi-racial individual, Albrecht experiences his greatest joy when human or elven populations are diminished in numbers. He is also highly driven to have a hand in as many building projects in his current town or city so he can brag about his renown.

Passions

Woodworking; puzzles; racism

Secrets

He's pretty upfront about everything

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# Background Story

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Brushing his dreadlocks from his eyes, Albrecht stares down the elves approaching his work site. "Oy, git yer dirty feet off this site! Yer gonna taint the beauty of my work!" He snarls, spitting in their direction. The two elves remark to each other about the rarity they see nailing shingles to the roof of the new tavern. A half-orc? A feral dwarf? They cannot be certain. His muscular body and scars tell a story of a man who is not civilized, per se. A man who would unleash rage upon them. The elves depart. The progeny of a Dwarven slave woman who answered to Orcish slavers in a barbaric tribe, Albrecht had no true connection to family, as one might know it, except to hate others and unleash rage upon those who challenge him. Tired of the poor and sloppy indulgences of his tribe, Albrecht sought greater wealth and power. He followed a trading caravan he saw passing in the distance of the plains, offering to help them with any repairs or services they might need. He continued on with this 'hired-hand' type business upon arriving in the town of Meership Downs, a small sailing port and bustling sea-side community. Here he grew his talents, but also his hatred for other races as the village was frequented by many types of people carousing, drinking, fighting, and all-around ne'er-do-wells. Now, Albrecht focuses on having his 'stamp' on as many buildings, ships, wagons, and so forth, as he possibly can. He puts his anger and hatred into his work knowing that unleashing his rage would not only be dangerous for others, but most certainly for himself.