

WAR Culture Package
Hammerhandt Dwarves
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Post-Shattering:

The Hammerhandt Dwarves is the name given to two previous factions of Dwarves – the Dyllarian Dwarves and the Stone Deep Dwarves who united as one during the months prior to the Shattering. The Stone Deep Dwarves, the original inhabitants of Hammerhandt Citadel, are more serious and solemn than their Dyllarian brothers. As well, the Stone Deep Dwarves were more scholarly than their Dyllarian counter-parts, who tended more to be warriors and craftsmen. Since the unification of the two cultures, that is changing. The lines between the two are blurring, as each pick up on the habits, work-ethics, and life style of the other. Construction of temporary housing has been completed, and now starts the daunting task of creating new permanent housing for the new Dwarves from Dyllaria- including a King's Hall and Residence.

The Dyllarian Dwarves and Stone Deep Dwarves merged as one people in the year 612 in order to survive the destruction that was foretold by those Dwarves able to read the Ley Lines that crisscrossed and intersected throughout Dyllaria and Emuria, as well as the Dwarven Farseers. After much study, it was realized that much of both of their homes would be obliterated during The Shattering. As such, King Banzai welcomed his Stone Deep brothers and sisters into his Kingdom, and the Stone Deep Dwarves welcomed their new King and his nation into their homeland.

Since The Shattering, the newly named Hammerhandt Dwarves have concentrated on rebuilding their home. Many Dwarves were lost, including large portions of the army, when tunnels collapsed. When the Wild Magic settled, the Hammerhandt Dwarves found themselves near Mount Bursnul, with Hammerhandt Citadel primarily intact. They are, however, a long way from all that was familiar. No longer near the Valley of Stars, the Hammerhandt Dwarves find themselves in the Ra'Shana Mountains, near numerous threats, including the new Elven stronghold of Kalitrien, Amironia, and the KoTRA held Stonegate City. Further hampering their efforts of rebuilding are the new and strange creatures – and threats – that come from the darkness of their new home. The Hammerhandt Dwarves have much to contend with in their new home: new threats, collapsed tunnels and rebuilding, the loss of thousands of their kinsmen, and the integration of two cultures.

Society:

The society of the Hammerhandt Dwarves is somewhat in flux, due to the cultural differences of the two races joining as one since The Shattering. The original Stone Deep Dwarven society was dominated by magicians of all types – from an early age all of them are taught the rudimentary lessons of magic, and those that took to it soon find themselves growing in importance among their peers. Those that do not grow to become masters of the arcane arts

still practice it throughout their lives such that it is extremely rare to find a Stone Deep Dwarf without at least some basic magical ability. The Dyllarian Dwarves, however, were more apt to be not so trusting of magic- preferring instead to master craft skills- mainly the making of weapons, armor and the brewing of strong ale. These opposing thoughts are causing a bit of tension amongst the Dwarves, as each prefers his own line of thinking on the subject. However, the Dwarves are all too aware that their continued survival relies upon them being one people, and their culture will most likely mirror that unification.

The social structure of the Hammerhandt Dwarves revolves around age. The older a Dwarf, the more experience he has, and there is much about living that a young Dwarf can learn from such a grizzled old veteran. The older a Dwarf, the more weight his opinions carry with the other Dwarves. Other than age, the length of a dwarf's beard is a symbol of status and pride.

Laws:

The Dyllarian Dwarven laws have formed the basis of the Laws of the Kingdom of Stonegate, and now the Kingdom of Lorne. Prior to The Shattering, when the original Stone Deep Dwarves swore loyalty and became subjects to King Banzai Stonehealer, the same Laws came to govern them as well. Also, there are three Kingdom-wide documents that dictate the actions of the Dwarven People, and these are found below.

Royal Book of Grudges- The Royal Book of Grudges is kept by the King's Clan as a reminder as to offenses against the Kingdom. Entries include those that have backed out of pacts with the Kingdom, those who have failed to come to the aid of the Dwarves in their times of need, and other similar offenses. This list is ever-changing, and has at times been quite long. Once a name has made the list it is never truly removed, although offenses can be forgiven if adequate compensation is made.

Royal Debt Registry- Less public than the other two lists kept by the Kingdom's scribes, this document is no less important. This details the favors, monetary sums, and military assistance that are owed to other Kingdoms. This list is usually very short, as Dwarves do not like debts hanging over their head.

Writ of Hated Foes- Beginning with King Grell II in 602, the Kingdom has made a public list of enemies that are to be attacked and destroyed on sight by any and all citizenry. More condemning than the Royal Book of Grudges, this document states that these races can never be forgiven for past deeds against the Kingdom and the Dwarven race as a whole, and lists them as "evil beyond reproach." The races listed in this document are the Fallandran (Dark) Dwarves, Kobolds, Orcs, Ogres, Troglodytes, Goblins, Hobgoblins, Bugbears, and Trolls.

Government:

The Hammerhandt Dwarves are ruled by a King- currently, Banzai Stonehealer- and the Gray Council. The Gray Council is composed of 12 members from the old Dyllarian Kingdom, and 12 members of the original Stone Deep Dwarves. The 25th member is the King's personal Advisor- Lord Gili Rockcrusher. The Gray Council meets on a regular basis, and they in turn meet with the King on a regular basis. Though the King ultimately has final authority, the Council is extremely powerful and carries the weight of the people behind them. So far though, the transition to this new government has been relatively smooth, and that doesn't look to change in the near future.

In addition to the King and the Gray Council, there is the Council (composed of Bergers), of in which each borough appoints a magician to represent their settlement at an annual gathering. The Bergers have no power to enact law, but they put together a list of suggestions known as the *Gewrit Abiddan* (*goo-RIT abba-dahn*) that are reviewed by the King and the Gray Council. The act is not in vain, as a good deal of time is spent considering the list and it is often acted upon.

Noble Titles:

King- Technically the highest authority of the Hammerhandt Dwarves. All Hammerhandt Dwarves pay homage to the King.

Lord- A member of the Gray Council, who in addition to their Council responsibilities, is responsible for the defense and prosperity of his own domain. Top military leaders within the Kingdom will also achieve this title, and will serve directly under the King.

Earl- The assistant to a Lord, a Dwarf of this rank would act to supervise the activities of several Wardens. In cases where this rank is in use, Wardens will most often not have access to the Lord. An Earl will oftentimes act for his Lord, mostly due to Council business, and has the power to act in his Lord's stead.

Common Titles:

Warden- Each Dwarven settlement will be separated into two or more wards that will each have a Warden presiding over it. They are responsible for the day-to-day operations of their particular Ward, and tend to matters such as repairing damaged infrastructure, waste disposal, water supplies, and other such tedious tasks.

Sheriff- This petty servant of the Ward acts to maintain the peace and apprehend criminals.

Military Titles:

Unlike the armies of Humans and Elves, the Hammerhandt Royal Army does not have any special divisions or regiments dedicated to magic using

soldiery. Instead, magic users are assigned throughout the normal rank and file troops.

Since The Shattering, the Dwarves have attempted to maintain their old military structure to varying success. Due to the number lost during The Shattering, it has been a difficult process to do so and the Dwarves have been slow to adapt to the changes that will be necessary. Some change has been accepted though, including the taming of some of the new creatures they have found in their Post-Shattering World, especially since ponies and armadillos are difficult to come by. The Stone Deep Dwarves that have joined have been welcomed with open arms and integrated in to the military units, though their style of fighting sometimes conflicts and has caused a number of problems.

General – The highest rank attainable within the military structure. Many Generals have become Lords as a reward for distinguished service. Men of this rank will lead forces of between 500 and 1,000 strong into battle.

Commander – A leader of men in the field, this rank will command a force of 100 soldiers into battle.

Captain – The assistant to a Commander, each Captain will oversee a force of 50 soldiers.

Longbeard – This rank will be in charge of ten soldiers.

Clansman – This is the lowest rank within the Royal Dwarven Army. One Clansman within a squad will be designated as the Senior Clansman of the group, and will act as the right hand man of the Longbeard, and will take his position temporarily in the field should the Longbeard become unable to perform his duties.

Normal Units:

Cavalry– Units mounted atop ponies and equipped with spears, shields, hatchets, and wear leather armor.

Crossbowmen – Units armed with crossbows, hatchets, and wear leather armor.

Infantry – The rank and file units, these warriors are armed with long axes, shields, and wear heavy (chain and/or plate) armor.

Javelineers – Units armed with javelins, shields, short axes, and wear chain armor.

Slingers – Units armed with slings, shields, hatchets, and wear leather armor.

Special Units:

Berserkers – Berserkers are special units of dishonored Dwarves who seek redemption through dying a glorious death in battle- armed with a short axe, a long axe, and leather armor.

Charioteers – Three Dwarves to a unit, along with a single Giant Armadillo. The Dwarves are armed with slings, spears, shields, short axes, and chain mail armor.

Maulers – These units are specialty light infantry shock troops that wield two blunt weapons in combat, wear leather armor, and specialize in flanking maneuvers.

Rakers – Rakers are particularly tough units that specialize in close quarters combat. They use shields, long axes, and wear fitted plate mail armor.

Sappers – Sappers are special units of troops that specialize in the destruction of tunnels, walls, and constructions. All of these soldiers will have at least some background in mining, engineering, and trap making. Sappers can dig tunnels and trenches at a rate that is easily twice as fast as a normal unit. These units will be equipped with picks (long axes), hatchets, leather armor, explosive traps, and assorted digging gear (such as shovels, buckets, and liquid lights) that has limited use in a fight but is essential to their craft.

Unit Sizes:

Squad – Ten Clansmen led by a Longbeard, a single Chariot crew.

Division – Five squads led by a Captain.

Command – Two Divisions led by a Commander.

Battalion – Five to ten Commands led by a General

Schooling:

This is an area which is undergoing the growing pains of the new culture. Dwarves are allowed to study with other families/Clans in a skill if they do not wish to learn their clan trade. There are no hard feelings over this (maybe some from the former Dyllarian Dwarves). A young Dwarf can decide for their selves if they wish to serve in the Army, take up a crafting skill, or become a Wizard. Dwarves who wish to follow the latter are accepted into one of the following Colleges:

The College of Artificing – Artificers focus on the creation of items, especially relics and artifacts.

The College of Farseeing – Looking into the future and judging the impact of recent decisions is the focus of the Farseers.

The College of Seeking – Seekers are constantly trying to uncover lost or hidden lore and recording it.

The College of Transmutation – Transmuters look to find ways to alter existing items and beings for the betterment of society.

The College of Worldbending – Worldbenders experiment with Interplanar Travel and Planar phenomenon within the Ghaian Planescape.

The College of Geology- Geologists study how Ley Lines interact with Ghaia and the effects each has upon the other.

Professions:

The following are typical Dwarven crafting skills: archeology, armorsmith, engineer, gem-cutter, historian, innkeeper, jeweler, mason, miner, smith, weaponsmith, yeoman

Personality:

Prior to the unification of the Dwarves, the original Stone Deep Dwarves were very serious, rarely laughing at all. Since The Shattering, this has begun to change, though, with the Dyllarian Dwarven personalities rubbing off on them. Some have even taken to the various drinking games long played by their brethren. As a whole, the Hammerhandt Dwarves are very strong-willed and stubborn. As a result of their tremendous work ethic they do not generally shy away from any challenge. They are very loyal to a cause that they believe in and will not abandon true friends in their time of need. It is considered very noble to die in combat, especially if you are defending your home. Most Dwarves detest disorganized combat, and are therefore considered to generally be superior military leaders. Typically, Dwarves are suspicious of newcomers, though this is changing somewhat, as more of the Hammerhandt Dwarves venture out into the Post-Shattering world. Thanks in large part to The Shattering, the Hammerhandt Dwarves have a much greater respect for Ghaiaian Magic and the Seers who foretold of The Shattering.

Appearance:

The skin of the Hammerhandt Dwarves ranges from lightly tanned to rich, almond brown. Those of the original Stone Deep Dwarves have tiny flecks of glittery silver or gold. Beards are long and flowing, but many keep them braided or otherwise decorated- mostly the original Stone Deep Dwarves. The higher one's standing in society quite often the more groomed his or her beard. Females grow full beards as well, and it is rare to see a female's beard unadorned with gems, jewelry, and/or flowers. While it has not been the custom of the Dyllarian Dwarves to decorate or braid their beards, some have taken to this new way of thinking. Many Dwarves have also taken to wearing small stone/metallic beads in their beards to represent their kinsman who fell during The Shattering.

Language:

Hammerhandt Dwarves speak the Common tongue of Ghaia. There is an ancient Dwarven language, which only a very few sages know. Most Dwarves know some of the ancient language, however, as many of the places within Hammerhandt are named in the old style.

