

Barbarians

Most of these histories were taken first hand while the Hero still lived. Doubtless all are long dead by now.

Arkenon

Class: Barbarian

Race: Half-Giant

It all began one blistering hot summer's eve in a small village of half-giants. Arkenon was born on Ruvur, the thirteenth of the month of the Dragon the first of many in his family. Even at birth, his size and power was greater than those around him. He was walking well before the year was out and by 2 was besting those 5 years his senior in wrestling matches. He was destined for greatness from the start.

In this village the custom was of arranged marriages. Those who were to be paired off were done by the fifth year during the summer ceremony of life. Arkenon was brought forward during this festival and it was announced to a hushed crowd that he was to be matched with Allyn, the chieftain's daughter. As the crowd took this in, they realized more than ever to fear the might of Arkenon. Over the years Arkenon grew truly mighty, leading parties of warriors into the woods for hunts by the age of 10... There was only one problem... everyone respected the power of Arkenon, though they did not respect him. Although Arkenon was not the brightest lad, he knew what they thought and realized that he could not lead those who held no respect for him. So one night, the date untold Arkenon wandered off, without a note, without a goodbye, into the night.

Arkenon traveled for many a day and night until one day he came upon the city of Nexus, but before he reached the gates he was attacked by a wandering band of Goblins... for the first time ever Arkenon felt fear as they overwhelmed him and as they went for the killing blow, Arkenon rolled to the side into some bushes... Much is not remembered of that night.. there was much running and hiding for Arkenon, and to this day he will not recall this event to others. Somehow in his wanderings that night he came upon the ferry to Falcion and boarded it...

Waking up on the beach, Arkenon wandered until he reached the gates of Falcion knowing what he must do... he had left one home devoid of his power of Arms, he would not do so again. So into the city he went and learned all he could. Training hard but making few friends as his brash nature and overbearing personality did not endear him to many. He did not care, he had given his life new meaning... It was during this time he decided to dedicate his life to Erisar.

Many wonderful and fearsome adventures have passed through the years and Arkenon has humbled some. He has grown and led great warparties against any threat of Nexus. His power has become a gathering point of strength for all in Nexus. His sister has now joined the fight and

brought news to Arkenon that Allyn after all these years is still waiting for him. Soon, very soon, he will return to his homeland, not in shame and not wishing for the trust of those he left for foolishness. He returns to bring his whole tribe to Nexus... to join with the forces and to aid in the defense and perhaps even marry who can tell what the future will hold?

Banzai

Class: Barbarian

Race: Human

Banzai stepped through the doorway and looked around at the customers in Kalim's Tavern with a scowl on her face. Many recognized her, some shrunk back into their seats, while others hailed her. She ignored them all and stepped over to a small man sitting alone at a table in the corner. "Jaccobe?" she asked warily. The man nodded and Banzai slipped into the chair, "Ok, let's get this over with!"

"As you know my name is Jaccobe and I am a researcher. I have been tasked with recording the history of some of the older adventurers in Nexus," stated the small man. Banzai grunted, "History!? I have no history! And who are you calling old?!" The man replied carefully, "Just tell me about yourself. Start wherever you want. How did you come to Nexus? Why do you follow Tilnar?"

Banzai glared at Jaccobe, let out a big sigh and said, "very well..... All I remember is always being on my own and fending for myself. I have traveled from town to town never staying in one place for too long. I would sleep in the alleys or out in the forests. Sometimes, for certain 'favors', I would eat well and sleep comfortably." Banzai grinned at the look on Jaccobe's face, "I'm no saint! I do what is necessary for my survival and if I find it enjoyable, then all the better!" Banzai smiled, a little sadly, "Hardship and loneliness have never bothered me, they have been my companions for too long."

Banzai stopped suddenly and called over a barmaid and gruffly ordered a tankard of ale. She sat and glared at those who were staring curiously at her and her companion but said not a word. When the barmaid returned with the ale, Banzai gulped some down and continued....."When I first arrived in Nexus, it was a small village in desperate need of warriors to help keep the goblin hordes at bay. So, I decided to stay a while and fight, earn some gold and keep busy for a few days. As the days turned into weeks, I began to notice that I had none of my normal feelings to leave and travel again. I had been in many fights; led, and lost, some hearty adventurers into heated battles; been injured on more occasions than I can count, but still stayed. And, I have begun, for the first time, to make friends. So, for now, I will stay here in Nexus. I may not be smart, but I know a good thing when I see it."

During this time, Jaccobe had been frantically scribbling on some parchment. He now looked up and said one word, "Tilnar?" Banzai nodded, "Tilnar! During my early days here I found that the vaults within the cemetery were an ideal location to sleep and be protected from the weather. I would get the feeling of being watched, but I never felt afraid. People assumed from the beginning

that I was one of his." Banzai chuckled, "I suppose Tilnar and myself realized they were right. I would wake up and find armor or a nice sword beside me, I would dream of villagers and such that were 'easy' targets so that I had gold to buy food. I was introduced to Darkblade, my first true friend here. From what I have seen here, Tilnar is the most honest and truthful God. The other Gods shunned me somewhat because of my 'methods' of survival. So, I have pledged myself to Tilnar for eternity!"

Suddenly Banzai stopped talking and with a slightly embarrassed look on her face stood up, gulped down the rest of her ale, wiped her mouth and said, "that's enough about me" and walked quickly out of the tavern.

Billy

Class: Barbarian

Race: Half-giant

Boy- now I never really think about my life before I came to Nexus. It really wasn't that great. I was slow. I was dull and I was so stupid I couldn't understand any sort of language when I did get here. I was an uncivilized beast, an animal of the world, wandering from place to place. Let me think now... I don't know who my parents were because it seemed like I had somebody new telling me what to do and somewhere different each night to sleep. But once I learned the basics of survival I was out and on my own.

About the time I was twelve I was taken captive and forced into slavery of the goblin hordes that have been attacking our city ever since. It was terrible. The only good thing I got from it was my strength. I was always moving big, heavy things almost all the time. Pushing and pulling, building and tearing down. I actually enjoyed some of the physical labor I had to do, but at the same time I didn't. Deep in my heart I knew what was going on was wrong. I wanted to be free.

Around the time I was sixteen, my slavemaster was forced to give me up to the soldiery unit. I didn't know at the time this meant a trip to their Alchemists. I was so oblivious and stupid to what my fate had in store for me, I didn't do a thing when a squad of goblin soldiers came to take me away. They bound and gagged me and left me in a cage of wood for almost a day. That night, a different group of goblins came to me. They laughed and sneered at me, pulled my hair, hit and beat me to unconsciousness. I awoke laying on my back, still bound. Rain was splashing against my face and I was feeling miserable. The sounds of crackling wood turned my attention and I saw the entire group crowded around a large bonfire. I was alone for the moment. I had never been treated so terribly in all my life. I was lucky to be under such a lenient slavemaster before and nothing I had experienced prepared me for what was about to happen...

One of the goblins was looking at me, he pointed and said something unintelligible. As I caught eyes with him my vision, slowly at first, then more quickly, was clouded and red. The chains binding my limbs snapped as my body mass grew and I was filled with an energy, a lust, a wrath... Well, you know what I'm talking about. Anyway I felt invincible and that night I was. None of my

captors were left alive or got away to tell about it. I was free, for the moment. I took whatever provisions I could find off the corpses and ran off into the darkness.

Just that next day I was found by a group of adventurers, a couple of humans, a dwarf and an elf. I was badly hurt and half-conscious when they came to me or else I would have run off. To my surprise one of the humans and the elf began to chant and I felt incredibly better. They tried to ask me what had happened but all I could do was grunt and wave my arms about frantically. They were the first people I met from Nexus. I followed them home...and home is where I am. I'll stay and fight for my home. This place gave me a reason to live, a brain to use and friends to love. I owe everything I have to it and its people.

Bogardan

Class: Barbarian

Race: Half Giant

Unknown even to himself, the young half-giant leaves from his concealment. Looking around he sees many creatures strewn about laying here and there as if some kind of big celebration had taken place. No one stirred as he walked through the brood. Sour smells of ale and other things filled his nose, and he held back the need to vomit.

Tall trees some five times his towering height were all around this natural clearing he was in. Exploring the perimeter he finds a path leading east and south. He looked up at the broad leafed trees as they gave him shade from the two suns. He enjoyed this and although this place whispered home in his head he felt a longing for elsewhere. So with not a look back again he took the path quickly almost running towards the unknown.

After running quite some time, the half-giant has to stop completely to keep from falling off the cliff he did not see until it was almost too late. Looking out south easterly he sees a lush forest, greens and other shades he is not familiar with. He feels a chill as the winds blow at him from all sides seemingly at once. He decides to move on taking a rough path down the cliff's face. As he finds his footing he is able to look around himself a bit. A large river is something he sees and his instincts tell him things live there that would eat most anything alive in minutes.

After finally making his way down the cliff, he tries to find a way over the river. Giant crabs skitter about at the river's edge. Then he realizes there are no alligators and instincts suggest the crabs and the half-giant chuckles as he moves on south.

Traveling parallel to the river he finally finds something which might help him, a bridge. He studies the bridge while walking and stumbles haphazardly to the ground. Picking himself up he spies a bag bulging with its contents. Now for the first time he notices all he wears is shredded leathers. And now after searching the bag's contents he finds several pieces of clothing, and after a bit he manages to fit some of the clothes on himself.

Now he approaches the bridge and a lone bridge-keeper stands at attention as he proceeds

towards the bridge. The keeper is adorned in shiny armors and brandishes a pike with a sharp spear head at its tip. He lowers the pike as the half-giant approaches and speaks, "In this time of war, none shall pass into the Eldane without my permission. Who are you?"

The half-giant mouthed his name before he spoke it, "I, I am Bogardan."

The keeper replies, "And your business?"

"I seek shelter in the forest."

"Then you will follow that path there and seek the city of Nexus, as only those of your race who are protectors of the town are able to live in that forest. Unless your part of the black hand, which in that case, you will not try to cross or this pike will find a new home in your belly."

"I will go to this Nexus." And Bogardan waited for the bridge keeper to raise his pike before proceeding down the path to Nexus.

Bogardan was sent to Falcion after finding Nexus, he did not even get to look around any. He thought it was kinda hurriedly done but others like him were going to the city as well. After talking to others around him on the way to the island, he learned that all these were to train in Falcion in the many different professions needed in order for Nexus to survive the goblin hordes. The sloop passage was paid and soon all were on the grounds of the city of Falcion. They were met by a man named Kragesh who quickly sorted out the new lot into the many fields needed. Bogardan was taken by a trainer with a few others and quickly he learned he knew many of the tactics he was being taught for most of them were the natural survival tactics he knew he knew but not knowing how he knew. Putting the matter aside he decided one day he would find out his past but for now he would train.

Finding the flail most useful in his hands he was able to keep up with the trainer in the daily training and after a year of steady training he was set out into the world as a barbarian. Bogardan hunted the sewers below Falcion killing rats, sewer dwellers, speckled turtles and even a brown slime here and there. He made friends in the hunts he participated in and knew that these friends would one day be the ones that like himself, would fight the war against the hordes. That winter after he started his training in the sewers Bogardan's skills were to be tested to the extreme.

The first falls of snow were tremendous and the city was torn apart. Monsters Bogardan had never seen in the city of Falcion were many and the sewers were taken over by one who called himself the Wererat Master Assassin. Many corpses lined the sewers in useless hunts. the numbers of corpses were outnumbering the wererat leathers Latashia carried in her shop. A hunt was organized and after many more deaths, the W.M.A. was finally silenced, but then after the sewers were cleared the winds cut down buildings and the town had found itself fighting roofs which rolled down the streets of Falcion. Everything was in chaos, but as all things come to an end so did the winter.

He was finally told he could leave the island and after reaching his tenth tier he paid the sloop master the toll and set out to Rymek. A large ship was pulling into the Harbor as the sloop made its landing and immediately he was forced into fighting for his life as well as for Rymek. He saw

many heroes of Nexus fighting off the pirates as well. Again many died, but more pirates than heroes and he saw many great warriors and priests and wizards fell a lot of pirates.

