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TRIBES MOST FOUL: OGRES

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Each supplement presents three tribes in rich, flavoursome detail and includes notes on the tribe's society, practises, ecology, lair, battle tactics and notable tribal personalities as well as sample stat blocks.

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MASTERS OF THE CAULDRON

Wastrel bards sing of the greatest feasts held in the royal courts, magnificent decadent orgies of succulent meats, delectable pastries and mountainous cakes. The pinnacle of the chef's art is a trio of mysterious itinerant cooks, the Masters of the Cauldron, whose secret recipes make even these legendary debauched banquets taste like ashes.

SOCIETY & ORGANISATION

The Masters of the Cauldron are three travelling ogre cooks of immeasurable reputation, desired by kings and emperors for the magnificent, unsurpassed feasts they create. The three chefs, the Great Gourmand, the Ladle King and Our Mother of Belches, command a small army of ogre assistants, scullions and kidnappers tasked with acquiring the more exotic meats used in the Masters' recipes.

The Masters and their servants toil in secret, clearing a castle's kitchens before entering, and receiving ingredients

only from behind closed doors. The Masters have no scruples about the ingredients that go into their cooking, and dishes which sport humanoid flesh, psychotropic drugs or links to the evil planes are commonly included in the repast. Such is the skill of the ogres that the consumers of their fare never question the plethora of unexplained and unique flavours.

Appearance: The Masters, all massively corpulent and heavy-jowled, dress in the finest silks and jewels within their massive windowless carriages when they roll into a city. The cooks each smell of exotic spices and stale sweat. The Masters are eloquent and verbose about their creations, belittling any who question their methods.

The scullions and assistants, while less staggeringly obese, are no less heavyset. They wear plain, dirty, dark clothes marred with sweat stains, patches of dried beer and grime. Their brown aprons are often smeared with blood from freshly butchered carcasses. The ogres always wear weighty, wickedly sharp cleavers on their belts, especially when out procuring supplies.

TRIBAL ROSTER

The tribe comprises the following members:

- 7 ogre scullions
- 3 ogre kidnappers (CE ogre rogue 3)
- 2 winter wolves
- Our Mother of Belches (CE female ogre witch [gravewalker] 9)
- The Ladle King (CE male ogre witch 11)
- The Great Gourmand (CE male ogre witch 13)

ECOLOGY & LAIR

The Masters of the Cauldron have a list of invitations long enough to keep them in employment for the next fifteen years. The road between engagements is long, however, and the ogres prey on any lone wanderers they meet, practicing new and debauched cooking methods on the newly butchered carcass.

When they arrive at their next engagement, the ogres wait until the regular staff vacates the kitchens before taking up residence. The Masters demand fresh ingredients for their extraordinary banquets, and their assistants, mostly in-bred children, nieces and nephews of the Masters, immediately begin scouring the town and countryside for abandoned drunks, sleeping children or lonely hermits to cram into the pot. The ogres particularly enjoy raiding nearby holy groves for fey-meat or unicorn flesh.

The chefs keep two staggeringly well-fed winter wolves about the kitchens to provide refrigeration if a recipe

> demands it, and many robber barons or petty tyrants have won over their noble guests with the lure of ice-cold dragon scale sorbet.

COMBAT & TACTICS

The Masters themselves are powerful witches, and use their spells and hexes exclusively in combat, being barely able to stand under their own weight, let alone fight. The scullions are brutal in combat, preferring to hack enemies apart with their heavy cleavers. The assistants benefit continuously from the witches' cook people hex thanks to the delicious, grisly culinary experimentation of their Masters.

IN YOUR CAMPAIGN

In your campaign, the Masters of the Cauldron can be used as part of a murder mystery, when people of the town disappear during the Count's grand feast. The Masters could also appear as a diplomatic option for the PCs themselves if they are landholders and need to impress their liege lord or nearby allies. Whether the PCs know of the Masters' dire reputation before they hire the cooks, or discover it to their horror midfeast, they will be forced to confront their own complicity in inflicting rapacious ogres onto their own people.

NOTABLE PERSONALITIES

The majority of the tribe are normal rank and file ogre. A few members are, however, exceptional:

 Our Mother of Belches (CE middle-aged female ogre witch [gravewalker] 9): A waddling, towering ogress, Our Mother of Belches stands almost eleven feet tall. She specialises in great

 THE GREAT GOURMAND
 CR 13 (XP 25,600)

This squat, balding ogre is dressed in the finest silks, sweating profusely through the expensive fabric. Cracked yellow teeth protrude from his salivating mouth. His thatched chest hair peeks out from the top of his strained tunic, which bulges precariously as it attempts to contain his bulk.

