

# The Near Now ...

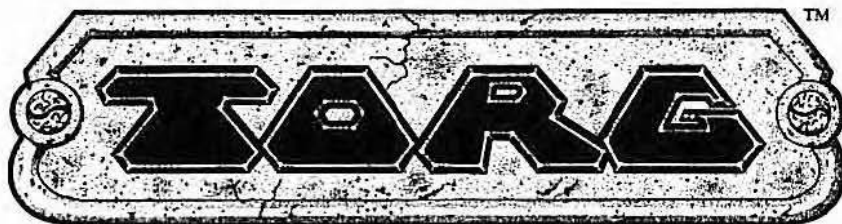
Later today, early tomorrow, sometime next week,  
the world began to end.

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The Possibility Raiders had come to steal Earth's energy, its Possibilities. Indonesia suffered the first invasion. Its reality was transformed into the most terrible reality to assault Earth: Orrorsh. The realm of Orrorsh is the fruition of centuries of schemes by the Gaunt Man and his Darkness Device, Heketon.

Now creatures which defy the rational mind roam dark jungles. Victorians brutally colonize much of the land, bringing their resolution and fierce religion to battle the horrors. Nightmares spin corrupt souls into beings that inspire fear. Thratchen, a techno-demon, clings to a tenuous rule of the realm through guile and deceit. Great sacrifices need to be made to stop this evil. Now is the time, for the Gaunt Man, High Lord, splits, sparks, shatters and mends in a death struggle within a reality storm. This may be Earth's only chance.

This is the realm of ...



Roleplaying the Possibility Wars™

# Orrorsh

The Sourcebook of Horror Reality

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*"It's not what you are willing to kill for, it's what you are willing to die for that matters."*

—Father Christopher Bryce





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# Introduction

## From the journal of Dr. Kyai Maja

For the third time this week they discovered a corpse at sunrise. Dipanagara, Saleh, and now Maharaja. The neighborhood is in a panic.

I have examined the bodies myself, and cannot deny that the neck of each victim was torn open and the bodies drained of blood. The supernatural? I find such things impossible. I studied countless cultures while obtaining my doctorate in anthropology. Until now I learned that tales of the undead and curses and creatures were merely warnings contained in the form of stories. From the fairy tales of my own land of Indonesia to the multi-million dollar cinemas of Hollywood, USA, the people of the world have had a fascination with the terrors produced from their minds. We are at once repelled by them, for they are death, and yet we are drawn to these terrors, for they are mysteries that we want to understand. And so a tale of a vampyre has always been a matter of curiosity for me, but not a reality.

Until now.

For now the Possibility Raiders have come. They have attacked the world and exerted their will upon my planet. Things once a part of my childhood nightmares now walk the Earth.

Other parts of the globe suffer as well, I know. But I cannot imagine that any of the conquered lands of Earth are so tortured as the nations of Southeast Asia under the rule of Orrorsh. For this is a reality of fear. It permeates the air, lives within rain drops, burns within the sun's heat. We fight our war, but it is not the same fight as others conduct. We never know what our enemies are — they strike from darkness and disappear before we can react. Our defenses are still weak, for we have yet to learn all we must of our opponents. And even when we learn something, say of a zombie or an other, the next time we encounter one, its

strengths and weaknesses have changed.

When I think of Orrorsh, I think of uncertainty. I think of the unknown. I think of the terror produced when an industrial society that believes that the universe can be conquered by science suddenly encountering foes that draw their strength from mystical powers.

I have heard tales from travellers from other countries that a being is ruling Orrorsh, a High Lord, called the Gaunt Man. He is the master of Orrorsh, its designer and warden. We wage the battle on two fronts. The first is the level of the monsters. They live in the jungles and towns and cities of Southeast Asia and hunt and terrorize the people of our nations. We must hunt them down and destroy them, as I have taken it upon myself to hunt down the vampyre that terrorizes the people of Jakarta. The second is on the level of a war, where Thratchen and the Gaunt Man's lieutenants struggle to keep the reality of Orrorsh strong and expand it. We must eventually infiltrate their organization and stop their plans.

There is so much to be learned and understood before we can defeat the enemy. What is clear is that it shall not be easy. The people I mentioned earlier, the travellers from all over the globe, call themselves Storm Knights. They have told me of their deeds in the primitive reality in North America and their heroic actions in the Nile Empire and the Cyberpapacy. They are brave people and seem capable of performing miracles. But when they speak of Orrorsh ... Every one of them has lost a Storm Knight companion to the horrors of Orrorsh, some of them have lost several. Of all the invading realities, it is Orrorsh that seems to be the most brutal, the harshest, with the ability to drive a Storm Knight to the brink of terror.

And then over the brink.

## From the Journal of Dr. Kyai Maja — 8 January, Near Now

The vampires have undoubtedly moved on after the battle at the warehouse. Their lair was discovered, and they will seek new shelter.

We will, of course, pursue.

Sister Thorn and I are the only ones left of the expedition. It seems that no one else will accompany us on our mission. I have asked aid of some of my dearest friends, but they either think that I have gone mad because of my claim that the creature I seek is a monster from an American cinema, or simply refuse to help me out of fear. They turn away from me, embarrassed, but actually unable to help me. I see them trembling as I press them for aid. Some of the people I have spoken with slammed their doors in my face, deserted me in mid-conversation. Some ran away, or even, on three occasions, broke down into tears. I believe that Sister Thorn's theory of a force of fear acting upon this area is correct. It is the only way I can explain such behavior.

