

JORHAUL

“YOU CAN SHATTER OUR AXES, DESTROY OUR STONE. BUT YOU CANNOT DESTROY US.”

PLUNDER

The skies were overcast in gray over the waters of the Frosted Sea, and a mighty wind surged down from the North blanketing the waters with razor thin ice floats. The very waters growled and jostled, pushing waves through the waters like sentries to the very realm itself. Few would ever want to sail such days, and even fewer choose to. The Captain and crew of The Fury, were made of more mettle than what the mere elements could throw at them. A decorated Jorhaul vessel, The Fury was every bit a ship born and bred for battle. Her prow was meticulously carved in the image of mighty ram, its foremost points reinforced with well crafted steel to better suit the ship for crippling it's quarry. Two masts stood tall and proud from The Fury's sturdy frame, cloaked in dark navy they were engorged with the North winds and pushed her like a wolf on the hunt through the Frosted Sea. Standing proud at the Helm was her Captain, Brannak Ironfist.

One of the crew atop the crows nest had spotted what looked like a vessel, and as The Fury sped onward sails did indeed grow as she stalked her pray. Feeling confident, Captain Ironfist called to his crew as he reached for his spyglass.

“GET THE OARS OUT LADS! THIS ONE'S HEAVY IN THE WATER!”

Before the Captain could even finish, cheers and whoops sounded from his crew who had gone too long without a good fight. On the second level, Orc slaves were roused and spurred to action as their Jorhaul taskmasters made The Fury take wing. Above deck two small teams of Jorhaul took to the oars as well, urging The Fury forward with all the strength the crew could spare. Captain Brannak called to the crows nest

“What colors does she fly?!”

The answer sounded from high above.

“Definitely a Daltanic vessel Capn'! I see the star and some sort o' sigil or symbol all over

‘er arse! A Kingfisher by the looks of it!”

“A Kingfisher...” Brannak ran his hands through his twice plaited beard, searching in the fires of his memory. He was well acquainted with most of the Daltanic houses that would even dare to tread these waters, but none of them sported a Kingfisher as their symbol to his knowledge.

“Probably a minor house...KNUCKLE UP LADS!”

The deck rumbled with activity as his crew prepared for boarding and taking the ship as prize, Brannak let a small satisfied smile cross his lips as his first mate Gundogar Brassblood started a common Jorhaul Battle Hymn. Soon the whole ship reverberated with song

*The axe be sharp, our reach be long
In ice forged, our spirits strong
In Val'Duar's halls, Where we belong
Brought unto you, this Iron Song*

*We clash , we fight, the flesh we shred
Ripped from a warrior freshly dead
Our prize, our right, our will be strong
Still we sing our Iron Song*

*Lock your heart, oil steel
Our Forgefather guides the wheel
With Mothers Hearth burning bright
We who wield the Jorhaults might*

*Despair not, this final dirge
Accept your fate, resist your urge
Go now to death, where you belong
While we still sing our Iron Song*

The Fury shot forward as the Jorhaul did sing, until it seemed that it was not just one ship that had descended on the poor Daltanic vessel, but a cacophony. As if the very wrath of nature was against them, the ship stood little chance. The Jorhaul make short work of the ship and its crew, and with everything of value scuttled, looted and plundered, Captain Ironfist deems the ship of little worth to tow to port.

As the last tiny splinter of the Daltanic ship's mast sank beneath the waters, the Jorhaul sing anew as they continue their journey in search of Val'duar.

DESCRIPTION:

The Jorhaul are a resilient and mighty people that hail from the Northern Kingdom of Jorhaul'duar, unlike their Mag'duar cousins they are every bit as cold as the lands they occupy. Known by many names to the other natives of Aularia, whether you prefer Sea Dwarves, Salt Dwarves, or the people of the Azure Kingdom, if you ask any Jorhaul there is one known absolute fact, and that's their superiority over all others. Since the dawn of recorded history and even before according to the Jorhaul, they are a people that are born to rule all. Jorhaul are most prominently encountered on the seas as they quest for the legendary kingdom of Val'duar, which they believe resides on the Material Plane.

