

Murtagh

Trock Deity of Combat and Fighters

Other Names Known By:

Muir
Khalil

Murtagh is a very old Trock Deity. He was worshiped even before Nova. He is from a time before the Trock curse was granted to the race. At that time, Trock warred unceasingly against Trock and it nearly caused the destruction of the race.

Even so, Murtagh is still a very popular deity. Since the time of Nova and the granting of the Trock curse, Trock's have taken their aggression and have turned it outwards, to Darkheim's creations and, to no small extent, to the other character races. With the granting of the Curse, the old structure of provinces and warlords fell to pieces to be replaced by the Elder councils, the Cursed Judgment, and Banishment (although, to be blunt, by the time Nova granted the curse, there was very little left of the old system to fall apart).

Kadar, Greatest of Trock Heroes

It is a wildly held belief within the Trock lands that the Greatest Trock to ever live was Kadar. Kadar was so great that the Deity Murtagh granted him the ability to visit the Land of the Dead without even being a follower. Even without this supreme honor, Kadar is the only Trock to ever be credited in the old time of bringing the 600 Provinces together to form a single empire. Later legend does tell of how his empire fell apart shortly after his ascension to Ben-Sidi status, the internal strife between his children being the force that tore the empire apart.

Basic Beliefs

Followers of Murtagh believe that to be a real Trock fighter you have to use a real big beefy weapon chosen from the following list:

Two-Handed Sword

Yup, that's the list. You can actually know any weapon you want, but until you pick up the ol 2-hander, you're a wimp.

The Greatest Trock leader / fighter that ever lived is called Kadar. Kadar's sword of choice was a Two-Handed sword. Even though the legend does not mention it as his weapon of choice, pretty much every Trock knows that was what it was (basically, if you don't know this fact then you are considered a kid or a mental fur ball). Kadar's sword is called Vengeance. After Kadar's death, Murtagh approached him and asked that he be his first Ben-Sidi. See below for more information on Ben-Sidi.

Even though Kadar was a latecomer to his worship of Murtagh, it is widely known that he is now the most devout of All Murtagh's followers. Kadar's worship of Murtagh did not even begin until Murtagh made Kadar into a Ben-Sidi. In addition, it is believed that Kadar was the first Ben-Sidi created by any god. It is an honor Trocks are very proud to bear.

Ben-Sidi

Ben-Sidi is a name given to mortals that perform service for the gods they followed in life. Because of their devotion and skill in life, the gods raise these individuals up from the dead, restore their youth and grant them immortality. When a mortal is given Ben-Sidi status, fellow followers of the Deity will build a shrine and temple at the location where the "ascension" took place. These places tend to be places of great holy power not just because of the followers that flock to the location, but since the God in question came very close to actually appearing in that spot on the earthly plane.

In the old times, Deities would send a small piece of themselves into the world. This piece could assume any form that the deity wished but generally would appear in a form appropriate to those meant to see it (i.e., it would appear as a Trock to a Trock fighter).

Even this small piece of a Deity has power beyond belief. Deities could not otherwise step onto the earthly plane without dire

consequences (only one God came all the way onto the earthly plane and he caused an entire continent to wither). For all the characters know, this small piece of the divine represents the deity in all its power. In actual fact, it represents a fraction of the deity's true power and presence. Even though the God does not come totally onto the prime plane, this allows the Deity to reach out and "touch" the body of a fallen hero (in a very visible and real way). This touch restores the hero to life and grants immortality, while instilling a bit of the god power into the surrounding area (there is just so much power associated with the touch that it bleeds over into the surrounding area). Those that know the God and worship the God can feel and often make use of this power. For this reason the shrines are built and the faithful come so they to can feel the presence of that which they worship.

It is seldom now for a deity to appear in the world of Panjere. When they do, it is normally to create a Ben-Sidi. The number of times they would appear decreased as they created the Ben-Sidi they now use. The Ben-Sidi are more than just messengers but are used to perform tasks that promote the Deity's presence within the world.

Hall of Heroes

Murtagh takes those that die honorable in combat to the Hall of Heroes. The Hall of Heroes is much like an inn, the warriors within drink and eat their fill; tell endless stories and tales of their exploits as they partake in endless tests of skill to see who among them are the best of the best. It is the honor of the greatest fighters to sit at the head of the tables, in the Hall of Heroes.

The Legend

It was hard to know what slipped into Kadar's consciousness first; eyes that could not open; the ringing in his ears; the feel of something slimy in his fingers; the gasp for breath. All these things were there, one at a time or all at once. He was not sure. All that he knew was the rage and the blood scream as he pushed himself onto his knees and

staggered to his feet. He wiped his face as he staggered up and backwards; tripping and stumbling as he nearly fell to the ground again.

His Sword!

Where was his sword!

He wiped more from his face and finally he could see. Blinking, his hand came into focus. He did not recognize it. It was red and did not look like his hand. It did not look right. Then slowly it dawned on him. It was covered in gore.

And he was deaf.

No, not deaf, for there was the ringing and he had made sound. He had heard the scream he had made but other than his own sound, there was nothing

He steadied himself and looked around.

Bodies.

Blood.

The sky was a bright blue with the lightest of clouds high above.

The hills were red.

Thousands.

He had never felt such rage. He could not have stopped, even if he had wanted. Time and time again his sword found its target. Time and time again, an enemy fell to his rage. He had fought until he could fight no longer, until his muscles could no longer sustain him. He would have gone on if he had been able, but he could not. His body betrayed him in the end, although, as he looked from body to body he began to wonder if it really had betrayed him.

From hilltop to hilltop was blood. "I cannot be the only one," he whispered to the wind.

"You are," the wind answered.

Kadar turned and saw a figure, huge and imposing, even to another Trock.

