

the corwyn chronicles

# Of Gnomes and Azoth



J.D. DRESNER

*The Corwyn Chronicles*

OF GNOMES &  
AZOTH



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## ABOUT GNOMES

*Some consider gnomes to be distant cousins of the dwarves, while others believe them to have a closer kinship with the nymn. Regardless of their ancestry, the gnomes are a proud, and clever race of underworld dwellers with a passion for invention and advancement. Much like the dwarves they live in monarchical clans, with lineages leading back to The Age of Books.*

*Gotrut, a gnomes city near The Great Divide of Craggmoä, has a population of nearly ten thousand, making it one of the largest gnome clans in all of Corwyn.*

# Of Gnomes & Azoth

*Thégos 32-1716, a.t.*

They say that it is good to be the king. I wouldn't know; I am only the king's advisor. But I'll tell you this: It is good to be living in the great gnomes kingdom of Gotrut under King Galvus Moghan's rule.

*The fire flickered in controlled beats within the contained pit. The advisor watched the red flames with a careful eye as he told his story.*

In my respectable one hundred and thirty-three years of serving the Moghan family I have seen a number of rulers come and go, but none have governed with as much fairness and stability as Galvus. None have allowed us to live in such comfort, and certainty. Gotrut is a city with good light, and clean water. There is very little crime here, and there is enough trade and commerce with the surface world to aptly feed our economy. We have jobs, and religion, a small, but respectable army, and all of the things we could possibly need right here in this pocket that lays beneath the earth. Yes, it is good to live in Gotrut; it has

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been for nearly two hundred seasons under King Moghan's stable regime.

*The fire illuminated the left side of the advisor's face, splitting him half in the light, and half in the dark. He chose the best piece of wood, and placed it confidently into the fire between two ash-ridden, blackened pieces. The flames neither rose, nor fell, nor did they spread or dwindle.*

But, there are those who misconstrue stability for stagnancy. Some believe that he is stubborn — that he is resistant to change, and is unwilling to acclimatize our city to the changes of the maturing surface world. They say that he is a traditionalist who clings to the old ways, and that he is afraid to sink to lower depths (for all of you surface dwellers that don't know, in the underworld it is a good thing to sink to lower depths). They say that he is holding us back. I tell you this: those who believe that do not know the king as I do; they cannot know how hard it is to rule a society of people who burn with an innate, and unquestionably combustible inner fire — a yearning to grow, and to dig deeper, and to invent. We gnomes are the architects of the future, but we are also by nature, quite self-destructive. If our passions are not contained we become volatile, destructive; we become drunk with the gods' nectar.

If the humans' god gave them stone tools, and then fire, and then the wheel, he did it in carefully planned out stages so that they would not destroy themselves. He babies them, and he coddles them, and only when the time is right does he hand them a new toy to play with. Our god (as we all know from the scriptures) has no such restraint.

*He held the poker in his hands, all the while looking for a place to stick it within the fiery logs. He nearly prodded the lowermost log with the iron spike, but something had held him back; a lone ember had escaped the pit, reminding him that by jabbing the bottom log, he might inadvertently lose control of the fire, and allow the embers to escape the protective barrier of rock. With but a little willpower, he retracted the poker.*

Our god is The Original Inventor; he is The Toy Maker, The Tinkerer. He gave us stone tools, fire, and the wheel all on the same day, and what did we do with it? We invented the world's first rolling flash bomb. Moghan understands our precarious nature all too well, and so he keeps us in check by decelerating our inner flames.



I'll tell you this: there was a time when King Moghan was not so immune to his own burning desire to sink to greater depths, and to appease his own insatiable lust for growth and development. There was a time when comfort, peace, and equilibrium had been thoroughly attained in Gotrut, and monotony began to rear its ugly head. The days bled into one another, and it became hard to differentiate one week from the next. Like clockwork, and like the Hour and Minute Bridges that swivel around our Great Hall with strict adherence to its programmed schedule, the people would go about their predictable lives, perfectly timed and wholly unsurprising. Tedium had also slowed the king's heart, and the desire for novelty began to nip at him like the sabre-toothed rats that climb into our machines and toss about their innards. I

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could tell that the itch was becoming too great for him to bear. I could see, during our afternoon council meetings, how he would tap his fingers against his throne, and how he would fidget with his cup, or his robe, or his crown, or with my cup, or my robe. He became short tempered, and easily distracted. “Let’s dig out the eastern chasm!” he blurted out quite uncharacteristically on one ordinary afternoon, without ever having discussed the expansion of Gotrut in any great detail before. Funny, isn’t it... that we strive for order when chaos is all around us, but when order is all around us, we strive for a bit of chaos?

