



The Fall of Dofreac

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The Four Oaths

The Dwarves of Eluan are a people who take great pride in their heritage and their gods, and nowhere is this more evident than in their four sacred oaths. Each oath is devoted to one of the four Dwarven gods, and is sworn by every dwarf when they come of age. These oaths are the foundation of Dwarven society, and guide them in their daily lives, as well as in times of war and crisis.

The first oath is the oath of Fjelaar, the god of war and honor, swearing to defend the honor of the dwarven people, their way of life, and to never back down from a fight. The dwarves believe that if they live and die by the sword, then they will be welcomed into the halls of Fjalar in the afterlife. The second oath is the oath of Anvaranut, the god of wealth and commerce. This oath demands the protection of the wealth and resources of the dwarven people, and to ensure that they are used wisely and fairly.

The dwarves believe that they are entrusted with the wealth of the earth, and that it is their duty to use it to benefit all of Eluan.

The third oath is the oath of Solvara, the goddess of knowledge and wisdom, which asks to seek out knowledge and to use it for the betterment of all dwarves. The dwarves believe that knowledge is power, and that those who possess it have a responsibility to share it with others. The fourth and final oath is to Egir, the god of the sea and storms. It is a vow to protect the sea lanes and to ensure that trade and commerce can flow freely between the dwarven cities. The dwarves believe that the sea is a treacherous and dangerous place, but that it is also a source of great wealth and opportunity.

These four oaths are central to dwarven society, and will be crucial in the effort to take back Dofreac. The dwarves must call upon their gods and their oaths to rally their people and to drive out the dark forces that have taken root in their once-great city.

They will need the courage and honor of Fjelaar, the wisdom and knowledge of Solvara, the wealth and resources of Anvaranut, and the strength and perseverance of Egir. Only by invoking these oaths and calling upon the power of their gods can the dwarves hope to restore their city and their way of life.

The City of Dofreac

Centuries ago, when the dwarven people left the east of Eluan due to deadly contagion that ravaged the land, the majority of the dwarves settled in what is now known as the Dwarven Kingdoms, just in the mountain range of the Dragon's Spine, above the Elven Woodlands.

However, one group did not finish the long journey to the west, splitting from the group in the region now known as the Lost Caves.

These dwarves became enamored with the area's mountains and settled there. The rest of their people beckoned them to continue the journey, for the contagion might reach these lands, but these dwarves would have none of that; they had found their home and built the city of Dofreac.

Deep beneath the rugged mountain range, the city of Dofreac stood nestled within the earth. For centuries, the dwarves had called this place home, building a bustling community filled with homes, shops, and taverns. It was a thriving city, with a bustling market square where merchants sold their wares and children ran and played.

The dwarves of Dofreac were known throughout the land for their expert craftsmanship, their love of adventure, and their unwavering courage in the face of danger. They were a proud people, with a deep respect for their traditions and a fierce loyalty to their community. Every morning, the city came alive with the sounds of hammers ringing against anvils and the hiss of molten metal as dwarves worked tirelessly in their forges. The air was thick with the scent of hot metal and the clanging of swords and shields as the dwarves honed their craft and prepared for the next adventure. In the evenings, the city's taverns came alive with music and laughter, as dwarves gathered to share stories of their travels and the treasures they had uncovered. The ale flowed freely, and the warmth of the hearth fire filled the room as they reveled in the company of their friends and neighbors.

Dofreac was a thriving and prosperous city deep within the mountain. The dwarves of the city had built a complex and intricate society that had stood the test of time. The city was led by a council of elders, who were chosen for their wisdom, experience, and leadership skills. These elders were responsible for making important decisions about the city's affairs, and they were held in high regard by the rest of the community.

The dwarves of Dofreac were organized into different guilds, each with its own specialization and expertise. There were guilds for mining, metalworking, stonemasonry, engineering, and more.

Each guild had its own leader, and they worked together to ensure the city's prosperity and well-being. In addition to the guilds, there were also a number of individual craftsmen and artisans who worked on their own, creating unique and intricate works of art and craft. These individuals were highly respected and valued by the community, and their work was often traded and sold throughout the city.

Despite their different specializations, the dwarves of Dofreac were a tightly-knit and cohesive society. They shared a common culture, and set of values, and they were fiercely loyal to one another. Family was also a central focus in their society, with tight-knit family units forming the backbone of the community.

Overall, the city of Dofreac was a bustling and vibrant place, full of life and energy. The dwarves who lived there were skilled, hard-working, and proud, and they had built a society that was both strong and prosperous.

The dwarves of Dofreac had lived in peace for generations, free from the dangers that lurked outside their mountain home. But all that was about to change. The city was about to face a threat unlike any it had ever known, a dark and malevolent force that would put their courage and their loyalty to the test known as The Blackfall.