Birth:

Dwarven Birth is difficult at best. It is considered bad luck to see a pregnant female, so she will usually only interact with her family members (not her husband or children) during her pregnancy. In addition, much of a female Dwarf's body hair is lost during pregnancy and so she will often be ashamed of her appearance. A successful birth leaves the mother incapacitated for months. During that time an aunt or grandmother will nurse the baby to health. The newborn almost always survives the birth, but mothers do not, roughly ten percent of the time. Only about 1/3 of Dwarven babies are female, and as a result females are highly prized. Post-Shattering the number of births in Dwarven society has declined significantly for reasons unknown.

Marriage:

Dwarven marriage is a no-nonsense ceremony in which each Dwarf speaks his or her vows before a collection of relatives from both sides. Usually words such as honor, love, and cherish are used by each in their short but definitive proclamation. Hammerhandt Dwarven males take only one wife in their lives and will never remarry. Divorce does not exist in the culture. Females can remarry, due to their low numbers.

Death:

Among Hammerhandt Dwarves, death is not considered a tragedy but a time of reflection. Funerals are tributes to things that were accomplished by that particular individual during his or her life. This is usually begun by all of the deceased's friends and family sharing a bottle of ale over the body while each tells a favorite story about the dead individual. Hammerhandt Dwarves are generally buried with all of their belongings- inheritance is not common. All dead are entombed in stone mausoleums and sarcophagi in a series of special family caves. Each family has a section of tombs only for them. Mourning is unknown among the Hammerhandt Dwarves, and those that feel sad when a loved one has died are chastised for feeling sorry for themselves. The natural lifespan of a Hammerhandt Dwarf is around 250 years.

Dwarven Aging:

<u>Age</u>	<u>Stage</u>	<u>Human Equivalent</u>
0-2	Infant	0-2
3-6	Toddler	3-5
7-15	Child	6-8
16-35	Youth	9-11
36-45	Adolescent	12-14
46-50	Puberty	15-20
51-100	Young Adult	21-30
101-150	Mature	31-40
151-200	Middle Aged	41-60
201-250	Old	61-90
251 +	Venerable	91 +

Interracial Relations:

Relations with other races have changed in recent years. The Hammerhandt Dwarves are much more likely to be seen travelling in realms other than their own. King Banzai and the Gray Council have expressed their concern to all Dwarves that they get along better with the humanoid races. Of course, their hatred for Goblinoids, Dark Dwarves and Ogroids is as strong as ever. Post-Shattering, quite a few Dwarves have been establishing homes above ground in the mountains and have become more involved in trading, since much of their reserves were lost during The Shattering.

Family:

The family structure of Hammerhandt Dwarves is dominated by males. Extended families are common but nuclear family structure is not frowned upon. While each Clan has a trade or talent that they specialize in, any young Dwarf who wishes to learn a different skill, other than his Clan skill, is sent to live with a family/Clan that which practices that skill. This often results in Dwarves of differing Clans living with each other, at least through apprenticeship.

Names:

Dwarven males are most commonly given a name that rhymes with the name of their father. Giving a son the same name as his father is less common than in Human culture, but it is not unheard of. It is more common for names to skip a generation or more.

Typical male first names: Balin, Divik, Gili, Ori, Borin, Dorvi, Sarathon, Bubla, Dwalin, Grell, Thain, Caldar, Eari, Larn, Thorin, Cassius, Falgar, Marko, Threll, Cyric, Fimnar, Nari, Verle, Dilni, Garn, Wari, Brandt

Typical female first names: Ala, Enva, Krista, Parinda, Ana, Earra, Kyla, Prin, Brea, Fara, Lina, Rea, Brin, Filmina, Mina, Sara, Cara, Helena, Noda, Sonya, Dina, Ira, Onka, Tara, Dora, Jorda, Pana, Vera

Typical family names: Scanna, Steelbender, Stonehand, Stonehealer, Goldentounge, Oakbringer, Sandybeard, Hornfist, Shinglefoot, Cannied, Greenstone, Ironblade, Silverskin, Trafylle, Stonehorn

Leisure:

When not working, Hammerhandt Dwarves enjoy fighting Orcs, Trolls, and other nasty opponents. They are almost always working, however, and so Dwarven games are almost non-existent. When they do have a chance to play, most Dwarves enjoy rolling some dice. A few of the most common dice games among the Dwarves are outlined below:

Brewers and Thieves – *Brewers and Thieves* is a game for four, or more, players that is played with two eight-sided dice. Each player agrees that a “barrel” is a single coin of a specific type (gold, silver, or copper), and each antes a single barrel into the brewery (pot). Randomly determine who gets to be the brewer first and all other players are thieves. The brewer rolls one die, and this becomes known as the “watch die.” If the watch die comes up a 1 (a bust), the brewer puts another barrel into the brewery and passes the dice to the left, making that player the new brewer. If this happens, no player but the busted brewer antes. If the watch die comes up an 8 (a score), the brewer wins the pot, passes the dice to the left, and everyone antes again with the player holding the dice as the new brewer. Assuming that the brewer rolls neither an 8 nor a 1, play proceeds as normal. Starting with the first one on the left of the brewer, each thief gets a chance to steal some barrels. The thief gets to roll a single “rogue” die, and he will either take barrels from the brewery or be forced to ante more barrels depending on the result of his roll. A thief can also choose not to roll, and can instead pass. When a player passes he pays 1 barrel into the brewery and gives the rogue die to the next thief. A thief that chooses to try and steal a bit can get one of three results on the rogue die – higher than the watch die, lower than the watch die, or equal to the watch die. If the rogue roll ties the number showing on the watch die, the thief does not take any barrels, nor does he pay any barrels. Instead he simply passes the die to the next thief. If the rogue die comes up lower than the number showing on the watch die, the thief has been caught and must pay a ransom. This ransom is equal to the watch die minus the rogue die, and the thieving character must pay this many barrels into the brewery and pass the die on to the next thief. If the thief gets a number higher than that showing on the watch die, he has made off with some barrels. The number of barrels that the thief takes out of the brewery is equal to the rogue die minus the watch die, unless the rogue die comes up an 8 (a score). If the rogue die comes up 8, regardless of what the watch die is showing, the rogue gets a score and wins eight barrels. As soon as the brewery is busted (has no barrels left in it), the brewer takes the dice and passes them to the left, making that player the new brewer. Regardless of the die rolls, a player can never win more barrels than there are currently in the brewery, but he could win all of the barrels, busting the brewery and causing play to start again with a new brewer. Once each thief has an opportunity to roll or pass, the brewer wins all of the barrels left in the brewery, and passes the dice to the player to the left who becomes the next brewer.

Dwarven Craps – The game is played by two or more players with a pair of eight-sided dice. Each player antes a set amount of coin into the pot at the start of a round. A round consists of one or two phases, depending on the value of the first roll

Phase 1: after all players ante into the pot at the start of the round, phase 1 begins. Once the shooter rolls the dice, the round is closed and those that did not ante initially cannot

join in until the next round. If the shooter rolls doubles he “craps out” (i.e. loses), the pot stays intact, and the dice are passed to the left for the start of a new round. If the player rolls a 9 or 15 he wins the pot and the dice are passed to the left for the start of a new round. If any other roll is made, the sum of the two dice becomes known as “the mark”, the shooter holds the dice, and the round proceeds to phase two.

Phase 2: phase 2 will consist of one or more rolls of the dice. Each player other than the shooter that anteed to get into the round can place bets in this phase. A “bet” is essentially an ante by each player who believes the shooter will “crap out” on the upcoming roll. Each player who anteed at the beginning of the round will always have the option to bet or pass (i.e. not bet) on the upcoming roll, even if they passed on a previous roll. Once a player decides to bet on a roll, his ante becomes part of the pot. Each time the shooter rolls there will be one of three results –win, push, or crap out.

Win – If the shooter rolls a sum on the dice that matches the “mark”, he wins the pot, passes the dice to his left, and a new round begins. The dice do not need to match the roll from “the mark” exactly, and just the sum needs to match (e.g. a roll of 1 and 4 in phase one will be matched by any combination that adds up to 5 in phase two, etc.).

Crap Out – If the shooter rolls a 9 or 15 in this phase, he craps out, those that bet against his roll split the pot, he passes the dice to the left, and a new round begins. Players that passed on this roll do not get a share of the pot when the shooter craps out, only those that bet against the specific roll in which the shooter craps out get a share. The pot is split evenly among those that bet against the shooter, with any remaining coins carrying over to the next round.

Push – If the shooter does not win or crap out with his roll, it is considered a “push”. In this case, all those that bet against the shooter’s roll lose their money to the pot and a new roll is made. Prior to the new roll, all players will have the opportunity to bet or pass for the upcoming roll.

It is not uncommon for players to place “side bets” with each other during a game of Dwarven Craps.

High Roll – This very simple game is played with one die (usually a twenty-sided one). Every player places the agreed upon ante into the pot. Each player that has anteed gets a single roll of the die. After all players have rolled, the highest roll gets the pot. In the case of a tie for the highest roll, the tying players re-roll until one defeats the others.

Pick a Fight – Played with five eight-aided dice, this game for two players has a simple object – to get the most dice on your side for the “fight,” and then to win the melee at the end. The game starts with each player paying an ante into the pot. The suggested ante can be anywhere from one silver piece and up, although it is hardly ever more than ten gold. The first player (randomly determine who starts) then rolls all of the dice to see how many “allies” he can get. A die that comes up with a roll of five or more is set aside

as an ally, and the rolling player antes one coin into the pot per ally acquired. The rest of the dice are then passed to the other player, and this continues until there are no dice to be passed, at which point the “fight” will commence. In order to fight, each player rolls and adds all of his ally dice together. The player with the highest total score wins the pot. In a variation known as “Start a War”, ten dice are used and each player pays a set “retainer fee” when an ally is gained.

Steelhaven Stones – There is a fairly simple but entertaining dice game known as Steelhaven Stones. The game is played by two or more players with a pair of eight-sided dice. Each player antes a set amount of coins into the pot at the start of a round. Each player rolls a single die, with the highest roll going first. The player that goes first puts another ante into the pot, and passes one of the dice to the player on his right. The player on the right rolls the die and takes note of what the number is. He then hands the die back to the player whose turn it is. The player then has that many rolls in which to roll doubles. If the rolling player does not cast doubles before he is out of rolls, he loses, the pot stays as it is, and he passes the dice to his left. If the player does roll doubles, he wins the pot, everyone antes up again (new players can join at this time), and he passes the dice to his left. Remember that, the new player whose turn it is always antes before he begins his rolls. Anyone that walks away from the table during a game of Steelhaven Stones gives up their spot and does not have a chance at the pot. No players may join a game unless a player has just won the pot.

Songs:

Dwarves are not noted singers, but many like to belt out ditties when they drink. These songs are usually crude and derogatory, but will also have a bit of history in them as well. They are never written out in musical notation, and the tune of a song will often change at the whim of the singer while the words generally remain the same. The following song, entitled Orcs and Ogres is an example of a Dwarven drinking song:

Orcs and Ogres

Chorus:

Orcs and Ogres, never fear
They'll soon run when a Dwarf is near
Kobolds, goblins, undead too
We'll kill them all before we're through

Two frail Elves just passed by here
I offered them a snort of beer
They just kept on walking by
Strutting around with their noses high!

Repeat Chorus

Two dirty Drae looking awful poor
Trying to steal some Dwarven ore
Picked a fight than whined and moaned
Now they're sleeping in the Valley of Bones

Repeat Chorus

Human gals ain't hairy enough
Dwarven women got the right stuff
Flowing beards and fuzzy feet
Hairy armpits can't be beat!

Repeat Chorus

Sayings:

Boots-over-beard – said to describe a difficult situation or unflattering (“there I was, boots-over-beard”)

Greener than a Goblin's tooth – said to refer to something that is really green, or to a person that is really sick, or in amazement or disbelief as in “well I'll be greener than a Goblin's tooth!”

He unloaded his gems – means a person has gone crazy.

Hoofing with Trolls – means a person has been mixed up in shady business.

Like an Elf in a coal mine – implies that someone is where they do not want to be. For example, “I ran like an Elf in a coal mine,” or, “I was as nervous as an Elf in a coal mine.”

Terms:

Downdweller – a member of one of the races that live underground, as in a Dwarf, Dark Elf, Troll, Goblin, Hobgoblin, or Bugbear.

Underrealm – The collective tunnels, caverns, and other underground regions of Ghaia.

Underway – a series of underground corridors that connect the Dwarven settlements to each other.

Updweller – A member of one of the races that live above ground, as in a Human, Elf, Ogre, Orc, Minotaur, Troglodyte, or Khala.

Upworld – The above ground realm

Geography:

Mount Bursnul: Made of pure granite interlaced with quartz, Mount Bursnul is the largest mountain in the new homeland of the Hammerhandt Dwarves. It is reportedly named for a particularly nasty and immortal Wyvern of ancient lineage named Bursnul, who was originally vanquished by Frod Randwiga (f-ROAD rand-WIG-uh), the famed adventurer and poet, prior to the founding of Hammerhandt Citadel.