Male old ogre witch 13

CE Large humanoid (giant)

Init +4; Senses darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +23, Sense Motive +3

Speed 40 ft.; ACP 0; Acrobatics +0 (+4 jumping)

- AC 18, touch 9, flat-footed 18; CMD 24; Arcane Shield (+4 armour [mage armour], +5 natural, -1 size)
- Arcane Shield (Su [immediate]) The Great Gourmand can sacrifice a prepared spell to gain a deflection bonus to AC equal to the spell's level for 1 round.

Fort +11, Ref +5, Will +12

hp 127 (17 HD)

Space 10 ft.; Base Atk +9; CMB +14

- Melee +1 keen handaxe (reach 10 ft.) +13/+8 (1d8+4/19-20 x3) Special Actions hex (cauldron, coven, disguise, flight, poison
- steep; DC 20), major hex (cook people, waxen image; DC 20) Witch Spells Prepared (CL 13th; concentration +17; deception
- patron)
- 7th—mass hold person (DC 23)
- 6th—animate objects, unwilling shield (DC 22)
- 5th—mass pain strike (DC 21), magic jar (DC 21), major creation
- 4th—arcane eye, confusion (DC 20), cure serious wounds, poison (DC 20), spite (DC 20)
- 3rd—bestow curse (DC 19), blink, cup of dust (DC 19), ray of exhaustion, vampiric touch
- 2nd—blindness/deafness (DC 18), feast of ashes (DC 18), gentle repose, invisibility, vomit swarm
- 1st—beguiling gift (DC 17), charm person (DC 17), ill omen (DC 17), mage armour, ventriloquism
- 0—bleed, detect magic, guidance, putrefy food and drink
- **Combat Gear** potion of cure light wounds (8), potion of fly (2), potion of heroism (2), potion of magic circle against good,

Abilities Str 19, Dex 10, Con 17, Int 19, Wis 16, Cha 9

- Feats Arcane Shield, Brew Potion^B, Greater Spell Focus (enchantment), Greater Spell Focus (necromancy), Improved Initiative, Spell Focus (enchantment), Spell Focus (necromancy), Split Hex
- Skills as above plus Craft (alchemy) +24, Craft (food art) +24, Knowledge (arcana) +24, Profession (chef) +23, Spellcraft +24

Languages Common, Draconic, Dwarven, Elven, Giant

Gear as above plus *headband of vast intellect +4*, 343 pp and 4,566 gp

roasts of every kind of meat, including humanoid flesh. Her sauces, bastes and infusions are mouth-watering beyond reason. Courts and feast halls gasp in amazement as the cooked beasts or people rise up, ensorcelled by *animate dead*, and begin carving themselves, sword-fighting with other roasts, or inviting the champions of the court to an edible gladiatorial contest.

- The Ladle King (CE middle-aged male ogre witch 11): The Ladle King is wider than he is tall, and has gigantic undulating arms. He makes soups, stews, broths and sauces of delicate and robust taste. He prefers to kill his victims in the pot by immersing them in boiling water to maintain the freshness. The Ladle King infuses the rich food with conjuration magic, and many a reveller has found his satisfied belches rematerialising into a nubile succubus intent on depravity.
- The Great Gourmand (CE old male ogre witch 13): The great Gourmand is small for an ogre, balding and covered in coarse body hair. His confections are unimaginable - sugar dragon eggs which hatch illusory dragons, inhalable clouds which reconstitute into food in the diner's mouth and animated, edible tables constructed from chocolate teleported from distant lands feature highly. The Great Gourmand specialises in infusing his food with captured souls to tantalise the aura as well as the taste-buds.

TRIBAL LORE

Characters with ranks in Knowledge (local) may know something about the Masters of the Cauldron. A successful check reveals all information gained by a lesser result:

DC 13: The Masters of the Cauldron are a group of remarkably talented chefs desired the world over for their fabulous creations.

DC 18: Feasts held by the Masters commonly devolve into debauched revels, but the Masters themselves are never seen.

