



ORK!

2ND EDITION



THE ROLEPLAYING GAME



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GREEN RONIN PUBLISHING 3815 S. Othello St., Suite 100 #311 Seattle, WA 98118

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PRINTED IN THE USA

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INTRODUCTION

ORKS. We all know what they look like. But it never hurts to refresh your memory. Orks are about six feet tall. Some of them are taller. They have green skin. They have sharp teeth. Uh . . . they have opposable thumbs. And they almost never, ever have two heads. They wear yucky clothes. They carry lots of weapons. Some people think orks can see in the dark, but this is a myth. Turn out the lights in a room full of orks and you'll be able to hear how well they can see in the dark. (Warning: wear lots of armor.)

Orks also have the most amazing digestive system ever designed by nature. They can eat almost anything, including, but not limited to: rocks, tree bark, zebras, umbrellas, other orks, things on fire, zebras on fire, tar, lead, shoes, fruitcake, and on and on and on . . . Their omnivorous nature, combined with an abnormally high metabolism, ensures that most orks are hungry all the time and will try to consume almost everything they come across. However, orks cannot eat broccoli. This foul, hideous vegetable is completely incompatible with the ork digestive system. Should any ork ever eat broccoli, whether on purpose or accidentally, he will explode!

Let's not forget that orks are also mean and nasty. They like to hurt other people for no good reason. They love fighting and killing and maiming. They like to borrow your records and never give them back. Do not go out on a date with an ork. Even if he brings you flowers, it's a trick. He's secretly planning to eat you.

Orks hate the sun on general principle. But the Official Ork Scientific Study for the Destruction of the Sun was put on hold when all the ork scientists were eaten by a troll.

Now that that little introduction is out of the way, we can get down to the nitty-gritty. Lurking within everybody is an ork. We all know he's there. All

the trappings of civilization, our forks and our minty fresh breath mints, keep the inner ork at bay. But the ork wants out! We can't let the ork out, not unless we want to go to jail, and rightly so. Still, we can't deny the bad-guy appeal of the ork.

Being an ork means being rude, loud, aggressive, sneaky, and angry. It means killing that ork over there because you don't like his hat. It means tearing the still-beating heart out of your enemy's chest and eating it. It means looking out for Number One Ork, and screw everybody else. It means being in a constant state of barely controlled psychotic mayhem.

Sound like fun yet?

WELCOME TO THE WORLD OF ORKNES

Here, you will learn the secrets of ork culture, religion, and psychosis. You will learn to fear Krom, the terrible god who is both creator and judge of the orks. You will heed the call to arms, slaying foul squishy men with your big pointy sticks. You will, in the end, embrace the ork inside you, but don't fool yourself. You will not learn that the orks are simply misunderstood primitives longing for your sympathy. Such a notion is for soft-hearted squishy men and their ilk, and should be treated as the drivel it is. Rather, you will find out that orks are precisely the monsters they are purported to be.

But sometimes it's fun to be the monster, and that's what *Ork!* is all about. Let's look at what's in this book and how it's organized.

This section introduces the World of Orkness, describes the chapters, and gives you a quick description of how to play, so you can't complain you didn't know what you were getting into.

"BEAUTY, THY NAME AM ORK."

-FAMOUS ORK PHILOSOPHER

Chapter 1: You Am Ork Now! covers character creation and gives you a brief description of skills and special abilities.

Chapter 2: Skills explains how to make skill checks and describes the twelve skills used in *Ork!* It also gets into *Krom dice*, which the Orkmaster uses to set the difficulty of actions based on the whims of a cruel god.

Chapter 3: Cheating Krom talks about *Cheats*, the special abilities orks use to defy Krom—and what Krom does when they use them. A Cheat gives your ork a talent that sets him apart from the rest of the tribe.

Chapter 4: Combat! covers fighting. Orks like fighting. Krom likes gore-spattered orks betting their lives on battle. You'll probably want to put a bookmark here.

Chapter 5: The World Am Trying to Kill You! covers rules for falling, and rules for ways to get hurt other than falling. Includes the dangers of broccoli.

Chapter 6: Orkmaster Stuff! provides the Orkmaster with tips on running *Ork!*, including information about magic, treasure, and what happens when magic strikes back.

Chapter 7: Ork Society is all about orks: who they are, where they come from, why they do the things they do, and how to speak their grammatically challenged language.

Chapter 8: Growing Up Ork! helps players and Orkmasters get into orks' heads and experience life the way orks do. It's pretty messed up.

Chapter 9: Ork Religion and Magic delves into the secrets of ork existence. Orks don't know a lot of this, so it's for Orkmasters only. No peeking!

Chapter 10: Things to Kill is a catalog of creatures, a manual of monsters, a bestiary of beasts, a cornucopia of creepy-crawlies.

Chapter 11: Adventures contains several ready-to-run adventures and story ideas for you to flesh out and run for your friends.

THE BASICS

Let's get into how to play this thing. *Ork!* should be easy to play. If a rule or idea gets in your way, do what an ork would do: crush it.

WHAT IS AN RPG?