Hammerhandt Citadel: Hammerhandt Citadel is the surface structure that sits atop Dalmarian's Weg ('Dalmarian's Way'), the primary avenue into Stone Deep. It acts as the first line of defense for the Deep and also is where visitors are greeted. It sits high (over 200') above the valley floor upon a broad ledge on the southern face of Mount Bursnul. Although The Citadel is one structure, tunnels honeycomb into the mountain upon which it sits and these combined with the countless chambers of the building itself give it a feeling more like a small city. There are 29 levels within the Citadel itself, almost all of which have some chambers carved within the surface of the mountain.

Sections and features of note within the Hammerhandt Citadel include:

Naedre Sid (NAY-dree sid) – The Naedre Sid ('Serpentine Road') is a massive ramp 100' wide and over two miles long that winds from the floor of the valley to the Main Gates. This gargantuan avenue turns back on itself many times, and has gatehouses at each turn. These are typically left open during peaceful times but can be closed in defense of The Citadel should the need arise.

The Outer Walls – Built from massive blocks of an incredibly hard stone, the outer walls of the citadel have never shown any sign of wear despite standing for centuries.

The Main Gates – The only apparent entryway into The Citadel, the outer gates are two enormous iron doors each measuring 70' tall and 30' wide. Despite the enormous weight of these, they swing on hinges relatively easily and can be fully closed and/or opened in a matter of seconds. The inner gate consists of a massive portcullis, and the 100' long courtyard between the gates is heavily guarded.

The Vaulted Hall – This massive hall is the first chamber within the enormous Citadel. Most visitors never get past this point, as this is where all trade with The Citadel takes place and many visitors are greeted.

Dalmarian's Weg: Named for its founder, Dalmarian Slegghond, 'The Weg' as it is often called, was a natural tunnel into the side of Mount Bursnul when it was discovered. Modified to be flatter and straighter over the years, The Weg is now some 60' wide and 50' tall in even its smallest places. It runs on a steady downward slope in an almost exactly north-northeasterly direction, and is over 12 miles long. There are half a dozen stone gates along its distance that can be closed for added defense.

The Steorran Scrafe: Dalmarian's Weg opens majestically into a truly fabulous and gargantuan natural cavern known as the *Steorran Scrafe* (*stee-OR-an skrafe*)- 'starry cave'. This enormous grotto is rife with stalactites and stalagmites of all shapes and sizes, as well as countless passages shooting from it in all directions and of all lengths. The Scrafe is so large that you cannot see from one side to the other, and the floor of it has geographical features of its own. Travelers can only make out features of the roof from the highest sections of the floor, and from several low-lying areas near the middle of the cavern the ceiling and walls cannot be seen at all. It takes several weeks to travel across the cavern by foot.

During times of Darkness (10 to 14 hours per day – see 'Searogimm Leoma' below) the illuminating stones from the Valley of Stars that was transported during The Shattering shine from the ceiling of the cavern creating a 'starry' effect, hence the cavern's name. These offer just enough illumination to see a few feet ahead for those within The Scrafe.

There are several notable features within The Scrafe and some are outlined below:
Searogimm Leoma (*see-ROW-gim lay-OH-ma*) – Directly in the middle of the ceiling of The Scrafe is a crystalline orb of gargantuan proportions. Legend tells that one of the first of the Stone Deep wizards tricked Light and Shadow Elementals into infusing the orb with their power, each unbeknownst to the other. Since that time the orb has spent a more or less equal portion of the day in light and darkness as if it were some type of subterranean sun. Easily the most notable feature within The Scrafe when lit, the Searogimm Leoma cannot be seen when it is shrouded in Darkness.

Staenen Weald (*STAY-nenn wheeled*) – The stalactites and stalagmites meet in this area along the outer edge of the cavern creating a forest of columns. Flowing streams of water, an unprecedented variety of wild fungi, and a carpet of subterranean moss give it a truly sylvan feel.

The Library of Gillinthor – Out in a particularly rugged section of The Scrafe there is a keep and spiraling tower known as the Library of Gillinthor. Sitting atop an island of volcanic glass within a lake of bubbling acid and guarded by powerful winged beasts, the archive is rumored to contain extra-dimensional rooms to house its unlimited supply of tomes, folios, pamphlets, scrolls, etc. The only admittance is via an obsidian ferry piloted by a being of stone, and only those that bring knowledge to donate can gain any in return.

Ettenane Denu (*ettin-ANE day-new*) – This massive gorge covers nearly one third of the length of The Scrafe. Certain sections of the Ettenane Denu have an uncharted depth despite attempts at exploration, and are believed to be bottomless.

Walu Scarp (wah-lou skarp) – While several subterranean mountain ranges cover parts of The Scrafe, none are as high nor nearly as long as the Walu Scarp. This chain runs the length of the cavern with some parts impassable for miles.

Campaeg Wudu (kam-PEG woo-doo) – This feature is a large area grown over with massive amounts of giant fungi. Within the Campaeg Wudu exists a marsh as well as a sizable, unbroken tract of mushrooms the size of trees – literally a mushroom forest. This region is teeming with life, and the ample hunting often attracts large predators from other places.

Stone Deep: Immediately turning right along the wall of The Steorran Scrafe, Dalmarian's Weg continues its downward descent for about half a mile before becoming more or less level for a roughly mile and a half stretch. It is on this final level portion that the many broad avenues and elevator shafts of Stone Deep find their origin.

The assorted tunnels twist and plunge into the side of Mount Bursnul and the surrounding mountains for miles and miles, creating several broad avenues and enormous grottos in the process. The entire region is fairly well contained with only three sealed gates leading to the Underway.

While Stone Deep is one large settlement, it is divided into six primary regions:

Fealhinne (feel-HEEN) – The Fealhinne is a series of tunnels and grottos dedicated to the practice of magic. This area has a bustling magical district complete with shops containing components, books, rare ingredients, and magic items of all types. It is also rumored to be home to many other-worldly portals and free-standing gateways.

Halls of Creation – This region is home to artisans of all sorts.

The Citadel – This is the region surrounding the Citadel. It houses a large portion of the soldiery of Stone Deep.

The Boroughs – By far the largest portion of Stone Deep, The Boroughs is a collection of dozens of settlements ranging in size from village to large town. Among the more prominent boroughs are Uhtfloga, Wyrnhord, Dracatun, Frecaburg, and Aisselburg. Some are separated by miles of winding tunnels while others are relatively close. Throughout the region are areas of wilderness filled with mild but dangerous fauna, sprawling fungus plantations, and wildland regions of rock deserts, fungus scrub, and giant mushroom forests. Travel is mostly safe, but some of the lesser denizens of the Underway are known to live in the uninhabited regions of this area.

Undergates – Situated in the lowest portion of Stone Deep, the three Undergates (Burggeat, Scyldgeat, and Faestgeat) are well-guarded and relatively close to one another.

Brimbenopan (brim-BEN-open – “The Undersea”) – This large, sprawling sea is bound almost completely by the walls of an enormous grotto over half the size of the Steorran Scrafe. One large section bounds The Boroughs, and Dwarven fishermen set out daily from ports along the shore to fish for several breeds of fish and eels. The surface of the Undersea has few uncharted regions, but the underwater regions away from the coast are largely unknown. Rumors persist of several openings to the Underway, Sceorran Scrafe, and even other planes.

The Outer Realms:

All subterranean areas outside of those already covered and Stone Deep itself are considered to be “Outer Realms”.

The Ruined Deep – Beyond the Steorran Scrafe and through one of the countless tunnels that delve deep into The Underway lies a set of ruins that legend tells was once a sister city to Stone Deep.

Betynan Blaek (bet-EYE-nun blake) – Deep beneath the Underway lies the Betynan Blaek, or ‘black edge of the world.’ Only the most adventurous of the Dwarves venture here, and even they rarely return to tell the tale. Strange creatures wander up from the depths occasionally to terrorize travel within the Steorran Scrafe. Legend tells that this is a realm of eternal darkness and an equally endless variety of alien life forms.

Nexaenelemin (nex-ane-ELLA-min) – In a large chamber far beyond the charted lands of Stone Deep lies a cavern in which fire, ice, lightning, and stone coexist. Storms wrack the grotto and beings of Elemental origin battle one another within this place. It is believed that this is the center of all Elemental influence upon Ghaia, and the name of this place literally means ‘Nexus of Elements.’

The Historical Outline of the Dyllarian Dwarves:

***Note: The Stone Deep Dwarves did not keep a practical or precise history of their culture. Most were passed down in story form. Up until 611 the history below represents the history of the Dyllarian Dwarves only.**

151

Phillip Dyllar finds True Silver within the mines of the Beard Mounds. Immediately the warring Dwarven clans begin trying to forge it into stronger and more durable weaponry.

154

The fighting among the clans reaches new heights as leaders join together to bully and eliminate single clans.

161

The Scanna clan finds a way to forge the True Silver. Suddenly many groups join with them voluntarily, and the slow process of unification begins. Those opposed to unification offer strong resistance. The Clan Wars originate from this conflict.

178

After almost seventeen bloody years the Clan Wars trickle to a halt. The bickering Dwarven Lords sit in debate of who should be king and many times the shaky peace is nearly broken.

183

Five years of discussion finally lead to the crowning of King Bubla Scanna I. His throne rests at the fortress of Farin's Gap. His land shall be called Dyllaria.

186

The first attempt on King Bubla's life is part of a rebellion plot masterminded by some of the remnants of the unification opposition. King Bubla executes all those involved, effectively sending a message to other would-be conspirators.

191

King Bubla I is slain while fighting Ogres on the plains north of the Dwarven homeland. His eldest son Grell is crowned as King Grell I amid some opposition.

195

In the first unified Dwarven military action, King Grell leads his forces against the numerous Ogre tribes which have been raiding the Dwarven strongholds. This marks the beginning of the Ogre Wars.

201

At the Battle of Thunder's Deep King Grell holds a failing left flank against a horde of marauding Ogres nearly single-handedly. His skill and bravery have finally won him the respect of the other Dwarven Lords. He is severely wounded however and must have his left arm amputated.

203

The Ogre Wars end with a resounding Dwarven victory at the Battle of Stone Mountain. The defenders repulse an early morning assault and then launch a critical counter-attack on the heels of the retreating Ogres. The fleeing tribes are pushed eastward out of Dwarven territory, and only a few unorganized stragglers remain for the Dwarves to contend with.

211

The five-pointed star is adopted as a symbol of the new Dwarven unity. It is to represent the cooperation of the five main Dwarven fortresses of Farin's Gap, Steelhaven, Northgard, Sandstone Forge, and Thunder's Deep.

217

King Grell I dies of natural causes. His only son is crowned King Thorin I.

218

While mining deep within the Beard Mounds the Dwarves uncover an ancient vault. Within its walls is trapped a powerful being of unknown origins. The unsuspecting miners open the rune-covered door in order to inspect the contents and are greeted by a large flaming being carrying an enormous battle axe. Those who survive tell of the creature's great strength and deadly gaze. The foul abomination roams freely and terrorizes several nearby settlements. King Thorin calls the creature the Fire Master because of its seemingly limitless ability to produce searing hot flames and to hurl globs of scalding hot lava. The king and his bravest warriors set out to do battle with the Fire Master, but the being flees in the face of such a confrontation. The Fire Master is finally caught and slain with the help of an Elf named Gaelin Goldenleaf. The mountain pass in which the Fire Master is slain comes to be known as the Lava Gate Pass.

221

The first visit to Farin's Gap by an Elven envoy is seen as a momentous occasion. King Thorin I proclaims it a great day for the Dwarven people and the Erlunn Nation as well.

223

King Thorin I catches a deadly chill and is bedfast for weeks. Eventually he expires in the night, leaving his only son to ascend to the throne as King Bubla II.

226

King Bubla II is severely wounded while inspecting the newly opened mines at Stonehaven. A cave-in leaves him paralyzed from the waist down. Immediately questions concerning his ability to rule are raised among the Dwarven Lords and the commoners alike. A promising young smith named Gilak Steelbender creates a set of metal legs which will allow the king to walk and even run with little or no limp. Bubla II is permitted to retain the crown amid the grumbling of many skeptics.

231

In an effort to establish trade with the nomadic human tribes to the west of the Beard Mounds, King Bubla II marches onto the Flats of Gorun on route to the western woodlands. While fighting a particularly nasty swarm of giant ants, his majesty is overcome and stung repeatedly. He becomes deathly ill and his group is forced to return with him to Farrin's Gap where the best Dwarven healers can tend to him. He remains unconscious for 37 days. During this time his cousin, Lord Dwilben, assumes the King's duties, but refuses to sit upon the throne. After the ordeal the King recovers almost miraculously and resumes his duties within two days of waking.