At home on the seas, the Jorhaul are arguably the finest sailors that Aularia has ever seen. Even before the Age of salt the Jorhaul have had an absolute command of sailing that to the untrained eye makes them almost supernatural on the water. With a might makes right attitude, they are not above "piracy" or violence to take what it theirs. If one isn't strong enough to hold on to it, in the eyes of the Jorhaul it wasn't theirs to keep.

Due to their near conquest of the entire world during the Age of Salt, remnants of Jorhaul occupation can be found almost everywhere. In some more extreme cases like the people Isselheim, the jorhaults had a significant and profound effect on their entire way of life. The Age of Salt was considered the grandest time in the Jorhaults history, and many claim that it was only the precursor of things to come from them. Conquest is born and bred into every young Jorhaul, and there are few who can contest something that a Jorhaul wants, even in today's age.

Known for their arrogance, Jorhaul are short, blunt, and rude to anyone who isn't a dwarf themselves. While tolerant of their Mag'duar cousins, they have strong religious disagreements with them on the nature of Val'duar, as well as who rules each respective people. Regardless, they still vehemently hold to the one tenant above all others: No Dwarf will take another dwarfs life, lest they forever join the Darkholme clan. Strong, pious, and resolute, the Kingdom of Jorhaul'duar is ready to usher in a new age of conquest to Aularia.

HISTORY:

THE WAR OF THE ICE GIANTS:

When the world of Aularia was still young, the ancient Jorhaul of the frozen North began their first steps of conquest with the most significant discovery in their races long and storied history. Trekking for miles and miles across the frozen tundra, the Jorhaul endeavored to find water through sheer grit and iron will. Settlers themselves, having traveled across an ancient

land bridge, it was on the frozen coasts of future Jorhaul'duar where they found the single greatest blessing the triad could give their children.

As they finally discovered the water they had longed to track down so with it came the ship known as Leviathan. During their travels the Frost Giants had become ever bolder laying siege upon them time and again in an effort to wipe them out, but while fighting off the cold and the long and seemingly endless journey they were finally rewarded with the greatest gift they could ever fathom. The mighty ship stood before them worn and abandoned, but valiant and sturdy as ever. A ship that could withstand the test of time the mighty Jorhaul saw themselves when they gazed upon her mighty hull.

They quickly settled on board and were amazed by a ship that was far beyond anything they had ever imagined. They began working as fast as they could to bring the ship back up to pristine order, but with architecture and technology so far beyond them they would find the task daunting and it would take them hundreds if not thousands of years. In the meantime, it provided a safe haven from the Frost Giants. Here in their new capital they began to start arming and gathering their people for the coming war with the Frost Giants. For two hundred years at the beginning of the age of Aular they defended against never ending Frost Giant attacks as they gathered their people and supplies and began to arm for the coming war.

The forges built upon the Leviathan were said to have burned hotter than any forges ever created. The Jorhaul worked tirelessly determined to fulfill their religious endeavors. They thought themselves as unworthy to pursue these endeavors further if they could not first take back the blood and tears from the Frost Giants. Finally after a couple hundred years on the defensive they were prepared to launch their counterattack against their deadly foe. Their warriors marched forth with a might that shook the icy continent as their battle songs rang across the land spreading fear and misery through every Frost Giant across the northern continent. Norvenholt port on the southeastern edge of the continent was their land base of operations and as the Leviathan which usually stayed at a safer distance out at sea came into port as the war began the Frost Giants besieging the city for some 200 years quickly turned tail and ran as the colossal floating city began its eerie approach.

The Jorhaul marched across the continent with relentless might. Staled at points as the Frost Giants bolstered their defenses and took refuge in their cities, the Jorhaul pushed on determined to wipe out the scourge that had hounded them for so long. The war took its toll as the Frost Giants put up a relentless fight for survival. After 300 years of relentless advancement by the Jorhaul the Frost Giants gathered all their surviving kin and formed the city fort of Frostmight. The city was a marvel built into a mountain of ice that rose a mile high and was 5 miles wide at its base. The city stood as the last hope of defense for the Frost Giants.