He finally made it to Nexus where he still fights today trying to fill his role in the battle to save the city.

Dachek

Class: Barbarian

Race: Ogre

Dachek was a very large and strong boy. He was favored by his mother, a thing that made his bigger brother Dachurak a very angry boy. His mother didn't let the older brother (Dachurak) hit the younger brother back. This made that Dachek grew strong and big, although his older brother became tougher. The two brothers lived in the slums of nexus, where their mother was working as a Barmaid. They walked through the streets begging and then they fought against other boys who tried to steal their Money .

When they were eight and nine their mother told them that they could no longer live there. The two boys wondered why, but they weren't smart enough to argue against their mother. She told them that she was too poor to feed two growing boys. Something that was true as two male ogres in puberty isn't a pretty sight.

Nice and quiet as they were they packed their bags and left towards the Nexus gate. When they got to the town-square they got into a bit of problem, Dachurak was sure that their mother had told them that they should exit through the South Gate.

Dachek on the other hand was very sure that the right way should be through West-gate. They argued about the question a few minutes and then they agree to take the West-gate. As they walked out of their city it had already become night, although it was pitch dark the two brothers were not afraid. They made a torch of a piece of wood and started to walk towards the north.

When they had walked for about half an hour, they suddenly heard something shouting behind them. They turned around to look and there they saw a large goblin sitting on an even larger wolf, now the two brothers were no cowards but they weren't so stupid either. They both turned and ran as crazy. After a half an hour of constant running Dachek collapsed. He fell down on the ground and did not move. To his surprise he wasn't attacked by the Goblin-wolf rider. Instead the Goblin and his beast ran after Dachurak.

After about an hour of hiding Dachek stood up and started to walk towards the gate. He entered the gate and decided to try the southern gate.

As he passed southern gate he asked one of the guards if this was the correct way to Rymek. The Guard smiled and said: Of course it is....

So Dachek lifted his things and started to walk. After few weeks of wandering and getting lost, Dachek knew his way around a Forrest. He knew many things about what and what you cant eat when you are in a Forrest.

So he came to Rymek and he came to the sloop. He was about to board it when he heard an oily voice say: excuse me sir but you can bring your luggage onboard at the same time as yourself, because the boat will sink.

Dachek looked at the man and said: what am I supposed to do then?

The man smiled and said: I could guard your luggage for you and bring them over.

This seemed like a smart idea as the man was very small and the sloop could take his weight and Dachek's luggage. Said and done, Dachek boarded the sloop and crossed the waters, but he stood waiting for his luggage a long time but it didn't seem to arrive. After a while he became angry and said to himself never to trust a thief. He entered the great city of Falcion and begun his training.

Gorlick

Class: Barbarian

Race: Orc

Walking hand in hand a massive Orc and beautiful human girl stroll through a field near Tilnars Vein. The girl looks up her companion smiling, and reaches up on her toes to plant a supple kiss upon his soft tan cheek. Stopping at a mound in the field they sit down and take in the sight of the forest. Holding her in his arms Gorlick smiles happily and picks her up with ease and sets her on a soft blanket....

Hours pass on and they awake to the sight of the sun setting beyond the ravine. A bit startled the girl holds Gorlick clenching his sides. He lets out a chuckle, "'Dun be'fraids, Drow dun come out till laters".

Quickly gathering their things they do not notice a pair of Goblin scouts watching them from the fringe of bushes in the field. The scouts watch as the couple walks towards the trail. With speed only meant for a bird, they quickly run to their small encampment. They stop at a large, tattered tent.

"Commander Dret, we have spouted an Orcish farmer with his woman, she is from the city of Nexus. We saw her come from the city and meet the Orc at the bridge sir. They are leaving the field by the ravine now."

A malevolent voice growled within, "You ingrates! You did not come to me when they first entered the crimson trail!"

Stepping out from the tent came a massive Fire Giant, with a cool guise about him he walked over

to the scout closest to him. With no hesitation the giant clutched the scout's head and throat, ripping them from each other. Blood splattered over the giant and remaining scout. Glancing at the other scout he could see that it had wet himself. With a thunderous laugh he threw the corpse at him, knocking him down. "You are a funny one."

Looking about the camp he commanded all present to prepare for a small incursion into the Crimson Trail. Among those that came forward were all of goblin descent; two soldiers, a striker, a mage, and an assassin. Muttering about how ill prepared his troops were he sent them off towards the trail. He called after them, "I shall be right behind you! Lets try not to screw this up!" With that he grabbed his armor and grabbed a giant axe leaning against a tree. With a maniacal grin he headed towards the trail ...

Walking down to the trail was a simple task completed within 15 minutes easily. And being with his love made it seem all the more short. Renewed with a sense of great pride he walked her to the bridge. He could go no farther he knew, for her parents forbid her to see an Orc. It seemed quite ironic that the city of all races would have within its walls a family that did not approve of marriages of different races. What he found even more odd was that they thought him ugly, an orc ugly? He let out a chuckle. But she did not think so, of course and that was all he needed.

As they approached the bridge they took no notice of the movement within the bushes. It was a forest after all. Looking into each other's eyes they embraced in a passionate kiss, as if knowing it would be their last. Suddenly she was jerked from Gorlick's arms. Opening his eyes he nearly lost control of his bowels. Before him stood two Goblin Soldiers clutching his lover's arms. He felt a great uneasiness in his stomach. What could he do? He was but a farmer! Had only his brethren been here. Standing motionless Gorlick stared dumbfounded by what was happening. A swirl of mist appeared before him, and there was another goblin! A mage in fact! This was getting worse by the moment! Looking about he spotted a log by the side of the trail. It seemed like a rather heavy log but he worked his farm for years with his father; moving logs had become a thing of ease.

Not knowing exactly what he was doing Gorlick rushed towards the log. Grasping it within his two hands he turned and swung at the Mage's head, crushing the skull with a horrendous blow. More surprised than anything, Gorlick started towards the soldiers. But he could not swing, he might hit his lover! Anger welled up within him, his face flushed a deep crimson.

Suddenly he felt a searing pain in his back. Swiftly spinning on his heels he turned to find a Goblin Assassin sneering at him with stone dagger in hand, covered in blood ... his blood. Reaching above his head he brought the log down on the Assassin's shoulder. There was a loud crunching noise as the collarbone snapped and broke through the skin, incapacitating him. Gorlick turned around in time to see the soldiers straining with the girl. Rushing towards them with bare hands he jumped upon one soldier quickly seizing his neck. His scimitar dropped to the ground and an ivory hand quickly grabbed it. With a distinctive crack the goblin ceased moving. Before Gorlick could look up the other soldier fell to the ground, a scimitar wedged between his legs. Quickly looking up he saw his lover sprayed with blood. She looked wretched tears streaking her face with blood covering her. Claspng her with the gentleness only obtained by love he held her tightly. He whispered into her ear that it was all over, not to worry about it. She crumpled from exhaustion. Grabbing her in

his hands he carried her to the bridge. Looking up he saw a gargantuan giant. Well that's it then, he thought. Please make it quick. He lowered his head accepting his fate.

A hand reached down and patted him on the shoulder. Disgruntled he looked up to see the face of a smiling half-giant. "I am Linotaur, that was quite impressive what you did over there. What guild do you hail from?"

"I don't have no guilds, I live by farmings. I never fights only farms." Gorlick was relieved that this wasn't his resting place. A mighty laugh came from the half-giant. "You should look into joining the barbarians guild son, you have quite some fighting skills even if you are a farmer."

Gorlick smiles pleasantly. "Could you take my lady friend to her family? She lives in Nexus." The giant nodded evenly. "As long as you go to Falcion damnit, I'd like to see you helping us." "After some consideration Gorlick agreed. What could be so bad about fighting. Handing his lover to Linotaur he set off down the trail to gather his things.

At home Gorlick grabbed his burlap sack and all his possessions. Quickly making his way back towards the bridge he noticed that Linotaur had already taken her to the city. Smiling to himself he waited.

Gorlick sat down by the side of the trail waiting for Linotaur to return. Soon enough he heard a rumbling down the trail. Standing to meet his new found friend. The sight he was greeted with made him want to cry. Coming around the bend was a massive Fire Giant. Quickly taking stock of the situation Dret glared at the Orc.

"A farmer?! A damn farmer killed my detachment!?! What is the horde coming to!" With a furious charge the giant was upon Gorlick. Gorlick had no chance and he knew it. Luckily because of the size difference the Fire giant missed upon his first two strikes. But on the third his axed met its prey. Seemingly the axe melted into his arm causing him excruciating pain. The next blow would kill him for sure.

Suddenly there was a stirring within the bushes. A goblin striker jumped out and rushed towards the giant's side. Glancing down at his recruit Dret quickly turned upon the Striker sending him hurling towards the trees mortally wounded. The giant called after him "That's what we do to cowards!"

Focusing once again the giant swung at Gorlick. Luckily he missed again. A sound roused Gorlick's attention, looking at the face of Dret told him something was amiss. The Giant's mouth was agape and blood was spewing from it. Looking past the giant he saw an Orcish nightblade he had met before. Praising Erisar for his luck thus far he watched Delray get the Fire Giants' attention. Then another rather large figure rushed from across the bridge carrying with him a wave of bloodlust. The Fire Giant was getting battered with such savageness Gorlick almost felt pity for him—almost. Without warning the Fire Giant turned once again upon Gorlick. Unable to get the giant's attention Delray and Linotaur yelled at Gorlick to flee south. Quickly picking himself up along with his belongings he ran as fast as his legs could carry him. He soon heard a thunderous cry from his rear.

Coming to the sea soon enough Gorlick hopped aboard the sloop and crossed to the Isle of Falcion. There to greet him was Deriseus the mage. "Hey you! You look like a stout fellow. How bout we go slaughter some goblins at the murals?" With a slight laugh Gorlick glanced at the mage and followed him to the astounding city, quickly rapt in dispatching the enemy Gorlick wondered whatever happened to his love.

Gotenut

Class: Barbarian

Race: Half-Giant

Once, long ago, in a secluded village in the Crystal Mountains lived a small tribe of half-giants. Among these half-giants was a proud blacksmith named Gotera. He was a gifted blacksmith who could craft quite a fine blade. Gotera supplied the village with the weapons it needed to defend itself from the Giants, Goblins, and other monsters that threatened their small village. He was quite a skilled fighter himself, having mastered sharp and blunt weapons.

Though he was an asset to the community, he was also part of its corruption. He had a problem, he could not seem to control himself, in several ways. First off, he had a tendency to go into berserk rages when his anger flared, which, in battle could be beneficial, but when he went into these rages while teaching a new apprentice or hunting, these could be quite dangerous. He also could not control himself in that he slept with numerous women, many of whom were married to others within the village.

Because of this, Gotera fathered many children. One of these was Gote. Gote was born to the wife of the village's chief. Of course, the chief was rather outraged to find the child was not his, but not wanting to upset Gotera, as he was an integral part of the community, he instead took the baby into Gotera's smithy, placed its head upon the anvil, and smashed it with Gotera's forge hammer. Thinking the baby dead, he took into the woods and dumped it.

Gote lay there for hours, struggling to hold onto life, when a young elf happened to stumble upon him. This elf knew much in the ways of healing. He healed Gote's wounds, not leaving any scars even, though he could not repair the damage done to the child's brain. He kept the child until it was old enough to walk on its own, then, he returned it to the spot he had found it.

Gote, now 2 years old, made his way back to the village. He said not a word to anyone, as he did not know how. People gawked at him, but he didn't seem to notice. First he went to the forge, there he found Gotera passed out drunk on the floor and a half finished sword along with his forge hammer on the anvil. Gote grabbed them both and left.

