



OGRES

Ogres are a huge warrior race from the mountains beyond Blackfire Pass. Most are keen to stay in their mountain home, enjoying their constant cycle of hunting and feasting, but a few with wanderlust have ventured north into the Empire. They are still a rare occurrence, and the sight of their giant hulking frames and pronounced fangs are often enough to cause fear and panic among the common folk. Consequently, most ogres find work as mercenaries, bodyguards or thugs – and there are many who say that this is all they are good for. They don't say it too loud, of course, lest the ogres rip their arms off.

Background

Despite what many people think, ogres are not related to the goblinoid races, although they still irritate dwarves with their insistence on employing the greenskins to work their war machines. Ogres seem to have appeared in the mountains around the same time as the Human tribes were settling the lower lands. Due to their southern location, far from chaos incursions and the empire, ogre culture has changed little over the centuries. Their tribal lifestyle revolves totally around battle and hunting, with increased status granted to those who fight the hardest, kill the most prey and eat the most at the feast afterwards. Ogres pride themselves on the size of their bellies (not to mention their ability to digest anything) and call all humans by the common ogre insult of "Slim".

Ogres have recently become more in contact with humans, as Border Princes have begun hiring bands of ogre warriors (known as "ravagers") in lieu of mercenaries, so as to get the upper hand in their neighbourly squabbles. These human encounters have caused an increasing number of ogres to journey into Tilea, Estalia and the Empire, and one can only wonder at the effect this will have on ogre culture in the long term.

In battle, ogres are terrifyingly ferocious, shunning missile weapons in preference of charging with their huge bulk until their enemies fall or rout. The standard ogre weapon is a club, and the only armour they

usually design to wear is their familiar “gut-plate”, a huge round piece of metal worn over the stomach to protect that most precious spot (providing two points of armour to the Body). The quality of one’s club and gut-plate also measure one’s status in ogre society.

Roleplaying Hints

Ogres come from a very primitive lifestyle, and tend to lack subtlety as a result. Everything can be seen as either something to fight or something to eat, and any time spent not doing one of these is, in ogre eyes, pointless and dull. They speak plainly, act boldly and live largely, for tomorrow, somebody might cut your head off, or the beer might run out.

Table 1: Characteristic Generation

Characteristic	Ogre
Weapon Skill (WS)	20+2d10
Ballistic Skill (BS)	10+2d10
Strength (S)	40+2d10
Toughness (T)	40+2d10
Agility (Ag)	10+2d10
Intelligence (Int)	10+2d10
Will Power (WP)	20+2d10
Fellowship (Fel)	10+2d10
Attacks (A)	1
Wounds (W)	Roll 1d10 and consult Table 2: Starting Wounds
Strength Bonus (SB)	Equal to the first digit of your Strength
Toughness Bonus (TB)	Equal to the first digit of your Toughness
Movement (M)	5
Magic (Mag)	0
Insanity Points (IP)	0
Fate Points (FP)	Roll 1d10 and consult Table 3: Starting Fate Points

Table 2: Starting Wounds

d10 Roll	Ogre
1-3	13
4-6	14
7-9	15
10	16

Table 3: Starting Fate Points

d10 Roll	Ogre
1-4	1
5-7	1
8-10	2



Racial Features

Skills: Common Knowledge (Ogres), Speak Language (Grumbarth), Speak Language (Reikspiel)

Talents: Acute Sense of Smell (see below), Menacing, Night Vision, Stout-Hearted

Table 4: Starting Career

Career	Ogre
Boatman	01–02
Bodyguard	03–09
Hunter	10–14
Jailer	15–22
Marine	23–26
Mercenary	27–40
Messenger	41–42
Militiaman	43
Miner	44–45
Outlaw	46–47
Pit Fighter	48–59
Protagonist	60–64
Rat Catcher	65
Ravager (see below)	66–79
Seaman	80–81
Servant	82–83
Thief	84
Thug	85–98
Toll Keeper	99–00



New Talent: Acute Sense of Smell

Decription: Your sense of smell is as sharp as a wolf's. You gain a +20% bonus on Perception Skill Tests that involve smell or taste.



New Career: Ravager

Description

In the wild regions of the Border Princes and the Badlands, soldiers and mercenaries are hard to come by, and why pay for two dozen men when five ogres can do the same job? Ravagers are typically employed not to simply kill but to rout and destroy. Local lords pay ravagers (usually in food) to storm down into a town or encampment, slaughter any resistance, terrify the populace, smash or upturn everything they can, run off the livestock and eat anything they decide looks tasty. Some Ravagers crave more of a challenge or more variety, however, and become mercenaries; others set off to seek adventure instead.