"You are alone now Kadar. Every Trock that followed you, died for you. You were the

last upon the battlefield when you fought the betrayer. Do you remember?"

Kadar paused for a moment or two and slowly started to nod his head. Yes... yes! He could remember! It was his last fight. They had finally met in the dark, each bellowing the others name. Yes, he had killed the betrayer. He had gutted him and had ripped his head from his dying body. And then he had collapsed.

"Come Kadar. Take my hand." The stranger offered his hand and Kadar took it. The fields around them dissolved to be replaced by lush green hills. The temperature was perfect, not too warm or too cold.

In the distance, in a valley, there was a vast building.

"This is my land for you and those like you Kadar. This is my gift for those that die bravely in battle as did those that followed you. Come, I will show you."

They walked and as they approached the building Kadar realized how vast a structure it was. As they neared, Kadar could hear the sounds of merriment from within.

A laugh!

Unmistakable! He looked to the Trock, the question on his lips.

"Yes Kadar, he is here."

It was Kadar's father, but his father had died years before in a war. Kadar's eyes narrowed as he looked at the stranger.

"My name is Murtagh," the stranger told Kadar, "and these are my lands. It is I that take the souls of those who die bravely in battle. This is where I put them. Of all the battles that I have seen Kadar, none have moved me like the one you just fought. No other leaders have ever inspired their men to such heights. No other battle has been so complete. The Trocks that fought so bravely will spend the rest of their days here, in the Hall of Heroes."

"The betrayer! He is here?"

"No Kadar, those that betray do not see this hall. They see... another place." With that Murtagh looked to the west. Kadar's eyes followed him and in the distance he saw a swirling wall of fire. Murtagh continued, "It is a place for cowards and others without honor. It is a place of terror and pain. I would take you there, but none should have to look upon its horrors unless they are forced by their actions, to endure them."

Kadar looked back to the hall. "I am here now," he said. "Did I then die in the battle?"

"No," Murtagh answered. "For you, I bestow a special honor. You of all Trocks I grant the ability to visit these lands. You may now come here at will to see those who have passed on to this side."

"As further reward, you must find your sword when you return to Panjere. I have blessed it with my touch. Use it wisely and bravely."

With that, Murtagh vanished. Kadar entered the Hall of Heroes and was moved to tears as those within greeted him with the hero's welcome he deserved. Later, he would leave the building and return to the battle to retrieve his sword. There was still much to do, dead to bury, an army to raise and a land to conquer.

Worship

Each deity in the world of Panjere is treated as a separate independent entity. As such, each deity has its own special background and worship requirements. Some deities require vast amounts of affinity if you want to worship them; others require vast sums of money. It all depends on the deity.

Like all skills, worship is a skill. You have a base value in it, plus a bonus. When a character starts worshipping this Deity he or she must pay 300 affinity points. In addition to this, the character must place at least 40% of all further earned affinity into his or her worship skill (to this deity). Finally, before worship can even begin, the character must have the following skills.

Legendary Deities: Murtagh, Trock Deity of Combat and Fighters (m)

Combat (At least 18+0)
Two-Handed Sword (at least 18+0)
Leadership (any level)

When these worship requirements are met, the Trock will get to roll once on the favors table each time he / she gains one level in bonus synergy in his / her worship skill to the Death God.

Getting a roll on the favors table

Each time the character's synergy bonus in worship to this deity goes up by one point, roll **1d8** on Murtagh Favors Table (see below).

Murtagh Favors Table

- 1 Roll 1d10. The result is the chance that the character can avoid the effects of fear, be it from natural causes or spell. Each additional time this is rolled roll a further d10 and add the result to the previous total. If the result is over 100, then the excess represents the chance that the worshipper may extend the protection to another (if over 200 then there is a chance that a third can be protected from fear). If the protection is given to another, then it must be given before the fear takes hold (i.e., on the previous round to the spell or affect). Once the protection is granted, it lasts for the entire combat.

The character may get a second save if this roll is failed. This is one of the few cases where more than one original roll is allowed (i.e., you roll this and fail, you re-roll using a point of luck, you then roll versus spell resistance and finally re-roll that using a point of luck).

- 2 Roll 1d10. The result is the chance that the character can avoid the effects of a charm spell. Each additional time this is rolled roll a further d10 and add the result to the previous total. If the result is over 100, then the excess represents the

chance that the worshipper may extend the protection to another (if over 200 then there is a chance that a third can be protected from charm). If the protection is given to another, then it must be given before the charm takes hold (i.e., on the previous round to the spell or affect). Once the protection is granted, it lasts for the entire combat.

The character may get a second save if this roll is failed. This is one of the few cases where more than one original roll is allowed (i.e., you roll this and fail, you re-roll using a point of luck, you then roll versus spell resistance and finally re-roll that using a point of luck).

- 3 Plus 1d3 to the synergy level of 2-handed sword.
- 4 Plus 1d2 to your wounds.
- 5 Plus 1d2 to sixth sense.
- 6 Plus 1d2 to React.
- 7 Plus +1 damage to any attack made using a Two-Handed Sword
- 8 The character receives a Battle Cry spell. It inspires and protects the Trock and all those around him or her. All friendly forces within 10 feet of the Trock add +1 damage, and +1 to their Armor Protective Value. Lasts for the current battle. Each additional time the favor is rolled, pick one of the following. Cast the favor one additional time each day, or add an additional +1 to the damage bonus or add an additional +1 to the Armor Protective Value rating or add 5 feet to the spells area of affect (i.e., 10 feet goes to 15). As is normal for any spell, the benefits of this spell are not cumulative with itself (i.e., if 10 worshippers cast it, the effect is determined by the highest level worshipper).