By now a huge crowd had gathered around the boy. When he saw the chief and his mother, his anger mounted and he went completely insane, something in his brain that had been held in check by a thin tissue had snapped. He brutally murdered the chief in front of the huge crowd of spectators. Several men tried to stop Gote, but they were mutilated by his flailing hammer and

sword. His Mom yelled, "Gote, Gote stop!". The crowd hearing this, yelled, "Gote is a nut! Gote the nut! Kill him!" As the crowd massed, Gote became even more enraged. The whole village was then massacred, even his poor mother.

When the village was found years later, it was a ghost town. They found only clues and didn't seem to realize what had happened here. They came across a stone with "Gote the nut" carved into it. Then they came across a now full grown half-giant, the only one in the village. He was brutally strong but immensely slow. These people thought Gote would make a good fighter and decided to take him back with them to train him. They nicknamed him Gotenut, for Gote the nut.

Now he resides in Nexus, the place the men who found him took him to, and he trains now, always struggling to keep his rage under control.

Jim

Class: Barbarian

Race: Orc

Jim was born and raised on the vast plains surrounding the Rosehelm outpost. His family was one of nomadic foragers, constantly moving from one hunting spot to the next. His tribe consisted solely of the other members of his family, his mother, his father, his two sisters and six brothers. Jim was the third born of his family, and was also the 'runt of the litter.' His father, mother, and all his brothers and sisters grew to be at least eight feet tall, while Jim was left a mere seven feet high. This in and of itself made life hard for Jim, his brothers and sisters constantly picked fights with the 'little one,' and his father treated him as a failed attempt at a son. However, Jim still took part in the daily hunting rituals performed by his father and brothers, and proved himself to be a very capable hunter of small and large game. He received his first tattoo from his father at the age of eight, the longbow crossed diagonally over a claymore - the symbol of the Lord of the Hunt, Erisar.

Throughout Jim's childhood, his days were comprised of hunting, sparring with his siblings, and eating. His father taught him that every type of animal could be used for food, even the humans, elves, and fellow orcs. After Jim's 10th birthday, his father took him to the Eldane forest, to begin some advanced hunting lessons. Little did he know, but Jim's new quarry was to be the elves of Talmat rather than the gazelle and rabbits of the plains.

Jim and his father sat perched in the trees outside the town, waiting for an unsuspecting 'dandelion-eater' (as Jim's father called the elves) to happen by. After several hours of waiting motionless in a tree, a young elven boy wandered underneath the tree that Jim and his father were perched in. Jim's father whispered to him, 'Watch carefully, son,' and leapt down onto the unsuspecting elf. However, to both Jim and his father's dismay, the boy was no mere boy, but instead one of the guardian rangers of Talmat. After a brief skirmish, Jim's father lay dead in the grass surrounding the tree, while the elven ranger cleaned his sword upon the dead orc's bloody clothing. At this point Jim started to hear a sound like that of the waves of the ocean in his ears,

his vision slowly> clouded with the red haze of battle lust, and he leapt from the tree, branch in hand, with murderous intent. The ensuing fight was heated, but very short-lived, even the strong elven steel of the ranger's short sword could not stand up to the vicious beating doled out by the infuriated orc. With tears in his eyes, Jim carried both corpses back to his family, for preparation and consumption.

Now Jim's eldest brother was head of the family, and the times were quickly changing. No longer did the gazelle or rabbits occupy the plains around Rosehelm, but instead the armies of the goblin horde had dominated the plains. Jim's family was forced to choose between being enslaved by the goblins, or moving their residence into the mighty Eldane. The choice was simple, and soon enough Jim's family lived in the hollowed out bole of a large oak tree in the Eldane.

Jim quickly became dissatisfied with this existence of cowering in the> forest; waiting for the day the goblin horde would claim that too. Jim gave a few briefly muttered goodbyes to his family, and headed out for the city of Nexus. With his recently found battle rage, and his inborn skill with heavy, blunt weapons, Jim thought that the barbarian's guild would be ideal for him, and joined promptly upon arriving in Nexus. Since then, Jim has participated in many battles in the defense of Nexus. He has personally witnessed the resurrection and destruction of gods and demons, and once followed Novind, and now Erisar. He has met some of the most worthless, gods-awful people in the fair city of Nexus, and made friends with some of the greatest heroes to grace that same city. Jim will continue to defend Nexus until the day he dies, which will hopefully be in battle, and not due to old age.

Jukka

Class: Barbarian

Race: Ogre

Urmila shrieked in horror as she saw her malformed newborn. As tears ran down her leathery face, she wrapped her large hands around the child, wrapped in blankets, as she cried out, "Jukka. . Jukka. . ." An elven priestess watched sympathetically, searching for a way to reassure the grief-stricken mother. She gently placed her arms on the newborn, and attempted to take her out of Urmila's hands, but Urmila screamed and pushed the lady aside. The newborn had a large piece of flesh missing from his upper lip. The cleft lip extended to the newborn's left nostril, making his toothless upper jaw and the back of his throat visible from a fair distance. The child, still somewhat slimy and wet from delivery, wheezed softly as his crying mother held him. Urmila gently stroked the child's fine, thin scalp. She gave another hard look at the newborn's upper lip and sighed in despair. Then, exhausted from her delivery, she lay back down on the sleeping pallet she was sitting on, placing the baby by her side.

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Jukka sat in the forest, looking around curiously with large brown eyes. His eyes quickly focused on a sprite, glowing slightly as he flittered about the forest. Jukka arose, eyes fixated on the sprite,

and attempted to grab him. The sprite darted away, screaming, and Jukka began chasing the sprite down. The sprite flittered deftly through the forest, easily outrunning a slow, cumbersome Jukka. The sprite whizzed by a goblin soldier and soared up into the trees. Jukka's attention moved to the goblin. Jukka stared at the goblin obliviously, apparently unaware of the sword in the goblin's hand. He slowly approached the goblin, and examined the goblin closely. The goblin grinned slightly, and smiled at Jukka. The goblin began raising his sword when a frightened scream startled him. The loud thumping of footsteps followed the scream, and the goblin turned his head to see Urmila, club raised above her head, face red with rage. The goblin parried her powerful blow and slashed a large wound across her body. Urmila winced, and swung her club down on the goblin's head. The goblin moved his sword up to block the powerful swing, but the club shattered the blade and struck the goblin clean on the head. The goblin crumpled to the ground. A part of his scalp flew off the goblin's head, revealing a thoroughly mangled skull. Urmila released her iron-tight grip on her club as the red in her face dissipated slightly. She looked down at her stomach and saw several organs hanging out of the enormous wound. As she grabbed Jukka's hand, another goblin approached her, armed with a spear. The goblin was dressed in black, and wielded a long, barbed spear. Urmila, face red once again, charged the goblin, swinging violently with her large club. The goblin dodged the blow, and thrust his spear deep into Urmila's midsection. Urmila screamed in pain, and broke the spear tip off. Urmila shrieked once more, her hand mangled from touching the barbs. As she screamed, she swung her club at the goblin, hitting the goblin in the chest and sending him flying across the forest. The goblin's body flew into a large tree. Urmila ran sluggishly at the injured goblin, and swung her club at his head. Her club decapitated the goblin's head, causing blood, bone, and flesh to fly outward. Urmila then collapsed, surrounded in a pool of her own blood and guts. Jukka looked over to her fallen mother, and ran to her. He touched her lifeless body and began crying uncontrollably. For several hours, he continued to cry over his mother's dead body until his traumatized body was devoid of tears. His cries slowly turned into a whimper as he rested his head against his mother's side. As his energy wore down from his mourning, his trembling body leaned against that of his mother's. Tears continued to stream down his face as his weary body fell from consciousness on his mother's dead body.

Kasia smelled the forest air; something in the air did not seem right. She had walked this forest countless times, and she knew nearly everything about the forest that there was to know. Unable to explain her odd feelings, she decided to scour the forest for something unusual. She spotted a discoloration in the ground and walked to it. She knelt down to examine the area, and picked up a small sliver of dirt from the ground. She examined it carefully, then sniffed at it.

"Blood . . ."

She carefully combed the surrounding area, noting several splotches of blood. After several minutes of searching, she came upon a hulking mass of flesh, slumped against a tree. She carefully walked over, unsheathing a claymore from a back scabbard. On top of the pile was an adolescent ogre, face down on top of a mangled female. Kasia gently touched the leathery skin and found that he was still alive. Startled, she hastily lifted the facedown body and laid him on his back on the forest ground. She put his hand up by his throat and held it there intensely for several moments. "His pulse is weak," she mumbled to herself. "Hey there, wake up . . . wake up," she prodded, gently nudging the unconscious ogre. She examined the ogre for wounds; she could find nothing serious; just some gashes and cuts that were easily healable. Sighing, she looked around

quickly, and then hefted the heavy ogre as gently as she could onto her shoulder. Grunting slightly at the weight of her load, she walked back to her home, hoping she would find help for the boy back there.

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"How's the child doing?" asked a concerned Kasia. After an exhausting trek from the forest, she gave the child up to the healers, and waited outside. Although worried over the child's well-being, she was overcome by her exhaustion, and fell asleep for several hours as she waited.

"The child's wounds were not physical. I take it that the child's mother died and he was overcome with grief. He was prone to fits of rage, even as we attempted to deal with his wounds. There was one wound that I should tell you about. The child has a large piece of flesh that is missing from his upper lip. We looked over it, and attempted many healing spells to fix the condition, but the missing flesh remained. With that piece of flesh missing, I cannot imagine him ever mastering the art of spoken speech. Unless he can get his lip fixed, his life is going to be a difficult one."

Kasia nodded solemnly. "Have you finished your work with him?"

The priest nodded.

"He will be my responsibility then until he matures fully."

The priest looked at Kasia and said, "Your duty will not be an easy one. He has a severe handicap, and simple communication will be a mighty chore."

"I understand the difficulty involved, but I will not let him suffer any longer."

The priest nodded. "I will bring the child out, then. There is nothing more that I can do with him, at the moment." The priest walked through a door into his chambers. Several moments later, he returned, with the ogre behind him. The ogre seemed about six and a half feet tall, and held a look of numbed shock on his face. Four of the ogre's upper teeth were clearly visible. Kasia sighed as she greeted him warmly.

"What's your name, child?"

The ogre frowned. He attempted to say something, but all that could be heard was hissing as air blew through his mangled upper lip. "Zhjju..Zszhgu...Shzzusssgu..kaaa..."

Kasia looked at the ogre for a moment, frowning. She began muttering some words to herself.

"Zukka. . .Shukka...Jukka...Jukka." She suddenly stopped.

"Is your name Jukka?" Kasia asked the ogre.

The ogre smiled slightly and nodded.

Kasia smiled uneasily. "Well, Jukka, follow me. I'll take you to your new home. I'm sure you'd like to

settle in quickly." Kasia turned to the priest. "Thank you for helping this child." The priest chuckled and said, "It is but my job."

Kasia walked out of the Healing Hand, followed by the young ogre, Jukka. The priest followed them out the door and stood outside. He smiled warmly as he looked at their hulking figures, fading away as they walked down the road.

Kabanor

Class: Barbarian

Race: Half-Giant

A large figure pranced along the forest edge near the Nexus game trail, his feet leaving deep indentations in the fresh fallen snow. This trek began early in the morning as excited eyes had watched the falling snow the night before and he had anxiously awaited the day that he could go out and enjoy the new weather. He was well prepared, wearing an old white fur coat given to him by his father and held what once was a young tree, now smoothed of its branches, its bark cut away. With this tree he would fend off the wolves should they decide to bother him. Much to the dismay of his father, and only living parent, this morning was not a first. Oft times would venture out of their safe secluded log cabin to "wander around". He would often run around the southern forest but never had he ventured so close to the game trail as he had done this day.

