Warhammer Fantasy: Ogre Kingdoms

By Valeria

Introduction

Long ago, when the Old Ones were trying to create a race that could assist them in their fight against Chaos as the perfect soldiers, the Ogres were created. Strong, sturdy, resistant to Chaos and not too bright, they seemed the perfect warriors. But the Old Ones could not finish the project and were forced to leave the Ogres halfway done. The Ogres minded not, the simple race being happy to live out generations on the wide plains they came to be on, hunting her beasts and competing with each other.

It was when the first Ogres discovered how delicious the flesh of a man was that things changed. The neighbouring country of Cathay, upon experiencing increasingly constant raids from the Ogres tribes of the time, gathered it's wizards to bring down a catastrophe upon the Ogrish race. A bright light glowed in the sky after they cast their spell, a meteor speeding towards the planet from afar. It crashed into the Ogre homeland and wiped out most of them, forcing what remained out with the terrible winds and destruction it wrought even after it landed.

This was no mere meteor. It was a living organism. After it crashed, it tunnelled deep within the earth and formed a link with the Ogres it had destroyed. After the event, every single Ogre could not eat to satiation. No matter how much they ate, there was a constant hunger within them. This was the Great Maw, what would eventually become the God of the Ogre race when a single Ogre would go to see their original homeland and find nothing but a massive, gaping mouth filled with teeth and muscle.

The Ogres however, had fled from their homeland. They went to the west, to the Ancient Mountain Range in search of food and safety. For a time, these mountains seemed perfect, filled with gigantic herd beasts that could feed whole tribes for days. When the Ogres met the shepherds of these beasts, the Sky Titans, they went to war for the first time. The War in Heaven they called it, those who can remember, as the Ogres fought the enormous Sky Titans and wiped them out. The few titans who remained ran from the mountains, becoming the Giants known across the world today.

Soon enough, most Ogres ventured further west, after the food stores of the Titans were emptied. They found smaller mountains, arrayed in vast ranges, that they would soon come to know as home for centuries and millennia, until the current day. These are the Mountains of Mourn, the Ogre Kingdoms. Divided up, tribe by tribe, each section is led by an Ogre Tyrant. They battle and feast amongst each other, occasionally invade other kingdoms and live out their lives. Few Ogres have grand ambitions for the world or desires to save or destroy it.

In the end, an Ogre wants to eat and fight and nothing else matters. And now you've become an Ogre too.

You've been gifted with 1000 Choice Points (CP) to make purchases to help your life for the next ten years in the world of Warhammer Fantasy Battles.

Locations

Your starting location is within the Ogre Kingdoms, the Mountains of Mourn, at the settlement of your tribe. This will either be the existing camp of your tribe if you chose to be part of a canonical tribe or a new location, if you decided to start your own. If you chose to be entirely independent, you will begin at one of the entrances to the Mountains of Mourn, just outside the Ogre Kingdoms and with the choice to enter or find your fortunes elsewhere in the world.

Origins

Any origin may be taken as a Drop In origin. Ogres are generally stupid enough to believe you if you say you were always around.

Bruiser

Bigger, meaner, smellier. You're a prime example of everything a good, proper Ogre should be. Your sort is the sort that comes to positions of power and leadership amongst the tribe, having been endowed with greater bulk and strength than the common Ogre. You're likely related to your tribe's Tyrant in some manner, perhaps a son, brother or grandson. It'll be your job to smash in any heads who tell the Tyrant anything but what he wants to hear, lead your Ogrish kin into battle and watch out for a chance to kill your leader and take his place as Tyrant.

Butcher

The Great Maw calls to all Ogres but there are those who feel a far deeper connection. When you were born, you were taken by a Butcher, one of the priests of the Great Maw, and raised to become a leader of the faith. He bit deeply into your stomach and taught you the ways of cooking, slaughtering and the magics of the Maw. Now you are a Butcher in your own right, in charge of the most holy of duties- preparing food and feasts for your tribe and leading all rites to the God of the Ogre race.

Hunter

A small number of Ogres find themselves with peculiar desires. The desire to hunt and eat is in all Ogres, a basic instinct, but to hunt such impressive game as can be found in the Mountains of Mourn alone? Ogres just call your sort Hunters, to show your dedication to the art. Most of your time is spent alone, separated from your tribe, if you have one at all. You hunt the great beasts of the mountains and from time to time, descend to hunt lesser prey. Most Hunters take on and tame some of what they hunt to assist them but it seems you've not yet found the perfect companion for that. Perhaps you could look on your next hunt?

Maneater

Ogres can be found all across the world. Most are within the Ogre Kingdoms but mercenary bands and roaming tribes can be spotted from the Empire to Lustria. The most famous of these wandering Ogres are the Maneaters. Named after Golgfag Maneater, a famous and well-travelled Ogre adventurer, a Maneater is an Ogre of the world. Travelling across many countries, picking up many customs, eating many different kinds of people. You've been selling your sword to whatever lord can buy it, hoping to see new lands and discover some great fortune to bring back home, along with many tales of your exploits.

Gorger- 300

The ogre paunch is a holy thing and every now and then, a blasphemous child is born without one. Sick, gangly or stringy, they're weak and considered something of an abomination to many Ogres. These whelps are thrown into the many caves found in the Mountains of Mourn, offerings to the Great Maw. Most die quickly, eaten by the many things that hunt in the dark. Some survive. They wriggle into tight holes and tunnels to hide from predators and their larger siblings. They hunt bugs, then bigger animals, then the others that were thrown into the cave like them. All the whilst, the warpstone that lines the caves and tunnels mutates their body into a form more suitable for their lifestyles. Turned into terrifying, huge killing machines, the perfect hunters, most go mad from the

process and the life in the dark. Their frenzies and endless hunger earned them the name Gorger. You became one of the beasts yet somehow, you retained your mind. You're feared and reviled by many Ogres yet with such a combination of power and intelligence and hunger, perhaps you could prove yourself even still?

Your starting age is 20+ 1d8 years. Ogres will live for a few centuries so you are quite young. Your gender is whatever it was previously, though you may change to become male for free. If you wish to change either of these, pay 100CP to freely choose either.

Tribe

You will pick one of the 12 following options to decide your Tribe. Each Tribe has an associated 100CP perk that you will gain for free on taking that tribe. You may buy the other Tribe perks for 100CP each.

Goldtooth Tribe
The richest Ogre tribe of them all and currently what is closest to the head tribe as well, given their leader is Overtyrant Greasus Goldtooth, the one Ogre who could command all the tribes to follow his will. With vast treasures at their disposal, all Goldtooths have some form of wealth in their armour or weapons, along with the required golden tooth replacement.

Thunderguts Tribe
The premier Ogre tribe from outside the Kingdoms, the Thunderguts are perhaps the most renowned raiders of all the tribes. Infamous for never holding true to a deal or ransom, they nonetheless use their great power and numbers to force others to comply with their demands. They've recently returned to the Mountains of Mourn but are likely to go off on another long year of raiding soon.

Crossed Clubs
More Maneaters have come from the Crossed Clubs then have any other tribe. Renowned liars and braggarts, even an Ogre is rarely foolish enough to believe everything that comes out of the mouth of a Crossed Clubs Ogre. They're a colourful bunch, dressed in fashions and equipped with weapons from dozens of different cultures.

The Sons of the Mountain
Living atop one of the highest peaks in the Ogre Kingdoms, the Sons of the Mountain are Hunters one and all, having earned their title or aspiring to be so. They share a close friendship with the Yhetees, the icy and furry cousins of the Ogres that live in such high altitudes and often hunt alongside them.

The Feastmasters
A tribe that lives on the outskirts of the Ogre Kingdoms, growing fat on the easy pickings form the surrounding areas. Known for keeping all manner of other races as pets like most Ogres keep Gnoblars, especially on keeping Halflings, who they have found are fantastic cooks.

The Rock Skulls
The toughest and stupidest of all Ogre tribes. Known for their thick heads, a Rock Skull can quite shatter a boulder with enough head-butts as well as be led in circles till he's paying people for the honour of fighting for them. If they had someone to direct them properly, they'd be one of the fiercest fighting forces in the Kingdoms.

Blood Guzzlers
Settled in the Vale of Webs, a giant spider infested region of the Mountains of Mourn, the Blood Guzzlers have learned well how to survive against the arachnid menace. Whilst not all Blood Guzzlers are Hunters in full, they are all arachnid hunters in training and spirit, loving the taste of the overgrown bugs and filling their regular feasts with their meat.

