

High Ogre

Perhaps the hardiest of all Ternian races, the High Ogres have forged survival into an art form. Born with an innate connection to the Earth, they have been drawn to fight the Chaos of the great Wastes of central Terna. Living in nomadic bands, the High Ogres roam from dune to dune sniffing out and snuffing the rampant Chaos and undead which endlessly appear. Fiercely proud and solitary, High Ogres hardly ever choose to speak or consort with members of the other kingdoms. The people of the Ternian Empire and the Dark Elven kingdoms have taken this as a personal slight and enacted “yellow knuckle” laws which not only allow but promote the murder of High Ogres and the retrieval of their hands for bounty.

Even in the face of such a barbarous practice, High Ogres stand by their credo as defenders of the Earth. Unambiguous and unapologetic in their actions, High Ogres will not tolerate Chaos in any form. Known as incomparable archers and adepts, they’ve perfected the blitzkrieg attack and woe betide any Necromancer who doesn’t pay them proper respect; their light cavalry will perilously ride the front edge of a sandstorm, completely raze a Necromancer’s camps, and ride out again before the storm passes. Feeling they are the sole barrier between the Earth and Chaos, High Ogres choose to leave the finer debates of nuance to others and practice a “burnt earth” solution to most Chaotic practitioners and nodes. Though not exactly monstrous or ravenous, a High Ogre warband will show neither mercy nor compassion toward a group they suspect of practicing the Chaotic arts. The unlucky few who are ignorantly in the employ of Necromancers are deplorable, but their passing is never mourned. Luckily, the High Ogre shamans are an unexpectedly clever lot and practice deep and unimpeachable divination to ensure their military strikes are accurate and rarely aimed at the innocent.

Their abilities notwithstanding, there are very few High Ogre warbands left in Terna. As Ternian High Ogres make no pretense toward political or mercantile camaraderie they have few standing treaties; furthermore, since no race is untouched by the lust for power or the call of Chaos, High Ogres have weeded out Chaoticians from every kingdom. These facts have led to more than a few “incidents” which have left the Ternian High Ogre a rare creature. Though they once ranged the entirety of the continent, their numbers are such they can no longer move beyond the blighted Wastes. These days, few races worry about the High Ogres as they seem content to remain to their ocean of sand and to the murkiest swamps around. Since High Ogres have more than enough rampant Chaos to contend with among their dunes and bogs, they have seen fit to stay put.

Of Omens

-As with all High Ogres, the Ogres of Terna seem to have a sixth sense of sorts. Often they will know of natural disasters or plagues well before they strike. Sometimes information

comes to them in a dream, other times it's a keen sense for what is unnatural in the land. Due to their unique nature as defenders of order in the natural world, it seems nature gives them subtle cues that only they can read. In truth, Terna manifests warnings to any of her defenders, and anyone could notice these signs, but most other races are simply too self absorbed or busy bending Fortannis herself to their will to notice. Or at least such is the belief of the Ogres.

Two Bands

-The Ogres of Ca La Dorn form a sizable force that live in a deep valley on the Isle of Thonesh. They hate chaos no less than any of their kind but have been forced to coexist with it on an Isle that until recently was in isolation and on which Necromancy was perfectly legal. In the days of the zombie swell, they were forced to abide Necromancy as the Great Shaman served Thonesh in hopes of saving his tribe from certain destruction. In the end he was talked into helping the adventurers, and then committed suicide for his shame of service to Chaos. The tribe is now rebuilding, but is dealing with the shame of their inaction and is now planning aggressive missions into the mainland to begin their repentance.

-The Ogres of the Wastes are nearly wholly consumed with patrolling and slaying the undead beasts of the Wastes. Due to their efforts, it is exceedingly rare that any of the undead horrors that stalk the Wastes stumble out to attack Wayside or the Eternal Kingdom. A triad of Great Shamans currently rules the tribes of the Wastes under a unified banner. They have little to no relations with the outside races save for the Gypsies, who hold a large gather in the Wastes every year. The High Ogres guarantee security at this festival and in return are granted a boon of friendship. It is said no Gypsy will ever turn down the request of aid that these Ogres ask for. The Ogres take great pride in the fact they have never asked for aid from them, however: just a few trade goods from the gather. The Ogres consider salted herring from the north seas to be a delicacy.

-There are numerous small warbands scattered across the continent but they largely stick to swamps or cavern networks which have either undead or otherwise chaotic beasts of some sort native to them. These warbands are rich in culture and tradition but are rarely seen by outsiders as they are so fully dedicated to their business of killing abominations.