DC 23: The Masters of the Cauldron are ogres of massive size who imbue their dishes with magic both fair and foul. The ogres source different types of humanoid

flesh for their dishes, which are served up to unsuspecting



THE CAUTERISED HOST

Hulking, scarred monstrosities that bestride the battlefield behind a wall of flaming, smoking steel, the Cauterised Host cannot be stopped, or reasoned with, but they can be bought for the right inducement. The warriors of the band spend their blood gold on feeding their addiction to the insidious drug Zerk, before repeating the cycle of death, gold and dissipation.

SOCIETY & ORGANISATION

The Cauterised Host, despite in many ways emulating a mercenary company, does not have a leadership structure. Each ogre has an equal voice in deliberations and is due an equal share of the spoils. Within the host, however, are knots of rival gangs led by self-appointed warlords.

The host style themselves as soldiers of fortune, but in between campaigns they content themselves with banditry, murder and urban thuggery. When no obvious victims are present, the ogres bicker and fight amongst themselves, and it is rare a night passes without one serious injury or death. The

never-ending violence is exacerbated by the ogres' heavy dependence on Zerk.

The ogres use the drug in their bloody initiation ceremony, lacing the ragged wounds of new recruits with the drug. The veterans of the Host bite off fingers, break arms or otherwise maim unfortunate newcomers in a display of dominance.

The anarchy of the band's camp is juxtaposed against their precision in battle, where internal feuds are put aside and every warrior works in tandem.

Appearance: The warriors of the Cauterised Host favour heavy half-plate armour and carry giant fire-blackened tower shields the size of a barn door. Underneath their armour, the ogres wear unwashed furs riddled with lice.

Each of the ogres bears horrific burns and scars across the right hand side of their bodies from their use of Zerk on the battlefield. Under the effects of Zerk, the ogres' eyes become bloodshot and their mouths drool yellow bile.

TRIBAL ROSTER

The tribe comprises the following members:

- 23 warriors (CE male ogre fighter [phalanx soldier] 3)
- 5 veterans (CE male ogre fighter [phalanx soldier] 5)
- Bronder (CE male old ogre ranger [battle scout] 6)
- Lyncor (CE male ogre cavalier [standard bearer] 5)
- Volan (CE male ogre fighter [phalanx soldier] 5/barbarian [drunken brute, invulnerable rager] 3)

ECOLOGY & LAIR

The Cauterised Host sleep at the edge of their allies' encampment to minimise "accidents." When not campaigning, the Host squats in abandoned buildings (often emptying the building and filling their bellies first), ruins or under the boughs of a forest. Any camp is inevitably spoiled, filled with rubbish, burned and damaged within a few days. The Host do not mind the squalor, spending most of their time in a deep Zerk haze.

Whenever the ogres are hungry they hunt game or humanoids if they are not supplied with food as part of their contract. They are slovenly, odious and treacherous, and an opposing army can secure their loyalty, such as it is, with generous supplies of Zerk.

COMBAT & TACTICS

The Cauterised Host operates in phalanx formation, fighting with tower shields and lucerne hammers. The ogres lather their

shields in animal fat rendered down over their nightly

campfires, igniting the fat as the opposing army appears. The flaming oil throws off thick black smoke, which hides the formation from sight as they advance. The ogres maintain hold of their red-hot shields with heavy leather gauntlets which cover their arms and shoulders.

As the clash of armies becomes imminent, the Host slash themselves and rub Zerk into the wounds, cauterising the jagged cuts closed with their burning hot shields. In close combat, the Host work

together as a well-oiled machine, utilising Shield Wall, Paired Opportunists and Blind-Fight within the smoke cloud to form a unbreakable bulwark. When an enemy formation threatens to break through, the Host leaves small gaps in their line and repositions individual enemies into the rear of the formation to be picked off.

IN YOUR CAMPAIGN

In your campaign, the Cauterised Host can be used as standard brigands or raiders, in between their campaigns, turning up in a settlement at the end of a long-running conflict.

Alternately, the tribe could be a key formation in an upcoming battle, with the PCs tasked with keeping these repulsive mercenaries loyal and in line. If the tribe have been hired by the enemy of the PC's employer they could instead be asked to cross enemy lines and by off the Cauterised Host. Such a mission could prove "interesting" for paladins and other lawful good types.

