

Chapter 1: The origin of Imsh

Far away in the midst of the Searing Steppes, in an unremarkable village far from all culture, Imsh was born.

His parents, both half-orcs, weren't very present in his life. He walked his own path, the one he was meant to walk, minding his own business. Born as a half-orc in a village mainly populated by orcs and only a few half-orcs, he felt the need to prove himself. Not to his parents, nor to the community, nor to the god Gruumsh, but for his own sake; he wanted to be better, whatever that meant to him. He knew no fear while training among the much bigger orcs; he had to prove his worth. Imsh trained hard and fearlessly. After years of training, he was accepted into the local tribal military. As he kept training and proving himself to the elders, he was promoted to the cavalry. Always questioning orders and those who didn't, he wasn't beloved, but he was respected. He respected other warriors who were stronger, challenging orcs whenever he couldn't win a verbal dispute.

He fought in some small tribal wars between other orcs, never knowing fear. But fate caught up, as it always does. He ran out of luck and met his limits on the battlefield. During another meaningless clan war, he was moving on autopilot. A spear flew through the air and pierced his stallion in the chest. Before he realized it, he was knocked from his horse. Everything went silent; he was baffled, waking up into a nightmare.

Two big, muscular orc legs appeared in front of his empty eyes. He was just lying there, still numb. "Imsh, get up!" The voice of his comrade Mhweren pierced his ears. It was him, standing in front of him, protecting him and fending off incoming attacks.

From the moment he realized what was going on, he never wanted to fight in a useless war again.

Shortly after, he left everything behind. He said goodbye to Mhweren and his parents and, without taking any comments in return, he headed off, hoping to leave the mindset he had grown so used to.

Imsh didn't have much. His horse was dead, so he picked up a new, inexperienced mare - probably not good enough for the battlefield, so she wouldn't be missed. He didn't have a lot of cash to spare, so he had to come up with a plan. At first, he wanted to be good. Accepting some small jobs and being an excellent hired hand as a bodyguard or assassin, he made some money - just enough to get by.

Simultaneously, he wanted to make up for all the sorrow he had caused and all the death he had spread throughout the Searing Steppes. Soon he came to realize that it isn't that easy. He looked like a warrior, he only knew how to be a warrior; he was a warrior. Did he have to be a warrior until the end of his days? This whole orc mindset wasn't for him: the killing, plundering, and raging throughout the steppes.

Being a half-orc also meant he had a human side. Was this his counterpart? A part he hadn't discovered yet? Hoping that there was some good running through his veins, hoping to find inner peace, and hoping to live for something that had meaning to him, he left with high hopes. He left for The Compact.

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