Walking along the edge of the game trail was certainly a new experience for the young Kabanor. Small herds of deer charged through and the occasional wolf attacking prey. 'Wha' be wrong wit' walkin down the trail' he thought as he recalled the words of his father who had once scolded him for coming too close to this trail. His father was a hunter and would often travel along the trail hunting game. Kabanor recalled stories his father would tell of catching animals and talking about the seasonal cycle that existed. His thoughts turned to other stories he had heard from his father. Of the ancient tribe they had come from and their glorious stand taken against the goblins in defence of a wandering band of orcish warriors. He thought he could hear the clangs of steel on steel..

Having been lost in thought he did not notice that the trail had taken a twist and he had come upon a great massive wall of stone. Sounds of battle could be heard from the North. Gripping his walking stick and club he ran up to the north when he was thrown into the bushes by a greying man. His father had his sword drawn, he gave Kabanor a firm look and charged into the fray. By poking his head from the bushes that he now hid in he saw his father charge into a large grouping of goblins aiding several guardsmen. The situation seemed dire as new arrivals of goblins appeared, led by one in tattered robes.

The Guardsmen were now scattered and his father with them ran to the south and north as from watching posts by mighty gates claps of deafening sound came as the very earth seem to tremble. Bolts of lightning streamed through the air reflecting off of barriers on several of the more powerful of the goblin men. The gates slowly opened as a group of the most impressive warriors

Kabanor had ever seen charged out ahead of their leader - a man wearing dark black robes and holding forth a sharp edged sword of obsidian. His eyes turned to the young Kabanor and seemed two burning orbs amidst black skin.

The battle seemed to flash in and out of reality. The poor young half-giant could only recall the words Imapaed .. frozen and dead as they escaped the lips of the Goblin Weavemaster. His father was then cut asunder by frozen icicles that pierced his body so much as he could not be recognized. He then felt the bells of Tilnar echo through his mind and let out a scream of anger charging after the defiler of life, the man who had taken his only family.

Kabanor awoke with a head now magically preserved at his side and the drow he had seen at the gate staring through him with his crimson red eyes. "It is a gift." the cleric spoke. His voice was as daggers piercing his very soul. "There is a time of great choice soon to come for you." Having said those few words he walked away leaving at Kabanor's side the preserved head of a goblin weavemaster.

This life changing story has led Kabanor on to many things. He did take the head and throw it into the Anduin river and forsook the hate that had built inside of him. Many close friends have softened his heart and he has accepted once more the love of Dilanis. Having left to train at Falcion when reaching the accepted age he felt relieved in battle, he would not allow the goblin tyrants to exist anymore. The scarring of his father's death has never left him, but it drives him to fight and fuels his rage.

Kafnut

Class: Barbarian

Race: Ogre

Kafnut came into the world in the goblin camps. His mother, a slave held for breeding purposes, gave birth and watched as another of her children was stripped from her embrace. Kept and treated like a hunting dog with several other ogre and troll children, Kafnut quickly learned that strength and aggressiveness were the only assets to be respected. By his third year, Kafnut was as aggressive and strong as the children a few years older than he. During this time, Kafnut was never taught how to read, write, or even think. All of his actions were instinctive. If he wanted something another had, he either took it by force and savagery or did without. The same actions protected his few possessions.

The malicious trainers who held sway over his brood took note of Kafnut and started training the young ogre in the ways of battle and bloodshed. His respect for those who trained him was conditioned through punishment and fear; the thought of rebellion never entered his thick skull. Combat and the crude bludgeoning weaponry came naturally to the young ogre who never had to think about his next move; they just flowed from his massive limbs. His trainers rewarded him with better food and living conditions as he grew increasingly more able in the way of weapons. Though the elements improved, Kafnut still had to fight to keep what was his or gain that which he

desired. This "preferential" treatment did not win him any friends among his savage living companions

It was a dark night, ravaged by an unseasonable storm, when Kafnut entered the rage for the first time. Two conniving trolls who bunked in the cave along with the ogre thought to seize his latest reward - a tender lamb. When Kafnut awakened from the rage, he stood over the broken body of one of his assailants as the other cowered in fear. Drawn by the sound, his keepers were pleased to find they had another battle-rager in their training group. After this, Kafnut's anger was fed through torture and abuse. Nothing came to him without a fight. As the training increased, Kafnut grew into young adulthood and entered the ranks of the shock troops.

Battles allowed him to focus his fury and be truly free in the violence of it all. He reveled in the fights, his rage unleashed like the lightning from those fateful thunderheads. Battle after battle passed without notice to the young battler until one day.

Kafnut's troop was out on a raid when the massive warrior found himself cut off from his group. Looking up from his latest victim, he found himself surrounded by Rosehelm fighters. Kafnut grinned savagely and let out a thunderous bellow as he waded into his enemy. They wavered for a moment, fear filling their hearts as their sword cuts garnered coarse laughter and more roars from the bestial berserker.

Their blades cut deep but he continued to fight, paying little attention to the damage. Finally, one of his enemies landed a dreadful blow to the ogre's neck. Though he tried to breathe, Kafnut could gain no breath and collapsed into a pile of his fallen enemies. The Rosehelm warriors collected their wounded, burnt their fallen, and left Kafnut for dead.

The screech of carrion birds snapped Kafnut from his sleep. Unsure of where he was or how to get back to his troupe, the ogre heaved himself to his feet, attempting a groan, but emitting only a wheeze. The need for water overpowered any other desire as he stumbled through the nearby forest in search of a stream. Finally, Kafnut came to a pool surrounded by mushrooms, sitting in the middle of a calm glade. After taking the smallest of sips, the ogre collapsed at the edge of the pool as his lifeblood seeped into the reeds.

As he fell into a deathly still slumber, Kafnut was surrounded by sprites of the forest. Their leaders held an impromptu council and many were in favor of finishing the wounded warrior off in his sleep. After much argument, it was decided to allow the ogre to awaken and then determine if he was a threat or not. As he would be too weak to endanger the sprites, they could take care of him if he proved to be a problem. With this decision, a swarm of sprites descended upon the warrior, cleaning his wounds and inspecting him. Kafnut's injuries were many, the most grievous of which was a laceration to his neck. Somehow, his enemy's blow had severed his trachea and his voice box, but had missed the major blood vessels. A giant bed of pine needles was prepared and the freshly cleaned ogre was levitated to this bed, unmoved from his deep slumber. For the next four days Sprites tended his wounds. Kafnut awoke with a sprite standing on his nose, pulling up an eyelid. The ogre attempted to bellow his anger at this affront, but only a wheeze came out of his gaping mouth. The sprites flitted to a safe distance from the warrior and watched intently. An attempt to sit up ended in the ogre's collapse into his makeshift bed. The bravest of the sprites

levitated some fruit to the ogre's mouth and slowly fed him. After a moment of hesitation, he reached out a weak hand, his hunger a tyrant over his suspicion. Following the food, a leaf full of water was levitated to his mouth. As he was being fed, a throng of sprites gathered to watch their new guest. With dozens of sprites flying about, Kafnut sighed and passed out from this exertion.

A few hours passed and Kafnut once again came to with fruit piled up around him. Glancing around, Kafnut reached out and grabbed some of the fruit, eating it slowly. Soon, his hunger was abated and he watched the sprites with curiosity. The elder sprite and nominal leader landed on Kafnut's chest and made mystical gestures. At the finish of these gestures, all anger fled the warrior and he looked about the dale with calm eyes.

With this newfound peace, Kafnut set about his recovery. As the weeks passed, the sprite healers worked with Kafnut to mend his wounds and regain his strength. With his renewed strength, Kafnut became a tool of the sprites. He comfortably assumed his new role in the sprite society as he moved large objects and performed other manual acts for them.

Kafnut would have been content to live in this manner for the rest of his existence. The sprites, however, found that having a pet ogre put a large strain on their society. Kafnut consumed more food than the entire sprite village put together. Try as he might to be careful, he was constantly crushing plants and mushrooms in the glade. Simply, Kafnut, though meaning well, was eating and tromping himself out of house and home.

The sprite leader was afraid to send Kafnut off on his own for fear of him falling back in with the goblin forces or wandering on his own until he met his demise. As a result, it was decided to take the ogre to Nexus. The sprite leader collected some items for the ogre and gave him what gold the village could muster. Kafnut blindly followed the sprite to town. After a long talk with Kragesh, the sprite elder hugged Kafnut and flitted off to his home. Kafnut was given over to the barbarian guild for training and education on the ways of the City of All Races.

Though lonesome for his sprites, Kafnut easily adapted to his new regime and quickly learned as much as the trainers on the island had to teach him. After much thought, the trainers of the Barbarian Guild decided it would be prudent to attempt to allow Kafnut to embrace his rage during battle. So far, Kafnut has always been able to ride the rage out and focus his anger on the enemies of his adopted Nexus.

Kafnut has befriended many adventurers. Some of these look on him as a protector and others as one to be looked after. Though not a mental giant, Kafnut's loyalty to these friends has never been suspect. These adventurers and his trainers have succeeded in teaching the ogre the rudimentary alphabet and some basic hand signals. His neck wound has never healed so as to allow Kafnut to attempt speech.

Kalid

Class: Barbarian

Race: Ogre

Aalur, the Sixteenth of the month of the Phoenix, in the year 1,638 since the Godswar, and year 1221 of the empire. Nothing more than a few chickens, deer, and birds. They all flocked around one large, ogre woman, sitting the middle of an open field with her husband by her side. Not much time had passed since she had realized that he was coming ... today. Before long, a small, cute ogre child with twinkling black eyes and furry black head. The mother reached down and picked him up, smiling and cuddling the newborn. "Kalid ... I think we should call him Kalid, after his grandfather ... wouldn't you say," said the mother with great joy in her voice and heart. Kalid's father, Nkar, nodded.

As Kalid began to grow, his father had already been training him for battle and working. At the age of two, Kalid was nearly 3 feet tall and was able to lift very much for one of his age. Nkar was very proud of Kalid and would often show his appreciation by taking Kalid on nature "walks". His wife had always known though, that Nkar had always loved Kalid, even if he chose not to show it.

Before long, around age six, Kalid had grown immensely. His muscles were constantly bulging from the armor his mother had made him and often let him run in the nude as she worked on making him new sweaters and pants. Kalid had always enjoyed his freedom, and this was a sign of it. Nkar never pushed Kalid too hard, just enough that he would be exhausted at the end of the day. Kalid's mother wasn't too happy about this, but after Kalid ate a hearty meal and his dessert he was ready to go back out and work with his father some more.

Shortly afterwards, a tragic thing happened to the poor, young, seven year old Kalid. His mother had fainted suddenly at the dinner table. She had died from some type of rare poison, hardly seen in ogres. Sometime when she was out during a walk, she must have been cut on a poisonous plant, common around Kalid's hometown. She had died nearly instantly after she had fainted, but before she did she regained consciousness and smiled at Kalid. "You will be a strong boy, Kalid. I want you to grow up and be just ... just ... just like your father ...". With her dying breath and those words said, she collapsed.

There was a burial several days later, which is what Kalid's mother had always wanted. Many of Kalid's mother's friends came and they felt very bad for Kalid, many offered him money and gifts, and even one very nice woman offered to take Kalid into her household. This woman later became Kalid's stepmother.

As Kalid slowly grew up even more, his father stopped working him so hard and began to spend more and more time with his wife. Kalid was also allowed more time with his stepmother. This delighted them both, seeing as how they both barely knew Kalid's mother.

It was finally time for Kalid to go and train to become a real warrior. His father sent a mail to Kragesh. Kalid was escorted by a few Falcion guards through goblin territory to the great Island of Falcion, a slight southwest of where he was, in northern Eldane. Kalid had trained as hard as he could, all in hopes of one day to help his village defend against anything, go home and help his father, and most of all, become a great warrior like his own father.

Karkaroth

Class: Barbarian

Race: Ogre

Karkaroth was born in a small and rather weak tribe of nomad Ogres. In the first three years of Karkaroth's life, the tribe was forced to flee from their lands to new ones, each time,, they went more and more westwards, deeper and deeper into the woods. After a well planned attack of Fire Giants, most of the tribe was decimated or captured to be sold to the goblins. One of the captured Ogres was Karkaroth, sold by a Fire Giant Captain to a Goblin Weavemaster named Krazanth. From the Goblin he earned his name and many other things. The mad weavemaster, chose not to submit the ogre into blooding, as he liked to idea to control an idiot and dumb creature by his own overwhelming intelligence and power. Instead of blooding Karkaroth, forcing him magically to submit his will, he had his own ways of dealing with slaves.