— Ravager Advance Scheme —							
Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	—	+10%	+10%	—	—	+10%	—
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
—	+3	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Common Knowledge (Badlands), Concealment, Intimidate, Outdoor Survival

Talents: Fearless, Frenzy, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure

Trappings: Medium Armour (Leather jerkin, Gut plate (AP 2 to Body)), Hand Weapon, Hunk of Raw Meat

Career Entries: None

Career Exits: Hunter, Mercenary, Outrider, Thug, Veteran

Note: Only ogres may enter this career.

Table 5: Physical Characteristics

5.1 Height

Female
8'0" + 1d10"

Male
8'4" + 1d10"

5.2 Weight in Pounds

Roll	Ogre
01	250
02-03	260
04-05	270
06-08	280
09-012	290
13-17	300
18-22	310
23-29	320
30-37	330
38-49	340
50-64	350
65-71	360
72-78	370
79-83	380
74-88	390
89-92	400
93-95	410
96-97	420
98-99	430
00	440

5.3 Hair and Eyes

Roll	Hair	Eyes
1	Bald	Orange
2	Bald	Orange
3	Bald	Red
4	Red	Red
5	Copper	Copper
6	Brown	Brown
7	Brown	Dark Brown
8	Black	Black
9	Black	Black
10	Black	Purple



Table 6: Background and Family

6.1 Siblings

Roll	Ogre
1	2
2-5	3
6-9	4
10	5

6.2 Age in Years

Roll	Ogre
1	14
2	15
3	16
4	17
5	18
6	19
7	20
8	21
9	22
10	23

6.3 Birthplace

Roll	Result
01-30	World's Edge Mountains (South of Black Fire Pass)
31-60	Dragonback Mountains
61-80	Black Mountains
81-95	The Badlands
95-99	World's Edge Mountains (North of Black Fire Pass)
00	The Darklands

6.4 Name

Roll	Female	Male
01-05	Aggrun	Agrak
06-10	Brecca	Brakh
11-15	Corla	Carac
16-20	Fessun	Dakar
21-25	Groha	Davog
26-30	Gressa	Dokk
31-35	Gurda	Kallik
36-40	Halka	Kavok
41-45	Hunga	Lorgh
46-50	Kalla	Lurg
51-55	Luska	Pardagh
56-60	Magrun	Praksh
61-65	Mika	Sallak
66-70	Morga	Skoar
71-75	Olna	Svorg
76-80	Riska	Targar
81-85	Tagha	Torrug
86-90	Ulka	Thrarg
91-95	Ulsa	Varg
96-00	Wolna	Vorg



Sample Characters:

Kaal, Ogre Pit Fighter

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
32	30	49*	49	31	16	37	19
+15%			+10%^			+10%	
32	30	49*	54	31	16	37	19
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14	4	5	5	0	0	1
	+2						
1	14	4	5	5	0	0	1

Skills: Common Knowledge (Ogres), Dodge Blow, Intimidate, Speak Language (Grumbarth), Speak Language (Reikspiel)

Talents: Acute Sense of Smell, Menacing, Night Vision, Specialist Weapon Group (Flail), Specialist Weapon Group (Parrying), Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Stout-Hearted, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun, Very Strong*

Armour: Leather Jack, Mail Shirt

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 1, Body 3, Legs 0

Weapons: Great Weapon (Two-handed Axe), Knuckle-duster, Shield

Trappings: Loincloth, 5 gold crowns

*bonus already included in profile

Kaal entered the arena for his love of the game, but soon lost his taste for it. Not because of the unending slaughter, but because of the cheating and fixing he witnessed. He saw too many worthy opponents poisoned or hobbled by the organisers, to allow some crime lord or burgher to fill their pockets. When his time came to take a fall, Kaal smelt the dope in his swill, threw it away and took his opponent apart. Knowing there would be reprisals from his owner and whichever rich man he had just made poorer, Kaal escaped the pits that night. He is now seeking adventure, fights that aren't fixed, and, perhaps, a way to pay back the rich who so cowardly trade others' lives for gold.