The Ironskin Tribe
A tribe with a significant amount of wealth and a penchant for wearing black iron armour, hence the name. They made their fortunes by taking advantage of the mountain terrain to bring down avalanches on their foes, then stealing anything they could from what was left, including hostages to sell to the other tribes as food or slaves.

The Lazarghs
Descended from the original Ogre who discovered the Great Maw, Groth Onefinger, the Lazarghs live on the very edge Ancient Giant Lands, the ancient mountains where the Sky Titans once ruled. Diseased winds flow into this location both from the Great Maw's exhalations and the chaos wastes, forcing the Lazarghs to become sicker over time. Most tribe members have lost their teeth, which they replace by hammering black stones into their gums instead.

Loner
You have no tribe. Whether you were cast out from an existing one or simply born to Ogres who had no tribe themselves, you are a lone wandering Ogre in a wide open world. There's plenty of work to be found and if you were interested, most of the tribes would be amenable to you joining them if you could bring some tasty food or a good fight.

Perks

100CP perks are free for their associated Origins and all other associated perks are discounted for such.

Ogre Traits- Mandatory and Free

Ogres were made by the Old Ones in a half-finished attempt to create the ultimate warrior race against the Daemons. Despite the half-baked nature of this project, the Ogres possess a great deal of natural advantages.

Each Ogre stands around twelve feet tall and several times wider than a man in shoulder and waistline. Their organs are mostly stored in their immense bellies, a part of the body considered both holy and most impressive. This is not actually fat, despite the appearance of a fat gut, but instead layers on layers of muscle. These layers are strong enough to crush bone or metal between their folds with ease. Ogres as a whole are incredibly strong and tough. Their skin is like thick leather, warding off swords and arrows with ease, whilst their powerful muscles allow them to tear men to pieces with their bare hands or charge at surprisingly great speeds across open land.

Ogres are resistant to cold and heat, such that icy mountaintops or daytime deserts give them little discomfort. They can survive on even spoilt and rotten food, though they eat large amounts, and rarely bother much with shelter given how tough they are. They can live for centuries, though only a few survive that long with the constant battle, and are even highly resistant to the influence of Chaos. They're hardly immune to being warped or mutated but it would take years of low or mid-level exposure to see them start to do so. Even when they are, they're not hated by their normal brothers. If anything, an Ogre is likely to be quite jealous of a Chaos Ogre who lucked into getting a few extra mouths.

Ogres are generally quite stupid. They can have a sort of cunning at times and some Ogres, usually the leaders, do prove to have some level of smarts about them. All Ogres however, have a great, gnawing hunger within them. They are driven to eat and eat and eat, as well as to enjoy the act greatly. This is the influence of the Great Maw which calls all Ogres back towards its centre. If they live long enough, all Ogres will eventually make a pilgrimage to answer that call and lay eyes upon their deity. Post jump this will become an Alt Form for you.

Leadbelching- 100

The Leadbelchers are those strange Ogres who take a liking to the boom of cannon fire, thus taking up a cannon of their own to take into battle. An actual canon mind, ripped straight from the deck of a pirate ship or fortress wall. You've got a surprising talent for this sort of explosive weapon, along with all other sorts of primitive or early explosive weapons. Even holding the cannon in your hands and setting it off manually won't blind or deafen you. You're too used to explosions to be harmed in those ways. Still likely to pick up some nasty scars if you're not careful.

Hail to the God of Fire- 200

The Fire Mouth is an immense volcano found within the Ogre Kingdoms. It erupts quite often, spewing lava throughout the valleys. A tribe of Ogres started to believe that this great mountain was a God, similar if inferior to the Great Maw itself. Given the existence of other, genuinely living mountains within the Ogre Kingdoms, perhaps they are right. These Ogres devoted themselves to

the mountain, eating the blood that spilt from its body. But even an Ogre cannot eat a handful of magma without dying.

Except some did not die. Some emerged from the volcano's caldera with incredible powers of fire, bleeding lava when cut and espousing the faith of the Fire Mouth. Now, any Ogre may try his chances to join the ranks of the Firebellies, the believers of this cult. You are one such believer. You can spray fire from your mouth, control the Lore of Fire that grants you destructive fire magic, bleed and spray molten lava on foes when your skin is pierced and shrug off all but the hottest of flames. You are a terrifying sight on the battlefield, wreathed in smoke and fire with glowing eyes and a mouth dripping with molten rock. There's no denying the horrific toll you can wreak upon the enemy with your powers though.

Horde Hoard- 100 (Free for Goldtooth Tribe)
Ogres don't have terribly much use for wealth past a certain point. Buying armour and weapons from other races, a few trinkets or giant mechanical beasts perhaps. Once you reach the levels of hoarded gold that the Goldtooth's have, it's hard to find a way to use it all. The Goldtooth's even started just embedding their gold and jewel's into their armour outright. Surprisingly, it actually works. The more of such materials embedded or laced into your armour or weapons, the tougher they get. If you managed to completely encrust something in gold and shiny gems, you might see it up to thrice as tough as it normally is.

Your Money and Your Life- 100 (Free for Thunderguts)
A ransom is a delicate business at times, usually too delicate for an Ogre. You need to strike a balance between the threat given and the tribute asked for. Too much asked for and they might decide it's best to fight for their lives anyway. The Thunderguts, despite a long history of making ransoms and then taking the hostages anyway, seem to manage just fine. You're not just excellent at getting just the right hostages to get the ransom you want but also in making people believe you'll uphold your end of the bargain, even if you haven't several times before now.

Tall Tales- 100 (Free for Crossed Clubs)
Maneaters gather up plenty of stories in their adventures, yet they still exaggerate and make up stories even more impressive then the amazing stuff they actually experience. Even the most famous of adventuring Ogres do this. Why? All part of the fun. Every Ogre knows there's half a chance you're full of shit but the fun is in how good you are at telling stories anyway. And you are good. You're both a greatly entertaining storyteller and a consummate liar, able to mix the two to paint yourself as one of the great heroes of the age with ease.

Kissing Cousins- 100 (Free for Sons of the Mountain)
Living with the Yhetee has taught you much about acceptance. Ogres can be quite amiable to their icy cousins but your tribe lives alongside them. When it comes to species like this, those closely related yet separate from your own, you have a close affinity with them even from the first meeting. The two of you just seem to get off on a great start and see each other in good lights. A human would find the same with any number of monkeys, whilst a Wood Elf would find itself in surprisingly good stead with its counterpart breeds.

Kitchen Hands- 100 (Free for Feastmasters)
Gnoblars and other little races are all very amusing pets to keep. They also make great snacks, taking only a few bits to gobble down and being able to move on their own. No wonder so many Ogres

keep them handy. Your tribe discovered that these little races can have benefits beyond amusement and food. The Halflings were found to be wonderful cooks and thus the Feastmasters enslaved large numbers of them, keeping them alive in exchange for good meals. You're good at breaking the wills of much weaker and smaller beings like Halflings or Gnoblars, to the point that they'll never even consider rising up against you. Not without some sort of hero to marshal them. Just eat the hero.

Thick as a Rock- 100 (Free for Rock Skulls)
The skin of most Ogres is like thick leather hide. With it being backed by even thicker layers of muscle, it forms a defence so great that Ogres rarely bother with the armour that lesser, smaller races use so often. The Rock Skulls? Their skin is more like stone. Blades don't just thud into it uselessly, they bounce off outright. It's no wonder this tribe wins all the rock head-butting contests. Might want to watch out for moss though.

Eight Legged Freaks- 100 (Free for Blood Guzzlers)
Spiders. Filthy goddamn things. The Blood Guzzler tribe is surrounded by nests of giant bastard spiders and they learnt to kill the fuckers well. The things are each as big as an ogre and lightning fast, yet a single ogre can dismantle a whole pack in just a minute or two, leaving a pile of twitching legs next to their dismembered bodies. They even know how to cook the freakish animals, apparently it's quite tasty. Not only do you share this knowledge of how to kill and cook the giant spiders of your home but you also find yourself much more deadly against any future arachnid foes.

Bringing Down the Mountain- 100 (Free for Ironskins)
The Iron Skin tribe made their fortune by utilising the many avalanche-capable mountainsides to easily bury much greater foes and then steal their stuff. This level of environmental awareness is quite surprising for any common Ogre, much less an entire tribe to have, but it serves them and you well. You can easily recognise the spots that make things fall apart in structures of the environment and know how to direct that falling apart to your advantage, whether you block off a passageway or just crush your foes with a few hundred boulders.