233

Gilak Steelbender, now the Royal Smith of the Scanna Clan, creates a wonderful Battle Axe made of True Silver for King Bubla II. This weapon is finely crafted and extraordinarily balanced. Its light-weight construction and perfectly sharpened edge make it a menace to shields and almost totally oblivious to armor. The King and his advisors come to call this Axe "Quicksilver" and it is regarded by all that examine it as the finest weapon ever made.

240

The Erlunn Elven nation engages in a war with the neighboring Ogre Tribes of the Beard Mounds. King Bubla II sends one of his top strategists and a small army to assist. The Dwarves score many decisive victories and clearly turn the tide of the war in the Elves favor.

248

The Royal Keep at Farin's Gap is becoming too small and King Bubla II decides that a new one will be built at Steelhaven. This will shift the seat of Dwarven power, and several voices rise in opposition to the move. The King eventually wins the debate and construction begins on a new castle.

251

While studying with the famed alchemist Garin Silverskin, King Bubla II is caught in an explosion which kills both he and his mentor. Foul play is not ruled out, but is never proven. Having no direct heir in his lineage, the crown falls once again to Lord Dwilbin. Once again Dwilbin declines Kingship, and his son, Gilben I assumes the throne.

254

Lord Dwilbin, who has served as his son's most trusted advisor, dies of natural causes. Gilben I holds a large banquet to honor his father, but is unable to attend. Many of the Dwarven Lords view this as a sign of the King's weakness.

257

King Gilben I is disgraced when he is forced to admit to an affair with a serving wench. This sort of thing is unheard of in Dwarven society and commoners and nobles alike are outraged. The product of this scandalous act is the King's bastard son, Phillip.

260

The new Royal House at Steelhaven is finished and Gilben I moves there with his family and Phillip. Late in the year trouble begins brewing in the east among several renegade Orcs and the Ogre bands. They begin working together and raiding Dwarven outposts. The King does nothing in response. The Dwarven Lords are furious and openly critical of the King's lack of activity.

261

The Orc and Ogre raids intensify. King Gilben I is found dead in his bed chambers of natural causes. His eldest son, Bubla III assumes the crown and immediately leads the army against the enemies to the east. So begins the first Orc Wars.

263

While camped east of the Lava Gate Pass, King Bubla III's company is set upon by an enormous group of Orcs and Ogres. The attack is a surprise and the Dwarven Army suffers heavy casualties. King Bubla III is mortally wounded while trying to rally his men. The Battle of Fallen King is lost and the Dwarves retreat with the King's remains westward. Phillip is the next in line to the throne, but he is young and tainted. A heated debate rages among the Dwarven

Lords as to who should rule. Phillip's younger half-brother, Thorin, is but an infant at the time, far too young to rule.

264

With the Royal House still leaderless, the keep at Northgard is attacked and razed. The garrison is annihilated and hundreds of Dwarven civilians are murdered. Astonishingly none escape the fortress, and word does not reach Steelhaven until a month later. Upon receiving the news, Phillip makes a daring speech before the Dwarven Lords demanding that they recognize him as King Phillip I. Reluctantly the Dwarven Lords agree. King Phillip's first move is to promote Dwilnar Cannied to the position of Lord High Commander General of the Royal Army of Dyllaria. Dwilnar is the finest military leader of his time and is an excellent choice to lead the Dwarven forces in the field. He is second only to the King in terms of military affairs. Together he and King Phillip I orchestrate a beautiful campaign and score many decisive victories in the coming months.

268

The Orc War grinds along with the Dwarves slowly pushing their enemies farther eastward. Lord Gimin Goldentongue challenges King Phillip I's right to the throne before the other Dwarven Lords. He openly insults King Phillip I by calling him the "Bastard King" during his denouncement of him. King Phillip I immediately challenges Lord Gimin to honor combat. General Cannied offers to be the King's champion and cautions Phillip that Lord Gimin is a seasoned warrior. Phillip fights the combat himself and slays Gimin. With a still bloody ax Phillip turns to the gathered Dwarven Lords and asks if anyone else wishes to challenge the King. All are silent and Phillip leaves the field victorious but badly wounded. He recovers slowly, and Dwilnar Cannied keeps the war moving during this time.

272

Having pushed the Orcs and Ogres well east of their original frontier, King Phillip I and Dwilnar lead their army onto the Battle Plains in pursuit of a large force. They are hoping to discover a base of operations that is believed to be located on the plains. The Dwarves encounter the Orcs and Ogres along with some of their Barbarian allies near a small stand of trees. A hard fought victory is earned in the Battle of Death Grove. The Dwarves travel home along the plains just south of the Beard Mounds. Along the way King Phillip establishes a trade agreement with some of the humans of these plains.

273

After returning home to Steelhaven, King Phillip becomes a recluse for a period of four months. The Erlunn Elves send mages and archers to assist in the final stages of the clearing of the Beard Mounds. Finally, King Phillip announces that he will address the Dwarven people in a public ceremony. At this time he resigns the throne, passing the title of King to his younger half-brother, Thorin. Phillip and the former Queen Dwala move north to live the rest of their days in the Green Mountains. Several Dwarves go with them and they establish the city of Fallandra, with King Phillip as its leader.

274

King Thorin II proclaims the Orc War to be over and pulls back all of his troops. A series

of outposts are set-up just east of the Lava Gate Pass. This area is used as a buffer zone against future attacks and serves to make the pass much safer for travelers. A long period of peace begins.

280

The venerable Dwilnar Cannied resigns his position and begins farming. His family takes up the trade and become renowned as excellent growers.

285

King Thorin II and the Erlunn Elven King Raemir I visit each other's kingdoms and proclaim the two to be allies and friends. Bar Steelbender, son of the long-dead Gilak Steelbender, creates a powerful magical hammer for King Thorin II. Its powers are unrivaled in all of the realm. It is called Allindar, an ancient Dwarven term that means "troll killer". Thorin II decrees that this fine weapon shall be passed from king to king to symbolize their power and authority.

295

King Thorin II establishes ties with a group of Battle Plains Barbarians known as the Vistaran. Dwarven merchants begin trading almost exclusively with this group of all the Battle Plains Clans.

298

Orni Traffyle becomes the first Royal Wizard of Dyllaria. Many scoff at the position, but King Thorin II takes it seriously. Not long after his ascension, Orni demonstrates his power by personally decimating a group of 31 Orcs without sustaining any damage.

302

A young warrior named Dwalin Oakbringer slays a Dyllarian Drake by himself. The beast had been terrorizing the small settlement of Copper Gulch. Dwalin enters the Drake's lair and slays it and its young. He is offered the title of Lord of Copper Gulch by King Thorin II, but declines it.

304

King Thorin II visits the Vistaran village and is given a helm and a cloak made of Minotaur hide. He takes a particular liking to these gifts and is seldom seen thereafter without them. He becomes known as the Horned King.

310

King Thorin II visits his half-brother Phillip at his home in the Green Mountains. The community of Fallandra is growing and doing well despite many hardships. While there, King Thorin II and Queen Araina are killed. The story is that the death was due to bad water. Crown Prince Nari does not believe this and thinks there is foul-play involved. He sends the entire Royal Army of Dyllaria against the Fallandrans to avenge his parents' deaths. He personally leads the assault.

311

King Nari I is crowned in a proper ceremony at the center of the razed town of Fallandra. The Sack of Fallandra begins in the early Spring and is accomplished in 17 days. There are few survivors of the massacre, and those that do survive are driven deep below the ground. The new King returns to Steelhaven to find many of the Dwarven Lords and commoners opposed to his actions. This is the first time that Dwarf has fought against Dwarf since the end of the Clan Wars, a dark and bloody time in Dwarven history.

313

While on an expedition to the Dragon's Fire Peaks, King Nari I's company is lost. Numerous explorers seek his remains, but no success is had. His brother Gorin is also among those lost, so the next in line to the throne is the third son of Thorin II, Prince Bubla. Bubla refuses to accept the throne until his brothers' remains are found.

315

The remains of King Nari I and Prince Gorin are recovered and laid to rest with all of their belongings. A rockslide killed and buried the entire group. King Bubla IV is crowned in a small ceremony that also marks the passing of his two brothers.

317

To the shock and surprise of the entire Dwarven Nation, King Bubla IV announces his intent to learn Elemental Magics from Royal Wizard Orni Trafylle. He begins to study and learns the art surprisingly quick.

318

While sitting in to observe a High magic spell cast by Orni, King Bubla IV is killed when something goes wrong. His younger brother, Prince Balinor inherits the throne. King Balinor I is crowned. He conducts a trial to investigate the death of his brother. It lasts only two hours and results in the death of Orni Trafylle and the abolition of the position of Royal Wizard of Dyllaria.

321

Dwalin Oakbringer leads a doomed expedition to find a notorious Great Wyrn named Amiron. Members of his party return later that year with terrible stories of the dragon's might. Despite his skill as a Dragon Slayer, Dwalin's men say that he was simply outmatched by the strength and cunning of the massive Dragon.

330

The keep at Northgard is finally rebuilt and King Balinor I proclaims it a great day for the Dwarven Nation. Refugees from other Dwarven strongholds and keeps repopulate this ancient site. Its revival is slower than expected and Northgard never again grows to achieve its past glory.

337

Almost 26 years after the destruction of Fallandra, the town's survivors resurface within the Green Mountains. These Fallandrans lead several raids on outlying settlements in the Beard Mounds. Many Dwarven citizens are mercilessly slaughtered by the Dark Brethren, and King Balinor I is outraged. He personally leads an army in search of these scoundrels. So begins the

War of the Kindred.

341

After much searching, and many small skirmishes, King Balinor I finally discovers a large encampment of what he has termed the “Dark Brethren.” The Fallandran Dwarves and their Orcan allies put up a struggle, and the battle is hard-fought. After their defeat, many of the Fallandrans flee deeper into the mountains. This confrontation comes to be known as the Battle of Ebon Vale. As the losers flee, King Balinor I presses on after them in hopes that he can kill all of the renegades and prevent any future trouble with them. During a small battle in the mountains, King Balinor I is seriously wounded and his party is decimated. Allindar is lost down a deep gorge during the fight.

342

King Balinor I returns home exhausted. He declares the Dark Brethren to be a menace to Dwarves everywhere, and decrees that no Dwarf shall rest until their kind is extinct. Thus ends the War of the Kindred. Throughout the year King Balinor I hires several parties to find his hammer, but Allindar is never recovered.

345

In protest of King Balinor I’s persecution of the Dark Brethren, Bain Sandybeard creates a crystal statue of King Phillip I. He also begins speaking against King Balinor I and teaches other of the bravery and goodness of King Phillip I. He even goes so far as to challenge the validity of the noble line. King Balinor I finds Bain guilty of treason and orders him publicly executed. Hundreds of commoners and nobles look on as Bain is beheaded.

346

After several of Bain Sandybeard’s followers are jailed for treason, Oroin Darkstone leads a group of others away to the south. In an open letter to the King, Oroin declares he and his followers to be in opposition to the current line of Dwarven Royalty. King Balinor I declares Oroin Darkstone and all of his followers to be Dark Brethren.

350

The first contact with the Dyllarian Dark Elves is established. Borinar Goldentongue, acting as the King’s envoy, visits the Southern Mountains and speaks with Queen Mother Elnina II. A tentative trade agreement is negotiated and both sides seem satisfied.

354

Queen Mother Elnina II falls ill on the verge of a visit by King Balinor I. The visit is cancelled, and diplomatic contact is lost for some time.

359

A mine cave-in at Sandstone Forge kills several Elven miners who were attempting to learn from the superior Dwarven workers. Among the group of Elves is the son of a very powerful noble. The Elven King Jarrin II implies that it was not an accident. Relations become very strained.

363

King Balinor I denounces the Erlunn Elven Nation as a valid entity after several years of bickering. All trade and military ties are broken. Dwarven diplomats return home from the North Wood.

367

Orc tribes, moving south out of the Orcan Lowlands, begin resettling southwest of the Mirror Lake. King Balinor I dislikes the closeness of these incursions to the outlying Dwarven settlements, and so he declares war. So begins the second Orc War.

369

King Balinor I's champion Dilwin Ironblade slays the Orc King Grojac and shatters the inter-tribal at the Battle of Long March. This leads to much in-fighting among the petty Orc Chieftains.

371

King Balinor I declares the second Orc War to be over. As he returns home from the campaign most of his forces stay behind to solidify the region. He and a small group of his personal guards are ambushed and slain. None of the enemy are ever found, but Dwarven trackers follow a trail leading from the scene to a nearby stand of trees. Within this small wood is discovered a recently abandoned camp. Among the items found there are a broken Elven arrow and a scrap of paper with ancient Elven text on it. The new King Balinor II declares war on the Erlunn Elves for the death of his father. So begins the War of Hatred.