Think back to when you were a kid. You pretended you were a superhero, or played Cops and Robbers. Stuff like that. (If you didn't do any of that, try it now, with other consenting adults.) Now read a more popular roleplaying game that tells you how to play roleplaying games. Drink a beer, or some suspiciously yellow-colored carbonated beverage. Eat junk food. After the beer and the grub, do whatever you think you're supposed to do. Give this book a bit of a skim.

Note that the person other games call the Storyteller, the Game Master, GM, DM, Narrator, and so on, we call the *Orkmaster*.

STUFF YOU NEED

Here's what you need to play *Ork!*

- One person to be the Orkmaster (the person who comes up with adventures, describes the world, and represents Krom) and one or more people to play orks. The total number should be at or below the maximum number of people who can order a pizza together before it becomes annoying.
- Lots of dice. *Ork!* uses all the funny roleplaying game dice—even d12s. You might roll multiple dice of any kind at the same time.
- Pencils and paper. The Orkmaster needs a stack of paper to write things down. Players need a sheet of paper each for their characters, and sheets to take notes, doodle, draw awesome horned helmets for their orks, and so on. Maybe you can use laptops and tablets instead but hey, this game first came out in the 90s.

THE CORE MECHANIC

“Core mechanic” is a fancy way of saying, “the rules we'll use over and over again because they're easy to remember and game designers are lazy.” The core mechanic for *Ork!* is as follows.

- All rolls are opposed rolls! Roll your dice against another ork's player or the Orkmaster, who rolls Krom dice (see the next bullet) or an opponent's dice. Add up the totals on each side. Highest roll wins.
- Players figure out how many dice they roll based on what's on their character sheet. The Orkmaster chooses a number of *Krom dice* based on how difficult a task is and whether it would amuse, annoy, or bore Krom, the ork god who vomited up the world. The harder something is or the more it vexes Krom, the more Krom dice the Orkmaster rolls.
- The Orkmaster gets to change the rules or outcome whenever they think it would be more fun for everyone.

TWO EXAMPLES OF PLAY

Okay, so after all this you might still end up asking, "How many squares can my ork move?" Or "How do I refresh my character's buff abilities," or the worst: "What systems enforce the narrative premise?" These are bad questions that earn the wrath of Krom. *Ork!* is a casual game! Relax! Let's look at a Sour Example of Play (Bad) and an Ork Example of Play (Good).

SOUR EXAMPLE OF PLAY (BAD)

Orkmaster: As you turn the corner through the maze of rocks, you encounter three hooded figures, features hidden in shadow—but their curved, jagged-edged blades glint in the moonlight.

Nicole (Player of Garg): I take out my bow and nock an arrow to fire!

Orkmaster: Two things: first, is your bow strung? I mean, you wouldn't have it strung all the time. Make a Kenning roll to see if you remembered. Also, you "loose" arrows. You don't fire them.

Chris (Player of Aggro): I pull out my spear and attack!

Orkmaster: They're far enough away that you would have to move your full distance, which would use up your action.

Chris: Can't I charge and hit at the end of my movement?

Orkmaster: I'll have to look that up. Anyway, that would require a straight line of move-

ment, and didn't you say you were in the second rank so your reach weapon could strike and help the front line? Anyway. Malcolm?

Malcolm (Player of Ripper): Sorry, I didn't think you were finished and checked Facebook while I was waiting. What happened?

ORK EXAMPLE OF PLAY (GOOD)

Orkmaster: You run around the rocks? Okay, you turn the corner and see three people in hoods. Too dark to see faces, sour man-sized, probably jerks. They wiggle swords at you menacingly!

Nicole (Player of Garg): I nock an arrow and prepare to fire. "Free swords! Me am want swords! Give!"

Chris (Player of Aggro): I pull out my spear and attack!

Orkmaster: Hold up. Nicole, roll Boss to see if you intimidate these creeps. Chris, they're far enough away that you have to charge in. Do you have a charging yell?

Chris: Yeeaaaaargh!

Nicole: (Rolls 2d8 based on a Mojo of d8 and Boss of 2. Gets 3 + 1 = 4 total). I got a 4. Boo?

Orkmaster: Boo. One of the jerks wiggles their sword in a definite "No" motion and runs to attack! You have an arrow nocked so I'll let you fire it, but I'll add a Krom die to the difficulty. Chris, your shout is adequate. Roll Fight dice.

Chris: (Rolls 3d10 based on a Meat of d10 and a Fight of 3. Gets 5 + 6 + 6 = 17 total). I got a 17!

Malcolm (Player of Ripper): Don't we have to roll initiative?

Orkmaster: I forgot. Also, I don't care. Chris, Aggro hits! The jerk makes a weird "Blaaaaaat" noise and smells like death—not just a dying sour man, but *death*. I'll get to damage in a sec. (Turns to Malcolm.) As for you, one of the hooded jerks turns your way and makes weird mystic mumbo-jumbo with his hands.

Malcolm: Me am do mystic mumbo-jumbo back at jerk, melt face, eat face off ground!

Orkmaster: Aha, magic! Krom does not approve of that. But I like your idea, so roll some dice. I know there's a rule here somewhere for this, but for now I'll just figure it out on the fly and keep the game moving. It's face-melting time!