

# ORCS

**You must dig swift and deep, if you wish to hide from Orcs.**

– The Fellowship of the Ring – J.R.R. Tolkien

**Quote:** Once the world lived in fear of our name. That time will come again, and the weak world of light will be brought down to us.

Long, long ago, the Orcs meant something. They were feared and respected by all of Albion, and beyond and the Good Mr. Tolkien cemented their horrible mien in pen and ink for the world to fear. Now there are other more terrible things that the world of Men must contend with; High Mortgage rates, and 40K's and reality television. The world of Orcs came and went, and with it the fear and respect of the darkest of the Gentry.

Being creatures of the Underworld anyway, the Dark-Ones went further underground, setting up labyrinthine kingdoms in the sewers, well away from the prying eyes of Man. Here they would battle and make conquest with the other Under-folk, such as Nosferatu Kindred, Sluagh, and other skulky-skulkers, and coming to the surface only rarely when necessity should dictate such. They would occasionally battle with the surface-dwellers, but that was only to remind the world that the dark-ones still thrive.

The Chief enemies that they seek to destroy however are the Sidhe. While once the Orcs lived lives of dark adventure against the High-Elves, only those self-same High-Elves kept their place. The gleaming and beautiful children of the Tuatha de Danaan still maintain their Silver Throne, while the Orcs were forced beneath the World, further down than their dark-mountain keeps ever were. They bide their time however: they still maintain their king-ship, and they still have their strength and pride. Their resurgence will come, and the world will once more remember why they once feared the Underworld.

**Appearance:** Orcs have an unsettling appearance, with the height and broad-shoulders of a Troll warrior, but the quick liteness and long-limbs of a Sidhe Dancer. Living underground for so many generations has bleached their skin to an insipid and sallow pallor, with greenish-blue veins dancing across their muscles. Long-platinum blond hair with greenish highlights falls limply across their faces. They have the long ears of the Sidhe, but the large feral eyes of a predator. The most unsettling feature however is their teeth, with a maw of great ivory fangs that smile and flash in the shadows.

**Lifestyle:** Orcs ply their trade in the dark-places between worlds. Alley-ways transactions with the Vampires, sewer Gladiator Pits with the Spiral-Dancers, even high-tea with the Sluagh and the Wraiths. The Orcs do what needs to be done to maintain their place in a world that has forgotten them.

**Glamour Ways:** Orcs gain Glamour from the sweaty fear of mortals who remember why they feared the dark and deep places of the earth. They also can gain Glamour from Tolkien fans, though few self-respecting Orcs would advertise this method over-much.



**Unleashing:** Cantrips cast by Orcs are accompanied by the moist musty smell of deep dark caves, and mushrooms, and the sounds of heavy breathing.

*Childling* Orcs are quickly informed of their past, and their future. In this they may develop a bit of a chip on their shoulder, especially when dealing with the Sidhe Childlings. For all of this however, they are still Childling, and use their physical prowess to participate in games of strength and daring.

*Wilder* Orcs are eager to prove themselves, and to cement their place in Orc history. Volunteering for missions, questing for lost relics, and going out of their way to make contacts with the other Kiths: the Orcs Wilders want to see and do it all.

*Grump* Orcs are a bitter portrait of old-age. Life has passed them by, and they are still no closer to freeing their people from the Underworld. Tired, broken, and indifferent, they can only pass their tales on to the Childling and Wilders and hope for a better tomorrow.

**Affinity:** Nature

**Birthrights**

**The Under-dark's Power:** Orcs gain an additional Bruised Health Level and an additional dot of Strength during character creation, even if this raises this trait above 5.

**The Night's Senses:** The unusual upbringing of the Orcs heightens their senses. They have a -2 to the difficulty of almost any Perception roll (to a minimum of 4) and they may see through illusionary magic by making a roll of Perception + Alertness, difficulty 7. This birthright always functions normally.

**Frailties**

**Hostile:** Orcs are bitter, and thus are notoriously difficult to get along with. An Orc receives a -1 penalty to all social rolls to anyone who isn't an ally, rising up to -3 penalty when a Sidhe of any stripe is involved.

**Night's Curse:** Orcs live their lives in the dark, and thus lose 2 die on all rolls while in the presence of bright lights.

**Athelstan Bridge-Breaker whispers from a storm-drain.**

**Blue Caps:** How exciting...the wild-Ones now dig for tin in what was once their dark kingdom. Is this how fall we've fallen?

**Braggs:** Pretty Horse people? Since when is that a thing?

**Bugbears:** Not quite as powerful as we are, but they can be counted on for their strength none-the-less.

**Drakes:** Dragons? You remember the Dragons, but yet forget about us?

**Duerger:** At least some of us remember the taste of fear.

**Ettercaps:** I remember when your poison coated our spears, cousin, what has happened to you?

**Grimalkin:** Half the time I trust them only so far as I'd trust a thief. The other half I don't trust them at all.

**Hobs:** There are some who keep the old pacts. The Hobs yet walk the path of kinship.

**Hounds:** We know their Master, and because of this, we do not interfere with their hunts.

**Springheels:** Why use terror as means of entertaining yourself? It should be a means of controlling Men. I don't understand.

**Widdershin Toms:** As bad as the Grimalkin are, you at least know that they will try to sell you something.