Further It Goes, Harder It Gets- 100 (Free for Lazarghs)
The Lazargh tribe may have been left twisted and mutated, even beyond what most Ogres who worship Chaos end up as, but that mutation has only seen their resistance to the Daemonic taint even greater. Whether you share the corrupted bodies of the Lazarghs in full or not, your natural resistance to Chaos taint has been heightened even more, such that nothing short of an active attempt at corrupting your body by a powerful Daemon will find any purchase at all.

Bruiser

Irongut- 100
Ogres with a desire to earn a bit more prestige for themselves sometimes take to eating all manner of strange and difficult things. Stones, scrap metal, trees and such, all to prove their intestinal fortitude to other ogres. A common practice among Ironguts, the elite soldiers of the Ogre Kingdoms, it's one you picked up yourself. Your body can digest anything you can fit down your throat. It's not necessarily safe, so I wouldn't recommend trying to eat anything too sharp. Other Ogres seeing you eat such rough food will no doubt have a healthy respect for your gut.

Me and My Boys- 100
A great Ogre, one with power and guts, will sire little Ogres just as great as he. It's both a blessing and a curse for many Ogre Tyrants. Their children often become their most powerful warriors, leaders and bodyguards yet those same children are the premier threat to their thrones. Long as that Tyrant can keep an eye out and a heavy hand to smack down any upstarts, things usually work out well. Much like the greatest of Ogres, your children are fated to grow to be every bit as big, strong and hungry as you are. They won't be born with anything your culture might consider as a deformity, within reason, so you'll never have to fear that your seed might produce some gutless brat and bring shame on you.

Crusher Guts - 200
One might think that with all that bulk, an Ogre would be a slow, lumbering beast that is easy to take down by a faster, nimbler opponent. Perhaps if that Ogre were fighting a single elf in close quarters, matching their agility against each other, one might be right. But on the battlefield? An ogre charge can move light lightning and tear through even the sturdiest of shield walls and fortifications like paper. Your speed, raw movement speed rather than agility or dextrousness, is no longer limited by your size, build or fat. Even if your belly was so big it could hold an entire ogre or two and you were left with stumpy little legs, you could run as fast as you could in your prime, almost as fast as a horse for most Ogres in a straight line.

Ogre Charge- 200
There's no sound quite like the thunderous boom of an entire horde of ogres slamming into the enemy lines. Twelve feet of hulking muscle moving faster than any man can sprint will reduce thick metal shields to twisted scrap and flesh and bone to smashed puddles beneath stomping feet. When you and your brethren charge, you are imbued with an almost unstoppable force. Moth metal and stone will be torn through before you and only monsters several times bigger than yourself could force you to halt. You won't be harmed by whatever you crash into, not at first, even if its dwarven spears or the frosty hide of a great beast from the mountains. Afterwards, that impact protection will fail, so a few back steps may help.

Absolute Violence- 400
A great Ogrish leader doesn't use charisma, charm or manipulation to control their followers. They just bash in the heads of anyone that says no until everyone falls in line. That's the sort of rule you were raised under and it's the sort of rule you took to heart. You can easily cow the weak willed with shows of force and those already under your rule will not dissent, rebel or even plot against you, so long as you can show that you are every bit as strong and cruel as ever. If you find a rogue element within your tribe, just tear the leader apart with your bare hands and the rest of his would-be rebels

will fall in line without a single protest. The more brutal you become, the more fervently those beneath you will follow your orders, out of sheer fear of not wanting to be next to defy you.

The Gutsman- 400
Even other Ogres cringe to see you in a battle. Blood, meat, bone and organs are all left strewn on the ground behind you as you tear through the ranks of your foes. You know how to cause the maximum amount of pain with each strike, leaving enemies alive but crippled or dying agonising deaths as you please. Not only does this allow you to easily work your way into any weak points or tender spots of a foe, the sight of you leaving their comrade as a mewling, limbless wreck will send most warriors fleeing in fear. Even the bravest or most monstrous will still be left sickened and unnerved. This knowledge of pain and killing can also quite easily be applied to other, similar pursuits such as torture or interrogation, earning you no small amount of infamy for your prowess.

Tyrant- 600
Bruisers are born big but you were born bigger. Anyone could see from early on that you were born to become a Tyrant. You tower over even other bruisers by a few feet and you're strong enough to rip an Ogre in two with your own hands. You're the biggest, strongest and angriest example of your species, whether it be being an Ogre or something else you become later on. You've upheld the long tradition of killing your way to the top as well, able to take positions of leadership from those above you by murdering them or proving yourself the stronger. Most civilisations may still take exception to the act of informal murder if you choose that way, even if everyone in that group believes you are the next rightful leader, but to Ogres it's simply how things are done.

Making a Name for Yourself- 600
Tyrants, and indeed all sorts of other Ogres, collect many titles and nicknames over the course of their long lives. Simple things, such as Castlesmasher or Headbasher, are the most common sort. They represent the great deeds and achievements an Ogre has accomplished in the past and the eldest and most successful Ogres can often have a dozen or more of these Big Names. For most Ogres, the names merely reflect what they have gained but for you, these Big Names will confer certain amounts of power based on past deeds. Become famous for bringing down the supposedly impenetrable gates of a Dwarven fortress? They'll start calling you the Gatecrasher and you'll find gates, walls and other fortifications much weaker to your blows. Similar famous deeds will grant similar powers but the more names you treat active and benefit from at any time, the weaker each will be. Thankfully you can pick and choose from your growing repertoire as to which you use at any moment.

Butcher

Lore of the Great Maw- Mandatory and Free for Butchers
The magic supplied to all Butchers and Slaughtermasters by the Great Maw, proof of their role as its priests and clerics. You will begin as a notably skilled wizard in this Lore, knowing a handful of spells. Anytime a spell from this Lore is successfully cast, there is a large chance that the caster will be healed of many of his injuries and gain a small but significant boost to his next casting of any magic.

This Lore deals largely with the act of eating and gaining power from that act, with flesh and bone and blood and with twisting the bodies of others. The signature spell of this Lore allows the caster to empower his allies with great fortitude and willpower by devouring bones and bone marrow. Other spells include eating bones to snap the bones of your foes, devouring the hearts or muscles of strong beasts to grant that same strength to yourself or others, eating stone or metal to take on that substances durability, forcing horrific nightmares into the minds of any foe near you by devouring a piece of a brain or skull or even taking on or granting to others the traits of monsters or beings of whom you consume for a time, such as granting the regeneration of a troll to yourself and your companions. Truly gifted Gut Mages can even summon the Great Maw beneath their foes, or at least a small incarnation of it, to swallow up and devour any caught in its immense gullet.

This Lore, as with any other Lore in this world, is subject to the Winds of Chaos. At any time, the strength of magic may wax or wane at random, forcing the user to adapt rather than try to force it to obey them. If they are truly unlucky, the Winds will turn against them, resulting in some horrid accident that may even cause the user's death. But that's only for the unlucky ones.

Good is Gross- 100
What did you expect? You're a Butcher and thus you're an amazing cook. For a race that quite literally worships the act of eating, how could a bad cook be tolerated as the priest of their great God? Sure, you're messy and most of your creations look pretty gross to anything more intelligent than an Ogre but it won't change the fact that each and every dish you prepare, even with half rotted ingredients, is going to taste divine. If a Butcher like you could ever turn away from the Maw and make some clean looking food, you'd take the world by storm with ease.

The Bloody Chef- 100
With all the time you spend using them, you're more skilled with kitchen knives than you are with any real combat blade. You decided you might as well get some more use out of that skill and took your cutlery and utensils to war with you. Being able to turn any kitchen tool into an effective, surprisingly lethal weapon is a great skill given how much you carry around with you and how little foes expect you to put up a real fight against armoured knights with knives and forks. Your cooking skill remains as well, allowing you to quite easily dice enemies into bite sized chunks as you fight them. Perhaps in time you could match the great Slaughtermasters, who do not stop preparing and cooking food even as they butcher the men and women that attack them.

Magically Learned- 200
Butchers all learn the magic of the Maw first and it is their primary focus throughout life. The Ogre mages are capable of learning how to harness the Lore of Beasts, Lore of Death or the Lore of Heavens. For each purchase of this perk you learn skilled proficiency in one of these Lores. The Lore of Heavens as to deal with the manipulation of the weather to cause destruction or the reading of the skies to predict the future and alter probability. The Lore of Beasts focuses on spells that

empower or transform the user or his allies as well as commanding the beasts of the world. The Lore of Death, unsurprisingly, has to do with killing things, both large and small and in big numbers and individuals.