Krazanth made numerous magical experiments on his new slave, to the Ogre they were physical and mental never ending tortures as the patience and resolve of its master were only matched by his madness. Though, the very first experiment was never forgotten by Karkaroth, the mad weavemaster inscribed magical runes all over the body of the Ogre and as Karkaroth seemed to resist the pain rather well, to please his sadistic mind, the Goblin tested his newly created "dragon fang" knife on the chest of the helpless Ogre. Seven long and deep cuts were opened on his chest, a festival of blood to soothe the madness of a fool.

Some years passed and Karkaroth was "trained" by Krazanth's guards the use of weapons and armors. Not only he suffered at the Mad weavemaster's hands but he also was used to amuse the Guard's of his master. They trained their weapon skills on him, assisted by a shaman that healed the Ogre's wounds as soon as his chair bled. Hundreds of times, he felt the bite of Goblin steel on his massive body, a rather easy target for his "trainers".

Then one day came when Karkaroth was released from the grasp of his mad master. Some would say it was luck, some would say it was the direct interference of a God that took pity on his soul and silent wishes to die. The ogre crushed under his feet, a crystal amulet that was resting on the floor of the laboratory. As the amulet shattered and many shards pierced his feet, the magic stored on the device was released.he appeared on fountain of Falcion.

Then Karkaroth began to trace his path as a Barbarian, sometimes seen as dumb, sometimes seen as mad but sometimes seen as an efficient ally.

Karnak

Class: Barbarian

Race: Ogre

Raised by two placid ogres with no wish to fight, in a rather large hut to fit the large people was a baby ogre. He looked amazingly like his father in every way, so he was named after him. His name is Karnak.

The boy was brought up by loving parents and got all the attention he deserved being the only child born to the couple. At 3, being a healthy strong young boy, he was lifting heavy objects with ease and often worried his parents by going into the forest near their home and wrestling wolves and bears.

His parents loathed any violence and hated the "warmongers" as they liked to call them living in the City of all Races. They often talked about Karnak's habits and upbringing. Obviously, he was immensely strong and loved to fight and was already asking questions about the city visible to the north and from which his parents hastily tried to draw his attention.

Throughout his life, Karnak honed his skills, knowing someday at sometime he would fight. Karnak never got that smart, though his parents tried and tried with many tutors. He would always daydream about fighting during the lessons.

One tutor came along by the name of Tirik. He was a stout hobbit who loved to tell stories. Karnak and Tirik became great friends. (This was a useful skill to get along with other races, seeing as how he would need it in the City of All Races). Tirik told stories of the city north of them. Karnak learned that the city's name is was Nexus. Tirik told him of great stories of dragons who could eat another dragon whole and of enchanting creatures that lived there.

His parents unfortunatley overheard one of these conversations and fired Tirik. It was too late, though. Karnak already had his mind set on travelling to that city and one day fighting there. He knew that sudden fits of rage he went into would help greatly. He attributed most of his strength to that.

When Karnak turned 12, he ran away to Falcion in hopes of finding someone to apprentice him. When he was on the island he showed great feats of strength and skill which impressed his trainer a lot. During that time he longed to go visit his parents but the insatiable appetite for battle kept his roots on Falcion.

When his trainer told him his skill was sufficient enough to travel to Nexus he did so and promised himself he would visit his parents along the way.

When he came to the small village he used to live in the sight horrified him. Burnt down homes littered the area. most likely a night attack. some fire was still burning the houses' foundations had not crumbled so he knew the attack was recent. If only he would have been here to help!

When he plucked up the courage, he proceeded to the area his hut last stood. He went into a fit of rage, for two corpses, just recognizable lay there freshly burned. He looked to the north, filled with rage and marched on with his club ready.

It was not long before he stumbled upon a stray goblin camp. They were all sleeping. He wondered for a split second if these were the same monsters who decimated his own village, but he didn't care. With the element of surprise he brutally killed all of them while they slept. He walked on, unmoved by the massacre he had just done.

Now in Nexus, he swore that until he died his last death or cured the pain of his parents' deaths he would defend Nexus from all evils.

Kurdt

Class: Barbarian

Race: Unknown

Kurdt's story begins with a young savage boy who like most kids played in the dirt and was just adventurous. His parents were well known in their village of Maala, His dad was the assistance to the chief and his mom was the chief's wife's aid. Kurdt was the Chief's prize, even though it wasn't his son he treated him just as well. More like Kurdt's godfather. Well Kurdt was trained very well in the ways of his tribe so that one day he could take over as chief of the tribe cause the chief had no sons.

The chief did have a daughter her name was Kaitlen. She is very beautiful and smart. She and Kurdt were very close and were to be married but Kurdt didn't know much of love or anything cause he saw her as his best friend whom was more like a sister. Kurdt's village began a journey down hill. They are located in a secret location north of the Oasis in the desert to the east of Nexus and the weather got bad and they were forced to get supplies and resources to move on. Kurdt didn't want to leave. That place was his life and so he stayed behind. He too found it difficult to live and eventually was forced to move on.

He traveled further north on the edge of the Desert and Taeviral. They resettled up there but they were not happy with him for not staying with them and not allowed him to stay. So he went off and begins to live alone and tried to survive. Life was hard and all the people who he meets wanted nothing to do with him.

After a few seasons of living on his own he made it a little city called Rymek, some how completely missing Nexus. When he arrived in Rymek he was meet by a few guardsmen and Local Archers who took him in gave him a place to stay for the night. He told a few lies and made up a few

details to his true past so people would help him. They were willing to help him get back on his feet and showed him his way to Falcion. He thanked them and went on his way on the Sloop to Falcion. Upon arrival he met some other people on the isle with paths just beginning and told him his story as well and they too began to help him.

Once he had trained enough to try to join a new calling in life, the guild of the barbarians. He felt lead to make up a total false story to one of the members for acceptance into the guild. His interviewer saw through his Lies. He did not lose his composure he stuck to his guns. He played it off that perhaps the interviewer did not know what he was talking about. So he just failed and had to wait many weeks for another opportunity. This time a great guy interviewed him and he told him a more correct story but it still was filled with filler to make him not sound like a deserter to his village and he was accepted.

To this day he has been faithful to his new guild and has no plans on turning on them. He feels he has been given a second chance and is taking this with great responsibility. He hopes that someday he can make up for his past actions and lies but for now he is living it by the day.

Linotaur

Class: Barbarian

Race: Half-Giant

18 years ago, a half-giant Wizardress and a Half-giant Barbarian met in the field of battle against a small group of Goblins leading a battle against Traenol. In this meeting they fell in love almost immediately. They moved away from Traenol and to a small home near the top of the Crystal Mountains. They lived happily till they decided they wanted to bring another life into the world. They had one child. A half-giant baby boy. They named this child, Linotaur.

For the first few years of his life his mother taught him to be intelligent how to solve problems and speak correctly. She also taught him proper etiquette and manners. After the child grew to be much larger the father took him training and fighting against small animals and forced him to grow much stronger. He taught him how to protect others in battle, and he taught him the ways of killing.

From this mix of intelligence and brute strength. Linotaur became a Barbarian of the more intelligent type. Being able to distinguish things, solve personal problems, and being one monstrous weapon against the hordes and the other evils of the world.

On his 17th birthday Linotaur's home was raided by goblins. He ran out the backdoor of his house as quickly as he possibly could. That night he slept in the forest. He returned to his home to find that it had been burned down and his mother and father had been brutally murdered. In a violent rage he grabbed what he could and ran from the area and down the mountain. Into the forest below.

For several days the boy killed what he could until he came upon a force too strong. Before he

could be killed he passed out from exhaustion. When he woke he found himself apprenticed into the town of Falcion. He had been given what he needed to grow stronger and become a warrior.

He met many great allies in Falcion and just the same, many enemies. After long he became a great warrior. And he headed off to Nexus only to return everyonce in a while to keep ties with old friends. He went back to his family's grave site and reclaimed his father's blade. And to this day he holds his grudges in making a mockery of Goblins and killing them for fun.

And to this day he continues to battle and slowly is becoming as great warrior as his father was....

Mortis

Class: Barbarian

Race: Unknown

Standing afar one could only see blood and flesh flying in every direction. In massive arcs, clubs could be seen doling out the blows with horrendous results. But in the midst of this battle were 3 brothers of Ogrish descent. They hailed from the Clansogre sect, under the Banner of the house of Dreyd. Fighting with a ferocity unmatched by all others in battle, these kin were the only force opposing the Goblins. Sliver was the eldest of them also the most intelligent, Mortis and Junipe were twins both of equal strength but Mortis took to studying more so than Junipe.

The battlground was a flat land in a valley of the Crystal Mountains. Upon arriving at the sight the brothers were met with a rush from the shocktroopers from 3 sides. Immediately taking charge of the situation the eldest brother ordered the others to take to one side. Dropping their foes with deadly precision, they were still losing ground, until the goblins came full circle. With a war cry that echoed throughout the valley, each brother's face contorted with rage, while their eyes turned into red goblets. Instantly the goblins fell back only to be beaten down upon with a renewed blood lust. Upon the grounds were heaps of goblins only to be reinforced with others.

A thunderous crack erupted from the skies and there above all of the horde was a Goblin Warlord, flying upon an Ancient Black Dragon. Ominously the dragon lowered his head, all knew their fate.

An angelic voice rang out, over the battlefield. Looking towards the tree line, standing hand in hand were 2 Elves. The lady immediately let out an incantation unknown to any present. The Dragon quickly jerked his head to see from what direction this chant was coming from. Straining to hear, he felt the magicks gathering. Then with a sudden realization the dragon threw the Warlord from his back and flapped his wings with dire urgency. Looking back he knew it was of no use. Shedding a single tear he was instantaneously consumed by the spell, Hellfire. Ashes fell among those still fighting. The battle ended quickly rather quickly as the brothers had taken little notice of the dragon, concentrating on slaughtering the goblins quickly.

Rushing towards the Elves the found both had erupted into flames. What remained was only dust. With a terrible realization they quickly gathered the dust, and ran to get the clerics of the house of Dreyd.

The clerics spurned them when they told them that they were Elves. Enraged Mortis blurted out that these were elves that raised them in the woods. Quickly covering his mouth, his brothers glared at him. For it was against the law to associate with the elves of the forest. Sliver the Patriarch of the family sadly stepped forward. Clutching Sliver's shoulder Mortis was quickly grabbed by Junipe and Detin, a distant cousin. Standing before the crowd that had gathered Sliver called out "I Sliver Patriarch of the family of Dreyd take the punishment of us all".

Gasps were heard in the crowd. Furthermore the Ogre spoke, "They were the ones that sheltered us when our mothers and fathers died! And I was the one that lead them to us! Therefore I should take the full punishment!"

The clerics nodding among each other decided it to be so.

Sliver, relieved that he had been able to convince them to agree with him knelt before the High Priest. Quickly withdrawing his blade he slit his abdomen from navel to breastbone, as Clansogre law ordained. Flooding out, his entrails were steaming in the snow.

Taking his chance now Detin jumped atop the platform and cried aloud "The brothers have been defiled!! They cannot lead us! Banish them!" For Detin had always been jealous of his cousins power. There were cries of approval amongst those gathered. Detin with a sense of accomplishment gave Sliver a devious grin.

Enraged Mortis and Junipe jumped towards Sliver and carried him to the only place that he would be happy to die at, the battlefield. Seeing that the life had drained from Sliver they set him down amongst those dead. Glancing up they saw a dark shadowy figure hovering above the corpses.