375

As the War of Hatred grinds along both sides have taken heavy casualties. The Dwarves gain information of a secret attack on Northgard and intercept the Elven forces at a stream just east of the stronghold. The death toll on both sides is tremendous, and King Balinor II is slain in the battle. The Elves are finally repulsed, but at a very high cost. The bloody ground turns the stream red for several days, and the contest becomes known as the Battle of Blood Creek. Balinor II's son, Bofur I is crowned a few days later and he declares his wish to seek peace with the Elves. The Dwarven Lords strongly oppose this, and a great debate ensues concerning the King's ability to rule.

375-377

Lord Kainan Oakbringer of Thunder's Deep calls a Noble Council to protest King Bofur I's rule, and suggests that his younger brother, Thrainor should assume the throne. The Dwarven unity is tightly strained, and the disorganization shows on the battlefield. While the Dwarven Lords quarrel the Elves win decisively at Redfire Forge and Steelhaven, occupying both. The Noble Council eventually decides that Bofur I is the rightful King, and that they shall follow his lead so long as he does not bring disgrace to his crown or his people.

379

On the heels of a decisive victory at Steelhaven, The Royal Army of Dyllaria surrounds Redfire Forge, but there is no attack. King Bofur I sends word to the Elven King Pylarius II that he wishes to negotiate a peace agreement. Pylarius II agrees, and invites Bofur I to his land to

discuss terms. King Bofur I agrees, but it is a trap. While the King and his men await the negotiations to begin the building is set ablaze and they are all burned alive. Bofur's eldest son is crowned King Thorin III and he immediately launches an attack on the North Wood.

382

The Dwarven Army sets fire to the North Wood in many places. Heavy fighting ensues, and the casualties on both sides are staggering. King Pylarius II is slain, and his son, Pylarius III, is captured. The Elven Elders immediately order a stop to the fighting and admit total defeat. They will surrender without any more bloodshed if their Prince is returned to them unharmed. Tired of the fighting, King Thorin III agrees. The Treaty of Binding is signed by King Thorin III and Prince Pylarius. It states that all prisoners would be returned to both sides. The treaty cites the Dwarves as victors, and does not allow the Erlunn Elves to ever lay claim to any land outside of the North Wood. King Thorin III declares the War of Hatred to be over and holds a great festival to mark its passing. The week-long celebration is known as the Warrior's Rest.

383

King Thorin III declares the Warrior's Rest to be an annual holiday that will be held from November 11 - 17. The celebration is to include many festivities, but never a fighting tournament involving melee combat of any kind.

385

The Elven King, Pylarius III, is wounded in an assassination attempt. The Dark Elven assassin indicates that King Thorin III has had something to do with it, and the Erlunn demand an explanation. The King denies any knowledge of the Dark Elf or his attempt, and the matter is settled.

389

Negotiations are restarted with the Dark Elves of the Southern Mountains in an attempt to come to a peaceful agreement on the division of territory found there. In an agreement known as the Homeland Pact, it is agreed that the Dwarves will have settlement rights to all of the mountains west of the easternmost fringe of the Stoneface Vale, a large, broad valley that separates the Dragon's Fire Peaks from the Southern Mountains. The first Dwarven colonists move into the region to try and establish some settlements there.

392 - 395

The early years of settlement in the Dragon's Fire Peaks are hard, but Dwarves move there in astounding numbers. Some seek adventure, while others are seeking to escape less than respectable reputations. In general the settlers are a hardy, strong-willed lot. The mettle of these people is strenuously tested by the harsh conditions posed by the peaks. Daily run-ins with Drakes, Wyverns, Griffins, and many other nasty creatures serve to harden the people further, and they eventually start to carve an existence out of the wilderness. At the end of this period in 395, the colony of Stonevale Deep becomes the first permanent Dwarven settlement in the region.

398

Dark Elven miners visit the growing community of Stonevale Deep to learn mining

techniques from the Dwarves there. One of the miners living in Stonvale Deep, Olo Silverskin, has discovered the largest vein of pure silver in all of Dyllaria. The Dark Elves are very impressed, and the new community is a testimony to the Dwarven work ethic.

401

A group of Dwarven explorers uncover secret Dark Elven silver mines in the Dragon's Fire Peaks, well west of the borders established in the Homeland Pact. King Thorin III demands an explanation, but the Dark Elves are silent. Sensing that they are up to something, King Thorin immediately declares war on the Dark Elves. So begin the Dark Wars.

402

King Thorin III, angry about the betrayal of the Dyllarian Dark Elves, enters them into the Royal Book of Grudges. He personally leads assaults on their underground tunnels, and the fighting becomes quite intense. The King's force fights its way into a large, cavernous hall with archers lining its walls. The battle rages on, and the Dwarves eventually break the Dark Elven defenses, but not before King Thorin III takes his final death. The encounter is known as the Battle of Fallen Hall. His eldest son, Balinor III assumes the throne without opposition.

406

King Balinor III has proven to be quite a warrior. He has led several tough offensives against the Dark Elves, and has never lost a battle that he has led. It is said that he pulls many of them out by the sheer force of his will. He is stubborn and arrogant, good qualities in the field but not so much at home. Luckily the Dwarven Lords realize that the war against the Dark Elves hangs in the balance, and they do not call for his removal.

408

At the Sack of Kuroiude (a Dark Elven Underhall), King Balinor III's personal regiment rallies against several waves of defenders and refuses to retreat. At one point the King and his men are completely surrounded by Dark Elves and cut off from the rest of the Royal Army of Dyllaria. Just when things seem totally lost, the King takes up the battle cry, "for the unborn," which inspires his men to a higher purpose. With an axe in each hand, the King becomes the wedge that drives a gap in the Dark Elven lines, reuniting his faltering regiment with the rest of his army, and saving the day. The Dwarves take the settlement two days later. King Balinor III comes to be known as The Unquenchable Fury among his troops and military leaders alike. The Dwarven Lords are a bit taken aback by his popularity at home as well, as news of the incident reaches the Beard Mounds.

411

The Dark Elves begin to mount victories as the Dwarves grow tired of the struggle. The Dwarven Lords begin to speak of peace, and much of the Dwarven population begins to agree. King Balinor III will have nothing to do with peace, and vows not to rest until all of the Dark Elves are exterminated. Seeking to show unity in this time of war, the Dwarven Lords agree to continue on with the fighting, but they begin to secretly doubt the competence of their King.

414

Several bad losses in a row have pushed the Dwarven forces out of the Southern

Mountains, and have led to the most advanced Dark Elven occupation of the Dragon's Fire Peaks to date. King Balinor III calls for more forces to be recruited at home, and all of the Dwarven Lords but two deny his request. Furious, Balinor promises to deal with the traitors after the war has been won.

417

King Balinor III's army is finally totally defeated at the Battle of Rock Gorge. True to form, the King refuses to surrender down to the end, and his entire regiment was totally wiped out as a result. King Balinor receives his final death at the hands of the Dark Elves, and his cousin is crowned King Sarathon I. In the icy cold of winter the body of the fallen King is returned to Steelhaven.

418

King Sarathon I begins to mend his nearly fractured Kingdom almost immediately by insisting at his funeral that King Balinor III was a great man with a misguided vision. He says that the total annihilation of the Dark Elves is neither reasonable nor desirable, and that they simply need to be taught a lesson. He puts together an excellent plan of attack. Despite its strategic strength, the King's plan is much criticized by the Dwarven Lords, many who secretly feel that they should rule.

420

King Sarathon I's brilliantly laid out campaign against the Dark Elves has them reeling. At the Battle of The Head, the Dwarves are attacked by a large force of Dark Elves and Water Elementals near the headwaters of the Shadowgate River. The battle is going well when a group of Elven archers led by Prince Alipostos Erlunn joins in on the side of the Dwarves, sealing the outcome. The Dwarven Lords are furious that King Sarathon I has enlisted the aid of the Erlunn Elves, but they cannot complain about the success. The Dark Elven force is badly defeated and is forced to retreat. King Sarathon I chooses to pursue the Dark Elves rather than let them rally and lick their wounds. The following day King Sarathon I's force engages the last remnants of the Dark Elven army in the Stoneface Vale. The battle is extremely vicious, and the smaller Dark Elven force is totally wiped out while the Dwarves take over half casualties. The fighting lasts for nearly two weeks, and eventually the combatants are standing on the picked-clean bones of their once living comrades as they fight. This long engagement becomes known as the Battle of Bones. During the fighting, the Elven Crown Prince, Alipostos Erlunn, is slain. What is left of his force build a new Elven homeland named after him in the southern Forest of Tears. Royal Army squadrons patrolling the valley in the coming months begin calling it the Valley of Bones because of the number of bones that cover the battlefield, as well as the high incidence of Undead minions that can be found there.

421

King Sarathon I orders his troops out of the Dragon's Fire Peaks, ending the effort by the Throne to colonize the range. Dwarven maps of the region begin to rename the Stoneface Vale as The Valley of Bones instead.

426

King Sarathon I dies of plague. He is remembered as a great healer of the people and a

brilliant strategist. His sole heir assumes the throne without opposition, and is crowned King Olin I. He becomes known as The Quiet King.

434

After a brief time of peace and reflection, King Olin I declares that he will construct a great vault beneath the fortress of Northgard for the storage of the great artifacts and heirlooms of the Dwarven Kingdom of Dyllaria. Many of the Dwarven Lords scoff at the project, saying that the time and effort would be better spent expanding the empire. The King ignores their grumbling and proceeds with his project.

442

The Vault of Northgard is completed. It is said that it is so well constructed that if Ghaia were to tear apart at the seams (no doubt due to some Elven magic) that it would stay intact and would be the only safe place to retreat to during such a cataclysm. Among its rumored features is an entire section in which magic of all types is suppressed, a corridor through which only Dwarves may pass, as well as an outer shell that will not allow Elementals of any type to penetrate.

452

The Alipostos Elves send an ambassador to Steelhaven to the dissatisfaction of many of the Dwarven people, including the Dwarven Lords. King Olin I seems impervious to the criticism, and unabashedly welcomes them with open arms. He says that any ally in troubled times is also an ally in times of peace, and that should the Alipostos Elves need anything he will be happy to do what he can to assist them in getting it.

466

King Olin I signs the Treaty of Long Peace with the Alipostos Elves. He also accepts a permanent Alipostasian envoy in the capitol city of Steelhaven. There is much grumbling that Elves are becoming so common in Dwarven lands that soon the Dwarven children will begin to lose their distrust of them.

475

An exploratory party of Dwarves from the far western halls of Stone Deep finds its way to the Beard Mounds. King Olin I meets with the members of the group and discusses the particulars of their people. He declares that all Dwarves are potential allies, and that the Dwarves of Stone Deep are not Fallen Brethren, so therefore they are cousins. The King agrees to a treaty in principal with the newcomers, and they leave for home bearing gifts from many of the Dyllarian Dwarf Lords.

482

An official envoy from Stone Deep arrives, and the Cousins' Pact is signed. In it, the two promise to treat each other with mutual respect and to aid each other in whatever way can be done within reason.

500

Marauding Ogre Clans east of the Lava Gate Pass have been sacking several outlying

Dwarven settlements, and King Olin is forced to take action. He dusts off the Royal Dyllarian Army and orders them to guard the pass, and to set up several small forts just within the hills on each side of the pass. The soldiers and leaders of the army are happy to have something to do, and they eagerly hunt down the Ogres and establish the defenses that King Olin requests in the next several years.

512

King Olin I dies of natural causes while sleeping in his bed at age 241. No King of Dyllaria has sat as long on the throne as Old King Olin I, The Quiet King. He is remembered fondly, and his eldest son is crowned King Nari II.

515

King Nari II contacts the Elven King, Pylarius III, and seeks an end to all bad tidings. He proposes a military alliance, but his offer is rejected by the Elven King. Determined to make his kingship one to be remembered, King Nari II claims all of the Beard Mounds and the northern part of the Ogre's Den for the Kingdom of Dyllaria. The Royal Dyllarian Army launches an assault into the eastern portion of the Beard Mounds in an attempt to eradicate the numerous Ogre tribes that live there. So begin the Second Ogre Wars.

517

As the Ogre Wars grind along, a Dwarven hero named Brimri Ironblade hires the poet Grana Goldentongue to follow him during the fighting and note what has taken place. Grana's writings comprise six volumes of work, and are entitled Brimri's Wartime Travels. King Nari is so impressed with the texts that he appoints Grana to the position of Royal Historian and has her writing sagas during numerous battles. It is the first time that a historian has been allowed to report from the scene of the battle with first-hand information and there is quiet grumbling that it is a bad idea. Grana's account during the Battle of Granite Ford receives praise from all sides, and the King's critics become silent afterward.

521

After some mixed results in the early years of the campaign, King Nari II begins to take more of an active part in the war. He leads his troops in the Battle of Old Stone Cap in which the Dwarves catch a fleeing horde of Ogres and destroy the entire group. He insists that Grana Goldentongue come along with him so that she can write his story.