Cleanliness is Close to Godliness- 200
Your job is a dirty one and the Maw ensured you would carry out your grisly duties. What use are you if you die to some meal laced with poison? A Butcher dying from the act of eating is the worst sort of blasphemy to the Great Maw. Poison and disease, waste and filth, none of it will harm you. You'll still get dirty, disease may still work its way into your body, but you'll never be harmed or weakened by the stuff. You can ensure that the food you prepare is in the same way as well, letting all your dinner guests eat in even the filthiest of conditions without fear of sickness.

Hunger Pains- 400
Your link with your hungry God grows ever stronger. The hunger within you is no longer content to simply allow you to do all the work, now it seeks to speed up that process. You have an innate understanding of how to cook anything edible to yourself or another guest of your kitchen. Just on sight, you know which tools to use, what pieces to cut off and what methods to utilise to cook something to perfection. You are even able to intuit what effects any particular piece may have when used in conjunction with the Lore of the Great Maw or other magics that make use of such parts.

God amongst Predators- 400
The Maw lives within you and those around you can feel it salivating at their presence. Just being around you is unnerving for other intelligent beings, making most herbivorous animals flee or attack on sight. It's the carnivores, your spiritual kin that truly know what you are becoming. To be so favoured by the Hungry God, they know to bow to your will. You may command and rule over all but the strongest of predators, beasts that hunt other living things yet do not possess full intelligence of their own. To control them this way, you must provide them with food, enough for them to gorge as they please or at least be leading them in a hunt for more food. So long as you keep their bellies filled, they'll obey any order you give, even flinging themselves into battle at your side. Keep them fed long enough and they'll learn to trust in you, letting you go longer and longer without a constant stream of meat.

The Maw Opens- 600
Truly, you have been blessed by the Great Maw. You have become like hunger incarnate, a little fragment of the Maw's power in the flesh of an Ogre. The more you eat, the more you devote yourself to your God, the more powerful you will become. You will grow stronger, faster, bigger and even heal quicker the more you eat in any battle, whether it be prepared food or simply biting chunks out of your foes. This has no upper limit but will almost entirely fade once the power is out, the power leaving you to return to the Maw. Still, a very small amount remains, enough that over the course of many battles of feeding, you will see yourself becoming noticeably stronger, faster and larger.

Slaughtermaster- 600
The mere ranks of the Butchers can no longer contain your largeness. You've become a Slaughtermaster, one of the high priests of the Ogre race. Your Gut Magic is empowered to massively greater heights, along with any other eating or food related powers, as you reach a step just below the great Prophets of the Maw itself. Your abilities in combat, particularly with cooking

utensils, increases to the point where you become something of a whirlwind of flying butcher blades and airborne limbs, snatching each dismembered body part from the air and cooking it as you fight. You are even able to ensure that your Gut Magic never misfires or results in disastrous castings for yourself. The Great Maw sees fit to give a little shielding to one of its favoured chefs. This role of course, also makes you into one of the most holy and respected figures in the Ogre Kingdoms, not the least due to the grand, delicious feasts you can whip up in a few minutes.

Hunter

Hunter's Marks- 100
Hunting the great beasts of the wild Mountains is no easy task. It's long, dark, dangerous work to hunt some of the prey you seek and that prey will always put up a fight. It wouldn't survive life in the mountains if it didn't. You've collected an impressive array of scars, the stuff that provides endless fodder for stories, and you are able to force almost any wound you receive to result in impressive scars or not at your will. These scars inspire uncertainty and worry in foes as well as confidence and admiration in allies. Someone as scarred as you has surely survived countless battles.

Wolf Pack- 100
A Hunter needs his pets to be controlled. Why bother training a Sabretusk if it'll snap your neck in the night or run the first time a big beastie lands in front of you? You're a good, experienced hand with taming animals but it's once they're tamed that you show your worth. Once you've tamed a beast, it'll never disobey you. Even if one of those big ugly Chaos Dragons is staring down your poochie, it'll stand its ground beside you without a blink. If a witch or wizard tries to use beast magic to control one of your pets, they won't be entirely powerless but those magic users will find it far more difficult to influence any of your hounds, particularly when you are there with them.

Lying in Wait- 200
There are some creatures, particularly the Dragons or Worms that hide deep within the caves that can sleep for days at a time yet wake at the slightest intruding sound. Fighting the beast within its own den is suicidal, all Hunters know that, so they must wait outside the cave mouth for hours or days without twitching. You're able to withstand these long, motionless waits with ease on both a physical and mental level. Even the long weeks or months spent traveling alone in the mountains, sometimes with not even an animal companion, make no ill marks on your psyche. You were born to hunt and the act of doing so, even if it might cut you off from interaction with other people for extreme periods of time, would never result in you becoming some deranged beast.

Waste not a Scrap- 200
Out in the wilds, there are no forges or stockpiles of weapons or resources. If your weapon breaks, you either use your hands and teeth or tear up a tree for use as a club. Ogres as a whole are adaptable creatures, if not particularly smart, and this sort of ramshackle crafting works well for them. Hunters take it to another level. To survive alone and against monsters far more deadly than they, they must utilize every resource they can find. You're able to make even surprisingly complex tools and weapons, such as pulley-level systems or catapults, from what you find in the wild or with the corpses of what you hunt. Only the most useless bits of an animal would prove without use to you as with a bit of thinking time, you can find a way to turn almost every bit of any creature or plant to your advantage.

Beastmaster- 400
As a Hunter, you will likely eventually take on a few beastly companions to aid your efforts. Most Hunters tame a pack of Sabretusks or a Mournfang to ride a as a mount. You have bigger ideas. To hunt the biggest of game, you'll need some real power behind you. Not only are you a master at all manner of traditional methods of taming beasts, you are also a master at the Ogrish way. Find a monster you wish to claim as your own pet or mount and then beat it until it submits to you. Prove your power over it until it's laying on the ground in submission and from that point on, it'll be as loyal to you as if you raised it from the moment it hatched or birthed. Actually intelligent races won't

be cowed quite so easily but you will find it less effort to command and boss around those you've beaten down in the past.

Packmate Bond- 400
Countless creatures in the Mountains of Mourn possess abilities beyond immense size, strength and speed. The Thundertusks and Frost Dragons both have terrible power over ice, the worms and bugs found in the dark exude clouds of noxious, deadly gases and the few wretched Daemons that crawl from the odd portal can have any number of strange effects on their surroundings. A Hunter can hardly battle if he is being harmed by his own pets and now you need no longer fear such things. Any ability, attack or innate quality of an animal you have personally tamed will fail to harm you, at best inducing pain and discomfort. Sharp spines of a mount you ride do not pierce your skin, the frosty breath of an almost impossibly rare Frost Dragon mount will not freeze you even if the beast licks you from head to toe. This connection between you will also result in a much greater sense of cooperation between Ogre and Beast, allowing the two or more of your team to fight together almost as if you were a single being.

The Hunt is On- 600
Few hunters will ever reach the heights of legend that you are destined for. Perhaps you were born under a sickle moon, for you have always held an unnatural affinity towards the hunting of beasts and men. The flaws, weaknesses, strengths and habits of any prey you are after seem almost immediately apparent to you, even when such information should not be possible to glean. Whilst you are a prime specimen of an Ogre already, the act of the hunt drives your strength and speed to even greater heights. The longer you prepare, longer you lay in wait and the longer you savour that last moment before you pounce, the more powerful you grow. There is a limit to this growth but with a few weeks of stalking, even a normal Ogre Hunter would find that he is able to beat to death a Thundertusk alone and with only his bare hands.

Maneater

Look Who's Coming to Dinner- 100
A Maneater finds work all over the world, from the nastiest of mercenary captains to the snootiest of High Elf nobles. Ogres don't bother learning to comport themselves in such company. An Ogre is as an Ogre does and people who have a problem with that usually end up as an afternoon snack. Thankfully for both you and potential clients, people from more civilised societies don't look down on you for your Ogrish nature. You may look like an obese slob, smell like a dumpster fire and have table manners worse than the rat catching cats but they can hardly blame you for how you were born can they? You'll still find fights if you go looking for them but you won't get treated poorly for being a gluttonous, smelly slob.