*Before he realized what he was doing, the advisor began to prod at the new log with his poker. The piece dropped to the side, unbalancing the fire and releasing embers everywhere.*

And chaos is exactly what we got. I presume that most of you are not scholars in gnome history, and so I do not expect you to know what I mean when I refer to the story of Azoth. Be warned, this story is not for the faint-hearted, for it entails the gruesome details of how a vile beast nearly destroyed our great city.



We began digging out the eastern chasm almost immediately, and we dug deep. We could have taken Galvus-like measured steps, charting through the lengthy bureaucratic labyrinth of paperwork before reaching any real depth. We could have taken the proper readings, or looked for signs of danger before we cut, and drilled, and dug our way into the

new unknown, but by then our pretentious, self-heightening society of novelty seekers — led by our straying king — had become too consumed by our own internal fires to perceive what should have been obvious.

The first cavern yielded a few precious minerals; it was nothing out of the ordinary, but when we reached the next layer there were diamonds, and gemstones of all shapes and colours. Miners were returning with the oddest-looking stones; there were lazuli-encased rubies, and gold-infused iron, and I believe I can recall a silver-dusted black opal. Soon, the entire city began to talk of these wonders, and that only fueled our desires to dig deeper.

*On its side, the log burned quicker, and the flames rose beyond the advisor’s wishes.*

At a lower depth we found more odd minerals and gemstones tightly packed into one long vein. Moghan gave the order to enlist more people to mine, and of course we were all too eager to comply — anything to avoid our dull existence in an unchanging city. Many signed up, so many in fact, that Gotrut’s economy soon began to feel an effect. Schedules were off, and production was down; with an excited mind on the caves, people were getting sloppy in their work, and shoddy materials were being made almost regularly.

*The fallen log had fully ignited now, and it brought too much heat to one side of the fire, causing some of the lower, sturdier logs to burn brighter. They weren’t meant to burn that fast — they could last an entire night at a moderate heat, but with the intensified flames they might have about an hour left in them. The advisor gently poked at the disruptive log as*

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*he continued to tell his tale, hoping to force it away from the other logs before it was too late to restore balance to the fire.*

I tried to subtly convey my fears that the king's fervor had negatively affected his city during many of our afternoon meetings, but he'd only brush me off. "We'll just dig one layer lower to make sure that there aren't any more veins, and then we can return to our efficiently boring lives, my friend," he'd say with the sincerest of smiles. Of course, I knew addiction when I saw it, and I'd be lying if I said that I wasn't the slightest bit interested in knowing what lay beneath that last vein of riches we had found.

*His attempt to reposition the fallen log failed; instead it only fell further into the fire. The advisor stood up now, knowing that he was in serious trouble of losing control of his creation. The fire wouldn't escape the pit — that wasn't the issue. The real dilemma was that he didn't have enough wood to last the night if this fire didn't calm down soon, and he couldn't simply let it die, for it was cold this night and he welcomed its warmth.*

Our elation peaked when we discovered the largest deposit of precious minerals ever to be seen in the history of the gnomes in one of the lowest depths. By then King Moghan had all but forgotten about his stringent rules and his steadfast regulations. The city had forgotten about their trades with the surface world, production had come to a standstill, and when our people weren't mining the bountiful caves, they were celebrating, and drinking, and showing off their newly acquired oddities. The only things that kept us from succumbing to complete anarchy — the only pieces of evi-

dence of any kind of social order were our status-denoting clothes, and our badges of rank. The king had unintentionally, but thoroughly thrown the city into disarray by allowing our passions to consume us, but before you judge him, know that it wasn't the prospect of wealth that had him burying his stringent codes and laws in his backyard. As I said, the king had been bitten (or I should say, 'smitten') by novelty, and his intoxication had become too great. With blurred vision he could not see that there was something amiss about those caverns — none of us could see it. Our instincts told us that diamonds, and gemstones, and precious metals did not naturally form in such vast deposits, all strung together like construction rope, but we didn't want to listen. Even The Builder — the kingdom's sole seer and magic user — tried to warn us. He lives apart from us, high up on the wall of Gotrut's great cavern, and at the time he was the only one who could see the danger we were placing ourselves in with his sober eyes. We ignored his warnings as well.

