











# Grimgor

 IRL	 Brian Portnoy
 Race & Class	Half-Orc Fey Knight (Fighter)
 Special role	Weapons Master
 Character Sheet	<a href="https://www.dndbeyond.com/characters/">https://www.dndbeyond.com/characters/</a>
 Quik Note	Whassup fellas?
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Main character	
 Last edited time	@April , : PM
 Tags	



### *Top skills*

- Intimidation
- Athletics
- Deception

### *Weapons*

- Battle Axe
- Glaive

Shit-ton of attack possibilities

## **Backstory**

### **Grimgor's Backstory**

I remember the where, but not the when. I grew up in the village of Stagport, downriver to the east of Astrahan, at the mouth of the Ironbite River. My childhood was spent wandering in all directions of Stagport, sometimes south

toward Wheatwater, other times east toward the coast, but mostly north in the Cutthroat Forest where I found my tranquility.

Whilst away from home, I was not missed, or so I sensed. My mother, an orc named **Nobfang**, was a warrior-merchant who traveled the Broken Kingdoms in pursuit of gold and adventure. She raised me at certain moments, but was more gone than present. My father, whose name I was never told, was a human she met “in a southern town” some ages ago. It seems that I was born of lust and later abandoned for convenience. My given name is Grimgor, but as a youngster I was labeled by some as the Grimmy the Bastard. In life we sometimes take the names others foist upon us; other times we own and cherish our identity, no matter how fraught.

Though half-orcs are common in the Broken Kingdom, I was not born of the long-standing tribe but as a first-generation mixed progeny. I was partly welcomed into the half-orc culture but never felt accepted by it. As a so-called “original,” I stood betwixt and between my dual heritages.

As a boy I was mostly a loner, but cherished a couple close friendships in Stagport with two fellow half-orcs, **Thokk** and **Dragothar**. We played in the village and beyond, learning to duel, explore, and hunt. We grew close, kicking up harmless mischief and trusting each other with our secrets. They understood me. When they moved away (I vaguely recall that their family headed toward the southwest), my heart fell, but I embraced my solitude and my urge to roam, to explore the vast woods that surrounded Staghorn. For while Mother Nobfang passed through at times, at least plying me with a comfortable cottage and some gold, she was unreliable, to say the least.

Life changed irrevocably one day deep in the Cutthroat Woods, somewhere toward its northern edge between the Salt Road and the sea. I felt as if I knew those woods like the back of my hand, so I was surprised to come across a patch of damaged trees, felled not by strong winds but some other force. I felt uneasy. I knelt to inspect the damage but could not discern what had taken place, only then to hear the snap of a branch and some sort of galloping sound, fading away. I jumped up and began to sprint toward what might’ve been a horse or some other hooved creature. Who was damaging my forest?

As I looked north, the gallops faded. I was not nearly fast enough to close on the beast. I slowed from a sprint to a walk. Catching my breath. Looking skyward. Slowly stepping forward and then....

I found myself in a place of once-unimaginable beauty. Yes, the forests of my youth charmed, but this place ... it shimmered, seemingly pulsing from inside itself. Before me, almost unfurled like a magical carpet, were rolling hills cut through by sparkling rivers. Further afield were expansive, lush forests; in another direction was a lake a shade of blue I'd never knew existed before.

This land of beauty was also an island of time. Confused but ineffably happy, I began to stroll into this landscape, knowing not where I was and where I was going. I had no discernable sense of time passing. As I flowed through this world, plants, flowers, and trees in colors more vibrant than I thought possible made me realize how mundane my other world was. There were forests, dense and overgrown, with towering trees draped in leaves and bark of unusual colors. Some of the trees, it seemed, were made of crystal. At some moment, I believe, I drank from a clear river only to find myself taking flight over a hay-yellow meadow dotted with colored stones. I chatted with a waterfall. A surly mountain snorted and looked away.

In the gauzy remembrance of that stroll – It must've been days or months but likely many years – I happened upon fairies, unicorns, centaurs, satyrs, pixies. Many with names spelled without markings, only in color or the sound of a distinct breeze.

The still point of my new, turning world was **Ribhinne**. This majestic being appeared before me just at the moment I felt most lost. Speaking to me in my own tongue, she revealed herself as the archfey of this realm. Her skin changed color with every movement. Her robes flowed with leaves and flowers. Her long hair was woven with ribbons and jewels. We walked, perhaps for an hour or maybe for a year; I couldn't tell.

We stopped at one point and it felt as if we both evaporated into a rainbowed mist. As some sense of disembodiment overtook me, she began to share a story about a quest unfulfilled. She said there was a missing piece to a ...

And <flash>, we were not together. I found myself alone, torch in hand, in a cave, eyeing a golden orb perched on a small bed made of unicorn mane. I began to reach for it and....

<flash>

Ribhinne was standing in front of me, face just inches from mine, whilst out of the corner of my eye I also saw her in the distance, back to me, walking into a

building framed by tall pillars. She seemed to be reaching into her pocket. Both of her disappeared simultaneously when....

<flash>

I stood in a cloud, comforted but blind to my surroundings. A hypnotic voice filled my ear, inspiring calm and focus. I felt my grip tighten around the hilt of some object I could not see and could not release. I felt the warmth of many suns on my back. I then felt a chilled air strike my legs and move upwards toward my neck, only to be beaten back by the warmth. Out of any time I could measure, I felt the warmth and cold engage in battle across my body when....

<flash>

I stood atop a hillock, hands on the base of a great sword. I saw in front of me a perfectly shaped cube, maybe two feet per side. Such symmetry was unnatural to the undulations of this strange land. What was this object? Was it wood? Rock? I did not know. Irresistibly, I reached to the sky and brought down my sword to shatter this object into pieces. An uncomfortable breeze blew across my face....

<flash>

I was following Ribhinne toward that pillared building she had walked into some time ago. At its doorway she paused and whispered to me: *Bí foighneach agus cothrom, ach bí i gcónaí ag streachailt*. Her words, incomprehensible, enveloped me like a shroud when....

<flash>

I am standing in the town square of Novigrad. I was more confused by the when than the where, as I knew I was back in the Broken Kingdoms. My sudden appearance seemed to go unnoticed amidst the bustle of folks coming and going. Though displaced, I did not feel lost. I surveyed my surroundings, took in the town, and strangely felt at home. Both older and stronger, I sensed there was something more to do, more to be. I could not resist an impish grin; my lip curled upward.

And at that moment, here in this place, in this time, I heard the words again: *Bí foighneach agus cothrom, ach bí i gcónaí ag streachailt*. Only this time I knew what they meant: "Be patient and fair, but always strive."

Ruminating its meaning, I ambled into a small pub just off the town square. I sat alone but soon a table close to mine soon filled with a band of others who

seemed like adventurers, drinking and laughing, regaling each other with stories. In short order, they welcomed me into the conversation; my mind flashed to Thokk and Dragothar, my cherished friends of old.

One of the crew asked me my name. "Who are you?" he asked. Visions surged in my mind, Mother Nobfarg, an unnamed father, the Cutthroat Forest, and Ribhinne, whose words flooded my mind ... patient and fair, always striving; never relenting, I added.

I proclaimed to him and the others, with confidence, "I am known as the Fair Bastard Grimgor. My friends just call me Grim."

As I quickly grew connected to this crew, feeling warmth and acceptance, I felt my mind wander, their voices growing muffled while another voice, one I knew well, spoke clearly in the language of what I now know to be the feywild: *Níl do chuid fiacha dom críochnaithe fós.*

Ribhinne, from some time or place far away, proclaimed: "Your debt to me is not yet finished."

<<END>>

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