NOTABLE PERSONALITIES

The majority of the tribe are normal rank and file ogres. A few members are, however, exceptional:

 Bronder (CE male ogre ranger [battle scout] 6): Bronder is a wizened one-eared ogre, decorated with brutish scars. Despite his size, he is a remarkable infiltrator, and can reconnoitre an enemy's camp, eat the watch post guards and skulk back to

VOLAN CR 11 (XP 12,800) This giant ogre's face is covered with a swirl of old burn scars beneath an ill-kept beard. His hulking body is encased in dark armour stained with blood, ash and waste. The creature stinks of vomit and death.

Male ogre fighter (phalanx soldier) 5/ barbarian (drunken brute, invulnerable rager) 3

- CE Large humanoid (giant)
- Init +1; Senses darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +5, Sense Motive -1

Speed 30 ft., base speed 40 ft.

AC 31, touch 9, flat-footed 31; CMD 31; Shield Wall

- (+10 armour [+2 half-plate], +5 natural, +7 shield [+2 tower shield; Shield Focus], -1 size)
- **Shield Wall (Ex)** When adjacent to an ally wielding a shield, Volan's AC increases (by 1 if the ally has a buckler or light shield or 2 if the ally has a heavy or tower shield).

Fort +16, Ref +3, Will +4

hp 125 (12 HD)

Space 10 ft.; Base Atk +11; CMB +21

- Melee +1 lucerne hammer (reach 20 ft.; Power Attack [-3/+9]) +18/+13/+8 (3d6+10)
- Atk Options Blind-Fight, Combat Reflexes, Dazing Assault (-5 attack; Fort DC 21 or dazed), Saving Shield (immediate; ally +2 AC); rage 13 rds.)

Combat Gear potion of cure serious wounds (2), Zerk (12)

- Abilities Str 28, Dex 10, Con 20, Int 6, Wis 8, Cha 9
- SQ extreme endurance, invulnerability, phalanx fighting, rage power (strength surge [+3]), raging drunk (using zerk), ready pike (+1), stand firm (+1)
- Feats Blind-Fight, Combat Reflexes, Dazing Assault, Iron Will, Paired Opportunists, Power Attack, Saving Shield, Shield Focus, Shield Wall

Skills as above plus Intimidate +14

Languages Giant

Gear as above plus 56 gp and 366 sp

While raging, Volan has the following statistics:

AC 29, touch 7, flat-footed 29; CMD 31
(+10 armour [+2 half-plate], +5 natural, -2 rage, +7 shield [+2
tower shield], -1 size)
Fort +18, Will +6
hp 149 (12 HD); <i>endure elements</i> ; DR –/1
CMB +23
Melee +1 lucerne hammer (reach 20 ft.) +20/+15/+10 (3d6+12)
Abilities Str 32, Con 24

camp without being detected. Bronder considers his job done well before the battle starts, and usually sleeps through the main engagement.

- Lyncor (CE male ogre cavalier [standard bearer] 5): Lyncor commands the loyalty of the greatest number of ogres within the Cauterised Host, and he uses this influence to install himself as the bearer of the company's great human skin banner which is daubed with images of fire and smoke.
- Volan (CE male ogre fighter [phalanx soldier] 5/barbarian [drunken brute, invulnerable rager] 3): Volan is the tribe's most powerful warrior and stands more than eleven feet tall. Volan uses handfuls of Zerk at a time, long having developed a incredible tolerance to the drug. Of the ogres in the tribe, Volan is the most violent, short-tempered and cruel, any shred of self-restraint a long-distant memory. Outside of combat, or internal squabbles, Volan drools in a drug-induced catatonia, oblivious to reality. Even when roused, he is incoherent and confused, squinting confusedly against the bright light of day.

TRIBAL LORE

Characters with ranks in Knowledge (local) may know something about the Cauterised Host. A successful check reveals all information gained by a lesser result:

DC 13: The Cauterised Host are a tribe of ogres who sell their services to the highest bidder. They carry massive flaming shields into combat and are savage, but disciplined foes who fight in tight formation.

DC 18: The Host are dependent on the drug Zerk, especially in battle, and all the tribes' members are addicted to it to varying degrees. Their most powerful warrior, Volan, is in a constant drug induced psychosis, barely able to differentiate friend from foe.

DC 23: In between campaigns, the Cauterised Host lurk in ruined buildings or dark forests, preying on regular folk to sustain their zerk habits. They become increasingly violent if deprived of their supply of zerk.

Zerk

Type injury; Addiction minor, DC 18 Fortitude Price 50 gp

Effects 1 hour; +1 alchemical bonus to initiative. If addicted, the user also gains a +1d4 alchemical bonus to Strength for as long as he is addicted.