*The smoke irritated the advisor's eyes as he tried to spread the logs out, knowing that a wider foundation would last longer than a higher one. His experience should have told him that a wider foundation required more wood in the long run in order to maintain the ideal temperature, but he wasn't thinking about that; his only concern in the moment was to keep the fire from burning out too quickly.*



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We kept digging. We kept sinking to lower depths, proud as we were, but who knew that there was such a thing as sinking too low?

When I hear the stories about monsters taking people in the night, one by one, never truly showing their faces whilst preying on the fears of others, I cannot help but to laugh. That isn't how it works — at least, that isn't how Azoth came. He came swiftly, violently, and without warning; he made his presence known. He was our god's way of saying, "that's enough, you've gone too far," before tossing a rolling flash bomb into our beloved society.

*He tossed another log into the center of the pit.*

The first and last thing I will ever remember about Azoth was that he had many teeth. He had teeth behind his teeth. He had teeth that protruded from his terrible maw, and jutting out of his face and neck until they became thorny thistles that extended down his back. And his claws — those double-jointed nails that could tear rock to shreds like paper; I shall never forget about those claws. They still torment me in my dreams. I'm sure they still slash at King Moghan's dreams as well. To say that Azoth was a ferocious beast or a magnificent, destructive creature of the lower earth would be like calling an angry mountain lion a gentle dormouse.

*The advisor had been distracted. He didn't realize that the log he had just thrown into the fire was not a log at all, but a firecracker — a sparkler rod that somehow got mixed up in the bunch. There was an explosion (albeit a minor one) and the angry fire grew. The advisor danced around the fire pit, poking and prodding at the logs to keep them con-*

*tained. His only two concerns now were to keep the flames from escaping the pit, and to finish his story.*

To say that he nearly decimated our city would not be an exaggeration — not in the least. He killed hundreds within hours. Azoth would squash our miners with any one of his six legs, or he would collapse our tunnels with his thorny tail, and I remember hearing a young cadet — Ryûkk, was his name — saying to me, "What kind of evil monstrosity is he?" as we clawed our way past the slower gnomes to safety.

*The spike of his poker jabbed at one of the blackened logs, and it fell in two, collapsing onto the ash and creating a soot-laden smoke.*



But I don't believe Azoth was evil; he was just... nature, I suppose. He behaved more like an earthquake, or the magma of a violent volcano than an angry beast. He seemed to act without feeling; there was no malice in his impressive roar, and there was no hunger in his bite. Yes, he attacked us, but he could have just as easily avoided us. Perhaps he was just as bored as we were. I don't know — he had no eyes, you see; how could you perceive intent without being able to look into his soul through his eyes, right? I don't even know if a thing like that has a soul, but that's neither here nor there.

*Smoke clouded much of the fire, while embers scattered about the air like errant wisps. The heat was enough to force him to step back, and he could now foresee an abrupt end to his creation.*

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Moghan must have realized what he had become — what he had allowed all of us to become — when he heard the collapse of the third layer all the way from The Great Hall, our city’s center. He must have cursed his lack of rigidity when the second layer collapsed. He must have looked out at his kingdom from his perched window as he waited for the sound of the first layer’s collapse, thinking about how empty the city now looked; for nearly nine-tenths of Gotrut’s people were in the caves at the time. He was probably thinking about where he had gone wrong, or where it all began. Surely, his desire to dig had come way before that afternoon that he impulsively declared, “let’s dig out the eastern chasm!” His voice had been too stern — too demanding — for it to have been a sporadic decision, though it was likely more of a subconscious desire than a conscious one. I’m sure in that time he must have also looked to Gotrut’s wall, where The Builder’s home was carved from the rock face.