For over 1000 years the Jorhaul laid siege to the mighty city with no avail. The city stood as the last Frost Giant torn in their side. With its fall they would have unopposed dominion over the northern continent. Some 600 years into the age of dawn the Jorhaul started to become

frustrated by the Frost Giants continued resistance. The reigning Regent of the time was Maldroth Windfury. Maldroth decided that the best way to finally fell the Frost Giants is if they could tunnel their way inside, but it had to be by surprise. The mighty city was set in a spot that allowed the Frost Giants to see for miles in any direction across the flat landscape so the tunnel would have to be insanely long spanning miles upon miles. Next they would have to breach the bottom of the mountain which was no doubt protected against such intrusions with what unknown sorcerous power.

Coming up with a cunning plan Maldroth ordered construction of the tunnel, it took 50 years to dig but the tunnel was finally complete and landed right beneath the icy fortress. The tunnel once reaching the other wall of the city dared not journey further. Instead it stayed just beneath the outer wall and made a ring following the walls path around the entire city. With explosives set the Jorhaul prepared what looked like just another one of their relentless attacks upon the great city when before the Frost Giants eyes the wall fell from around their city and the Jorhaul poured in from all sides. The charge was led by Maldroth himself who upon reaching the throne room of the Frost Giant king engaged him in combat and slayed the king and claimed victory over the Frost Giants once and for all. The city of Frostmight is now a museum of sorts. The cold preserving the dead bodies of those who fell from both sides with the last Frost Giant king sitting on his throne and the mighty pickax of Maldroth still sticking from his dead body. Children of the Jorhaul often visit this site as a right of passage growing up to be reminded of the great victory won that day.

THE AGE OF DAWN:

During the Age of Dawn the Jorhaul began looking to the sea as they became aware that the baron frozen wasteland they call home would not have the resources to sustain their growing population for long. They began at first just fishing off the coasts. Small fishing vessels that would go out a short ways from the shore and bring back loads of fish that became the main portion of the Jorhaul diet. Then as the fish closer to shore became more scarce they began to journey further out. Learning what they could from their mighty capital The Leviathan, they began building stronger and mightier ships that could withstand the currents and the tides and began branching out. Upon meeting any traveling ships, their belief that they were the superior race quickly took hold. The Jorhaul took by force what resources they saw fit as needed to survive. This eventually evolved into them just taking what they wanted.

As resources became more and more scarce the Jorhaul took more and more to the sea led by their capital. It wasn't long before they embraced everything the sea had to offer and realized that the sea had always been their true calling. They began to train the youth from a young age in everything of how to build and handle their ships. They dedicated an entire corps of engineers and shipbuilders aboard The Leviathan to continually develop and enhance ever stronger and faster ships. The corps named 'The Sea Dogs' were widely revered among all Jorhaul to the point that they were part of the elite class just below the Reagent himself.

With their new found prowess and advancements on the seas it was declared that the entirety of the sea was their new kingdom and that anyone found on it trespassing was subject to their whims and their laws. Trespassers property was subject to their discretion and was the Jorhaults' to take and do with as they please as a tax for using their seas. Various settlements and city states didn't take kindly to these aggressive actions, but there was little they could do to stop it as no one could compete with the strength and speed of Jorhaul vessels. It became common place to either avoid them at all costs or do you best to bargain for your lives and hope they didn't take you as slaves.

As part of their sea dominance they excelled in making maps of all the areas they could reach by sea. While not having detailed maps of the lands they had a clear maps charting all the seas they could explore clearly marking areas they could not reach due to land barriers, storms and whatever obstacle that prevented them from journeying further. It started to become a great test for Jorhaul youth to approach these stormy seas and come back from them alive. Those who got to bold though and tried to go across to the other sides of these areas often never came back. This served as a warning that it was not time yet for the Jorhaul to spread to this part of the world.

THE AGE OF SALT:

After the defeat of the Frost Giants the Jorhaul took to sea lead by their mighty capital named the Leviathan. The shores of Jorhaul'duar were littered with port cities used as a base to construct and manage the mighty Jorhaul fleets as they grew and expanded over the world. Weary from the war with the Frost Giants they focused on shoring up their defenses and their resources turning instead to exploring and plundering in an effort to collect knowledge and wealth. During the Age of Knowledge they dove deep into the former caverns and mountains where the Frost Giants had made their homes breaking through magical barriers and avoiding ancient traps. Here they discovered deep under the city of Frostmight an ancient library of untold history and power.