The Blackfall

The day of The Blackfall began like any other day in Dofreac. The dwarves had woken up to the sound of the morning bell, and as the Twin Suns rose over the mountain peaks, they went about their daily business. Howbeit, as the day wore on, a sense of unease began to spread throughout the city. The sky grew dark, and a frosty wind blew down from the peaks, carrying with it an sinister foreboding. The dwarves sensed that something was coming; something dark and dangerous.

As the suns set, the first signs of the approaching attack became apparent. The dwarves on watch duty reported seeing a horde of dark, shadowy creatures emerging from the tunnels leading into the city. The guards quickly mobilized, drawing their weapons and taking up their positions to defend their home. The peace of the city was instantly shattered by a series of brutal attacks that threw the entire community into chaos. Strange, dark creatures poured out of the tunnels that snaked through the mountain, their eyes glowing with a ferocious red light. They were fearsome and terrifying, with jagged teeth and wicked claws, and they seemed to have no purpose other than destruction.

The Rune Stone Warden, the dwarf in charge of the city's defense, and the highest ranking soldier, ordered the guards to open fire on the invading forces immediately, not taking a single chance.

However, it soon became apparent that this was no ordinary attack. The creatures were relentless, swarming the city walls, pouring through the streets, and over running all the defensive positions. The dwarves fought bravely, but they were outnumbered and outmatched by the dark sorcerer Morgathor and his minions.

As the siege developed, the dwarves realized that they had never faced anything like this before. The first skirmishes had been difficult, and the dwarves suffered many losses. But as they fought, they learned more about their enemy. The creatures fought relentlessly, not caring about their wounds or how many of their brethren fell, they charged without regard for their lives.

As the dwarves struggled to overcome the odds and save their fellow citizens, they also discovered hidden strengths within themselves and the power of their community. They learned to work together, setting aside their differences and personal conflicts for the greater good. They discovered that the creatures were being controlled by the wicked sorcerer Morgathor who had taken up residence in a hidden cave deep in the mountain.

With this knowledge, the dwarves redoubled their efforts. They dug deep into the tunnels, creating hidden passages and traps to surprise their enemy. They forged new weapons and armor, and even recruited a few unexpected allies - a tribe of gnomes who lived on the outskirts of the mountain. Many parties were sent out to search for the sorcerer, with courageous dwarves risking their lives to venture into the dark, foreboding lands where he was rumored to reside.

However, as the weeks went on, fewer and fewer of these parties returned, and those that did were never the same. They returned to what remained in their homes in Dofreac as shadows of their former selves, with haunted eyes and whispered stories of horrors beyond imagining.

Some spoke of the twisted creatures that lurked in Morgathor's realm, born of his dark magic and twisted experiments. Others spoke of the sorcerer himself, a figure of immense power and malice who seemed to know the minds of his enemies before they even set foot in his domain.

Despite the mounting losses and the increasing desperation of their situation, the dwarves continued to send out parties in search of Morgathor, hoping against hope that one might find the sorcerer and discover the key to stopping the attacks. But as the weeks turned into months, it became clear that the sorcerer's power was titanic, and that their hopes of ever defeating him were slim at best.

Morgathor, the dark sorcerer who led the attack on Dofreac, was a fearsome and powerful figure, but mostly unknown except for his mastery of dark magic. He was tall and gaunt, with a pale complexion and sunken eyes that burned with a fiery intensity. He wore dark robes adorned with mystical symbols and carried a staff made of blackened wood, which crackled with dark energy.

Morgathor's horde of minions was a collection of twisted and malformed creatures spawned from his dark magic. They were not quite humanoid nor quite monster, with deformed limbs, leathery skin, and glowing red eyes. Some had wings that allowed them to fly, while others were massive and lumbering, with thick hides that made them nearly invulnerable to attack. All were ferocious and deadly, and they fought with a terrifying and awe-inspiring frenzy.

Morgathor's dark magic was a thing of dread and horror, capable of summoning forth these twisted creatures from the darkest depths of the underworld. He chanted dark incantations in a language long lost to mortal tongues, and the air would grow stagnant with the smell of sulfur and brimstone. Then, with a flick of his staff, he would send forth a wave of dark energy that would coalesce into a writhing mass of flesh and bone, which would then take shape as one of his minions.

It was said that Morgathor had made a deal with the dark forces of the underworld, trading his soul for the power to control these creatures and wreak his vengeance upon the world. Whatever the truth of his origins, there was no denying his power, and the dwarves of Dofreac were ill-prepared for the onslaught that he unleashed upon their city.

The battle for Dofreac was long and grueling, lasting for months. The dwarves fought valiantly but were vastly outnumbered and outmatched by the hordes of Morgathor's minions. The fighting was constant, with attacks coming almost daily and the defenders struggling to hold their ground against the persistent onslaught.