*The advisor reached for his bucket of sand, and scooped some of its contents into his hands. The sand would smother the fire where he needed it to, but it would also prevent him from resurrecting the flames later on, should he wish to.*

By the time I had returned to Gotrut’s gates, King Moghan and The Builder were already on their way to face Azoth, and they were accompanied by a small army of fearful soldiers. I remember exactly how The Builder looked at the time; he was worried, though he did not appear to be scared. With the king next to him he walked with a confident stride, and I remember thinking it odd that his boots lifted the

ground like he was treading in mud, yet the ground was as solid as stone. I hardly gave it a second thought after I heard the poor screams of the gnomes behind us, followed by Ryûkk’s bellowing voice. “Azoth is coming! Azoth is coming! He must be stopped!”

The king gritted his teeth and said, “Cadet! Turn and face him with us, for we now have the means to stop him.”

King Moghan led all of us straight back the way we came. I could tell that he was determined to beat this horrific creature, yet he was shameful that he had awakened the beast in the first place.

“Help me!” We heard the cries of another cadet once we were back inside the tunnels that led to the first layer. “There is someone trapped under there!” We saw the cadet trying to lift a boulder that was clearly too heavy for any one person to lift — too heavy even for ten people to lift.

“Stand aside,” said the king, but the cadet just kept trying to lift the impossibly large boulder away. “Cadet! What is your name?”

He stopped, and looked at the king with stunned eyes. “Umm... Zr'Gell. Zr'Gell Tegg, but most people call me Zee.”

*The advisor sprinkled some of the sand over one area, and doused that part of the fire completely. It was a special kind of sand. It had been imported all the way from Abunon; he was grateful for having acquired it in a trade.*

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“Cadet Tegg, if you’d please step aside...” the king requested again, and the cadet complied. Then, The Builder stepped forward — and I can tell you that I can count on one hand the amount of times I have seen him use his power. He opened his palm at the boulder, and as soon as he had, the boulder became indented in the shape of a hand. It began to crack from the center indent, and crumble away as if it was made of wet sand, and as the pieces fell they turned to dust. “Behold the power of The Builder,” said King Moghan. With the boulder crumbling away, Zee dove into the sand and retrieved his fallen comrade. The gnome — the lieutenant — was dazed, but was otherwise no worse for wear.

Then came the mighty roar of the beast. The roar was so loud that stalactites fell from the cavern’s ceiling. The roar was so great that each of us had to save our eardrums from bursting by covering our ears. Still, Moghan ushered us onward, towards the roaring creature, though I daresay I’d have given anything to avoid ever coming face to face with Azoth again.

*The unwelcome firecracker sparked again, and it tossed the sand and wood all about. The advisor would need to reapply the sand in many areas for it to be effective. With a tilt of the bucket, he pillowed the edge of the fire pit with sand, squelching the flames near the perimeter. He would need to work his way inward, spreading the sand towards the fire’s center, but the fire was hot and it made it difficult to get close enough to properly distribute the sand.*

We hurried through another winding tunnel until we reached the first layer, and there he was. He was facing us, measuring

us up. Even without eyes he could still see us. I remembered many minutes passing before anything happened, but others say that it happened instantly. Azoth charged as he tore at the ground with his many claws, and it reminded me of the way The Builder disturbed the ground when he walked. I fell back, but most ran. The king backed away, and I believe that Zee actually shot at the beast with his measly little side-arm, but The Builder stood his ground. He lifted his arms, and conjured up a large metal barrier between he and Azoth. The barrier looked like a metallic dam that could keep an entire ocean from seeping through. But Azoth was greater than any ocean. He quickly tore through the dam with his many teeth. The Builder fashioned another dam, and then he dropped the rocky ceiling on the creature, and then he turned the ceiling to metal.

*In one impulsive and fearful moment, the advisor tossed the remaining sand into the center of the fire. The highest flames quickly abated, leaving only tiny flickers of light to poke through the sandy surface of the pit. The advisor took in a deep breath of smoky air. He looked into his bucket; only about an inch of sand remained. He was upset with himself for losing control of the fire, and for not noticing the three-shot firecracker that had somehow crept its way into his bundle of logs.*

*Ready to continue his story, he began placing new logs over the old ones. And then, he remembered something: the three-shot firecracker had only shot twice thus far, meaning...*

For a moment I thought it was over. Azoth had been completely encased in a metallic prison, and much like plaster, the metal had seeped into his joints and orifices, preventing

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him from moving. But Azoth was greater than any prison. I could see the metal bending and warping away as Azoth grew. “Back, now!” said The Builder just as one of the solid pieces bent outwards and caused the rest of the cavern to collapse. Had it not been for The Builder’s quick hands and his ability to disintegrate rock, we would have all been buried alive. We ran from Azoth, and we did not look back.