For centuries the Jorhaul sifted through the library which had a large amount of knowledge and teachings, but all of it was sealed by spells and traps left behind by the Frost Giants. In a myriad of languages and different indiscernible codes and text the Jorhaul worked tirelessly to try and translate and understand what they had before them. To this day it is said that they have barely touched the sealed away knowledge in the ancient trove translating or deciphering barely 2% of what they have been able to even get to behind different devices and sealed chambers beyond their understanding. What they were able to get to however revealed a story telling of the great land of Val'duar. This city was told to hold of unheard riches and powers and was some long lost land of all dwarfs. Finding a text like this in such a place, it led them to believe Val'duar was indeed real and that it was a place waiting to be found again and rediscovered. One thing they did not find however was where this city would be so they journeyed out in

search of the Val'duar searching not only for the city itself, but also any clues or hints that may lead them to the ancient city. After a century of exploring the seas they realized that it was time to spread their search to the land and thus began the Age of Salt. Knowing they were the superior race and with their ships and their might they made landfall across the continent of Aular as they rolled through whatever stood in their way. First they took over the seas crushing any ships that journeyed out. They would search them for whatever they could take and any information they had and bring them either under their control or sacrifice them to the Salt King.

Having not found what they were looking for or any hints at all, they expanded their search into the ports and coastal cities taking them under their control one by one. They were organized and determined and with the mainlands offering little resistance they were able to easily take all the outlying coves. With very little unification on the mainland which had been weakened by wars and divisions amongst the various city states and tribes they were unable to fend off the sudden appearance of these strange sea bearer dwarfs off their borders. The expansion was slow as the Jorhaul were searching for information and any leads they could find to their kingdom. They set up camps and enslaved those that were captured and put them to work in solidifying their hold on the mainland. Their search was long and seemed never ending as they tried desperately to search for any clue or indication of where this city might be.

After long years the occupation became just another part of the empire and the search while still relevant started to become second priority to the growing Jorhaul empire. The Jorhaul began to wonder if the search had become a fool's errand and if what they were searching for was a mere fairytale. Then as their empire expanded into the Shol a routine capture of a Bara'kaa village would be a turning point in their quest. There they stumbled into some ruins which they had discovered were in an ancient dialect of dwarven. The residents of the small village had no idea what language the ruins were in even though Bara'kaa had traveled there many times since they were first discovered to try to understand and read them, but to no avail. The Jorhaul translated the ruins and once again found information about Val'duar. Everything found there and all the people that were there disappeared and no one knows quite what happened except that the word of this discovery spread through the Jorhaul ranks as the search started anew with renewed intensity.

Whatever they found caused the Jorhaul to immediately abandon their expansion into the mainland. They began to withdraw their forces, leaving only small outposts scattered along the coasts to help maintain some control over the mainland as well as provide an outlet for resources, slaves and trade to be done with the mainland. Re-embracing their former heritage they expanded their fleets to continue to hold a near unbreakable dominion over the sea. Off they went exploring again in all directions as the fire within their hearts was reignited and they became more sure than ever that Val'duar did exist and they would one day find it.

Early in this age they also met their cousins known as the Mag'duar. They discussed with them

their different cultures and discussed possibly uniting under one banner, but they seemed to have different visions and many disagreements erupted. The first was over Val'duar, the Mag'duar refusing to believe it was a physical place that one could just find leading to much strife and discord. The next was the Jorhaul expanding its empire over the land of Aular. While the Mag'duar agreed with the superiority of the dwarves over all other races, they had no inclination to undertake such a campaign of trying to conquer them all. They saw it as pointless and a waste of resources.

The last and final disagreement was one that broke off all relations and led the cousin races to split and go their separate ways. While they would always hold to the tenant, 'no dwarf shall ever kill another dwarf', there could be no moving forward as a joint power with their disagreement over religion. Each came to the table with their own Regent and neither would concede the others legitimacy. While never violent with each other due to their shared tenant there has always been a sort of distrust and uneasiness between the two sides over the assumed heresy of the others.

THE AGE OF DARKNESS:

While scaling back their expansion to take over the mainlands they still held their forts and most of the human populations they captured in various slavery camps. While this was going on, one of their patrols near Aular city stumbled into a giant ancient tower that they could not enter as they had often patrolled through this area. When attempting to enter the tower they were unable to get in and when trying to force their way in they realized there were magics at work beyond their understanding and that the tower was fighting back and hurting those who had tried to force their way.