Before any could speak a gruff voice whispered "Do you wish thine brother to be amongst the living again?" Quickly again he spoke "I could make it happen. All I wish in return is for you to leave your village. Also I need one of his kin to allow me to draw upon their life essence, for your brother has been dead for too long."

Quickly Mortis took charge of the situation. Knowing that this must be a powerful entity he took no time to question that it could be done. Mortis agreed to the terms and was quickly engrossed by a swirling mist. His skin soon began to turn a morose bone white and peeled. Dropping to the ground, he was unconscious.

Looking at Sliver, Junipe saw that his brother's wound was closed and that he was breathing. Glancing at Mortis he saw no breathing whatsoever. Aghast at what he thought was happening Junipe quickly attacked the figure. Suddenly the figure threw off the cloak from his head. Quickly a corpse of a shocktrooper grabbed Junipe! There before his eyes stood an angelic being with scaled hands, it appeared to be a Daemon of some sort.

In a fury the Daemon yelled "Idiocy! For what I have given you! You dare attack me!? Insult me!?!"

Mortis finally gathered enough strength to look up. The Daemon grabbed Junipe by the throat, muttering something. Junipe dissolved into the mist. Looking upon Mortis, he spoke again "Your brother is a fool! And for that he has been cast to a land faraway. Also for his folly you shall be punished as well. I will hide Sliver in Tilnar's Realm. Mind you not deceased but unconscious to rest for all eternity until you manage to find him. Begone from my sight!" With that the Daemon cast his hand over Mortis and watched him disappear.

Gathering himself Mortis found himself looking at chest and a fountain...

Norp

Class: Barbarian

Race: Gnome

Deep within an unknown forest was left a baby gnome to fend for itself. None is know about exactly how old the baby was or how it got were it was. It was then that the gnomish baby was found by a female elf walking in the forest in search for flowers. She then took the baby back to her house in an elven city named Tar'uka.

In this city all were elven except for the baby gnome of course. The lady that had found him was a wizardress of the city and was not married. She loved the gnome baby as her own and named it Norp because the tree where the baby was found had the name Norp carved in it.

Norp grew up not liked by the children in the city of Tar'uka. Though he was taught the elven language and would have seemed completely elven if you had not seen him, the children picked on him because he was little and different. He would often come home crying each day from something the children would have done or said to him.

When he got of age for the children in the city to start learning about a certain group of skills, he continued to be made fun of because all the other children considered of his age where very much older than him. Since the elven people and even gnomes were not very good at melee combat, there were no guilds of Fighters nor Barbarians. In fact none in the whole city even knew of such, beside seeing the goblins and giants fight as they did. The elves in the city saw their combat skills just to be a special ability only given to such monsters.

When Norp could not make up his mind of what he wanted to be educated in, he was forced to be enlisted into the mages guild in the city of Tar'uka. Norp did not like magic and was often beaten by the guild instructors for refusing to learn magic.

In the city, few times when the elves were attacked by the giants, they would capture one alive. When they did they would place the giant in an outside ring with an elven mage of high stature. Then they would have the mage kill the giant to show all the small children how magic was the better way and telling that the giants has a weakness of lacking the knowledge of magic. Norp

watched this happening a few times and grew interested in the giants form of combat, a one without magic.

Since there was not any weapons at all found in the city, Norp stole a small smiths hammer and ran out into the woods one day. At first he swung the hammer around just for play, but soon discovered this type of combat was the one for him. He tried many times to mimic on how he saw the giants do battle but never could and got very mad a lot.

The city of Tar'uka was attacked many times by giants and such but none had even passed the gates to do actual harm to the city. But one day things changed. The giants raided the city and began burning it. Norp's mother panicked and she and Norp ran to an underground shelter. Many days past and Norp and his mother remained in the shelter. But then the doors of the shelter began to shake and then a mace penetrated through one of the doors.

Norp's mother panicked and told him she would find him someday and right before the doors where broken down, she casted the teleportation spell on him. Norp was then teleported to a desert where he was later found by a wise mage.

The mage kept Norp in his cottage for some time. As the days passed, the mage taught Norp the common language, but for some reason Norp was never able to speak the language. The mage also told him stories of a place named Nexus. Norp was very interested in the stories when the man began to tell of warriors using weapons by means of skill and madness.

One morning though as if all things seemed to be going well in Norp's life, Norp awoke to find the mage he lived with to have died. Norp thought since the mage was of very old age for a human that he must have died of old age. Norp stayed in the cottage for a few days thinking about the mage, Nexus, and mostly his mother.

Since the mage spoke about Nexus having a large amount of people, Norp thought there might be hope that he would find his mother in Nexus. So the next day Norp took the map that the old man had and set out for Nexus. Norp had walked east for many days and then came upon a band of giants and was chased east even more. Norp ran east as fast as he could and when he turned to look for the giants while still running, he ran into the east gates of Nexus.

Norp was then knocked out and was sent to the healing hand of Falcion, where he awoke and chose to train as a barbarian. Even though Norp is still made fun of by people saying he is weak, small, and different, he fails to give up in hope on seeing his mother once again.

Oderus

Class: Barbarian

Race: Orc

As the scribes continue to bug me, I suppose I should just write this down and get it over with, then perhaps I'll have a bit of peace. My past is no stranger to the bloodshed of many men and

foes. I was born into battle and it has been my life ever since...

I was born into a rather large family, several brothers and sisters. I was in a large barbarian tribe, we were in a feud with another such tribe. I was young when they overran us, too young. All were slain, my parents and brothers were slain before me and the other tribe, not knowing what to do with me took me in as their own. At the time I didn't understand, but it soon became all too clear. When we reached their camp we were sold to some strange men, they took us off and started training us in battle. We were all young, barely old enough to hold a sword. They threw us into battle, mere children. An army of children, few of the more 'civilized' races had problems killing children, I suppose that is why they used us, to exploit this weakness.

After one rather large skirmish, nearly all on each side lay slain. The few that remained fled. My sword was slaked with blood, as was the ground around me. A staggering sea of crimson, a towering mountain of ravaged flesh. I was young, abandoned, I had nowhere to go. Something my mother once told me came to mind, she told me of how humans and elves and many other races were eatible, and rather tasty. I found a less mangled corpse of an elf and tried cooking it, but quickly realized it took out most of the flavor. I had enough food to last me ages, as long as it didn't rot. I scavenged weapons and clothing, and loaded as much food as I could into my pack. From there I set off, even farther north.

North into barren wastelands, bitter cold all about me. I ventured for weeks, mayhaps months by myself. Killing anything I could find for food, sleeping little. For years it was like this, I killed men that came across my path for food, I took their clothing and supplies. It was kill or be killed. Years passed and I eventually came upon a rather large city of orcs. I opted to enlist in their army, they accepted reluctantly. I was an outlander, and moreso a crude uncivilized barbarian. How would I ever survive in their army?

I moved up in the ranks quickly, my battle prowess showed. My skills were honed, eventually I came into command of a small group of men. Men...hardly, they gave me all the rejects. All the ones like me, the uncivilized and the sword fodder. I trained them hard, harder than any training our army had. I taught them how to survive, those that didn't like it either left, or were killed in battle. We were crude and ruthless, the majority of higher ranks despised us.

It wasn't until a battle against a large tribe of barbarians that they did it, they made an attempt to kill us off. The general I was under was in alliance with them, he was a traitor. He set up a trap for us, to finally rid him of us all. He told me we were to make a stealthy night assault on a small group of soldiers, he insisted it would be a cake walk... it wasn't.

Their numbers were thrice what we were told by the 'scouts.' It was a death trap set up by a traitor with a vendetta against us. The night air was cold, a fog had rolled in. The fog was our only ally, we set off at midnight, it was an hours or so march from our camp. They were waiting for us, and it was eerily quiet.

We snuck as close into the camp and rushed a small group of guards, they fell quickly. A clarion blast pierced the silence and we were quickly surrounded by an overwhelming number of warriors. They told us to drop our weapons or die, they would have killed us either way. The men looked the

me, I began to lower my spear to the ground, the barbarians cheered wildly, they thought they had won. I let out a war cry and charged them. My men charge behind me, the bloodbath began. My spear hammers into the chest of a warrior, a bright red blood erupts from his lips as he falls to the heather. I turn aside a vicious swordthrust and my own blade snakes out to cleave the neck of the attacker, shearing through his veins in a shower of dark red. An enemy blade opens my shoulder to the bone, but I sweep my axe out in a deadly arc, its iron head rending armour and biting deep into flesh. Bloodlust consumed me, my men were falling fast. There was no way out, I was going to die as a warrior and not a coward! Cleaving bodies left and right, a head falls with each swing of my sword. I had a handful of men left, we fought valiantly. Blood stained our armor and faces, our foes had never seen such rage, some fled, some stayed and died. When the sun rose our opponents had all either fallen or fled, the morning mist was stained red with blood. Only five of us remained out of our original five hundred. Myself, and my first Lieutenant Flattus suffered minor wounds, the rest were in terrible shape or on the verge of death. Indeed there would be hell to pay when we returned to camp. We carried those that could not walk.

The look on the general's face was priceless, it was a twisted mix of shock and horror. We arrived to the camp drenched in blood, my gaze met the General's, he quickly turned away and went to his tent. I sent Flattus off, our medics took care of the few of us that were left. I told the General what happened, he made a horrid attempt at an apology and said his scouts were misinformed. I merely smirked and told him I knew. I swore I would have my vengeance and left the tent. In the midst of the night I was informed the general was going to have me executed for treason, the traitor had been smarter than I thought. In the night I snuck into his tent when he was gone, he returned to my blade. His abdomen yawned open and he staggered back as his intestines spewed forth in a pulsing mass. I sundered his head with another blow as he falls and his skull yields to spill its steaming contents to the earth. That night Flattus and I set off for Falcion to hone our skills once more. It was a long journey, and we were tailed by many scouts. They were dealt with appropriately.

Perhaps the scribes will leave me be now..

Oku

Class: Barbarian

Race: Ogre

Oku was born on Ruvuhe fourth month of the Icedrake, 1, 644 years since the Godswar, year 1227 of the Empire.

All that was known to him regarding this was that he came from the North of Nexus, and that he was ten years old. Written records of Oku speak of him as a simple ogre with savage hate towards Enemies of Nexus, and a straightforward friendliness to those he meets. A Nexus scribe began to search out people who knew of Oku when he entered the City of All Races.

After much traveling and many pages of writing and images of war, the scribe sat down to write

what he knew about Oku. The scribe was surprised by how much Oku could think of food and in what quantities too. The scribe had little appetite after having heard about half the battles Oku had been through, all the tales of bloodshed and rage. Trying to put the facts together, the scribe dipped his quill into the inkwell and set it to the paper.....

OKU

Words that describe Oku include but aren't limited to: brutal, crude, unruly, stubborn, impulsive, non judgmental, and easy going. I have found that after a few days of studying him, he is an interesting specimen of ogre that is worthwhile to take note of. Therefore, I have composed the following writing for both his guild's reference and for the City of Nexus itself. After interviewing a few of his friends and relatives, I have been given a picture of a...well, adventurer, you shall see yourself before I spoil your fun....

Oku lived his childhood in a small village near the Crystalline Mountains, his parents being former city ogres. The village was primitive and still held on to some older traditions. Oku always found a good fight amongst the other ogres and stood up for his family. One time, he killed a wolf that had invaded his cave to steal his food. The next day, he had forgotten the conflict completely and found himself wondering what a smelly wolf was doing in his cave. Oku heard stories of the Barbarians' Guild from his uncle, who was a retired adventurer. He thought of one day becoming a hero of Nexus by seeking apprenticeship with the Barbarians' Guild.

