

Neklor Darkblade

Background

Neklor was born into slavery. He didn't have a choice, not even a fighting chance. He was simply raised that way. Neklor, however, wasn't like the other ogre slaves. Yes, he was still forced to do manual, hard labor, but he showed more intelligence than most of his brethren. Perhaps that is why, one fateful winter day when the snow fell heavily in the Scarlet Mountains and fog blinded people's sight, Neklor made his escape. He needed only kill the sentries guarding the corridors on his way out. Once he reached the courtyard, he would be able to cross, unseen, to the gates of the keep.

Or so he thought...

It was easy enough to get out of the slave pens, he even let out some of his friends on the way, provided they left silently. He killed the first guard, breaking his neck, before the puny human knew what was happening. The second guard, caught by surprise, couldn't get his halberd up in time to parry the fist that came crashing into his skull, shattering it with a sickly squish. Neklor continued down the corridors and found the exit to the courtyard, after several minutes of searching. What he didn't expect to find was half the castle guard waiting for him.

The soldiers charged in but were unable to get enough men past the doorway to surround Neklor. It was far too narrow. Neklor slowly took guards out one by one, till only ten of the nearly fifty that had challenged him stood standing. He kicked the bodies out of his way,, sending them skipping across the courtyard ground. Thinking quickly, knowing that he had little time, Neklor reached behind him and grabbed the torch from the sconce on the wall. He threw it at the closest pile of bodies, lighting them up like a village attacked by a dragon. Neklor rushed out of the corridor before the heat became too great and ran toward one of the wagons found the courtyard.

By this time shouts could be heard everywhere as the inferno brought people from every room in the castle. The stench of charred and burning flesh was too much for most of the humans, but Neklor reveled in it, praising Utu for his aid. Neklor reach the closest wagon in moments, dodging arrows fired from the parapets and aimed to kill. He grabbed hold of the wagon, pushing it toward the fire. The grasses inside caught fire as Neklor sprinted through the flames, heading straight for the keep's gate.

When he was a score of feet from the gates, he stopped, letting the wagon continue to roll. It crashed into the gates at full speed, cracking timber and lighting some of it on fire. Neklor then charged in, grabbing the remainder of the wagon and heaving it out of the way, punching at the gates, shouldering them when he could, and finally breaking through. A wave of slaves followed behind, those that he had freed earlier having returned to allow the others to make their escape.

Neklor ran from the keep, never looking back until he was far away. The snow was light now, only a few flakes here and there. Neklor quit his running and left the path that he was following to find shelter under a rock overhang. There, he slept until the next morning. He was free and he had a vengeance.

Ever since Neklor escaped the slave pens of Port Mandred, he has worked diligently to find ways to free other slaves. He began doing so all over the province, eventually expanding to other provinces and working his way back to the Old Kingdom, where he now resides. Each time he freed slaves, a group of them, the strongest, volunteered to aid Neklor in his quest. He has accumulated a small army of about 700. The "soldiers" are scattered, but a majority of them, about 400 are found at his fortress stronghold in northern coastal mountains of the Old Kingdom. They spend their time training and preparing for the final assault when the Western Empire will be brought to their knees.

The remaining soldiers can be found throughout the Old Kingdom Frontier, the Scarlet Mountains and the Middle Kingdoms providing intelligence and, like the main fighting force, preparing for war. Each group is made up of a cell consisting of no more than ten soldiers. Each works independently and sends reports back to Neklor regularly via magic pigeon.

Neklor is obsessed with vengeance and the freedom of the non-human slaves, almost to the point of insanity. Neklor only opposes the nobles of the area, and is careful not to harm any innocents. Unfortunately, this is unavoidable and Neklor's army occasionally kills a civilian by mistake. However much he regrets it, Neklor will not let it deter him.

Appearance

Neklor is short, for an ogre, standing around nine feet tall. What he makes up for in height, he more than makes up for in strength and cunning. He usually is seen in light brown trousers and a white pullover shirt. His feet are covered in heavy leather boots lined with wolf fur, both for warmth and comfort. His face is round and has two canines protruding from the lower jaw and a prominent brow ridge, giving him a fearsome visage. In battle he carries a giant-sized glaive and wears studded leather armor.

Disposition

Neklor is a man...er..ogre...of few words. He believes that actions speak louder and firmly believes that what he is doing is right and just. Too bad the Western Empire doesn't see it the same way. Neklor is amiable, when he likes you, but may the gods be with you if he doesn't. Neklor is one of the fiercest fighters the Western Empire has ever faced. On top of that he is also quite charismatic, making him an ideal military leader, and one of the biggest threats the provinces have ever faced from the Old Kingdom. Neklor will not stop until the Western Empire has fallen so that he may rebuild on the human's ruins a sovereign kingdom where all non-humans are welcome. And he doesn't care how he does it, but he will reprimand anyone who harms an innocent. The civilians are to be left alive so that they may be pushed out of the country and into the Old Kingdom like the "monster races" once were.

Spells

Create Mild Wind (4)
Create Light (2)
Breathe Without Air (3)
Silence (10)
Levitate (7)
Miasma (7)
Call Lightning (10)
Walk the Wind (10)
Wind Rush (10)

Weapons

Lesser Rune Glaive
Short Sword
Eternally Sharp

Other Items

Ring of Truesight
Buckler

Damage

4D6
2D4+3

Range

250ft
HTH

Payload

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