

Orcs

As written by Nelf bitemen

First allow me to introduce myself. I am, well I will be, that is I.....My name is Nelf Bitemen. I am the Head scholar of the Dascorie School of Higher Learning. That is to say I am the one who seeks to learn all that can be learned of the people and places in and around the kingdom of Dascorie. No one knows more then me, I mean I. About the peoples and places found in and around the kingdom of Dascorie.

With that said let us speak of a race of peoples known simple as Orcs. It is true that not much was known of this race until only recently. When my companion gilt and I, found ourselves face to face with a brutish bunch of Orcs in the unsettled lands. We had been searching for a rare form of fauna called Imp weed said to contain healing properties worthy of investigation. We evidently picked from the wrong patch of weed for no sooner had we begun then we were set upon by 7 rather large Orcs that is to say they were quit big, yes, indeed.

They smelled of oils and were dressed in all manners of leather, skins and furs. Their weapons were mostly clubs and axes made from wood, metal and stone but the leader wore a large sword at his side. Each of them wore a dagger at their calf and some carried bows and small but sturdy shields made of wood and hide. They bound our hands together with rope and led us to there camp. There was a large fire burning in the center of three small tents made from the hides of large and small creatures of the surrounding area. I found this rather intriguing when you consider the fact that Orcs were supposed to be a Nomadic people. I later found out that this was a small hunting camp and that the main camp was some 5 miles east of there.

We stayed with the hunting party for three days and then made our way back to the main camp. Where we were introduced to Morgatha (Chief or Hea-vay) of the Holdas Tribe. After many days being bound we were aloud to roam free as longas we made no attempt to harm or leave the clan. Rather then bore you with my exploits and my rather daring escape. I will now tell you what I know of the Orcs.

As the Orc people are rarely open to outsiders, so much is left to speculation in regards to their lifestyle. However with the large influx of Orcs into the Out-Homes of the Shades, we are starting to understand the unique way they live and, in what most would believe, an odd belief in the world. Many would have you believe them to be savage. Though there rough and unworldly they are a proud people who would prefer to be left alone.

If an Orcs life could be summed up in few words it would be, clan, land and spirituality. They believe that those three things are connected. As difficult as it may be I will try and help you understand.

Orcs believe that all things living have an energy or spirit within, and that this spirit is made up of those that have come before and have passed away. They feel that when a creature, plant or person die, that its energy is released, in smaller parts, into the world. They think that this energy retains some of the memories of its former life and seeks out a new or young life to latch onto and become one with. The Orcs stay in clans so that the energy can find its way back to its family or friends and its memories will not be lost to outsiders. If in the event that the energy finds no person to attach to it seeks out an animal or plant.

The Orc also believe that if too much energy is released into an area, from all the release from hunting, foresting or their own passing on. That the energy will become like a poison to the land as it may grow too powerful. If a spirit becomes poison, it begins to warp and twist things. It then seeks out any life to cling to and changes it forever. As the Orc fear this, they move often to try and avoid this, as well they treat the land and animals with respect to also avoid the poisoning of them as well.

As the Orcs are nomadic their homes reflect this. Orcs live in large hide and fur tents that are easy to break down and move with little effort, over great distances of land. An encampment has many smaller tents for the separate families and one or two larger tents that serve as a meeting place or tavern. The Orc place high in their elders, and they usually hold the leadership seat of the clans.

The skin tone of an Orc is often a mix of colors which will range from a deep red or brown to black. (Both colors are prominent on the skin.) They tend to have large teeth which do not protrude. Their long black hair is a status symbol among their clans for short hair is only for those who have been punished by their clan or for Elders of the clans. It is often adorned with beads, bones and feathers to show there love of the land and it's wildlife for an Orc kills only what it can use and wastes nothing.

Orcs are also prone to wearing tattoos on their bodies. These tattoos are a sort of status symbol with certain ones representing bravery, courage spirituality and skill in hunting. Most have only one tattoo while others may have many. For the Orc clothing is a necessity not a fashion statement as may be found on the dukes and barons of Dascorie. They will mostly wear skins and furs but do also wear tunics, shirts breeches, Belts and boots of various types and colours. Being nomadic does not make the Orc stupid. They have dealings with merchants who favour the trade with them for their skins and furs and in exchange trade for clothing for those who dwell or trade with the Shade homes they find along the way. The hunters and the Elders wear only the skins for they have no reason to venture off away from there people.

I spent many months with the Holdas clan and learned many things some of which I had wished I had not. For instance when an outsiders intrudes on the clan their action is swift and clean. Gilt unfortunately found this out the hard way one night when he found himself in the favour of an elders daughter. Gilt's head now adorns the clan's main tent post as a sign of the clan's intolerance with outsiders who meddle in their affairs.

There are basically five types of Orcs in a clan Hunters, Warriors, Elders, Shefels and Shaman. Which all answer to the Hea-vay his word is absolute and is obeyed without question.

Morgatha is young for an Orc leader he has seen some 65 summers but, has the wisdom of an Elder. He is very strong and the best warrior of the tribe. One does not lead an Orc clan who is not strong and skilled in the art of battle. Morgatha has three sons Morg who was killed by his older brother Morgoth. The other is Morgat who is 20 summers in age. Morgoth is a warrior who carries two swords a shield and a bow which he uses with deadly accuracy. He seldom travels with the clan after the death of his brother. He is often ambushed by his brother's followers who blame him for his death. Though none are as skilled as he, for they are much younger and not yet as skilled in the ways of battle.

Hunters are the sole providers of foods for the clan; they hunt for game and gather fruits, nuts, berries and like. Hunters may be male or female. They are always lightly armoured and carry axes and shields. A normal hunting party may have as many as ten hunters or as little as two. The hunters are often the first to come into contact with the other races of this world and will meet them with reluctance.

Warriors are those who have great skill in battle and serve as Protectors of the clan. A warrior may be of both females and males. The Hea-vay is never without at least four of his warriors to keep him safe from harm. Warriors do not come by the task easily for they must prove themselves in battle with an enemy to be considered a warrior. At times when the clan is deep in the heart of the mountains they will perform a ritual known as the Cryou of which nothing is known to me. They tell me many warriors are made from it though many more fail or die trying.

The warrior is armed and armoured by his clan he often has little choice in his using what has been given him. The warriors have been known to venture out into the land by themselves at times returning with stories of the exploits.

Elders are the old ones of the clan. They are wise and choose their words and actions carefully. They often advise the Hea-vay of which actions to take. They are revered by their people and fiercely protected by the warriors. To be an elder in an Orc clan one must first have been true to his clan, a brave warrior and a cunning hunter. Elders clad themselves only in skins and feathers and carry no weapon or armour of any kind.

Shamen are far and few between clans. I was unable to find out much about them for none lived currently within the clan. Though Morgoth has told me of them but he was not very forthcoming about them.

Shefels are the people of the Orcs they are neither Warrior, Elder, Hunter or Shamen. They are for the most part the women and children of the clan. These Shefels do all the cooking and generally take care of the clan.

They tell me of their beliefs in the spirit of all things and how they live as one with them. Each day they take time to look out into the land and sing a quite song to the spirits of the land telling them they are not forgotten or alone. They do this as if in reverence to them or perhaps worship. This spirit song is unfortunately lost on me.

When I return I must find out more for I am intrigued by it. The Orcs are a warrior race but their love of the Clan, Land and Spirit hold them together with out this they would soon die out and be no more. This however I believe will not come to pass for they are a strong and wise people. Who's believes make them strong.

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