529

After years of struggle against seemingly countless Ogres, the Dwarves have managed to extend their influence well east of the Lava Gate Pass. The Ogres prove more resilient than at first thought however, and King Nari II has been unable to secure all of the territory that he had claimed. In a particularly vicious confrontation, the Dwarven forces defend a deep gorge against staggering odds, but are eventually roused from their defensive position. King Nari II and his personal guards manage to escape, but are forced to flee eastward from the fighting. The entire company is lost, including Grana Goldentongue and her written accounts of the King's exploits. The rest of the Dwarven forces are beaten badly at the Battle of Wart Gorge. King Nari II's eldest son, Crown Prince Verle Scanna, leads many successful forays into the far eastern part of the Beard Mounds while looking for his father.

531

After two years of battles and hardships, Prince Verle has taken control of the Beard Mounds, and has led his army to the doorstep of the Ogre's Den. Verle has proven to be a better military leader than his father ever was, but his forces are badly stretched. Despairing over the loss of his father, Prince Verle refuses to abandon hope, and vows to hold the eastern part of the mountains until his father can be found.

533

After four years without a King, the Dwarven people are on the verge of rebellion. A group of Humans have settled along the Basmar River, and they have begun to construct a fortress. The people fear what will happen once this keep is completed. Several of the Dwarven Lords begin to think that perhaps they should be the one to be crowned if Prince Verle does not want the throne. Just when things seem to be about to break down totally, Prince Verle returns to Steelhaven and announces that he will occupy the throne of the Kingdom of Dyllaria. He is crowned King Verle I in a hastily organized ceremony. During the coronation The King vows that he will only occupy the throne until his father is found alive, at which time he will abdicate it to him.

535

King Nari II has not been found, nor have his remains. King Verle I is forced to recall his troops from the eastern portion of the Beard Mounds in the face of a large Ogre incursion. The Ogres have become more organized and the overextended Dwarven lines can no longer be held. Barbarian allies of the Dwarves warn of a large force of Goblinoids amassing on the Battle Plains under the leadership of a being known as The Overlord. King Verle I declares the Second Ogre Wars to be over, and totally abandons the eastern portion of the Beard Mounds. By the end of the year The Overlord's forces begin to move toward The Beard Mounds. King Verle I declares war, and the largest part of the Royal Army of Dyllaria marches out to engage the enemy on the Battle Plains. The Goblin Wars have begun.

536

The Royal Army of Dyllaria engages the Goblin Army in the Battle of Living Plains. The battle is so named because on the first morning of the engagement the plains are covered with enemy as far as the eye can see. The Dwarves make a valiant effort, but The King and his generals soon understand that they cannot defeat such a large force, and they have no choice but to retreat. King Verle I leads his personal regiment to break the enemy lines and open a corridor through which the rest of the army can flee. The fighting becomes particularly grueling, and over half of the Dwarven force is lost. King Verle engages the enemy general, a large creature of stone and flesh that stands twice as tall as the King. The two fight one-on-one for quite a while, until the enemy flees and is lost in the flow of battle. As a result, King Verle loses his opportunity to slay the beast. Reluctantly, King Verle leads his army from the field and retreats back to the relative safety of the Beard Mounds. It is The King's first recorded defeat on the battlefield, and he is quite angry over the incident. Realizing that this foe may be coming into the mountains, King Verle decides to fortify the Dwarven strongholds and he orders his troops to abandon the Lava Gate Pass and return home.

539

A large group of Humans under the leadership of Lord Garic Lorne arrive at Northgard. They have been defeated by the Goblin Army, and are on the run. King Verle I receives the group's leader at Steelhaven, and is not impressed with the man's self-imposed title. The King decides to enter into an alliance with Garic based upon the Human's fighting prowess and apparent leadership abilities. In addition, the Dwarven forces are slow to recover from the Battle of Living Plains, and the Humans are a sizable force. By the end of the year the Royal Army of Dyllaria has taught the Humans a thing or two about fighting Goblinoids, and the alliance has scored many small victories in skirmishes with the enemy.

541 - 544

An infestation of Goblins within the underway causes the allied offensive to stall. King Verle I, concerned for the safety of his own people as well as future generations, decrees that there shall be great Undergates constructed to defend the underway. By the end of this period, the first of these has been completed and it is named Goblinbane Gate.

545

With the underway secured, King Verle I leads a combined force of Humans and Dwarves into the field to face the Goblin Army, but the green-skins elude the allied force. The Human leader, Lord Garic Lorne, asks the Erlunn Elves for help despite the warnings of The King. Garic soon learns the treachery of Elves as Pylarius III refuses to even respond. Angered by the continued complacency of the Elves, King Verle I enters the entire Erlunn Kingdom into the Royal Book of Grudges.

549

The Battle of Basmar Fields takes place on the Ivory Plain, just north of the Basmar River. The alliance forces under the command of King Verle I is finally able to engage the enemy, and the battle lasts for weeks. The Goblin Army is eventually driven from the field, and is on the run.

554

The elusive Goblin Army is finally pinned down within the Lava Gate Pass, and the Warlord Krolm is slain by the Human General, Rage Sinairyus. Meanwhile, General Barris Hornfist of The King's own regiment leads a large force of heavy infantry on a forced march through the Beard Mounds to cut off the enemy's escape. The Overlord's army is slaughtered, and it is a great day for the Royal Army of Dyllaria. The Battle of Lava Gate is won by the alliance, and General Hornfist spends the next few weeks tracking down the stragglers and eliminating them. The threat is over, and so ends the Goblin Wars.

556

At the southern end of the Lava Gate Pass, King Verle I agrees to construct a town that will welcome the plainsmen of the Battle Plains, as well as Humans from Stonegate. The town will be named Barris, and will be a testimony to the newfound unity between Dwarves and Humans in Dyllaria. King Verle I appoints his own nephew, Dwain Scanna, as Lord Protector of Barris.

560

King Verle I signs the Treaty of Barris. This document has both sides agreeing to come to the others' aid in times of war. The Humans also agree not to settle the Dwarven ancestral farmlands, and promise to help protect the Lava Gate Pass against further attack from Ogres and other nasty creatures. King Verle I makes plans to build the greatest Dwarven Stronghold to date, and construction is begun in earnest on Bloodhammer Forge.

564

The mighty castle at Bloodhammer Forge is completed, and the mines open to a resounding cheer from the Dwarven people. Part of the fortress is built into the side of a cliff overlooking a beautiful lake. Dwarves come from all around and move into the newly constructed dwelling. Within a year of its completion it comes to be known as the most defensible dwelling ever built. King Verle I moves there with the Royal Family, and makes Bloodhammer Forge the capitol of the Kingdom of Dyllaria.

570

Elven spies are caught trying to smuggle some goods through the Lava Gate Pass. It is believed that the Elves carry ivory to trade with the rogue Barbarian Clan known as the Children of The Black. This tribe is a long-time supporter of The Overlord, and enemies of the Kingdom of Dyllaria. The Elves carry an official writ of passage from the Erlunn King, and they arrogantly refuse to recognize the authority of the Dwarven patrol. A skirmish breaks out and a Dwarven citizen is slain. King Verle I immediately declares war on the Erlunn nation. He sends word to Lord Garic and asks for the Humans help. Lord Garic replies that he will get to the bottom of this, and that he is sure there is treachery at work. Meanwhile, the Erlunn and their Children of The Black allies attack Barris killing several small children. King Verle I immediately mobilizes and begins to march on the North Wood. As the might of the Royal Army of Dyllaria stands at the edge of the North Wood, the Erlunn tremble and beg to negotiate. King Verle I demands restitution for the loss of a Dwarven life, and says that no less than 5 Elven people shall be made to die for the act. Lord Garic, weakened by the advice of his Elf-loving son, Palinor, refuses to march with King Verle I, and lobbies for the lives of the Elves. King Verle I refuses to meet with any Elven diplomats, and pledges that he shall personally slay the first Elf that he sees. As the Royal Army prepares to march on the hapless Elves, Lord Garic offers to guard the Lava Gate Pass with his own forces. King Verle I considers the offer, and says that he will accept this offer under one condition, that no Elf shall ever enter any Dwarven homeland again, including Barris. The Erlunn agree, and The King returns to Bloodhammer Forge with a signed document known as the Lava Gate Pact.

589

Lord Palinor, now the lord of the Humans, has infuriated King Verle I by forgiving the Erlunn for their inactivity in the Goblin War. As a response, The King orders all Dwarven people to abandon Barris, and proclaims that the Dwarven Homeland of the Beard Mounds will be off limits all outsiders, including the Humans. Barris is abandoned and the Lava Gate Pact comes to an end. The name Palinor Elf-Lover is added to the Royal Book of Grudges.

590

King Verle I dies of natural causes while dining at his son's birthday. Prince Grell Scanna

is crowned as King Grell II on his 84th birthday. He is widely known to be a good Dwarf, and a capable warrior.

592

The new leader of the Humans, Lord Balladan, seeks an audience with King Grell II. He is granted audience and apologizes for the actions of his father, Palinor Elf-Lover. King Grell II accepts the apology and removes Palinor's name from the Royal Book of Grudges.

594

King Grell II agrees to mint coins for the Humans in exchange for a portion of the gold minted. Lord Balladan and The King both sign the Treaty of Steelhaven, and the two form a strong military alliance once again.

598

After Lord Balladan is captured, King Grell II pledges aid to the Humans in their war against the Dark Horde. The Horde Wars begin, and The King's sons, Prince Threll and Prince Thorin, each take control of a large part of the Royal Army of Dyllaria. Prince Threll helps to fight against The Dark Horde in the south, while Prince Thorin fights in the north. Meanwhile, King Grell II leads his Royal Guard in search of Lord Balladan. The Humans are scattered and ready to quit, and The King feels that the only hope to save the alliance is to rescue Lord Balladan.

600

Prince Threll receives his final death in the Battle of Bloody Cloak. The battle is won, and the Erlunn Elves have finally come out of their woods to help the alliance against the Dark Horde. The Erlunn King, Pylarius III uses his cloak to shroud The Prince as he is buried in the field with the other fallen Dwarven troops. King Grell II, touched by the show of sympathy, removes the Erlunn people from the Royal Book of Grudges.

607 – 608

King Grell II receives his final death in a valiant battle with The Overlord, Tilicaf late in the year 607. The combined might of the Erlunn King Alipostos, King Balladan of Stonegate, and King Grell are required to defeat the powerful poly-elemental, and all but King Alipostos receives their final death as a result. Grell's body is lost in the struggle, and a closed casket ceremony is held. The following day Grell's only remaining son is crowned King Thorin IV. King Thorin's first act is to declare a month-long period of mourning for The Kingdom. He also decrees an end to the Horde War.

610

After leaving Whitesteam Deep the King's retinue makes its way toward Dwalin's Deep but is over a week later in arriving than expected. Search parties are dispatched, and the entire expedition is found slaughtered to the man. The remains are mutilated and several of the Dwarven Lords call for revenge' but the assailant is unknown. King Thorin IV's body is returned to Bloodhammer Forge and a hero's welcome. The King dies without a suitable heir and the Scanna bloodline fades from prominence.

611

An outlander named Banzai Stonehealer arrives at Bloodhammer Forge with the famed Hammer of Kings, Allindar. Banzai is crowned king after trial by combat, and the new Royal line of Dyllaria is the Stonehealers. One of the first acts of the new King Banzai I is to remove his family's name from the Royal Book of Grudges.

613

The Dwarves continue to settle in to their new home, breaking dirt on tunnels to stretch under the waterways that separate The Lands of Vale from the Dwarven home. They do not often leave the safety of their mountains, for the Kingdom of Stonegate, overseen by Kotra, remains close by. Tunneling is slow going and it could be several years or more before the tunnels are connected. The Halflings the Dwarves took to their Kingdom to protect them during The Shattering are sources of greater entertainment for most. However, they have had a bit of trouble adjusting and finding something to keep themselves occupied since their primary job as loggers is no longer relevant. Most of them have landed in the kitchen, where more eating than work takes place to the chagrin of those in charge. Some have left, unable to live beneath the surface, and have returned to The Lands of Lumberton with the help of Kilgorin the Dwarf and Kasnarticus the Satyr. The Dwarves also continue to mine, finding unusual veins and such that should not be there. Some Dwarves, it is rumored, have completely lost their wits – claiming to have seen strange images in the stones they mine. No one knows for sure what they “see,” but severe injuries have been reported, and at least 3 deaths they believe to be linked.

614

The Dwarves once again proved their capability when they aided The Oasis and helped with the creation of the Primal Anchor.