Damage 1d2 Con damage

THE MOTTLED LURKERS

Hidden in the foliage of the towering forests, the green-skinned Mottled Lurker tribe clambers from branch to branch, waiting for unsuspecting prey to pass beneath. The Mottled Lurkers drop from above to crush their victims in their vice-like grips.

The shamans of the tribe hear the whispers of the murderous tree spirits, urging them to kill again and again. If the spirits are ignored, or victims are scarce, the minds of the ogres are filled with an ever-increasing vibration until a sudden, utter silence strikes them dead.

SOCIETY & ORGANISATION

High in the dense forest canopy, the ogres of the Mottled Lurkers slink across the moss-slick branches of the mighty ironwoods, strangler figs, blackbutts and blue gums. The tribe consists of sixteen families, each comprising a mated pair of

ogres and their offspring. The elders of the clan sit in ogremoot, high in the treetops, once a month at the new moon to discuss, often violently, matters of leadership, raiding, hunting grounds and trading of adult age children to take as mates.

Disputes during the ogremoot are resolved through wrestling bouts, with the match declared for the victor once he has snapped one of the thick bones of his opponent's limbs with his bare hands. Each proposition is raised and defended by individual ogres, and no tribal chief rules over the disparate families. Within families, once an ogre child is strong enough to challenge their parents, a wrestling bout is instigated at the next ogremoot. Victory means the child can start its own family.

Appearance: The Mottled Lurkers have a thick dappled grey-green hide covered in dark, matted hair. They grow long curved yellow nails to better cling to the trunks of trees while hunting. The ogres clothe themselves in strips of animal skins, and pierce their bodies with bones and teeth.

TRIBAL ROSTER

The tribe comprises the following members:

- 23 ogre young (CE young ogre)
- 9 Mottled Lurkers (CE advanced ogres)
- 3 ogre hunters (CE advanced ogre barbarian [true primitive] 2)
- 2 ogre shamans (CE advanced ogre adept 3)
- Guilunp (CE male advanced ogre oracle 7)
- Wellenguyran (CE female advanced ogre barbarian [brutal pugilist] 5)
- Cannilom (CE male advanced ogre barbarian [true primitive] 10)

ECOLOGY & LAIR

The Mottled Lurkers are bound to the whispering tree spirits of the strangler figs, who communicate with the half-mad shamans of the tribe. The spirits threaten and cajole the ogres to hunt and murder humanoid travellers, their blood to be spilled at the tree's roots. Such is the power of the tree spirits, that if an ogre hunter does not murder and sacrifice a creature every month, the spirits fill the mind of the ogre with a painful, increasing vibration over the course of a few weeks until it stops in a sudden, utter silence which strikes the ogre dead.

In order to placate the vengeful spirits, the ogres capture travellers and tie them to trees. Once helpless, the ogres devour the entrails of these poor unfortunates, leaving the cadaver to bleed out down the trunk of the tree to feed the bloodthirsty

roots.

The tribe live in the cage-like trunks of mature strangler figs, after the host tree has long rotted away. The ogres supplement their shelters with woven branches and leaves to provide protection against the elements.

COMBAT & TACTICS

The Mottled Lurkers stealthily clamber across the upper tree branches of the rainforest, using surprise to ambush travellers or animals, springing down from above. Once in close, the ogres grapple and tear apart their enemies with their bare hands. The strangler fig spirits protect the ogres in combat, manifesting as spirit totem rage powers.

IN YOUR CAMPAIGN

In your campaign, the Mottled Lurkers can be used as a random encounter as the PCs pass through a dark forest. One of the PC's favourite allies could be dragged away by the creatures as a sacrifice, necessitating a quick rescue.

Alternatively, the PCs could discover the influence of the strangler fig spirits on the ogres, and work to exorcise their evil influence on the tribe's behaviour. Perhaps instead of the PCs initially investigating the tribe, a friendly druid could go missing in the area. The PCs could end up searching for their friend and come into contact with the tribe as a result.

NOTABLE PERSONALITIES

CANNILOM

CR 13 (XP 25,600)

This cragged old ogre is covered with dark green tufts of matted fur, horrible scars and cracking animal skins. Long yellow claws protrude from its squat fingers. Grey, ghostly wisps of ethereal matter bind themselves around the ogre's limbs.

