

In the northeast of Middenland, stuck in the mountains roughly between the grand city of Middenheim and the Brass Keep, lies the village of Sokh. Sokh is a cesspool of a place, which made it just like every other village inhabited by ogres in the empire.

Growing up as an Ogre isn't easy. Gezalt spent most of his childhood wondering where the next punch or kick was going to come from. His father would give him the worst beatings, nearly as bad as the ones his mother would give. He was very lucky young ogre to have such parents, who did their best to make him tough and strong.

Being the oldest of 4 children meant he did more dishing than receiving when it came to sibling fighting. That is until his sisters realized that together they could do more damage; maybe not enough to win the fight, but enough to leave lasting bruises. His sisters would tell every ogre who would listen where those bruises came from, insinuating that Gezalt got beat up by little girls. This would infuriate Gezalt beyond reason. Although 9 years younger than him, his only brother Derghbarth practically grew up in the maw pits. Derghbarth would fight (and lose to) just about anyone who would accept. If nothing else, he learned how to take a beating. Hence, Gezalt eventually lost interest in beating up on his brother.

Gezalt did have one good friend, in his buddy Kuzek. Kuzek was the son of the village chieftain. There wasn't a move Gezalt made without Kuzek by his side, and vice versa. The chieftain, Nuggizett, would often blame Gezalt for anything involving his son, and as such Gezalt had yet another set of fists commanding his respect and obedience.

The years passed by, and Gezalt and Kuzek remained good friends. Gezalt and Kuzek both eventually met their own cows and were married. Before long, each had a family of their own. Gezalt worked for the fire-builders, and would every day take his axe to the woods and cut down trees, dragging them back to the village where they could be properly pruned, cut, and put to use for different purposes. Gezalt didn't care to understand much of it. He went to the forest, cut down some trees, brought them back, and then went for some more. He knew the wood he brought would be used to build fires, but that was about as far as he needed to know. Gezalt never was much of a thinker. He even had problems remembering the grand tales of their people, and would always fumble the stories when his turn to recite the tellings.