Oku was somewhat dimwitted, a trait that his trainers tried unsuccessfully to cure him of. Because of lack of memory, Oku counted each year of his life with a scar across his fingers, one scar per year. Whenever he's how old he is, he simply looks at his hands. As he grew older, Oku's parents began to grow impatient with him and asked him what he wanted to do. He told them his thoughts and they agreed. One day, he ate as much food as he could handle, and took some for the journey, setting off south towards Nexus. Before leaving, Oku took the smelly wolf that had been lying in his cave and hung it on a tree with his name etched on the tree in the wolf's blood. Oku had ten scars on his hands that day. Within Nexus, Oku stood high above the crowds in the streets. People shot them puzzled glances occasionally then went about their business. Oku's first impulse upon being inside the City was to buy as much food as he could from the vendors and eat it quickly. The small gold his parents had given him emptied quickly from Oku's pockets. He had a good meal then looked at the crowds with uncertainty.

Beginning to become puzzled, Oku seized a man in the crowd and held him up. Oku questioned him about where the Barbarians' Guild might be. After some contemplation of the directions the man had given him, Oku set him down. When he walked into the guild, the trainer within simply sized Oku up, handed him some armor and a weapon, and pointed in the general direction of the Sea of Tears. Oku knew he was now to go to Falcion.

Oku did well within Falcion, and soon met again with his trainer to discuss going back to Nexus. The trainer first asked what Oku wished to do once he had returned. Puzzled, Oku looked up from his musings of battle.

"Well?" Said the trainer. "Me bashum good. Me kill those evil to the city. I bring honor to guild. Me

try keep Nexus safe, set example for lil' barbarians." Oku said, not completely sure it was entirely what he planned to do. He pondered what there was beyond the goblins that sporadically attacked the city. He had high aspirations of developing his battle skills. Then Oku remembered his home village, and his uncle who had once been a great hero. He thought of what the smelly wolf had become hanging on the tree, and before he knew it, his stomach had grown hungry. Oku looked around the room and nodded to his trainer that he was ready.

The trainer sized Oku up again and nodded back to him. He handed Oku some gold for the boat fair and grunted at him as he left.

Arriving at Rymek, Oku hurried past a warehouse that reeked of the smell of death. He headed north to the city but soon found himself disoriented in a dirt field. There he saw a farmer and asked him what was going on in the field and where he was. The farmer simply shrugged and told Oku that there was a little rustle in the cellar and that he had come to take a look at what it was. Oku hurried quickly into the cellar, eager for a fight as ever.

After a few minutes of battle in Nexus, Oku's mind focused narrowly on food. He went around hunting constantly as anger gripped his mind and his appetite demanded. Oku developed quite a taste for foods that some races other than ogres would think odd. With new friends fighting by his side, Oku grew strong quickly.

The scribe looked up from his writings and mumbled to himself "Another day, another smelly ogre to write about. Isn't that the world for me?" He set his quill aside from the paper and called it a day.

The latest account the scribe included about Oku was him returning to his village, with a new wolf to hang on the tree, this one much larger than the last and more fierce looking. When he did so, Oku's parents looked at him and asked him where he bought the wolf.

As if I couldn't kill one easily, Oku thought

Oku answered that he smashed it with a club, and that he wasn't hungry for wolf at the time. After talking with clan about his adventures, Oku devoured a large dinner and said goodbye until a later time. He went back to Nexus to meet his trainer and continue perfecting his skills. Even the largest and most weather worn ogres of his clan acknowledged that Oku had done well for himself, judging by the size of the new wolf that hung from the tree.

Rothgar

Class: Barbarian

Race: Ogre

Rothgar was born in a small tribal village out in the desert of Altin. Although he doesn't remember much from that time, one small piece has anchored in his memory, and that is the name of the village, or more the name of the warriors in the village, and he walked by the name of "Uruk-Hai".

The name itself had no real meaning, it was just what they yelled the seconds before they plunged into battle.

Nothing particularly happened the first five years in Rothgar's life, except that he began to grow and started to eat like a horse. But one evening, when Rothgar was out walking in the desert, a large squad of Mudiir scouts spotted him, and began chasing him over the sand dunes. Rothgar took several arrows in his back before he fell to the ground, and the mudiirs left him for dead. He passed out, in the desert, with the suns high up in the air.

He woke up when someone threw a bucket of cold water in his face, his wounds bandaged and the first thing he noticed when he looked around was that he was chained to the wall with chains around his feet's and his arms. A man came up to him and started to touch him, feeling on his legs, arms and everywhere. Then the man turned around and said something in a strange language. Rothgar had no idea what was going on. The first man tossed a purse of coins on a table, the second man took the purse and walked over to Rothgar.

He tied a rope around the neck of Rothgar, and then he opened the chains. Instinctively Rothgar tried to flee, but with a hard pull, the man holding the rope dragged Rothgar back, and with a hard punch he sent Rothgar to the dreamworld.

When Rothgar woke up this time, he was in a wagon with bars around it, and the wagon was in a caravan across the desert. In the wagons behind him Rothgar saw other children, some ogres as him, others were humans, some were white and some were black. This was a new thing to Rothgar, because he had never before seen a human and he looked at the children for a long time, and tried to figure out what they were, and why they didn't look like him.

After a while he passed out again, from the lack of water. A hard punch in the face woke him up this time, and he was brutally ripped out of the wagon and dropped on the rocky ground. If the situation had been different now, and if Rothgar had been at his senses, he would have tried to fight his way out, but because of the lack of water he could barely get up, just to find himself kicked down on the ground again. A collar of steel was placed around his neck and he was dragged to a large building made in rock.

In there he saw the entrance to a cave, and some sort of wagons outside it. Here he received a cup of water, and he thought the worst thing was over. While he was drinking a group of large people came out of the cave entrance, pushing the wagons in front of them, and the large wagons were filled with rock, and the whole thing looked very heavy. Rothgar was pulled to the group in his chain, and one of the men, coming out from the cave with a whip in his hand unlocked the collar and spoke in some strange language. Rothgar didn't understand anything, so when the group went back into the cave Rothgar didn't move. The man with the whip began to yell something, and when Rothgar didn't move, he received a whip over his torso. Rothgar fell to the ground but that didn't stop the man with the whip. When 10 whips had been given out, the man stopped, walked over to Rothgar and began to drag him inside the cave. The cave continued into the mountain, always going downhill. When they had been walking for a while, they came into a large cave, lit up by candles and torches. In there around 20 men with picks in their hands were in the work of expanding the cave. The air was lousy, and the sound from picks repeated hits on the cave were

overwhelming. A pick was given to Rothgar and another collar was attached to his neck, and the other end was locked to an iron bar in the middle of the cave.

Rothgar didn't know what to do now, and received first one hit, then two and three, before he understood what he was supposed to do. So he began hitting the wall with his pick. Nothing interesting happened for the 5 years that passed, it was always the same thing day in and day out. Either he was assigned to the pick or to the wagons. Brutal punishments were given out to those who didn't work, and as a result to this Rothgar has no right ear, as it was cut off after he had tipped a wagon. And parts of his left ear had also been cut away, as the head of the mining site didn't think one ear was enough punishment. Attempts to escape was there an even more brutal punishment for, as the head of the camp thought a man could work with only one eye, no ears and no nose. So many of the workers in the site had only one eye, and Rothgar couldn't understand why, until he saw one who attempted to flee got the punishment carried out.

One night, when Rothgar was 11 years old, the chief of the site was in a very bad mood, and because Rothgar happened to walk past him then he was dragged into the chief's room, and was beaten almost to death by the chief and two of his men. The last things Rothgar saw from that night, was the faces on the three persons, and they was burnt into his memory for always. Now the cup was filled for Rothgar. He waited until his wound had healed fairly well, and then sneaked out one night from the barracks where the workers slept. He broke up the storage to the mining equipment and took two large knives and a pick and began walking to the residence of the chief of the site. As he burst into the room, he sliced the stomach up on the first person in there, quickly advancing towards the second and with a swift blow with the pick he split the mans skull. The last person alive now was the chief. Rothgar grabbed the man's tongue and with the knife he cut it off, and tossed it into a corner. The anger was madness in Rothgars eyes. He lifted the man up and placed him upon the desk and with a quick cut he split the stomach of the man, and ripped his guts out. The chief screamed in pain so Rothgar stepped back, and drove the knife deep into the face of the man, who instantly stopped screaming, of the simple reason that he was dead. Rothgar lifted the corpse up and on a nail on the wall where the coat of the Chief hanged he took one end up the guts and hanged it on the nail, leaving the chief hanging around one feet above the ground in his guts.

Then Rothgar quickly ran out. He waited in the darkness until the chiefs death was discovered and all the guards of the camp was busy with looking at the sight, he sneaked out in the night. He walked for days and night, eating or drinking nothing. His life force was almost gone, when an old man found him lying on the grass in a clearing. The old man took Rothgar to a sloop, and went across it. And thats his story, made possible my the use of a bit of magic and a patient scribe.

Signed: Feldor the Scribe. *A large R is etched upon the paper*

Trog

Class: Barbarian

Race: Unknown

Extremely weary from his latest battle, Trog sat on the steps at Town Hall to rest. While resting, he was approached by a very short, thin man wearing wiry glasses. He approached Trog and said, "My name is Alexander the Scribe. Are you Trog?". Trog did not look at the man, but responded, "Yes, I am. What do you want?" Alexander stated, "It has been requested of me to inscribe your history onto this scroll as I have of many other Heroes of Nexus." Trog looked at Alexander and let out a small growl which startled Alexander and he backed off a little. Trog then said, "Well, I will not yell my life story to you. If you want to know about Trog, come sit down here." and motioned for Alexander to take a seat next to him. "Please make this quick as I will be needed in battle again shortly.", Trog grumbled. "Yes, I will be quick and thanks for taking the time to help me with my task.", Alexander said. "Please tell me anything you can about your years growing up, your family, and what it takes to be a Hero of Nexus", Alexander quietly said.

"Well, growing up in the Wastes was a hard life indeed. It was made even harder by not having parents. My mother died giving birth to me and my father, Bandar, was also a Hero of Nexus and spent all of his time defending Nexus from the goblins. He never let me set foot near Nexus because of the extreme danger and I never saw him because of this. When I did see him, he was always in a rush and we had little time to spend together. He didn't teach me much. All that I learned came from the human family that raised me. They taught me to speak, to write, to read, and most importantly, to fight. My human father was too a barbarian, although smallish by barbarian standards. Let me put it to you this way. He did not impart fear in his enemies because of his size. It was the amazing strength he had in that smaller body that eventually, but usually much too late, put the fear into his enemies. He taught me everything he knew. He trained me for the day I would come to Nexus and help defend this city from the goblin horde."

Trog paused for a moment and suggested they take this conversation elsewhere. They both stood up and headed to Kalim's Tavern for a drink and to finish the interview. As they entered the tavern, the local citizens greeted Trog with a cheer and a smile. Trog sat at a table in the corner and ordered a couple of the stoutest ales. As they waited for their drinks, he continued his story.

"I will never forget the day he brought me to Nexus. Passing over of the Crystal Mountains was a very challenging adventure. Besides the bitter cold, we ran into many, how should I put this, less than hospitable creatures. We had to fight our way to Nexus and little did I know then, I would have to fight savagely and consistently to protect Nexus. It did not take me long to make some friends. I was thrown into the fire so to speak immediately. The goblin horde had come up to the Eastern Gates of Nexus and had to be dealt with. This was my first true test since arriving in Nexus. I was grouped with a bunch of other Heroes and we made our assault against the massed enemies. The battle was vicious. There were many casualties on both sides, but luckily the goblins suffered the worst and we were able to beat them back away from the gate. My first test was a success and a much needed confidence booster for myself. These Heroes I now call my friends. You want to know what it takes to be a Hero. It takes a lot of time, pride, and dedication to the protection of this fair city. It takes a willingness for you to sacrifice yourself for the safety of others. I have thrown myself into situations that would be considered suicide to help save fellow Heroes. I would not hesitate to do it again. As a matter of fact..". Trog paused as the barmaid set

the drinks down on the table. Trog took one large gulp of the drink and emptied it. He looked at Alexander and continued, "As I was saying, I must be heading out now. I am needed for another battle. I hope this will help bring an end to your task."