It's Music, I Swear- 100
Music isn't much of a thing in the Ogre Kingdoms. At best, the most primitive of drums would be what an Ogre would use from another culture. For Ogres, the only form of music they genuinely enjoy is the music of a Bellower. It may indeed sound like a bunch of Ogres just yelling as loud and hard and long as they can but it'll be hard to find an Ogre who doesn't love the art. You're an excellent Bellower, able to yell at deafening volumes for full minutes with ease, an act that can not only set off avalanches but also inspires other Ogres to fight harder when they're around you singing.

In Golgfag's Footsteps- 200
A good Ogre tribe is never short on those willing to hire them as sellswords. The power, tenacity and stupidity of the Ogre race is known all over the world and people would be a fool to turn down your offer of service. You can easily sell yourself to potential employers on your own strengths, ignoring any biases they might have against your kind in favour of the benefits you offer. Even if you were just fighting against them only a few hours ago, they might accept an offer from you to help them if you're genuine and the upside is big enough.

Motley Crew- 200
Maneaters don't often fight alongside just other Ogres. Sure, when they get called back to the Kingdoms to help out their tribes, they'll give it their best shot. But most of the time, a Maneater will find himself fighting under and at the side of all manner of other races like humans, elves, orcs, goblins or other strange, non-Ogrish sorts. You just have to adjust a bit, since you get on quite well with other races when fighting together. Little concerns like your diet don't get in the way of people coming up with ways to use you in battle, you form fast bonds with those you fight alongside and you're even able to come up with tactics on the fly to utilise the advantages of other races, despite only meeting them a few hours ago.

A Product of Countless Cultures- 400
As a Maneater like yourself ventures across the world, you'll learn to pick up a whole lot of tricks. Ogres may not be all that smart but they certainly can adapt to new situations. Seeing all these new cultures, all these new ways of using old tricks and tools, it'll show you how to improve your own methods. Watch swordsman trained in different styles and with different types of swords and use that experience to make your own swordsmanship better with each viewing. You're able to effortlessly incorporate what is good about the methods, cultures and styles used by those different from you into your own ways.

A Majestic Beast- 400
The tales of your exploits reach far beyond even the limits of the Ogre Kingdoms. Your adventures have given you a grand sort of aura, one that lets people know you're a man who has seen many great things and done even more amazing things. Your enemies see this too and for all but the ones that hate you specifically, it makes them terribly reluctant to actually kill you. Capture you instead, for surely you have some valuable information or knowledge to share. Prove your worth enough in battle and your foes may even decide to release you, considering such a worthy foe to be something that cannot be lost so easily. You might even get a job offer out of the deal, if you're the right sort of Ogre.

A Life for the Legends- 600
Your life will be one told around Ogre campfires for generations after your death. Great adventures to be set upon, endless fortunes to be won and lost, mighty magical items to be found, grand battles to win, terrible foes to face and even having the fate of the world at stake once or twice. Your life will have no end of satisfying challenges, new fantastic sights to see and grand rewards for all your efforts. Times may get hard and there is likely no end to the risk you'll face but the benefits and riches to be found, golden or otherwise, will far outweigh any chance of defeat. All you need do is set out to start making your legend.

Been There, Done That- 600
You've seen so much over the years. From the nastiest lizards in Lustria to the most disgusting filth in the Chaos Wastes, there's not a thing you've not long since gotten accustomed to. Try as they might, monsters and daemons and worse find no purchase in your mind. Why fear something you've killed a dozen times already? Why would your sanity break at the sight of something you had for dinner a year or two back? You've got decades of experience in fighting with all manner of weapons and situations, the skill to parley that old experience into new situations and you'll never find yourself afraid or a gibbering wreck, no matter how terrible your foes.

Gorger

Tunnel Beast- 100
The tight tunnels and cave systems you grew up in do not seem like they should allow a monster of your size to so easily move at high speeds, yet you are able to do so anyway. Growing up in the caves has taught you how to contort your body at great speeds, letting you slide, wriggle, climb and tumble your way through all but the tightest of holes and tunnels. You might not be able to fit in a hole only as big as your head but you could certainly reach in far further then one may expect, letting you tear up anyone foolish enough to try and hide from you in your own realm.

Lean and Green- 100
It was difficult, growing up in the dark and feeding on bugs. Your lack of a paunch, the thing that got you thrown into these caves, is also what saved you. You don't need much food to survive, despite having a gnawing hunger for more no matter how full you are. A handful of bugs or tree roots can keep you going as a healthy diet, despite your great size and energy exertion depicting otherwise. Even if you grew bigger or needed more to stay healthy, you'd always be able to survive on far less than others in the same situation might need.

The Monster in the Caves- 200
In the pitch black of the caves, there is no sight for most creatures. Sound and smell were how your childhood predators hunted you. You learnt how to hide yourself from those senses, to move around without making sound or leaving tracks of any kind. The few, deadliest creatures who could see in the dark were the ones from whom you learnt to hide from best, slipping away from their sight. It was the only way for you to survive. For the men of the surface world, who spend their lives in the sun slaved to their sight, you may as well be a ghost. Even with your immense size and skin of bone white, you could slip through a camp of men and leave it unfound, leaving behind dozens of slit throats. If only your brothers could control their frenzy long enough to sneak alongside you.

An Ogre Does Not Stop- 200
The warpstone in the caves left traces on you, traces that continue to try and mutate you to survive the environment you find yourself in. These changes are slow, slow but sure. By spending weeks or months in a certain environment, you will find your body gaining certain traits and adaptations to help you survive life in that environment best. A month spent scrabbling in the dark for scraps would see a growing level of sight gifted to you, one that works even in total darkness. Weeks huddled around a fire in the frosty upper reaches of the mountains would let you find thicker and thicker hair growing over your body, turning into a warm and thick fur coat. Even prolonged torture over many, many days would force your body to deaden or change how you receive pain to alleviate the stress on your mind. You may choose to restrain this growth in any specific situation at your leisure.

The Abominable Ogre- 400
Far up in the ancient mountains where the Sky Titans still live, a particular strain of mutated Ogre exists. The Yhetee are a large, furry and lean breed of Ogre, mostly feral in nature. They get along well with their cousins the Ogres, coming down to assist when called for but rarely staying long outside of any cold territory. Through some miracle, perhaps of warpstone, you have become a Yhetee as well as whatever you were before. This grants you thick white fur, sheltering you from the cold, and the ability to manipulate the cold to a deadly degree. You can leave what you touch frozen solid, drain all the heat from a man with a touch of cover weapons in solid ice to smash foes with

and shatter. Your fur makes you nearly impossible to see in the snow but you are somewhat weak to fire and hot temperatures, more than any other weapon at least.

Terror- 400
A Gorger would incite fear in most sane men on sight, given that they are gigantic, slavering, blood spattered monsters. You have learned to focus this fearsome visage into something much more potent. It is in your movement, your expression, your very actions that you express just how big of a monster you are. The sight of you inspires endless terror in any monster not just as scary as you, enough that many mortal men may simply snap and go mad at the sight of you in battle against them. Even those with the greatest of mental fortitudes will find it difficult to stare you in the eye without shivering.

Killing Frenzy- 600
You are certainly unique in that you are the only Gorger to retain a fully intelligent mind but in no way does that mean the Gorger rage does not lurk somewhere deep within you. You know how to benefit from it now, allowing that rage to guide your attacks and empower them. When you damage something, the actual damage done is far worse then what your attack would normally have caused. Beings too much weaker then you may simply die instantly, gutted like fish with a single talon whilst even those near your level find bones broken and limbs torn till they are holding on only by ragged threads. You can even allow yourself to be fully overtaken by the rage, losing your clear mind in exchange for more strength and more speed and more ferocity.

Moulded by Darkness- 600
The warpstone that turned you into a Gorger was quite a miraculous occurrence. Rare is it for someone to receive only beneficial mutations, at least if one ignores the general lack of beauty about you. Despite spending years and years rubbing up against the stuff, you were made stronger and bigger without the loss of your mind. Perhaps it is a special quality all of your own. When you encounter mutating or warping effects or substances, you'll find that you are never deleteriously effected by them. At worst, you will suffer a few cosmetic changes but far more often is the case that you will receive naught but good from the act. Warpstone will increases your strength without twisting your limbs or breaking your mind, the favour of the Gods will see you made stronger and yet not add useless vestigial limbs or wasting diseases to your frame.

Items

100CP items are free for their associated Origins and all other associated items are discounted for such.