“Where is The Builder?” asked Zee once we reached Gotrut’s welcoming arches. We could hear the roar, and the sound of collapsing tunnels, and the shattering of steel. The tunnel coughed out a dust cloud as the floor shook, and each of us backed away. We weren’t prepared for the explosion as Gotrut’s cavern wall burst, Azoth tearing through it with his hands and his teeth. The Builder had straddled one of the rocks that spouted from the wall, and was now behind us. He was cut and bruised in many places, but I tell you that he is the most resilient gnome I have ever met — especially for a person in his second century of life. His body ceased to bleed, and his bruises faded away like ghosts, and all that remained were the memories of his injuries. He marched past us, and towards the angry creature.

*The advisor fell back as the firecracker let out its final (and most powerful) shot, scattering the sand from Abunon, and setting both the old and new logs aflame with a blazing anger. The fire grew thrice its original size, and its fleeing embers grazed the advisor’s stockpile of logs, threatening to set them aflame as well. He had only a handful of sand left, and the fire would burn itself out in a few short minutes if he did not do something about it quickly.*

The Builder leapt at Azoth; the ground gave him a boost as a piece of rock beneath his feet burst forth from the ground, and like a bird he soared through the air. Azoth nipped at the gnome with his outer teeth, but The Builder had formed a hammer in his hand, and he pummeled him with it before any of his teeth could pierce The Builder’s skin. He landed on Azoth’s forehead and struck him in the brow with his hammer. Azoth lurched backwards, but then he slammed his head against the wall, crushing The Builder and forcing him to let go. Still, The Builder did not fall. He leapt again, but Azoth — eyes, or no — saw him coming, and slapped him so hard that he soared right past us, through Gotrut’s archway, and into the city. He must have landed somewhere deep in the heart of Gotrut, near The Great Hall. Azoth gave chase. He tore past us and crushed our buildings beneath his many feet, and when the catwalks or bridges got in his way, he would pull them aside like they were mere cobwebs. I remember the cry of a mother looking for here babe. I recall seeing a gnome getting pinned beneath a kiln when Azoth’s tail shredded his pottery shop to pieces. To this day he still cannot make proper use of his legs.

Without thinking I fired my sidearm. Azoth stopped. The other’s fired too — the king, Cadet Tegg, Cadet Ryûkk, and the other soldiers each fired their guns. The gruesome beast slowly tilted his head around as though surveying our little brash army of would-be heroes, and then he growled. The gurgling sound that came from his throat was so deep that I could feel the ground vibrating. And then, he swung at us. The three nearest chimneys exploded in the swing and fell on

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us like stone rain. We scattered as we threw away our pistols in favor of sharper, more reliable weapons. Azoth's mighty hand came down in an attempt to flatten us. Most of us sprang out of the way, but two gnome soldiers remained, lifting their swords, hoping that the beast would retract his hand upon feeling the sting of their blades. They were crushed, and their metal blades shattered like glass.

“Enough!” called The Builder upon his return, and he slashed at Azoth with an imaginary sword. Not so imaginary, for Azoth's proud chest had become indented as though a giant blade had slashed him there. Azoth didn't cry in pain so much as in astonishment. Perhaps this was the first time anything had ever injured him before. The wound healed quickly. “You leave me little choice, rock bear! I was hoping to deter you, but now I realize that I shall have to destroy you!” He swiped again, and a new scar appeared on Azoth's face. It healed.

Azoth snarled as he readied his hind legs to pounce. He leapt, and he bared all of his claws and teeth at The Builder, and this — I tell you — is the part that I shall never forget. The Builder stood his ground, and caught Azoth by his fore paws as the creature tried to squish him between his palms. With arms spread out he became locked with the ferocious beast. He should have been flattened by Azoth's clapping paws, or torn to shreds by his horrific, double-jointed claws. Instead The Builder held onto Azoth's palms, and his skin resembled Azoth's skin. His feet resembled the ground he stood on, and somewhere in the middle he was still gnomes.

Azoth's palms began to disintegrate — it was the work of The Builder — but they healed just as fast. Azoth clasped harder, but his paws only disintegrated faster. Azoth bit down on The Builder, but his teeth shattered and turned to dust. New teeth replaced the old teeth. Finally, Azoth relented. Tired of the stalemate, he backed away slowly. The Builder did not move.

