



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

- - - - -

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

-

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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Languages Human, orcish,

Adjectives Restless,

Special Abilities

Special Equipment -

Combat Tactics

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Actions

Staff of Charming (as Quarterstaff)

Factions

Cell3

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BACKGROUND STORY

Needless to say aren't known for the navy. Yet that isn't t that Orcs aren't sea Born and raised by t Yellow Teeth tribe in Northern Wastes of Kalauzumar [Any Re Wasteland], Nagata taught in swamp navigation and ever in how to navigate t more shallow seas t surrounded the Wastelands. An amb young man, he drea of a life on the seas, he knew this would possible within the confines of his tribe. Although he tried hi hands at engineerin various war machin his tribe and was ac quite talented at it, couldn't possibly co to his dreams of livin life on the high-seas Although he loved h 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. H took a quick look around at the crew, made a bro and clearly unsuspicious gesture towards the starboard bow of the shi and whistled clearly (a known call for his shipmates) and then ma a deliberate and unnoticeable dash to the port side of the ship divi off quietly into the water. Nagata swam to sho unnoticed and sat on his knees. He ran his fingers through the sand, muttering, "dear sea, yo have me".