Gut Plate- Free

Every Ogre wears this plate of metal over their bellies, to protect their precious spot and to show off their Tribe. A Gut plate is a plate of metal worn over the belly of an Ogres, often the only armour most Ogres wear at all. Usually adorned with the mark of that Ogre's tribe and with other things the wearer finds visually attractive.

Cannon- 100

Taken straight from the deck of a pirate ship, this is cannon any leadbelcher would be proud to own. It does exactly what you might expect a cannon to do, including such wonders as loading gunpowder and firing out cannonballs, or other bits of metal junk, when lit with a fuse. It's lucky you're an Ogre, since that's the only reason you can lift this by yourself and swing it around as you please. It never seems to need reloading or filling with gunpowder, though you still need a fuse to set it off.

Ogre Kingdoms Miniatures- 50

A mysterious wooden box appeared at your side. It's quite well made, fancy looking and has a big golden warhammer on the side. Inside, you'll find countless figurines and models of your fellow Ogres. This is a box that contains a limitless number of models, all expertly painted in many different styles, from the Ogre Kingdoms race of Warhammer Fantasy Battles. It also includes every edition of the Ogre Kingdoms rulebook and the core rules of Warhammer Fantasy Battles. There's even a model for you in your Ogre body.

Bruiser

Iron Ogre- 100
A mark of your elite station within your tribe, you got gifted with what is to the Ogres the equivalent to a knight's full plate armour. It's actually very well made and fits your bulky frame well, formed from thick steel plates beaten into shape. Having an extra thick layer of metal on top of your already impressive natural armour renders you like a tank on two legs to most ordinary foes, taking magic, supernatural abilities or simply something bigger then you to batter through it.

Pistol Brace- 200
An Ogre pistol is a gigantic thing, cobbled together from multiple smaller pistols and firing what might as well be small cannonballs. Most Ogres keep at least one pistol on them at a time but some, like you, have a brace of 3 or 4. Unlike most Pistols, yours seem to only need reloading every handful of shots and are just as able to fire any scrap you can fit in the barrel as it can fire actual bullets.

Tyrant Crown- 400
A crown fit for any Tyrant, made in image of that of the Overtyrant Greasus Goldtooth's own. Wearing this ogre sized crown increases the wearer's intelligence, making humans into geniuses and Ogres able to match normal humans. It has many protective enchantments, giving the wearer a good defence against all kinds of magical effects directed against him and when worn and visible, will protect any nearby allies of the wearer from suffering from any sort of fear, uncertainty or madness.

Sceptre of the Titan- 600
A gigantic rod, large even for an Ogre of great size. Fitted with many sharp spikes at the rounded end, it is a powerfully enchanted weapon. Every blow struck with this weapon, regardless of the original wielder's strength, hits with the power of one of the great Sky Titans of old. A single strike from this sceptre hits with the force of a giant that towered hundreds of feet into the air, shattering houses and laying waste to all but the strongest of magical defences.

Butcher

Bloody Utensils- 100
A full set of knives, forks, plates and bits and bobs to find in the kitchen. These are the tools of the trade for every butcher, for use in both cutting up meat for a feast and for cutting up soldiers for a feast. They really have one purpose. They're all sturdy enough to stand up to even a Tyrant banging away with them and hellaciously sharp for anything with an edge, such that some of these knives could get through an Ogre's skin with a couple stabs.

Hellheart- 200
The heart of a Chaos Spawn, ripped from its chest and still containing a modicum of power from the Dark Gods. When devoured by an Ogre and belched out, it unleashes a great storm of chaotic magic, enough to disrupt the casting of any spell caught within the issued forth vortex. It also messes with the minds of mages, confusing them and terrifying them. You'll find a new heart in your pocket a day after making use of the last one.

Gutmaw- 400
A very special gutplate. Made from brass and iron, this gut plate has a set of massive jaws carved on its face. These jaws, when an enemy comes too close, come alive and reach forward to snatch that enemy up and gobble them down, sending them straight to the Maw. Having a huge, snapping jaw that can swallow a man whole is terrifying enough but for each morsel consumed, the Gutmaw will also heal it's wearer of any injuries. The Gutmaw won't snap at you unless you tease it too much.

Cauldron of the Great Maw- 600
A great golden cooking pot, big as the biggest Tyrants, and with many chains to pull it by. This is a most holy artefact of the Great Maw, one granted only to those favoured as its prophets. The cauldron empowers the cook in charge of its magic. The more meat and peoples butchered and thrown into it, the greater the power it stores becomes. Gut Magic receive by far the greatest benefit, becoming capable of terrifying spells hundreds of times beyond what an ordinary Butcher can manage with a fully filled pot but even unrelated magics can be empowered many times over with sufficient sacrifices to the cauldron. When that power is used up, the corresponding amount of meat will disappear from the pot, sent to the Great Maw as a sacrifice.

Hunter

Hunter's Tools- 100
This is what you've gathered and made over the course of your life before now, tools of the trade and trophies from past, younger hunts. Warm and thick furs of boars, wolves and a Sabretusk or two. Massive spears and blades to slay creatures, along with all the tools to skin and disassemble them. An Ogre has no need for shelter, so you have no tent or tools for fire, but you hold a number of lures and poisons in your sturdy belt.

Blood Vulture- 100
A smaller, less impressive pet than what some Hunters may keep company of. The Blood Vulture is certainly larger than any species of Vulture outside of the Ogre Kingdoms. Ferocious and with claws that can decapitate a man from above in the blink of an eye, your new Blood Vulture will be a loyal pet. It's certainly amusing watching the Gnoblar run from it and it can help you scout out an area and spot hiding foes much easier then you yourself could.

Sabretusk Pack - 200
Sabretusks are a common companion to Hunters. Taking the form of large tiger-like cats, bigger than a full grown human man, and with mouths filled with sharp tusks and teeth. Expert stalkers, able to prowl in any environment without making a sound, and able to tear through even a group of Ogre warriors with their speed and strength. Taming one is an impressive feat and you've managed to catch a whole pack of them. Four Sabretusks are now your loyal pets, following every order you give.

Mournfang- 200
The bigger, meaner cousins to the Sabretusks. A Mournfang is like a giant bear crossed with a lion, adding in tusks big enough to impale an Ogre. They're big enough for a Bruiser to ride on their backs and mean enough to rip apart men and Ogres alike. Tamed by being forcibly mounted during challenges between Mournfangs in the wild, you've broken this one to your will and it'll remain a faithful mount. Despite its incredible strength and size, it can run as fast as the fastest of horses and do so for quite long periods of time.

Thunder Tusk- 400
Gigantic mammoths, covered in tusks and horns, entwined with the magic of the ice wastes. Thunder Tusks have little to do with actual thunder, save for the booming sound made as they charge across the mountains. Each beast can carry a trio of Ogres on its back with ease, though it takes a brave Ogre to try. This is due to the powerful frost magic a Thunder Tusk exudes, an aura of sub-zero temperatures that freeze all around the creature. Their magical natures allow them to focus this icy aura into jagged blades and boulders of ice, spitting them across a battlefield at any foe. Irritable in the summer and sun, they will often create a cocoon of ice to hibernate through such times, bursting free once it is cold enough. They're also known to be good at keeping meat fresh. You have a pet Thunder Tusk, tamed with much effort that seems to take care not to freeze you.

Stonehorn- 400
Massive, horned creatures that the Ogres' greatest riders tame. These beasts are similar to a Mournfang, only several times as large and with horns stretching wider than their own bodies. These beasts are harder and tougher then the mountain rock they make their homes on, smashing the mountain walls with head-butts to uncover gems and quality stone that they eat greedily. Smashing their faces like this has left their faces stripped of skin, causing them to possess a terrifying, skull like

visage. In combat, an Ogre will sit on the head of one of these creatures, fitting entirely on it and directing its charges. The stomps of a Stonehorn can leave men and dwarves flattened, its horns smashing even heavily armoured Ogres to bits. What's worse, the horns have a supremely sharp inner edge, allowing the Stonehorn to scythe through ranks of soldiers in front of it simply by shaking its head from side to side.

Ancient Frost Dragon- 600

You might just be the first Ogre to ever tame a dragon. It's not baby dragon either, but an elder Frost Dragon of the Mountains. It took an epic struggle lasting multiple days and nights but you made the beast kneel to you. Big as a Stonehorn, with fangs and claws that slice through those beasts like a hot knife through butter and able to breathe out an icy gale that can render an entire tribe of Ogres into a single ice block. With this beast alone you could potentially lay claim to the Overtyrant's throne. Certainly, it would take a whole tribe to defeat the two of you together.