The dwarves suffered heavy casualties during the early days of the battle, as they were caught off guard by the ferocity of the enemy's onslaughts. The walls and fortifications that had once protected their city were quickly breached, and the defenders were forced to withdraw to the innermost chambers of the mountain.

There, they made a stand, barricading themselves behind hastily-constructed barriers of stone and steel.

Despite their valiant efforts, the dwarves were constantly on the defensive, struggling to hold back the ever-growing horde of Morgathor's minions. The fighting was cruel and bloody, with both sides suffering heavy casualties. But while the dwarves fought courageously and with determination, they were gradually pushed back, losing ground to the enemy with each passing day. The constant fighting had taken a heavy toll on the defenders, both physically and mentally. They were exhausted, running low on food and supplies; struggling to maintain their morale despite insurmountable odds. But even as their situation grew more desperate, they refused to yield. They knew that surrender meant certain death, either at the hands of the enemy or through slow and painful starvation in the mountain's depths.

And so the bloodshed continued, day after day, week after week, until the months wore on, and the dwarves found themselves teetering on the brink of defeat. They had lost too many troops, their supplies were dwindling, and their will to fight was waning. But still, they held on, hoping against hope that they would find some way to turn the tide of the battle and emerge victorious.

Finally, the last day of fighting arrived. The dwarves and gnomes descended into the mountain's bowels, battling their way through wave after wave of the dark creatures. They took losses but never faltered, knowing they were fighting for their city's and people's survival. When they finally reached the sorcerer's chamber, the fighting was vicious. Morgathor the Maleficent summoned more creatures to fight for him and cast fiendish spells that nearly crushed the dwarves' spirits. Wave after wave fought Morgathor, but none survived. The combat was brutal, with the dwarves taking heavy losses.

They fought with a ferocity that surprised even themselves, but it was not enough. The creatures seemed endless, and the sorcerer's spells were too powerful to withstand. One by one, despite their best efforts, the dwarves fell until only a handful remained.

In the end, the dwarves of Dofraec were defeated, and their once-proud city lay in ruins. The streets and tunnels were littered with the bodies of the fallen; the survivors fleeing their beloved city, leaving behind everything they had built and held dear. They retreated to the deepest, darkest corners of the mountain, where they hid from their conquerors and mourned the loss of their home. And so, "the Blackfall" became a dark chapter in the history of the dwarves, a day when their world was shattered and their lives forever changed.

Although they were dark times for the survivors, resistance still burned in their hearts. They dug deep into the mountain, carving new homes and new lives for themselves and swearing to become stronger and one day reclaim their city and drive out the invaders no matter how high the cost.

Some of the dwarves, desperate to reclaim their city and protect their loved ones, made a fateful decision. They turned to the very magic that had destroyed their city, delving deep into the dark arts and the secrets of fire magic.

Over time, these dwarves began to master this sorcery, drawing upon their newfound strength to defend themselves and those they loved.

As the centuries passed, these dwarves came to be known as the "Emberforged." They had evolved, becoming stronger and more resilient than any dwarves before them. They could conjure flames at will, wield dark magic, and navigate the treacherous depths of the mountain with ease. Despite these unique powers, the Emberforged still held true to the traditions and culture of their ancestors.

They remained proud and determined, vowing to reclaim their lost city one day and drive out the dark forces that had taken it from them.

Eventually, the new breed of dwarves emerged from the ashes of their former home, ready to face whatever the future held.

A long time has passed since the Blackfall, and Dofraec has become a place of darkness and despair. The evil forces of Morgathor have taken the city and made it their home, transforming it into a twisted and corrupted shadow of its former self.

The once-great halls and chambers of the dwarves are now filled with the foul creatures of the enemy, their forms squirming in the flickering light of green cursed flames. The walls that once protected the city have been torn down and replaced with spikes and barbed wire, while the streets reek with the stench of decay and rumble with the sound of agonizing screams.

The evil that now reigns in Dofraec has spread its influence far beyond the city's walls, casting a pall of darkness and fear over the surrounding lands. The very air seems to be poisoned by the malevolence that seeps out from the heart of the cursed city, and few dare venture too close for fear of what horrors they might encounter.

Legends of the siege for Dofraec have passed down through the generations, becoming twisted and distorted by time and the dark influence of the enemy. They speak of heroic dwarves who fought heroically against the forces of evil but who were ultimately vanquished by the power of Morgathor and his minions.

Nowadays, Dofraec is a place of dread and terror, a reminder of the terrible price paid when evil is allowed to take root and fester.

The city has become a place of darkness and despair, a shadowy reflection of the once-great kingdom it used to be. It's been 1200 years since any dwarves have been in the once mighty city.