Quote: "Got no beefs with you, Slim – just da galbrash who pay you"

Magrun, Ogre Rat Catcher

(Starting Character)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
31	17	47	56	12	19	32	21
+5	+10	-	+5^	+10	-	+10	-
31	17	47	61	12	19	32	21
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14	4	6	5	0	0	1
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-
1	14	4	6	5	0	0	1

Skills: Animal Care, Animal Trainer, Common Knowledge (Ogres), Concealment, Perception, Search, Set Trap, Speak Language (Grumbarth), Speak Language (Reikspiel)

Talents: Acute Sense of Smell, Menacing, Night Vision, Resistance to Disease, Resistance to Poison, Stout-Hearted, Specialist Weapon Group (Sling), Tunnel Rat

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Sling with stone, chain gauntlets

Trappings: Sling with ammunition, 4 rat traps, Pole with 4 dead rats on it, Small but Vicious Dog (Dugger)

Although female and still young, Magrun had a belly-girth to rival any of her male tribesmen. But they snubbed her attempts to join them in battle so she set off to the Empire, in search of adventure and people who might treat her better. Arriving almost starving in Krugenheim, she was taken in by a Halfling farmer and his wife, who recognised a fellow outsider. They helped her find a job in town when the plague rolled in and nobody was willing to get down in the sewers and squish a few rats. Granted, Magrun's large frame stops her from getting into the nooks and crannies but with one blow of her fist she can kill a dozen rats, and she eats whatever she kills too, making cleanup quicker and cheaper.

Soon recognised as the best ratcatcher the town had ever had, and their saviour from the plague, Magrun became accepted, and grew to like humans and Halflings far more than her Ogre brethren. However, now that she has decided to head to Talabheim, seeking more adventure than just killing rats, she will encounter prejudice all anew.

Quote: "Ug, this ogre ale cheap and awful! Got any Halfling Peculiar?"

Daracc, Ogre Engineer (ex-Miner)
(1200 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
37	17	42	54*	18	21	32	24
+10^	+15^^	+10^^	+5^	+10	+20^	+10^	-
42	27	52	59	18	26	37	24
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	15	4	5	5	0	0	2
-	+4^^	-	-	-	-	-	-
1	17	5	5	5	0	2	2

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Science), Animal Care, Common Knowledge (Ogres), Drive, Outdoor Survival, Navigation, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Speak Language (Grumbarth), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Miner)

Talents: Acute Sense of Smell, Menacing, Night Vision, Orientation, Stout-Hearted, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-Handed), Specialist Weapon Group (Gunpowder), Very Resilient*

Armour: Leather Jack

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 0

Weapons: Great Weapon (Two-Handed Pick), Large Firearm (+1 to damage, Experimental)

Trappings: Pick, Spade, Storm Lantern, Lamp Oil, Engineer's Kit, 6 Spikes, 9 gold crowns

*bonus already included in profile

Although he began his mining career as a tunnel support, Daracc is clever for an ogre and soon proved to be a natural with gunpowder and explosives. While delivering some sulphur to an alchemist-cum-gunsmith, they got talking, discovered their mutual passion and decided to team up. Daracc wanted to learn more about gunpowder, and the gunsmith needed someone to test his experiments.

The two had many adventures until the gunsmith was murdered in an alley by members of a cult devoted to halting the march of science and the so-called abominations it creates. Now Daracc is no longer searching for knowledge, but for bloody revenge on his friend's killers.

Quote: "One more step and I fill you full of saltpetre!!"

Hansup, Ogre Watchman (ex-Jailer)
(1200 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
29	20	49	48	17	12	26	27
+10^^	+5	+10^^	+10^^	+5	+10^	+5^	-
39	20	59	58	17	17	31	27
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	15	4	4	5	0	0	1
-	+3^^^	-	-	-	-	-	-
1	18	5	5	5	0	1	1

Skills: Common Knowledge (Ogres), Command, Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Heal, Intimidate, Perception, Search, Speak Language (Grumbarth), Speak Language (Reikspiel)

Talents: Acute Sense of Smell, Menacing, Night Vision, Resistance to Disease, Resistance to Poison, Stout-Hearted, Specialist Weapon Group (Entangling), Strike to Stun, Wrestling

Armour: Leather Jack

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 0

Weapons: Net, Truncheon (use club)

Trappings: Lantern and Pole, Lamp Oil, Poorly-fitting Uniform, 17 gold crowns (his severance pay)

Oh how people laughed when Hansup the Ogre was sworn into the Nuln City Watch. Oh how they snickered as he got his nickname, based on the first thing he always said. Oh how they chortled when they realised he was stupid even for an ogre.

Nobody is laughing any more. Especially not the city's criminals.

The simple fact is that Hansup is just too stupid to be tricked, cajoled or bargained with. He knows the law (he taught himself to read by reading the town charter) and if he sees anyone doing anything illegal, he catches them in his net and carries them straight to the Watch House, where his boss sorts them out. Methodical, implacable and scrupulously honest, Hansup is a rogue's worst nightmare. So much so that every crime lord in the city soon put a price on his head. Afraid this might lead to his fellow Watchmen being injured or killed as well, Hansup has left Nuln to try adventuring for a while, keeping the peace on a much larger and freer scale.

Quote: "HANSUP! You all unnarest! Put down weapons, or be thumped for resissing a watchman!"