

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)

CHA

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

Burleigh and Stronginthearm
Number IX 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

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

**Butler to the police chief;
dabbling member of White
Gloves, Black Arts
libertarian alchemists.**



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 gloves
and socks; brown skin, mottled with

Expressions

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

Mannerisms

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

Motivations

Hierarchy, tradition and literature are
laced like marrow through his thoughts;
martial arts; marksmanship.

Passions

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

Secrets

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

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TODO Condition
Immunities

Senses TODO Senses
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dwarvish, orcish,
Adjectives Servile,

Special Abilities Sneak
Attack, Assassinate; |
Uncanny Dodge; | Cunning
Action

Special Equipment
Burleigh and
Stronginthearm Number IX
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

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

**Butler to the police
chief; dabbling
member of White
Gloves, Black Arts
libertarian
alchemists.**

Cell3

ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

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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!"

Mannerisms

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

Motivations

Hierarchy, tradition and
literature are laced like
marrow through his
thoughts; martial arts;
marksmanship.

Passions

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

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isn't fond of sharing his
origins.

BACKGROUND STORY

<p>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.</p>
<p>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 war-
party's treks between
camps, she abandoned
Ukhtor in a basket by a
well-traveled road just
outside of the party's
planned travel path.</p>
<p>Local constables were
escorting magistrates
between nearby towns and
cam across the basket.
Peering inside, the head of
the constabulary, Amin
Carr, exclaimed,
<i>"cursed Orcs! They
cannot even care for their
own!"</i></p><p><i>"Do
away with the filthy runt!"</i>
One of the constables
sneered. </p>Amin peered
into Ukhtor's deep blues
eyes and saw a nimble,
dedicated soul; much
different from the ferocious
hatred he'd seen in his
battles against raid-parties.
<i>"No,"</i> Amin
exclaimed, <i>"this one is
different. And we 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 be 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>