Maneater

Rockeye- 100
One of your eyes has been replaced with a large stone found near the gaping pit of the Great Maw. Hammered into place, it grants you sight beyond what most mortal eyes see. Invisible things and things camouflaged by magic reveal themselves to your eyes, as plain as day. After the jump has finished you may have your eye back and have this Rockeye fashioned into a lens instead if you wish.

Great Gutgouger- 200
An immense pole arm, similar to the one wielded by Bragg the Gutsman, most feared Ogre alive. A long stick of sturdy wood with a chain at the end, which is attached to perhaps the sharpest and largest hook ever made. A swing of this unnaturally sharp hook can slice through an Ogre like paper, cut magical armour in two or even bisect the horns of a Stonehorn. You're experienced in its use, enough that you never need fear cutting yourself and you are able to easily direct it against particular limbs or spots on your opponents.

Thiefstone- 400
A mysterious little stone on a string, imbued with powers against magic and to find magic. Wearing the pendant grants a small amount of magical resistance to the wielder and increases the power of any existing magical resistances the wielder has. It also can detect magical items and draw them towards itself, a common practise being to wave it over corpses to collect any hidden magic trinkets the corpse may have had in life.

Titan Ship- 600
The Sky Titans were magnificent engineers, matching or even surpassing the Dwarves in the marvels they could create. Amongst those marvels were the Sky titan Cannons used against the Ogres in the war in heaven. Each cannon is several times the size of an Ogre and fires whole clutches of cannonballs at once. The cannon fires with such power and quantity that it can tear an entire navy ship in half with a single blow. God thing too, given you've received a dozen of the great cannons and a pirate ship large enough to handle them and a crew of a few dozen Ogres as well. It's fast, tough and enormous, serving you well on the high seas. It'd take a whole fleet to take you down with the Sky titan Cannons mounted on the sides, front and back of your flagship.

Gorger

Chew Toy- 100
With all those big, biiig teeth in your big maw, it sure would be a pain to properly take care of them all. Even if technology for cleaning teeth existing in the Ogre lands, the dozens of fangs in your mouth would make it a costly venture. This big bone, about the size of your large wrist, solves that for you. It feels fantastic to chew on, won't ever break and chewing on it will keep your teeth in tip top condition, even encouraging healing of damaged fangs. Makes a great club too, given it's almost as big as a full grown man.

Hooks and Barbs- 200
Your body has been implanted with dozens upon dozens of super sharp hooks, barbs, blades and other assorted sharp edged things. They don't hurt you or cause you any pain, no can they be used to hurt you by others who somehow get a hold of them. Indeed, they can be easily removed by yourself and replaced by new sorts of objects in the numerous holes in your skin. But in combat? They might as well be stuck to your bones, serving as a way for you to slice up anything that even touches you. Just imagine what would happen if you grabbed something and held it close.

Horn of Winter- 400
One of the immense, twisted horns used to call the Yhetee to war has fallen into your hands. When a Tyrant wishes to have the aid of his frosty cousins, he'll blow long and hard into this horn and have the Yhetee at his side in just a few hours. With it, you can call those same allies to your side or use it to call other friendly members to your faction to you. The sound of the horn can reach for dozens of miles and can only be heard by those allies who would honestly respond to your call for aid, which they will know it is you who calls. As long as they are within range of the Horn's call, they'll appear at your side to aid you within an hour at most.

King Under the Mountain- 600
This is the mountain that you grew up within. It is not one of the Ancient Mountains that the Sky Titans lived on but it remains one of the largest in the world outside that ancient range. Filled with an extensive cave system, with caves large enough to hold whole broods of Frost Dragons to those barely large enough for a child to curl up in, it is also filled to the brim with prey and beasts of all kinds. These beasts all acknowledge you as the top of the food chain here, though this manifests more as fear and respect then obeying your orders. You intimately know every inch, nook and cranny of the caves and mountain exterior, even the bits too small for you to enter as you are now. The mountain is somewhat alive, able to act against intruders by causing avalanches or snowstorms to spring up around them frequently.

Companions

Import- 50CP per

If you already have a few brothers in arms, this is the option for you. For every purchase, you can import a previous companion or create a new one into this jump. They gain one of the free origins, 600CP to spend and all associated freebies and discounts. If they wish, the companions may spend their CP on becoming a Gorger instead of one of the free origins but they must pay the full price for such things.

Canon Companion- 100

Have you seen an Ogre you'd like to take with you? Perhaps you wish to adventure alongside the original Maneater or feel that Skragg the Gutsman has gotten an unfair lot in life. For every 100CP you spend, you'll be able to get the chance to convince one Ogre character to come along with you on your journeys as a companion. You'll be able to become fast friends with them once you meet, even a trusted ally with a little work, but you do still need to convince them to leave and come with you. Only Ogres may be taken with this option, not characters from elsewhere in this world.

Pet Gnoblar- 100

A favourite little pet of yours, out of the many Gnoblars to be found. It sees you as its personal God and Master, never even considering the idea of betraying you. It'd throw itself into a fire to make you laugh. For a Gnoblar, it has surprisingly good skills at cooking too and can work as an able assistant in the kitchen. It's also quite trusted by other Gnoblars, Goblins and small creatures, despite never having their interests in mind on the same level as it has your own.

Tribe- 500 (Can only be taken with No Tribe)

So you decided to be part of none of the Ogre Tribes and strike out on your own. With this option, there's no need to go it alone. You've now got your own Tribe of Ogres. You can import as many companions as you like with this option, though there are certain restrictions. A maximum of 8 companions may take origins, each gaining 600CP and all associated freebies and discounts. All other imported companions beyond this 8 will not gain an origin, only the basic Ogre Traits perk and 300CP to spend on other perks.

If you have no companions, you may instead create up to 30 new ones, following the same rules as the above option.

War Feast- 100 per

The sight of the Ogres marching to war is enough to make some weaker men pass out entirely. They're a fearsome fighting force once united and now, you've got one of those fighting forces for yourself. For this option, you will need a copy of the Ogre Kingdoms rulebook for Warhammer Fantasy Battle. Every 100CP spent here will give you 500 points with which to build an army for your personal command from the army list. You may not take named characters and you must obey all unit limits and rules of creating an army. They'll join you in future worlds, though they cannot be imported as companions, and any killed will be replaced the next jump with a new individual of that same base unit.

Drawbacks

You may take up to 800CP worth of drawbacks.

Maw Stricken +100
The hunger embedded deep within you gnaws at you on a much more intense level than most Ogres experience. Perhaps it is a sign that the Maw has plans for you? If so, those plans certainly don't seem to involve any blessings. You can barely focus if you don't have something in your mouth to chew on and going more than an hour or two without at least a Gnoblar snack will give you no small amount of stomach ache. It's lucky that food is so plentiful and your stomach so adaptable.

Classic Ogre +100
Gut, Smell and Temper. Three things that any Ogre has a healthy respect for the extremes of. Having a big gut is a great blessing, having a bad stench means you're a busy man and getting a bad temper is just a sign that you've either got balls or you're tough enough to survive mouthing off to everyone. You take it a bit too far though in exemplifying these traits. You're so fat that you cannot do more then slowly waddle, though you're swing is as mighty as ever. You've got a stench that can make even an Ogre gag. And your temper will have you lashing out at other Ogres as if they were Gnoblars, even the smallest insult from anyone less than your own Tyrant will get a smash to the head in return. But hey, least you're respected.

Vegetarian +100
What's a sissy like you doing in the Ogre Kingdoms? How can any good, right thinking Ogre not like meat? Everyone knows all about your unwillingness or inability to eat meat and they find you to be even more pathetic then a Gnoblar for it. No matter how great your deeds or how much you prove yourself in a fight, you'll never get anything but mocking from other Ogres. And stay away from any Butchers. They take particular offense to your life choice.

Ogre Eater +200
Ogres are generally friendly, in their own way, to other Ogres. They're every bit as likely to smash their heads in if need or want dictates such but if the visiting Ogres brings food, stories, excitement or potential for adventures, they're likely to be welcomed heartily. That welcome will never be extended to you. You have a reputation about you that makes even the greatest of Tyrants uncomfortable. You may be allowed to stay for a day or two if you bring a strong sword arm to a tribe in need of such things but once the battle is over and your payment given, you'll be strongly encouraged to get a move on elsewhere. Somehow, the other races share this attitude towards you, as well as the unwelcoming nature. What could you have done to earn such wary stares?