And yet, why am I not so affected?

Is it because I have become what Sister Thorn refers to as a Storm Knight? Perhaps. Yet even I felt every nerve in my body turn to ice when I held the Koran and the creature simply laughed at me. How overwhelmed I was with terror!

We leave for the jungles to the east of Jakarta tomorrow. That is where we think the creature and his servants retreated to, though we do not know for sure. Our only lead is that several homeless people near the docks told us they saw giant bats flying in that direction the night of the fight.

Before we leave on our quest in the morning I shall note some of the Sister Thorn's news about invaded area. Because communications are limited, I cannot keep in touch with the rest of the nation and other nations in Southeast Asia. Sister Thorn, on the other







A. Nunis

hand, has travelled extensively through the area since the invasion.

What Sister Thorn has learned from other Storm Knights who have adventured in Southeast Asia is that **Orrorsh** is no longer expanding. Is this due to an unexpected weakness in the **Gaunt Man**, or some ploy to raise hopes, the better to rouse fear?

There are rumors that a demon known as **Thratchen** now has a place of importance in **Orrorsh**. Sister Thorn believes this might be another guise of the **Gaunt Man**, for he has taken other forms before. She has heard rumors that the **High Lord's** lieutenants and special subordinates, known as **Nightmares**, are hesitant. That is a rumor I fervently hope is true.

Sister Thorn just reminded me we must leave at dawn. I had no idea the hour had grown so late. I pray for a peaceful slumber.

### From the Journal of Dr. Kyai Maja — 10 January, Near Now

Our trek has only lasted for two days and already I believe we are doomed. It is not for the reasons that I once suspected would make a hunt in the jungle so dangerous.

We are not in serious danger from the elements or malnutrition. We stocked our provisions carefully, and brought with us proper supplies for shelter and cooking. Sister Thorn is obviously a woman of great resources and, compared to a university bookworm such as myself, has proven herself to be the picture of the frontier survivor.

Nor have we had any trouble with the wildlife of the jungle — although the animals of the jungle are present. We spotted a tiger just this morning, and heard a catalogue of animal noises last night as we tried unsuccessfully to sleep amidst all of our fears. For those of you without a knowledge of our

jungles, the creatures seldom attack humans without provocation or a desperate need for food. Since we do not bother them and the rain has been neither too heavy nor too light this year, neither condition exists to prompt their attack.

So why do I say we are doomed?

It is the strain — the tension of travelling through the jungle. I cannot describe it any other way. There is an unearthly quality to the air, the sounds of the jungle. Shadows move alongside us within the brightly lit green leaves of jungle. I often hear heavy, loud breathing in the distance when we stop to rest. I am sometimes aware of creatures flying over head — passing so quickly that by the time I have looked up they are gone.

To what does this all add up?

Fear.

It is the reality of **Orrorsh**. There is something about the very fabric of my land that now induces terror not from sight, but from the unknown. If a creature would only leap out of the jungle







A. Nunis

— that would be relief! But this constant *not knowing*! It is beginning to wear at my sensibilities.

And I know that it is *unnatural*. I travelled through the jungle many times when I was a boy. I know the nature of the jungle. I was wary as a boy, yes, as I was taught to be, but this is something different. This is *not natural*. One must be careful in a jungle because there is always the chance for danger. One is terrified in a jungle in Orrorsh because the danger taunts you, staying just out of sight.

It began yesterday, just hours after we began our journey. We started out in the direction that the bats were seen flying. (It is our hope to encounter farmers or Gypsies who might have further clues of the creatures' whereabouts. So far this has not happened.)

At first I was aware of something walking alongside us at about fifty meters distance. All I heard was a

crunching of undergrowth and branches and the loud moving of leaves. The noises were so non-threatening that I at first thought that it was the echo of the footsteps of the Sister and myself through the jungle.

But I noticed that the "echoes" often continued when we stopped. They didn't keep moving forward, but often turned and began walking closer to us.

After an hour or so the footsteps stopped — I do not remember if they moved away from us. It just occurred to me at one point that they were no longer there.

Later on I noticed that many of the leaves of the underbrush around the path we walked shook as we passed them. It was not we who were making the leaves shake, no. any wind, for the day was brightly lit with a cloudless, bluesky and the air was still and warm. (Ah, the Power of Orrorsh that even

on such a beautiful day, when it seemed that nothing could be wrong, fear could so permeate my being! I must remember that terror does not always present itself with the visual clues of a Hollywood movie, but oftentimes in the most mundane of locations.)

Now, although I saw nothing specific to stir my imagination, I began to speculate on the cause of the noises. My imagination soon conjured the image of hands, dismembered human hands, crawling around on the jungle floor, following us. It then occurred to me that there might be a large creature of some kind burrowing its way through the ground of the jungle. I fashioned in my mind a monster covered with many limbs, each tipped with horrible claws and layered with sharp claws.

Sister Thorn was right in front of me, and at one point she just stopped