Male advanced old ogre barbarian (true primitive) 10

CE Large humanoid (giant)

- Init +1 (+7 in forests); Senses darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +20 (+26 in forests), Sense Motive +3
- Speed 30 ft., base speed 40 ft. ACP -3; Acrobatics +11, Climb +17, Stealth +11 (+17 in forests)
- AC 21, touch 10, flat-footed 21; CMD 32; Body Shield, improved uncanny dodge
- (+4 armour [mwk hide armour], +1 Dex, +7 natural, -1 size)
- **Body Shield (Ex [immediate])** Cannilom can use a grapple combat manoeuvre check to use a grappled adjacent creature to gain cover from a single attack. If successful, the attack targets the grappled creature instead of Cannilom.

Fort +17, **Ref** +7, **Will** +11 **hp** 139 (14 HD); **DR** -/2

- Melee unarmed strike (reach 10 ft.; Power Attack [-4/+8]) +21/+16/+11 (1d4+9)
- Atk Options Death From Above (+5 attack when charging from higher ground), rage (13 rds.), Greater Grapple, Improved Grapple

Abilities Str 24, Dex 13, Con 18, Int 10, Wis 16, Cha 19

- **SQ** favoured terrain (forest [+6]), illiteracy, rage power (body bludgeon, greater spirit totem, lesser spirit totem, spirit totem, strength surge [+10], surprise accuracy [+3]), trophy fetish, uncanny dodge
- Feats Body Shield, Death From Above, Extra Rage Power, Greater Grapple, Improved Grapple, Improved Unarmed Strike, Iron Will, Power Attack
- Skills as above plus Knowledge (geography) +0 (+6 in forests), Survival +3 (+9 in forests)

Languages Giant

Gear amulet of mighty fists +2

While raging, Cannilom has the following statistics:

Climb +19

- AC 19, touch 8, flat-footed 18; CMD 32; Miss Chance 20% (beyond 5 ft.)
- (+4 armour [mwk hide armour], +1 Dex, +7 natural, -1 size, -2 rage)

Fort +19, Will +13

hp 167 (14 HD); **DR** –/2

CMB +23 (+27 grapple)

Melee unarmed strike (reach 10 ft.) +23/+18/+13 (1d4+11)

Atk Options body bludgeon (use grappled enemy as a weapon), greater spirit totem (spirits; slam +17 [1d8+4 negative energy]; adjacent creatures 1d8 negative energy), strength surge (+10), surprise accuracy (+3)

Abilities Str 28, Con 22

The majority of the tribe are normal rank and file ogres. A few members are, however, exceptional:

- Guilunp (CE male advanced ogre oracle 7): Of all the ogres in the tribe, Guilunp hears the constant whispers of the strangler fig spirits loudest, and can discern almost lucid words from the innumerable mutterings. Guilunp constantly repeats the nonsensical gibberish of the tree's whispers, his eyes permanently closed in concentration. He often communes with the trees for days on end, striving to understand their desires. Among the tribe, he destined for greatness,
- Wellenguyran (CE female advanced ogre barbarian [brutal pugilist] 5): Wellenguyran is the most successful ogress hunter in the tribe. Her hands are like vicious vices. She takes particular delight in devouring the lungs, heart, stomach and intestines of her victims while they still live. Wellenguyran revels in the screams of her dying victim's and cackles as they beg for a merciful death. Few dare cross her and she has never lost a wrestling bout.
- Cannilom (CE male advanced old ogre barbarian [true primitive] 10): Cannilom is an ancient ogre, his cragged head filled with the innumerable whispers of the tree spirits. The spirits manifest as ghostly grey branches which writhe around Cannilom during battle, entangling and striking his enemies. Seen as an embodiment of the tree's spirits, his words are given much weight at ogremoot. He is preeminent among the tribe's elders. Although he is old, he remains surprisingly strong and he has defeated countless challenges in wrestling bouts.

TRIBAL LORE

Characters with ranks in Knowledge (local) may know something about the Mottled Lurkers. A successful check reveals all information gained by a lesser result:

DC 15: These woods are home to the Mottled Lurker tribe, a group of wild ogres that drop onto unsuspecting travellers and maul them to death with their bare hands.

DC 20: The Mottled Lurkers revere the spirits of the strangler figs, often leaving grisly dismembered sacrifices bound to such trees.

DC 25: The tree spirits have a powerful spiritual hold over the Mottled Lurkers, and demand these blood sacrifices under pain of death.

Space 10 ft.; **Base Atk** +13; **CMB** +21(+25 grapple)

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