615

Over the course of the years, the Dwarves went about their industrious businesses as normal. They aided the Elves and kept them safe, when the Elven defenses were destroyed, to some quiet Dwarven grumblings. Several promising mineral veins were uncovered, leading to much celebration. The mines proceed cautiously, so as not to awaken anything unknown from the depths. Towards the end of the year, several assassination attempts nearly claimed the life of King Banzai and did manage to fell several of his most trusted friends and guards. Who, or what, is behind the assassination attempts, or why they were attempted in the first place, remains unknown.

Appendix- Tales From the Dyllarian Dwarves

The Battle of Stone Mountain

Wave after wave of yellow-skinned Ogres pounded the Dwarven lines as King Grell I watched the battle unfold. The creatures didn't have the military wit to contend with the Dwarven strategists, not to mention good old-fashioned Dwarven might. The bodies of the enemy were piling up to create quite an obstacle near the front lines, and barely any Dwarven dead could be counted.

Just then, a large band of enormous War Ogres pushed through their smaller cousins and engaged the Dwarven left flank. The fighting became intense as the massive yellow-skinned juggernauts viciously assaulted the stout Dwarven defenders. The lines were pushed back, and

several times seemed about to break, but each time a new clansman stepped in to fill the breach created by the thrust of the enemy attack. King Grell and his young son, Thorin, stood watching intently from their position atop the high cliff face. Among the group of gathered advisors and Royal Guard, no one said a word.

Just when it seemed that the Dwarves would drive off the War Ogres and hold the flank, a new threat appeared. An Ogre with blue skin emerged from the mobs near the trouble spot and began conjuring magic in the queer way of Ogres. Bolts of searing flame and lightning tore into the Dwarven lines, and with each blast the War Ogres seemed to gain more strength as they worked themselves into a blood-induced frenzy. Suddenly the Clansmen broke for the last time, and the War Ogres pushed deep into the Dwarven rear ranks, followed by a nearly endless tide of smaller yellow-skins.

“Thorin, stay here.” Said The King with barely a look at his son. “You men, come with me.”

“But father,” Thorin started to protest, but the look on The King’s face told him that now was not the time to argue.

Without another word, King Grell moved down the trail that led from the cliff face to the battlefield. With a squad of twelve of his Royal Guard in tow, he intended to join the fray and save the failing left flank. He only hoped that a one-armed King had enough fire left in him to inspire his troops to a glorious victory. He looked down at his remaining arm as he reached the base of the cliff. It was strong. It would have to be as strong as two arms today. When the wounded and reserved troops saw The King run from the cliff base into the fray, a great cry rose up among their ranks. “The King!” they shouted. “The King is here!” Even the most desperately wounded among them struggled against the healers to rejoin the fight, and the reserve leaders didn’t have a chance to hold back their troops. All of the gathered clansmen wanted to fight next to their king and taste the glory of the victory that he would surely deliver to them. Standing on the cliff overlooking the battle, Thorin saw this and marveled at the sudden change in morale of the troops that only moments ago seemed tired and weary of the struggle. He hoped that someday he would make half The King that his father was.

As The King’s small squad of warriors moved toward the front lines, the battle was at its worst. The War Ogres had dominated a position in the heart of the left flank, and the mass of yellow-skinned regulars was working on annihilating the Dwarven troops who were separated from their brethren. A full third of the Dyllarian force had been cut off from the rest of the army by the surge of the War Ogres, and they were now precariously surrounded. In a matter of moments they would be overwhelmed and decimated.

Avoiding the War Ogres on purpose, The King cunningly cut a swath through the lines of the lesser Ogres. As the enemy realized that The King of the Dyllarian Dwarves had come to fight, panic began to spread through the attackers’ lines. Many of the cowardly yellow brutes ran away without striking a blow at the Royal Guard. Within minutes The King had driven a wedge into the assault and joined up with the separated left flank. He then called out to them to fight on, that the day was not yet lost. Hearing the voice of The King, the soldiers took heart and fought with renewed vigor. The troops that seemed destined for slaughter only minutes earlier now turned the tables behind the inspiring leadership of King Grell.

The King took the lead and pushed the beleaguered troops back toward the War Ogres. The Dwarves fought hard and with a tenacity that startled the enemy. Again the panic began to spread, and soon The King and his Royal Guard stood toe to toe with the massive brutes at the center of the Ogre assault. The fighting became very heavy as the enormous War Ogres took the

battle straight to the Royal Guard. The head of King Grell's magical war hammer crackled with lighting as he smote countless enemies. His arm grew tired, but it did not fail, and soon what was left of the War Ogres lay battered and spilled upon the rocky ground of Stone Mountain. The blue-skinned Ogre did not reappear, and the assault faltered and then failed completely as the Ogres fled for their lives.

Long after the battle was over, King Grell stood surveying the field. Green Ogre Blood stained his boots, his cloak, and his one good arm. Far off in the distance he could hear the sounds of battle as his troops pursued and destroyed the last bits of the enemy force. He could smell the scent of death and burned flesh wafting from the bonfires that were incinerating the bodies of the fallen Ogres. His arm was weary, and his back ached from the fighting. His mind was swimming with remembrances of the day, and as he thought of those who fell in pursuit of the victory he felt proud to be a Dwarf.

Stonevale Deep (interview with Bornin Silverskin, the last surviving Dwarf to have been there, ca. 568)

"In the beginnin, Stonevale Deep was just a little place where miners would spend the night. It didn't have nothin there but a little stone shed above ground, and a spindly little mine shaft. Then somethin happened. They found silver there. Yep, that's what it was. And good silver, too.

I'll tell ya right now, I seen all kindsa silver in my time. I seen that crap they pull outta the ground down in Thunder's Deep, and I seen the good stuff straight outta Stonehaven. So, just so you know, ya can't pull one over on old Bornin Silverskin, no sir. I am what you'd call an educated Dwarf. I been around ya see, and I know what good silver looks like I tell ya, and what they had in Stonevale Deep was the good kind.

Now there come another problem, ya see. It was them daggumed dirty, stinky Drae. Ya can't trust'em! They talk about honor and all that – troll pucky! I know what they is, and there ain't no honor among their kind I tell ya! They gets a look at all that silver at Stonevale Deep, you know, the good stuff, and they says to them selves, "well, we think that we oughtta be gettin some of that." And then they decide to take that what's ours! We sure showed'em, now didn't we? He he he...

Anyway, where was I? Oh yeah, Stonevale Deep. It starts out real humble, like I was sayin. But before long after the good silver gets found, boy does it start ta grow! The head boss, he brings in all kinds of miners to help pull the ore out. That's when I came in. After that, there was all kinds of stuff. We got smiths, and potters, and masons, and they starts ta workin on buildin a proper Dwarven settlement down there. Of course, we never did have no women or children, cause we didn't quite get as established as we wanted because of them confounded Drae you see. Dirty rascals!

Anyways, we works the mine and starts producin as good as any of these tapped-out mines that they work today. I tell you, I don't know how the Kingdom stays afloat. Things ain't like they used to be, that's for sure. We used to find good ore, not this half shale junk they pull outta the ground these days. And I'm tellin ya that, when we was there in Stonevale Deep, we had good ore. Some of the best I've ever seen. It was the best time of my life. Oh yeah, the critters down there was a bit rough on ya sometimes, but that's the price ya gotta pay for the good stuff, ya know? It don't come easy! If it did, everyone would go and get it! But we had the good stuff, and we was pullin it out fast too boy. Things was really looking up for the Kingdom in those days.

That's when it happened. Some diplomat had some hair-brained idea to invite the Drae over for a look-see. The higher-ups think it'll be good to impress'em with our skills, and that if we shows'em a thing or two they'll owe us somethin. HA! You know what they done? They starts in minin in our territory! Tryin ta steal the ore right out from under our noses! Cheatin piles of Orc dung! Ya can't trust'em I tell ya! Not even them Northern ones! They're no different in my mind. Once a lousy, stinkin cheat, always a lousy, stinkin cheat! Drae is Drae is Drae, I say. Don't sit here and try ta tell me different. You wait and see, it'll all come out some day. All them Drae is in league together! Mark my words! Old Bornin might be a little short on the book smarts, but he ain't no dummy. Fool me once shame on you, fool me twice, shame on you and I'll kill ya for it, that's what I always say! Stinkin Drae...

Oh yeah, back to my story. Where was I? Oh yeah, so anyway, like I was sayin, Stonevale Deep starts gettin ta be a pretty workin place. We got mines, we got homes, we got merchants, and even a little barracks for the soldierly types ta live in. Now mind ya, we didn't have no keep or nothin like that, but there was talk of one before the war started. Once the war did start, all the merchants left, and I thought that we was gonna leave too, but we didn't. We kept right on a minin ore and watchin out for Drae. I never saw no Drae. Well, I take that back, we did see some scouts come around when Old Balinor finally unloaded his gems. But then he died right after that, and King Sarathon takes over for him. And that's when we started ta whoopin'em. He he he...makes me chuckle. Spindly little Drae thought they could tangle with the Royal Army. HA!

Well, there ain't much ta tell after that. We kept on minin as much as we could, but without any soldiers there we ends up havin to seal ourselves in. We get down there in the mines and just keeps on a working. Eventually, the boss gets word that King Sarathon is callin everybody back to the Beard Mounds.

Well, we packs up what we could carry, leaves the rest, and heads for the homeland. What else could we do? I always wanted ta go back though, cause we sure did leave a lot of ore there. Some of it was already mined and sittin in the carts! What a shame. Some of my buddies did go back, but I ain't never heard no tell of them again. I reckon they died."

The Calling (the tale of Dwalin Oakbringer's struggle against the Drake of Copper Gulch)

The sleepy little deep of Copper Gulch was the home of The Mangy Rat, an inn known for its lizard pies and stout ale. Like all deeps, the place was mostly underground, and upworld passersby would have thought that only a handful of Dwarves lived there, as there were only three buildings that could be seen from the surface. Of the three, one was the guardhouse that protected the main gateway into the deep, while the other two of them were inns, neither of which compared to The Mangy Rat. It was Copper Gulch's finest drinking establishment, and boasted some of the best entertainment in the entire Kingdom of Dyllaria.

The Rat (as the locals called the place) was housed within a large cavern that was specially carved to hold a foundry. When the smithing trade dried up in the little deep, old Grimri Greenstone won the place from the local Lord at the gambling table. Grimri had left his ancestral home in Sandstone Forge some months earlier to help spread the Greenstone name. He had looked at locations for opening an alehouse in Northgard, Steelhaven, and Farin's Gap, but had not decided on a place. As luck would have it, he got into a rather high-stakes game of dice (the Greenstones were a very wealthy clan) while passing through, and the rest is history. Old Grimri had a knack for entertaining, and his inn became the pride of Copper Gulch in no time. It was on a night in early 302 that Grimri held one of his famous parties at The Rat. The party

was on account of the birthday of one Dorin Ironblade, a rich patron and close personal friend of the proprietor's. The entertainment for the evening included wrestling, Goblin tossing, burlesque (featuring many fine, hairy, Dwarven dancing girls), and a sing along. Now the last was perhaps the most peculiar of the entertainment, as Dwarves know very few songs, and they are not generally enthusiastic singers. All except Dorin Ironblade that is, who was very fond of singing, if not that good at it. In any case, the singing of drunken Dwarves is quite an experience, especially with the high ceiling that marked the main chamber of The Rat. The gathered friends sang on through the night into the wee hours of the morning, until one by one they found their way to the rooms of the inn. Some fell asleep in the main chamber, and that was alright with Grimri, as he collected his silvers in either case.

It was the next morning, when the partiers were just starting to stir, that a group of strangers came into the inn. The small company, five in total, quietly approached the front desk and spoke to Grimri about acquiring five personal rooms that were close to each other, adjoining if possible. They wanted to rent them for a month each, and they had gold to pay up front. Grimri told them that would be fine, and that he would need to clear the rooms out and have them cleaned, but that this could be accomplished within a few hours. In the meantime, they could take a seat in the tavern and partake in the locally produced Greenstone Ale, the finest brew that Copper Gulch had to offer. The travelers seemed pleased by the prospects of this, and found a corner table at which they could drink in peace.

And drink they did. Each member of the little party drank enough to make any Dwarven mother proud. All the while they spoke in low tones about things that could only be guessed. Other patrons came and went as breakfast was served and morning turned into afternoon. Lunch had just finished when the group called Grimri over to sit with them a while, which he did. Grimri always felt that it was part of his duty to spend some time with the customers, especially ones that spent as much gold as these Dwarves had. And so he sat there for most of the afternoon and spoke to the party about the townsfolk, the local events and history, but most of all they spoke about the dragon.

You see, Copper Gulch had a problem, and that problem came in the form of a dragon. The foul, gray-skinned beast had been spotted many times and was notorious for terrorizing the upworld around the little deep. Oh, it wasn't really a full-blown dragon, but it was a drake of large size nonetheless, and the locals were terrified of it. Their terror was amplified when the youngster, Wilnir Shinglefoot came up missing and all that was found were his boots. The poor lad had been running from the northern gorge toward the gateway and appeared to have been snatched in mid stride and consumed in one bite! No doubt the work of a bloodthirsty dragon, many said.