Wretch +200
You were one of the unfortunate babes to be born without a paunch or muscle. Nor were you lucky enough to be given a quick death or chance at surviving on your own by being thrown into the caves. You were kept around as an example of how things can go wrong. You are not considered as bad as a Gnoblar nor are you quite as weak, instead being a tall and lanky Ogre. Still, your existence is a cursed one and you'll be widely despised and bullied by your tribe, along with suffering seemingly endless poor luck as a curse from the Ogre's God.

Bad Manners- +200
Not all wandering Ogres end up as fantastic adventurers, escaping danger by the skin of their teeth. You spent a good few years out beyond the Ogre Kingdoms, journeying across many kingdoms and unfortunately, making many enemies. From the men of the Empire to the tinned cans of Bretonnia to the Elves of the forests, light and dark to even the greenskins, you've made a wide range of enemies. The entire races don't hate you but there are a good number of parties across the world who'd be quite happy to see your head on a plate, whether by posting a rich bounty for you or hunting you themselves.

The Biggest of the Big +300
Everyone, from the lowest Ogre warrior to Overtyrant Greasus himself, believes you to be the biggest ogre around. They all want to be the biggest ogre around. They're ogres. You get the picture. There'll be no end to the Ogres wanting to have a challenge with you in the pits, no gut plates and to the death. Refuse and you'll end up with a bunch of Ogres ganging up on you anyway. They'll even leave the Ogre Kingdoms to chase you down, seeing killing and eating you as the way to become the biggest Ogre to ever live. With a reputation like that, of being the biggest and baddest Ogre ever, it's not likely any other kingdom will have anything but raised swords and readied pikes for you when you try to flee to them.

Gnoblar +300
You are now a Gnoblar. The lowest of the low. Smaller even than a Goblin and considered as at best a funny pet by your Ogre masters. You are tiny, weak and without magic. To you, the Ogre are like Gods and Masters rolled into one single figure, making it near impossible for you to obey one. If you were given a suicidal order you could resist and perhaps sneak away but otherwise you may find yourself unable to escape under your own will, save if you had a truly staggering will for a Gnoblar. Perhaps if you are lucky an Ogre will take a liking to you? Or perhaps you might like to try and change the status quo.

Wrath of the Mountain Gods- 300
The lesser Gods of the Ogres, the Mountains and the Sky, have taken a particularly wrathful attitude towards you. Great disasters will follow in your wake, seeking to ruin or destroy you. Earthquakes shatter your fortresses, torrential rains drown your crops, and the mountains themselves rain down avalanches upon your head as you pass through valleys. Even great volcanoes will erupt in your presence, sending floods of lava towards you or splitting open the ground to spew magma at your forces. You'll be seen as an unlucky omen at best and constantly battle the forces of nature.

Scenarios

You may take as many scenarios as you want.

Twin Peaks

Two great mountains remain at the top of Ogre mythology. The Fire Mouth, the largest volcano in the Ogre Kingdoms and centre of worship for the Firebellies, and Mount Thug, a living mountain that despises all who try to climb it's slopes and seeks to kill any who dare attempt the climb. Many ogres have attempted to climb both but only a legendary few have succeeded. You have taken up this challenge, boasting to your tribe of the deed you will accomplish and setting out to climb the two beastly mountains.

Things will not seem to get off to a great start. The Fire Mouth is in a volatile mood, constantly erupting during any attempt you make to climb it. You will need not only climb a treacherous volcano and brave the heat but also outrace and doge the great waves of lava that flow down the side of the mountain. Mount Thug too is driven to even more horrible moods by its sibling's constant eruptions, drawing out the worst monsters within itself to hunt any Ogre that dares climb it. Even if you can outmatch the hordes of beasts crawling on its slopes, you will have to contend with avalanches aimed at you, winds strong enough to send even an Ogre flying and a biting cold that could freeze anything short of a Yhetee in minutes.

Succeed and you'll gain two rewards. The first is the name you've made for yourself as a conqueror of mountains, sure to earn you much respect amongst other Ogres. The second and more important is that the mountains themselves have acknowledged your victory. From this point on, they will not only never hinder your path but also seek to assist you. Rocks will tumble down onto the heads of your foes, tunnels will be clear of monsters only when you pass through them and even new caves will open up to provide safe haven for you when in need of shelter.

Pilgrim

The Maw calls to all Ogres, to make their journey to meet their God at one point in time. Your time has arrived, a year from the moment you wake up here.

This journey is one you must undertake on your own. No matter what requests, threats or bribes you make, no other Ogre seems willing to accompany you on your venture northward. This journey will be a solitary struggle. You must make your way through the Ogre Kingdoms, past any checkpoints or tollways set up by various tribes along the path to the wastelands. Over the Ancient Mountains where the Sky Titans once ruled. Through the wastes populated by monsters, daemons and twisted and feral Ogres. This journey will be beset by beasts and monsters, growing larger, stronger and hungrier the closer you come to your goal. Strange things not seen even in the rifts the Chaos Daemons exit from will hunt you. The weather will steadily worsen too, great hurricanes and twisters forming and the sky lighting aflame from the belched gas the Maw exudes.

Once you have reached the Great Maw, you will find your journey has only been halfway finished. You must climb down the vast pit of muscle and teeth, find your way down the miles and miles and miles of gullet and throat. You know that what you are drawn towards awaits you in the belly of the beast, deep within the earth. The climb will be fraught with danger. Parasites that live on the Maw's teeth that could swallow Stonehorns whole and great belches that could tear a man apart simply from the force of the wind.

If you can survive it all and make your way to the most holy of places, the stomach of the Maw deep beneath the earth, you'll find your reward. The Great Maw will recognise you as its prophet, its one true messiah of flesh. You'll be returned to the surface, unbitten by the God of Hunger and empowered with his force. Your Gut Magic is empowered to the greatest of heights, you may spread the art to any you see fit, and slowly transforming those recipients into Ogres like yourself. All Ogres will know on sight what you are and whose voice comes from your Great Maw.

The Skyfather

The Sky Titans from the Ogre's distant past were thought exterminated or long since aged to dust. A few canny Ogre's thought that the Titans, who grew larger and harder as they aged, may still be around, the oldest Titans being the very mountains that they stood on. Those Ogres were right.

Five years into your time here, one of the great mountains of the Ancient Mountain Range will stand up on two legs. One of the eldest Sky Titans has reawaken after millennia of slumber, furious to find his brethren destroyed. With a glance over, he sees the Ogre Kingdoms. With a few steps, he has wrought untold destruction over all the Mountains of Mourn. This titanic beast, to whom even other mountains are like footstools, seeks to eradicate every trace of the Ogre race from the world.

The tribes have fled in fear or been destroyed, either by the Sky Titan himself or the innumerable monsters that swarm out of his rocky body. If you wish to survive, you must put an end to the mountain god before you. Even the greatest Ogre Tyrant or Hunter could not hope to bring down this being in a normal battle. The only option is to kill it from within.

The body of this beast has a vast cave and tunnel network, what remains of the veins it once had when it was made of flesh and blood. Populated by countless nightmarish horrors from the past, only by fighting through miles and miles of these pitch black tunnels could one reach the single weak point of the Sky Titan. It's heart, still fleshy and beating strong. If you could reach that heart, one need only do as Ogres do best. Feast upon the heart of the beast and fell it, once and for all.

Succeed in this task, killing the heart or finding another way to slay the colossus, and you will be rewarded. Blessed with similar traits to the Sky Titans themselves, you now tower over other Ogres, as tall as any Giant in the rest of the world. You will grow larger and your body grow tougher as you age, though you will never find yourself hibernating like the Sky Titans of old.

Ending

And the ten years come to a close. Had your fill of this world? Time to make your choice.

Not yet done with the feasts of this planet? You're welcome to *Stay Here* for the rest of your life.

Do you want to return to your original home, wherever that may be? *Go Home* and enjoy your old life in your old world.

Does the thought of new food and new things to turn into new food excite you? *Continue* to a new world, where your next adventure awaits.

Notes

Special thanks to the cutest guy ever, Nubee

The Winds of Magic and Chaos will continue to blow in future worlds as they do in this one, regardless of the existence of Chaos or the lack thereof.

Taking Wretch and Classic Ogre together simply renders you so fat you cannot move and removes the respect any Ogre might have for you because of that fat