Not knowing what to make of this tower that had suddenly appeared out of nowhere they took it as a threat and decided the world would be better off without it. They laid siege to the tower, but it was sturdy and resisted their attacks. It took years of relentless attacking but the tower finally broke. Pleased with themselves they returned to their forts and began to go about things as normal. Not long after however reports began to stream in from returning patrols of encounters and battles with abyssals from the shoreline. It wasn't long before the abyssals started streaming in as part of a full scale invasion. The sea dwarfs held them off for sometime, but were losing ground. Suddenly a powerful human deity appeared and began infusing humans with power to fight. Realizing it was in their best interest the Jorhaul formed an alliance with this deity and his followers and together pushed the scourge back from their land. The deity remained for a short while and during this time the dwarfs weary to fight an unnecessary battle and also in awe of this deity's power submit to an alliance and the nation of Ostlea is formed.

Starting with the break of Ostlea from the Jorhaul control, this begins to set off a swell of human resistance of Jorhaul rule leading into the Age of Hearsay. The Jorhaul fortifications begin to fall one by one due to the fact that most of the Jorhaul forces have been withdrawn back to the sea. While wanting to maintain some of their forces on the mainland they quickly realize that with

what they have left behind that they would be unable to hold the vast amount of land and human slaves that they once did. Given this they instead come to terms with the people of Isselheim letting them free instead of wasting more resources trying to maintain the imprisonment.

They spread across the seas in all directions, and their dominion over the seas remains undeniable. In every direction they spread they hit impassable areas unable to stretch beyond the land borders of the southern continent or too far to the west where their ships continue to go missing among impassable storms and fog. It wasn't until the islands of the sacred grounds were discovered many years later that they were finally able to take the next step on their quest to find Val'duar.

JORHAUL IN THE NEW AGE:

The Jorhaul dominance across the seas is unmistakable and uncontested. While maintaining some civility with the various nations, they generally do not openly attack military vessels and other government associated ships. Any ship that appears to be a civilian ship or of less direct importance is considered open game and is not usually retributed against for there is often no survivors or evidence that can even lay the blame at the Jorhaul. The nations also try actively to avoid open war with the Jorhaul fearing that their strength has not waned from the Age of Salt and attempting to not spur a repeat.

They continue to search for Val'duar as their top priority and recent efforts seem to indicate that they believe that the sacred grounds island of Vae'teer seems to possess great importance in this endeavor. They have committed vast resources to this endeavor to capture the island which has led to a violent war between themselves and the wild-elves and Totemics already living on the island. The war has led to a strong disliking of those races as the Jorhaul have seemed to judge them all for the failure of their cousins to surrender. This in turn has led many wild-elves and totemics from neighboring islands to side with the Vae'teer cousins in helping to expel the Jorhaul invasion.

The Jorhaul prize their domination of the sea as an example of their superiority above all other races. While avoiding unnecessary major conflicts that could distract from their goal of finding Val'duar, they do expect that once it is found it will lead to an age of the dominion across the world and eventually all races will answer and serve them.

OTHER DWARVES:

Sun Dwarves: A race now long extinct on Aularia, ruins of their civilizations dot the landscape of Gethanar

Val'Duar/ The Kingdom of the Sky: There is much debate between dwarvish people as to what the exact nature of Val'Duar is. To the Jorhaul it represents an actual physical Kingdom on this

plane, and they are constantly seeking its location with a religious zeal

Common Dwarves: Descendant from a common ancestry of Mag'duar and Jorhaul'duar, common dwarves are usually integrated with whatever lands they choose to call home. No markings on their heads and they're beards are usually much less elaborate than their kin.

Mag'Duar: The Jorhaul consider these dwarves their kin, but disagree fundamentally on many aspects of the Dwarven Triad. Relations are courteous and slightly tense

IMPORTANT FIGURES:

Reagent Groostrit Frostflayer:

The current Reagent of the Jorhaul is a quiet and reserved dwarf, which is very odd for a Jorhaul. He is rarely seen these days. Usually only appearing for weekly meetings with his most senior council of Captains to get reports and send out orders. Aged and white bearded, he still manages to maintain a rather muscular form. Chosen by the previous Reagent, he is a long time veteran of the Jorhaul fleets. It has been said that during his time as a Captain he sailed to all corners of the seas. While maintaining a zest of for sailing and exploration, he was also well known for putting in hard work when it mattered most. He never shied away from a day's labor. He was born in the city of Frostmight and grew up laboring in the tundra of Jorhaul'duar moving supplies between the coastal cities with his parents. When he was old enough to venture out on his own he took his station among the Jorhaul fleet as he ascended his way to Captain with quick veracity.