*The advisor had an idea, and if it worked it might just save his fire. He quickly dampened a log with some water, and then coated it with some of the remaining sand. He tossed the log into the fire. There was a sizzle and a lot of smoke, and the flames had dwindled. He reached for another log and treated it in similar fashion before throwing it too into the fire. He only had enough sand to coat four logs, but it would be enough. Water-soaked, and sand-covered, the four logs behaved like moderators that smothered the fire just enough, whilst providing it with more fuel once the water had dried. Equilibrium was established; he had a sustainable fire once more.*

When Azoth turned away, Ryûkk removed his sidearm and pointed it at the beast. “No!” said The Builder quickly, and his sidearm rusted and corroded in Ryûkk's hands. “Leave him alone, and he shall leave us alone.”

We never saw Azoth again.

It took time to find everyone; luckily, Azoth was more interested in showing what he could do with his power than actually employing it, and so most of us survived his attack. The Builder helped us to seal off the many layers that had led us to Azoth's lair, though by then the mighty beast had abandoned it, perhaps in favor of a more discreet home. It was

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surmised that the string of oddly mixed minerals and gemstones had come from Azoth, that perhaps they were his excrements — like the webbing from a spider.

In a few weeks' time the people of Gotrut had returned to their regular, mundane routine. The Builder had returned to his isolated home on the outskirts of Gotrut once reconstruction of the city was well on its way to completion, and the king and I fell back into our scheduled meetings and procedures. Once in a while I can see him tapping at his throne, or fidgeting with his robe, or his cup, or his crown, and yes... he still fidgets with my robe and cup. But he has learned to control his inner fire — our inner fires, or should I say that he has at least learned to regulate its growth? We still explore, and build, and invent, but we do so now at a stringent and scheduled pace. Each week Gotrut is allowed one new invention, and before it reaches the public eye that invention is critiqued, and scrutinized with safety and ethics in mind. If it does not pass each of the king's rigorous standards, the invention is rejected and may be slated for reform. Each season we may explore one new cavern, but not before the cavern is properly scanned, and tested. You see, we must moderate our innermost passions, not suppress them — that was Moghan's mistake prior to Azoth's arrival. We gnomes were born to create, and to recreate; we are inventors, and toy makers, and tinkerers. Suppression leads only to combustion. With a schedule and a mediated incline, we can eventually burn as fierce as the planet's core without leaking like a volcano. We can sink to the greatest depths. We can become a great people.

*The advisor kept a sharp eye on the fire, remembering not to poke it too much or add too many logs to it. He would inspect each log before placing it into the fire, and he would insure that none of them were sparklers. He sat again, basking in the warmth that would last him the night as he finished his tale.*

Save for the awakening of Azoth, King Moghan has never led us astray. Moghan is a good king, and Gotrut is a great city. Under The Builder's protection we shall thrive, and we shall continue to light up the world with our controlled, inner fire — that I am sure of.



# Glossary of Terms

## Abunon:

A desert-like land said to be filled with mysterious happenings, and undiscovered treasures. Abunon thrives on the mythology and legends that continue to spread about the land, attracting many adventurers, treasure hunters, and gamblers alike.

## Azoth:

A mighty rock beast (or Rock bear) that threatened the gnome city of Gotrut long ago. He has many teeth, and thorns, and claws, but has no eyes to see with. Azoth is believed to be one of the four colossi of the planet. Elven legend depicts the birth of four colossi from the Great Dragon, Thamaht: First their was Urå, and the sky was born, and then came Thalaz; the sea was born. Next, the earth was born of Thamaht, and his name was Azoth, and finally Glyne was born, and there was life.

## Gnome:

A race of beings that live underground in clans. They are perhaps the cleanest, and most sophisticated of the underworld races. They specialize in the development and advancement of machinery and mechanical objects, and seldom use magic within their society.

The gnomes live in a peaceful, democratic-emulating monarchy.

## Gotrut:

A gnome city that dwells in a pocket beneath the surface near Craggmoä's Great Divide; the canyon that splits much of the continent's northern face. Gotrut closed its borders to the outside world near the end of The Age of Thieves, preventing trade with The Breggin Empire.

King Galvus Moghan was the last known ruler of the city.

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