

TRIUMPH LARP

Half-Orc's

Handbook

4.0

The Half-Orcs of Lantai

A half-orc is a humanoid being in Lantai, and is recognizable by his/her orcish features (brown or green skin). Half-orcs are the result of a union between human and orc, quite often under violent circumstances. They are stronger of arm than humans, and slower of wit as well. Half-orcs have an average lifespan of 70-80 years, and are known as skilled warriors.

This handbook, along with the class handbook of your choice, will help you to portray a character that will help drive an epic story which we call Triumph. This game is story-driven, and the more thought given to your character, the better your game experience will be. Welcome to Lantai, welcome to Fairhame, and may you Triumph.

This handbook is not meant to replace reading the manual...in fact, if you've not read the rulebook, you should put this handbook down and go do so now. OK...so you're back. Hope you enjoyed the rulebook. Now, let's talk about half-orcs

Physical Representation

So, what exactly makes a half-orc look like a half-orc? The answer is green or brown skin. If you're going to play a half-orc in Triumph, you are required to tint all exposed skin either green or brown as an orc. There are no flesh toned half-orcs. If after your 3rd event you do not wear your minimal physrep and costume, you can still play, but will receive no Triumph Points. Note that this is a minimum physical representation...you can go further! You can improve your look using mask, prosthetics such as nose and ears, false teeth, and more.

Racial Modifiers

By choosing to play a half-orc, you receive some advantages and some disadvantages compared to others in the game. These racial modifiers exist to help characterize the race.

Half-orcs are stout and hearty, and thus gain a bonus of 1 health point per purchase of the Health skill.

Half-orcs are mighty and strong, with their orc blood giving them a strength advantage. A Half-orc character may purchase 1 Feat of Strength skill at no Triumph point cost (free).

Half-orcs are not as intelligent as other races. As such, a half-orc must spend twice as many Triumph points on any Scholar or Magic skills.

Racial Traits

Each race has its defining qualities, or traits. This includes typical costume, common attitudes, traditions and ways of life, and natural tendencies. By playing to these traits, you are portraying a fairly typical member of the race. If you choose to ignore these traits, your character is probably quite uncommon...and might even be frowned upon by members of your own race.

Half orcs come from various locations on the planet. They are at quite a social disadvantage in life, as it is rare for them to gain acceptance in society. Half orcs in general are somewhat slow witted, but often quick tempered.

Their tendencies of behavior will depend on their individual experiences. If a half-orc has grown up among the orc tribes, they will likely be vile and violent. If they

have grown up amongst humans, they may be much more civilized. Behavior can also depend on where the half-orc character is from: a half-orc from Aettlund is more likely to have been accepted for who they are, whereas a half-orc from Hyronia will likely have been hunted, beaten, imprisoned, or even tortured.

Tips for roleplaying a half-orc: Might be distrustful of others, mainly due to having been persecuted most of their life. Should be less intelligent than the player is...half-orcs aren't quite bright on the whole. In combat, will likely be somewhat ferocious (but safely) as their heritage influences them. Costume ranges to two extremes, typically. Either very peasant-ish and nasty looking, almost savage, or very fine and well dressed. If the latter, then should be played as trying desperately to fit in to society, and there are some very fun insecurities that could be RP'd in that choice.

History

The half-orcs of the world have no history as such...there is no half-orc society, but rather they must fit in with one half of their heritage, be it human or orc. Feel free to check with Logistics if you need help with the history of your character, and be sure to check the Geography section of the website for further assistance.

HALF-ORC TALES

In a land far, far from the lands of Fairhame, there is an immense, mist-shrouded mountain range. It is a desolate place; cold and inhospitable to life. Nothing but the most tenacious forms of wildlife could possibly survive in such an environment, yet nestled deep within these mountains is a small and secluded valley which, by some trick of nature, is not touched by the harshness of its surroundings. Down within this valley, surrounded by the stone walls of the mountains, a village has been built.

It is like many of its kind; It is rustic and simple with structures starting to show the shabbiness of time. It is utilitarian, well used and lived in--and looks the part. Like any other village, there are men and women, children and pets, crops and livestock all living together and playing their usual roles. Here the residents go about their lives in regular monotony, working and playing as anyone else would. The differences between this village and any other lie not in the architecture or the way of life, but in the residents.

Here there is no diversity. There is no multitude of races living in harmony like many towns in Aettlund today. Here the residents all have a common lineage, that of the orc half breeds. Some are more human than other, some more orc, some green, some brown, and some are a pale Caucasian peach color. Here they exist in a society of their own making, much like a human civilization, and much like an orc civilization.

They are the outcasts, the ones who where unable to make a place for themselves in the outside world. They were once slaves, or soldiers, workers, farmers, or refugees, and some have known only the walls of the valley they were born to. It is not a utopian society. Theirs is not a perfect life. There are conflicts here like any other place, more so even, because here the orc temper can often run high.

Some forms of their games and entertainment would be viewed by others as barbaric and strange by many societies. They, too, have their artists and musicians, but they are expressed with a uniqueness all their own. On some occasions, a play may be performed, most often about great battles and triumphing against those more powerful than the heroes. The music is often strong, with strong drums and pounding rhythms, but with a strange melody about it. Fights are common, as they are neither encouraged nor discouraged, but considered something that just is.

Some have lived here a very short time, some a very long time indeed. One elder in specific might be found most times walking about the village, observing the others in their daily chores, or teaching the younger ones how to fight properly, and sometimes he might be found just telling stories of times gone by. He is old and venerable with deep wrinkles as testament to a hard life, a long thin white goatee his only mark of facial hair, his skin is a mottled deep green with patches of white as if he were splashed with paint. He was the first of the settlers or at least the last remaining. If he is in the right mood he will tell the stories of the old days, the battles he has fought, the people he has tricked or stolen from, or the history of the town...but the one story that is his favorite is the story of the founder, the one who started it all.

It starts with the somewhat sad telling of his life in those times; "They was not so adventurous as me earlier days", he would say. He was not the creature he once was. His eyes would drift slowly for a few seconds recounting the memories of the time, "but I wont dwell on such fings," he would say and he would recount the tale of how he met the one that showed him to his new home.

"He wuz a great traveller that one, always searchin' for someplace of his own. He searched far and wide he did and just when he had about to give up hope, when he was sure he loose 'imself in the these here mountain ranges, he found this place 'ere. Course being the sort o fellow he wuz he never stayed long, but always someone would come here that said he's the one done showed them the way. After awhile he would come back and see how we all wuz doin'. He'd set us on the right track if we had troubles, stay a bit, then he would go off and leave again just as quick as he arrived. I got the chance to ask 'im once why it wuz that he would leave just as soon as he got 'ere. He said it was enough to know this all wuz here, that he knew he would always have a home to come back to. Never quite understood that meself, but it seemed to suit 'im just fine. It wuz some time ago I last seen 'im and he ain't been back yet. Aint nobody knows what became of 'im. Many think he could be dead or worse, but I reckon that he's still out there somewhere, and someday we'll hear of him again when he's ready."

Such is the tale of the first founder of a very special village indeed.