With that, Trog stood, shook Alexander's hand and headed for the door. As Trog left for battle, Alexander jotted down the the last of his notes, finished his drink, and then headed for the library to file the scroll with all the others.

Uta

Class: Barbarian

Race: Ogre

In this house, a child is crying. Her whimpers are muffled in the back of her throat, wrapped in darkness and swallowed whole. They curdle in the fist of her stomach, shaking and shivering her body despite the tight grip of her arms around her knees. The dark walls soak up her tears, curling protectively around this unclaimed child. Her cheek presses against the damp wood with bruising force, drawing strength to trap her hiccups and gasps into stillness.

In this house, two people are singing. The man's voice is the deep rumbling of mountains moving, felt from the base of the spine, just barely at the edge of hearing. The woman's voice is smooth as a warm summer night, rich with the scent of woodsmoke on the breeze. Together, they weave and blend, braiding like rising threads of smoke or the strands of a ribbon-tree. The song is a wordless one, spelling its story in textures and memories, building into the warmth of secure arms and the tickle of soft fur against a small nose.

The song flexes and turns, dancing between the two singers as though controlled by one mind, one heart. A small sound, the wind bending a branch to a window, or perhaps a child's sigh. The woman breaks off the song, which tumbles to the earth in pieces, shattered. She stands with the weariness of long practice, but the man places a restraining hand on her arm. He goes in her place, stepping ponderously into the other room of the house. The fire has burnt out in the last three hours of singing, he notices, the last embers completely cold. His jaw tightens as he fumbles on a shelf for flint and striker. As the flames flicker feebly into life, a small shadow in the corner becomes even smaller. Resignedly, he throws his hand into the darkness, connecting with his knuckles. A dull thump against the wall shakes down a fine layer of dust. The woman calls questioningly from the other room. As he rejoins her to prepare for the midwinter concert, a spill of darkness begins spreading to cover the floor.

A snow-covered track sleeps in whiteness. Isolated snowflakes drift down through the night, gentle, loving, numbing. Their sweet kisses dull pain and knowledge, hardening into a protective shell around the child who was told to sit, here on this log, until her parents come for her. As frost catches in her eyelashes, the scene sparkles with magic and mystery, a fairyland of dreams. The footprints of merrymakers returning home after the concert have long since filled up, so that she seems to be the first to mar this perfect world with her presence. Stray sparks of light on frost

remind her of the bright beauty of sprites in the jars of her neighbors, before blurring together into white.

"... See chameleon, lying there in the sun, all things to everyone, run, run away." The voice is flat and badly tuned, the words unfamiliar. She irritably tries to block out the nasal sound and inadvertently sucks in a gust of sharply cold air. The ice coating the fresh cuts on her face crack, bringing stinging pain and the memories of other recent bruising and swelling back to demanding life. The voice fades down the trail, towards the distant barbaric city of the Nexus, still returning the jaunty refrain, "Run, run away ..."

She draws breath to call out, to make a sound, and finds that she doesn't know how. Her voice flutters and dies in her chest before ever reaching her throat. It's heavy, heavy, blocking her efforts to croak out a barely-remembered name. She heaves to her feet in a panic, scattering shards of pink-tinged ice in a flurry around her. The singer has passed into silence, but his footprints fall in carefully measured treads in the snow before her, slowly filling up with snow. She turns and thumps hard on the log she was sitting on, nearly reducing it to splinters. Snow settles inside, leaving a tiny dark opening at the top. There she leaves her voice, her memories, her pain behind, guarded by cold and darkness. Then lightly, lightly she turns, and follows the fading tracks down the trail.

Vladmis

Class: Barbarian

Race: Ogre

Born in the ogre village of Kelbarn, a land far off from Nexus, Vladmis was raised by his father and what he called his dozen mothers. His father, Ralkvar, was the leader of his village, and commanded much respect in his town. His true mother having never been revealed to him, Vladmis never took up much respect to women. He was being groomed to take over for his father at the early age of 4 should that day arise, and the villagers were quite impressed by Vladmis' incredible strength.

Ralkvar, always too easy on his son, never took much notice to his son's lack of intelligence or lack of reading ability. Vladmis spent much time competing with the locals in wrestling matches and stone throwing contests where his physical prowess was intimidating even in his youth. Vladmis never truly learned respect for others as he was always the largest and most skilled at everything he did. There was no true competition. In his spare time, Vladmis spent time taking care of and playing games with the children of the town, whom he truly enjoyed being around and watching over. He also spent much time carving pictures of the lands' creatures into the walls of the city's protective barrier.

Though Vladmis had never realized, the town of Kelbarn was constantly under pressure from the goblin hordes that were always in search of small villages to pillage. Kelbarn had remained a secret to nearly everyone nearby, and had always provided for itself. One night, Vladmis decided

to run out and hunt deer in the field just outside of the town, across the river his father warned him never to cross. Upon returning, he heard some rustling in the bushes behind him and started running back towards the defense towers and main gate of the town. Vladmis yelled up to the guard and pointed out to the woods as the guard fired arrows in the direction of rustling leaves and swaying branches. The guards called to Ralkvar and informed him of the atrocity. He ran to his mantle and grabbed his mace, and headed towards the gate. Looking to his son, he notices Vladmis' pants, wet to the knees and pulls his mace under Vladmis' chin in a sign of warning, though he spoke no words. Vladmis knew he would get his.

The guards yelled "I got one!" as Ralkvar ran out the gates with a couple of his best soldiers, and went out hunting down the remaining men. A few hours later, Vladmis stood at the gates to see his father and one guard return, panting heavily; the guard bleeding from his leg as an arrow shot through his knee. Ralkvar growled angrily towards his son, and said "I warned you never to cross that river... Perhaps I should have taught you a lesson on regret sooner than this." With that, he turns to the guards and says "Prepare for the worst. One of them escaped, and will be bringing an army upon us by next nightfall. I will inform everyone to prepare. Vladmis, you will stand guard tonight in the tower." With that, he turned away and started towards his home. He stops for a moment, turns and grunts at his son, "Not to worry son. Just prepare plenty of them stones." and he walked away.

Vladmis spent that night sitting there, staring out into the woods, wondering what things he had brought upon himself, and if he would see it to a good end. The townsfolk had already heard of what had happened, and were yelling obscenities up to him in his tower with the other guards. "Could I be to blame?" he thought to himself, as he sat a 200 pound stone on his lap. The rest of the night was extremely quiet, and even the frogs didn't let out their usual "ribbits" and the corn leaves didn't rustle. The silence drove Vladmis crazy as his thoughts, though few, ran through his mind.

The following morning, Vladmis climbed down from his post and headed home. He crashed down on his bed and fell asleep, not thinking about the consequences of his actions from the previous night...He just wanted to show he could catch a deer barehanded.

With a thunderous, crackling smash upon the gates, Vladmis was stirred from his slumber - The goblins made a day attack. Vladmis rose to his feet and lept out the door to see large amounts of glowing magicks being projected at the gates, and large splinters of wood went flying across the roads. Ralkvar growled to his son "Get the children to safety!" and turned towards the gates with a hundred of his men scrambling to gather their weapons. Vladmis ran to the small shack where the children were playing, but before he got there, he noticed a large dragon fly by overhead. It's red scales were gleaming in the sunlight, and it was truly beautiful. In a matter of seconds, the dragon let loose a powerful flame and torched the shack full of children and many nearby homes, including his father's. Vladmis, in a panic, ran into the burning building, hoping to see his small friends still alive. What he saw he would never forget, as he saw the children burn alive before his very eyes, and the shrilling screams echoed through his mind - a sound he'd not soon forget.

As the dragon circled, Vladmis ran towards the gates, trying to warn of the fires that would soon seer the flesh of many of his father's comrades, and maybe even Ralkvar himself. As he stopped at

the gates, he yelled "B..B..Beeg..d.d..dr.. dragon!" and pointed to the sky behind him. The villagers and soldiers, in a fit of rage as the gates before them crumbled, screamed at Vladmis many more obscenities, and blamed him for their inevitable fate. As they threw stones at him and tormented him, his father turned for a moment and yelled "Run!" and pointed towards the mountains to the south. Vladmis stopped for a second, and looked to his father who turned away from him, and then ran off after a rock smacked him clean in the chest and bounced down. He ran towards the wall near a small cart, and used it to bounce himself over the wall by throwing a stone to the other end. He ran his heart out then up into the mountains.

Twenty minutes had passed before Vladmis ever stopped running and decided to turn around to see his village burn to the ground. Men could be seen running, engulfed in flames, through the town as they fell to their knees, and then stopped moving completely after their blood curdling cries ceased to be heard. Many men could be seen taken in as prisoners of war to the goblin soldiers which had pillaged his town and set it ablaze. Vladmis could only hope that his father was one of them.

Vladmis stayed up and watched as the last flames smoked out and clenched his fist in rage as he knew that it all was his own fault. After punching a tree down a cliff, Vladmis headed back down the mountains, in search of some place he may be able to call home...and one day effectively defend. Due to his lack of intelligence, Vladmis swore to only speak in [More]times of dire need, or in the event that he was educated and taught to read and write effectively. He also swore to never turn his back on his friends, and to always lend a helping hand to those he could trust or those in need. Revenge was also in the back of his mind for his father's fate.

Along his travels, Vladmis met a traveler who spoke fluent common, but was of a race he had not seen before. He was quite small, and his pointy ears made him chuckle. He made mention of a land called Nexus, and told Vladmis how he might find this magical city. Vladmis thanked the man with a small handshake, and headed along his way with a stern look of determination upon his face.

Volker

Class: Barbarian

Race: Ogre

As a youngster, Volker used to play with his pet-bird, Lightning, who was his only friend. All the other kids in the village where he lived teased Volker alot, because he was a little clumsy and ugly. One day when Volker was about fifteen years old, he decided that he had had enough of everybody in the village. So, he packed his belongings, which were a large wooden club that he put in his backpack, and a ringmail tunic that he had made himself and that he wore over his body. When he left the village to seek new adventures, he seemed to be a real savage-looking ogre. Of course he brought Lightning with him.

When he had wandered for a couple of days, he suddenly saw two creatures, that he knew as

goblins, that were attacking a lonesome man. Volker emerged there, with Lightning on his left shoulder, while drawing his club. He tried to chase the goblins away, but they didn't leave. The whole thing became a tough fight between the two goblins and Volker. He bashed one of them to the ground, while he noticed the man hitting the other goblin on the knee with his staff. The goblin bent over, screaming in pain. The man saw his chance and hit it in the back. It fell to ground and stayed there, not moving.

Volker then asked the man:

-What was that all about?

-They tried to rob me. Thanks for yer help, the man answered.

-Oh, well, no problem, Volker said with a grin in his face.

The man looked around and said quickly:

-They never come this few. We better hurry away from here, before more of them come!

-Yep, Volker answered as they rushed away.

When they had gotten away a bit, Volker paused and asked:

-What is you name?

-Cervantes. What is your name then, he asked.

-Volker.

-Where are you headed Volker, Cervantes asked as they started walking.

-I don't know actually, Volker replied.

Cervantes stopped for a while and said:

-May I suggest that you go to the city of Nexus.

-Hum, is it a nice place, Volker asked sounding a little bit excited.

-Well, yes, Cervantes answered quickly.

-Oki then. Will you take me there, Volker asked even more excited.

-Sure, Cervantes replied with a big smile and a nod.

-How long time will it take to get there, Volker asked.

-About three or four days, Cervantes said.

Volker nodded and smiled.

After about three and a half days of wandering and talking, they finally arrived to Nexus.

-What a big city, Volker said to Cervantes.

Cervantes nodded in reply.

-Look Lightning, here we might live for a while, Volker said pointing at the big gates.

Lightning screamed in reply.

The first thing the two and Lightning did was to go to the tavern and get something to drink. There, Volker got introduced to several citizens of Nexus.

Today he knows those and a lot of other people pretty well. Since that day Volker has stayed in Nexus, with some exceptions for smaller trips outside the gate.