And as such, it was talk of the dragon that occupied most of the afternoon for Grimri and his guests. The newcomers asked things like, where did the dragon live? Had it been seen in any particular part of the mountains more than any other? Had any scales been found? How dark was its shade? Had anyone faced the dragon in combat? Of these questions (a small sampling of the total number that were asked of Grimri), the last gave the innkeeper the biggest shock. "Mercy no!" was his reply. Fighting a dragon was about the closest thing to suicide that old Grimri could envision, and he became flustered at the thought of such a notion. He wondered what the point of fighting such a creature would be, and hoped to himself that it would just eventually go away on its own.

But to the five strangers, fighting was exactly the point. They had come to Copper Gulch for just that reason in fact – to fight (and presumably kill) the dragon. Of the five, three of them

were brothers, Dwalin, Falin, and Balin Oakbringer. The Oakbringers had originally come from Fiferim Deep, a quaint little community noted for its excellent woodcrafters, as well as its unusually warm air. Most that met the Oakbringer brothers liked them, but thought them a bit crazy and a little too adventurous. The other two, Wari Frothbrew and Tilgar Sandybeard, were friends of the Oakbringers of less than noble birth, and had been swept away from their drab existence by the notion of high adventure and fame and fortune (mostly the fortune part). In any case, these five had heard stories of Copper Gulch's dragon, and were bound and determined to see its end by their hands. Oh what bravery lies in the mind of fools thought Grimri.

That evening the strangers slept well thanks to the hospitality of The Rat's staff (and the Greenstone family recipe, no doubt), and the next day they began making preparations. Wari, who was quite a weasely little rodent, had recently come into some amount of gold you see, in a way that most Dwarves would consider less than scrupulous, but that shall not be mentioned here, and this was the main reason that he was allowed to accompany the group on their little adventure. The Oakbringers had plans for Wari's gold, and despite his loudest protests, they managed to get what they felt certain was needed for proper dragon slaying. Weapons and armor of the finest make, potions and salves for tending to their wounds once the beast was dead, and an enormous sack for toting the creature's head back to the Gulch to retrieve their reward. They had it all worked out.

And so it was that seventeen days after their first arrival in Copper Gulch, the five strangers set out to find the dragon's lair. They headed out north, because that was where the most sightings had been, including the strange abduction of the lad, Wilnir Shinglefoot. As they moved through the northern gorge, they spoke quietly of everything that they had learned of substance from the local Dwarves in the last two plus weeks of investigation. They expected that the creature's lair would be a large cavern or other similar place, that it would be full of treasure, and that they would have some trouble finding it. Not that it would be hidden, but that they would have to cover quite a large area in their search for it. They also hoped that they could have an opportunity to scout the lair and attack the creature when it was least aware. Their plans seemed well thought out and each of them was full of confidence as they made their way over the rocky terrain.

As the little company moved along the thin trail through the lowest part of the gorge, a shadow of something large passed over them. Startled, the adventurers looked up just in time to see the drake's massive jaws closing on poor Tilgar, who was too surprised to react and was immediately torn nearly in half. Dazed by the swiftness of the attack, the others gawked at the mangled body of their expired friend with dumb looks on their faces. The first to regain his senses was Dwalin, who just managed to raise his crossbow and squeeze off a shot at the drake as it wheeled for a second pass. The bolt connected with a thud, sticking in the large creature's shoulder area, but seemed to have little effect. As the beast bore down on them again, the party scattered like rats in a flood, scrambling to avoid those deadly jaws. A little slower than the rest, Falin took a nasty gash to the shoulder and went down hard. He tumbled from the thin trail down deeper into the gorge as the others headed for higher ground.

Dwalin led the way, and as he heard his brother fall from the path, he saw looming in the distance a small flat on which the party might be able to make a stand. Shouting to his fellows, Dwalin moved toward the flat at top speed. The three arrived at the spot as the drake bore down on them again, but this time Balin was ready. The eldest of the Oakbringers, Balin was also the most seasoned warrior in the group, having served in the Orc Wars a few decades before. He raised his shield just in time to ward off the creature's tooth-filled maw, and immediately

brought his long axe up into the soft flesh of its exposed underbelly. The beast's flight path wavered a bit as the strike obviously found its mark, and the Dwarves took heart from the creature's pain. As the drake flew by it dipped its tail and caught Balin in the head. The blow landed hard and knocked the warrior from his feet onto his rear end and looking quite senseless. Wari fired an errant bolt and threw his crossbow down in disgust.

As the creature returned for another pass, both Dwalin and Wari shouted to their fallen comrade to get up and defend himself, but Balin was a bit too dazed to react. Seeing the drake headed straight for his defenseless brother, Dwalin stepped up to defend him. Shrieking a bloodthirsty cry, the drake flew straight into Dwalin, knocking him backward so that he tripped over Balin and fell onto his back. This was too much for Wari, who promptly dropped his weapons and fled down into the gorge to find a place to hide. A few feet away from the fallen adventurers the drake landed and turned to face them. The two brothers had little time to react as the drake moved swiftly to cover the ground between it and them. Neither hero had recovered his senses by the time the beast reached them, and the situation seemed exceedingly grim.

Just then a shout came from the trail behind the drake. The beast turned its head in time to see a wounded but determined Falin charging toward it with his battleaxe raised. The youngest Oakbringer had taken a nasty spill when he fell from the trail and had slid and rolled down the slope for quite some time before coming to a stop thanks to a particularly large boulder. He had lost a good amount of blood from the wound inflicted by the drake's attack, and now had bruises and nicks in several places as well. As he reached the flat the drake was there to meet his charge. The two clashed in a flurry of blows, and Falin fought against the beast with a determination and will that were not to be taken lightly. The blood flowed freely from his shoulder as he attacked, and his tunic and weapon arm were soaked in it. He knew that he could not continue for much longer, as already his strength was leaving him. Desperately he called to his brothers for help. The two elder Oakbringers joined in the melee by attacking the drake's flanks, and Balin landed a particularly nasty blow, cleaving the beast's side and opening a wound from its ribs all the way back to its tail. Furious, the drake roared and spun to face Balin. In a flash of claws and fangs, the eldest Oakbringer took a hit to the side of his head and fell to one knee. Again, Dwalin was there, forcing himself between the enemy and his fallen brother and delivering a blast to the creature's snout with his war hammer that sent the drake staggering backward. At the point of near exhaustion, Falin was unable to get out of the stumbling beast's way and went down, getting trampled in the process.

Dwalin sensed that he had the beast off balance and pressed the attack, striking several blows to its head and shoulders. Balin had regained his feet and joined his brother's assault on the drake with renewed vigor. The creature's gray blood was flowing freely from several wounds, and Dwalin now delivered a crushing strike that crippled its right wing. Badly wounded and unable to fly due to its latest injury, the drake reared back and breathed a stream of tiny stone chips from its maw that tore into the flesh of Balin and he went down. Dwalin brought his war hammer to bear and struck the drake's head, crushing the right side of its face. The drake collapsed in a heap and twitched in its final death throws.

Dwalin immediately dug into his pouch and pulled out one of the magical potions that they had bought. He grabbed Balin's head and forced-fed the contents of the vial to his dying brother. Instantly Balin's wounds began to heal and he regained consciousness. Dwalin then went and healed his younger brother in the same way and the three moved over to look at the fallen body of the drake. As they looked on in awe of the creature's enormous claws and teeth, they heard a shout from down within the gorge. Wari called to them and said that he had found

the drake's cave and that it was indeed full of treasure. The weary brothers smiled at each other and went down to have a look.

When they returned to Copper Gulch, the four heroes headed straight for the Mangy Rat. There Old Grimri greeted them with a surprised look on his face. The innkeeper had thought them all fools and doomed from the start, and had never even once considered that they might actually kill the dragon. He smiled with joy at the sight of them and sent one of his barmaids to summon the local Sheriff.

That evening, as the word spread of the company's deeds many a Dwarf came to The Rat looking to see the heroes. Grimri, being the perfect host that he was, made sure that everyone had enough to drink and eat as they listened to tales of the party's struggle against the dragon. The four retold their story countless times to the gathered patrons before retiring to their rooms for the night. Many of the locals stayed in The Rat into the wee hours that night recounting what they had heard and making up tales of things that they thought were true.

In the morning the heroes were summoned to the Lord's Manor Hall to tell the details of their adventure to Lord Ori Steelbender, who thoroughly enjoyed the telling and proclaimed that there would be a day of rest and banqueting in the great hall of his manor the next day to celebrate the defeat of the dragon, and to mourn the death of Tilgar. During the festivities the four were awarded special medals for bravery, as well as finely crafted weapons and armor from Lord Steelbender's personal stock.

A few days later the party left Copper Gulch to follow up a rumor that they had heard of a drake near Farin's Gap that was in need of slaying, and thus started an amazing series of slayings that would span the next 20 years and over 35 dragons. No Dwarf or company of Dwarves before or since has ever had as much success as that of Dwalin Oakbringer, and it is doubtful that any ever will.

The Life and Death of Crown Prince Threll Scanna

Prince Threll Scanna was born in 555 after the end of the Goblin Wars. His father, who was at the time the Crown Prince Prince Grell Scanna, and his mother, Lady Sonya, had been married for less than a year, and were very much in love. The new babe quickly became the talk of the Dwarven people and a hit with the servants in the Royal Estate. In his early years he shows a great fondness for upworld foods, especially chicken eggs, potatoes, and pig bacon. By age 12 Threll had quite a long beard, much longer than other Dwarves his age, and there was much talk about the fact that he would make a fine king someday.

At the age of 23, Prince Threll had learned to fight from his grandfather, King Verle I. He was fond of hunting Giant Lizards as well as other subterranean creatures that plagued the Dwarven fungus farms in the deep caverns of the downworld. In addition to the long axe, he also learned the use of the mace and throwing hammers. By the time he reached 30, he had already killed his first Troll and seemed to be much more mature than his peers. It was at this time that he entered the Royal Dyllarian Army as a Charioteer.

Prince Threll enjoyed service in the army, and he was several times promoted due to merited behavior. His early years of service were marked by his exercises in the eastern Beard Mounds. During one such exercise when the Prince was a Captain, his entire Division was set upon by marauding Orcs and Ogres under the leadership of a particularly nasty creature named Warlord Dringit. Dringit's force swept down out of the hills and took the Division by surprise. The Dwarves, outnumbered and at a serious maneuverability disadvantage, would have surely been slaughtered had it not been for the iron nerve and quick thinking of Captain Threll who

rallied the disorganized Division and led a vicious counter-attack that killed Dringit and sent the attackers into an all-out retreat. The men in the division started calling the Prince “Iron Blood” after the encounter.

By the time his grandfather, King Verle I died in 590, Threll had climbed his way to the rank of Commander. He was much loved by his men, and his Command was in the best fighting shape of any in the King’s Army. When his father, King Grell II ascended to the throne, Prince Threll had other duties that took him away from his troops, and although he stayed in charge of his Command, his Captains basically ran things for him.

In 598 when the Human settlement of Stonegate was attacked and razed by the Dark Horde, Threll was placed in charge of several Battalions and sent south to help defend the lands of Galavast and Helmwood against invasion. The Iron Blood Army (as the members of Threll’s force come to call themselves) scored many victories and was crucial in the liberation of Helmwood. As a result, by 600 the Dark Horde was on the run and the Humans had gained control of the lands around Helmwood and Galavast once again.

It was during this time that Lord Balladan was returned home as the Lord of Stonegate Keep and accepted the position as King of Stonegate, and the Erlunn King came out of the woods to fight against the Dark Horde as well. As part of a major offensive involving the combined might of the Dwarves, Humans, and Elves, Prince Threll led the Iron Blood Army in a forced march through the Lava Gate Pass to prevent the retreat of Horde troops through the pass. The Prince moved his men into position and successfully cut off the retreat of the enemy through the pass. The fighting became extremely intense, and the Dark Horde forces threw the strength of their entire force against the lines of the Iron Army. Prince Threll, who was afraid that his men would not be able to hold the line, entered the fighting during the pinnacle of its tenacity. Inspired by Threll’s vigor, the clansmen held together and the enemy was annihilated. Near the end of the battle however, Prince Threll and his personal guard were swarmed by Pantherghasts, and The Crown Prince received his final death.

Prince Threll’s legacy is one of such great potential that will never be realized. He was destined to be a King, and yet lived life as any other Dwarf would have, to its fullest. He enjoyed battle, drink, and fineries, and was never afraid to fight for what was right. He was a great Dwarf, a stout warrior, a hero to his people, and an outstanding prince. Our people would have been proud and lucky to have the honor of calling him King.