Much of his initial tasks as captain involved moving supplies between the port cities given his familiarity with them and helping to shore up their defenses. Proving himself loyal and valuable, he was eventually given more involved tasks that took him from shores of his homeland to far away seas where he continued to prove himself among the elite. Eventually he worked his way onto the council of Jorhaul Captain advisors to the Reagent before finally being chosen himself as the next Reagent.

He is well respected by Jorhaul and others alike and can be ferocious when roused, but generally keeps a calm and collected demeanor that speaks to his aged wisdom. More recently his orders have begun to focus more attention on Vae'teer, however he has hesitated to bring the Leviathan itself into the fray. He tends to have little interest in land otherwise instead choosing to focus the efforts of the Jorhaul fleet on the sea. It is rumored he is in the midst of deciding a replacement although admits he does not think it will be needed for quite some time yet.

Captain Shyvara Tahrafind:

So much of Captain Shyvara's life has been lost to the annals of time that her life is more a collected history of stories than any sort of well documented fact. It is said that she learned to sail before she learned to walk, and while being the youngest of five siblings, all of them male, she put her brothers to shame when it came to the art of sailing. For her it was instinct to be on the open water, and by her teenage years she served with distinction on a Jorhaul exploratory vessel searching for Val'Duar. From this time in her life there many assorted stories and legends.

One of note is during a particularly nasty storm, Shyvara managed to take the helm of the rapidly listing ship and amongst the gales, lightning and thunder, she did battle with the very storm itself. She cried out and challenged the rampaging squall, some say that it as if her will was to be matched by that of the storms. The next day, the crew and ship were both beaten, battered, and waterlogged....but miraculously alive. They say that the crew that day witnessed the birth of "Captain" Shyvara, as a mysterious robed figure stood above her and watched over her while she lay still after the storm. When she had awoken, the figure had revealed itself as one of the Four Cardinal Winds, specifically the Spirit of the West Wind. So impressed by her ability at the ship's helm, that is said the spirit had come to grant her two gifts. The first, was a cryptic clue that he promised would let her "find the Kingdom of The Sky", the second was a bottle that was imbued with gale force winds of the West. As quickly as the spirit had come, it departed, and had forever changed Captain Shyvara's destiny. She soon became one of the most renowned ship Captains of the Jorhaul people, be it exploration or plunder, Captain Shyvara seemed to be divinely blessed with good fortune.

Throughout her years she obsessed over the location of Val'Duar. Holding on to the cryptic clue given by the West Wind only in her head, many say she would spend long nights attempting to re-commune with the spirit for more information. Then, one day she began to prepare for what seemed like an eternal life at sea. Loading her ship with enough supplies to weight it low in the water, she made a grand statement. She would sail and find Val'Duar, and not return to her people until she did. As to the final fate of Shyvara none can truly say, some say she sailed to the west to the lands beyond. Others say she came to be the West Winds lover and sired children of Legend. Regardless of what is fact and what is fiction, Captain Shyvara is a vaunted figure in the Jorhaults' proud history, and her name is always spoken with reverence.

Griffin Goldbrand:

Griffin "Griff" Goldbrand is one of the most well respected warriors of the Jorhaul people, his growing celebrity comes from his great martial acts of strength that leave all who have witnessed them stunned. He first began making a name for himself after being volunteered to serve at Fort Gjanorfall on the island of Vae'Teer, where he served on the front lines of the frozen warzone. In one particularly nasty skirmish, Griffin was disarmed by a horde of totemic savages that had laid waste to his scouting party. With his BARE HANDS Griffin slayed three totemics and sent the others running so in fear where they of his ferocity. The Fort sentries were in a state of shock when the battered Jorhaul made his way back to camp,

covered in enough wounds to fell ten Jorhaul. Later in life Griffin took to wandering, having been overcome with a strong need to test his strength against the world's best warriors in Aularia. He started by traveling to gladiator Coliseums, taking any and all challengers. In one such instance he openly challenged an entire stable of fighters to take him at once. The fight was long, chaotic, and bloody, but by manipulating the crowd mentality, Griffin was able to best the thirty man strong force with raw Jorhaul grit and ferocity. After a series of such wins, he was called by the Reagent to return to The Leviathan. Griffin was offered to be a part of The Reagents honor guard, but the Jorhaul warrior politely declined, stating that his skills were better served away from The Leviathan. The Reagent accepted his rebuttal with grace, and has instead tasked Griffin with training the next generation of elite Jorhaul warriors to be used in tactical military situations.

Griffin is a mountain of a dwarf with wiry blond hair and a blond beard that reaches to his belly. Covered in scars and muscle, Griffin carries great weight with every step and is not seen without his signature Axe and hammer. While currently content to be serving again, some of Griffins confidants are beginning to imply that Griffin is planning another sojourn into Aularia looking for his next quarry he can best in combat.

Captain Jornd Hawkins:

This famous Jorhaul Captain started with a different last name that was lost in history. Hawkins became the name he assumed due to his hawk-like attacks that took on fame across the world. In the beginning of the Age of Salt as the invasion of Aularia began, Hawkins instantly gained fame for leading the initial attacks. With swift descent he would fall upon port after port, wiping out city-state navies and pirate groups alike. The port cities fell so quickly and with such little resistance that warnings to others rarely if ever made it to the next port down the coast before it too fell. The Reagent of the time commended him personally granting him his own small fleet and more or less free reign to expand the empire in whatever direction he saw fit. After leading the initial campaign down the coastline of Aularia for years, he one day took his ship south to an area where many of his fellow comrades had gone missing. He came back with less than a quarter of his fleet telling how they were lost in an impassable storm. Embarrassed by his failure to pass the storm and the loss of so many Jorhaul ships and warriors, he turned to retirement.

Taking residence on the Leviathan he lived a muted life for many years all but disappearing from the Jorhaul mainstream. Then one day in his later years, word reached the Leviathan that a fleet of Jorhaul ships had gotten cornered by a fleet of city-state ships in a cove and were under threat of being obliterated. There were few other Jorhaul ships in the area able to lend aid and the Leviathan would move too slowly to make it in time. The Reagent commanded Hawkins to go with their fastest ship and save the fleet from certain destruction.

Hawkins complied and arrived at the cove seeing a fleet of 40 enemy ships walling in 12 Jorhaul ships inside a cove. He drove his ship into the center of the enemy fleet drawing their attention and confusing them as they even began to hit some of their own ships trying to hit

him. Swinging around in his typical hawk like fashion he whirled through the fleet sinking a couple and drawing the rest of the ships guns on his retreating ship. With their backs turned the Jorhaul ships trapped in the cove drove into the enemies from behind wiping out the enemy fleet and causing them to scatter. Hawkins re emerged from the battle with his former hero status to be forever ingrained within Jorhaul history.

IMPORTANT LOCATIONS:

The Leviathan:

Believed to be a gift from the Triad themselves, The Leviathan is the greatest vessel to ever sail the seas of Aularia. A veritable city on the ocean, The Leviathan is the center of Jorhaul'duar government and culture, and is where the reagent makes his home as he rules the dwarvish people and guides them on their religious crusade. While its factual and historical origins remain a mystery, the story goes that ancient Jorhaul found the mammoth frigate city abandoned off the shores of what would become Jorhaul'duar. Inside the structure lay a throne, and from there the ancient sea dwarves knew that this was their single greatest asset in the conquest of all things. Over the years many master shipwrights, blacksmiths, carpenters, jewelers, tanners, and other craftsmen from all walks of life have built, modified, and enhanced the mammoth ship. There has been no record of the Leviathan ever being breached, and those few non dwarves who have laid eyes on it claim that it truly lives up to its name. So large that smaller vessels can make dock INSIDE the ship. many military leaders from other countries are mystified at the sheer mechanics needed to keep a ship that size afloat, if the Jorhaul ever begin a second conquest there are those that believe The Leviathan will be instrumental in their second reign, which the Jorhaul have warned the other peoples of Aularia with for generations.

Barrowgate:

On the Eastern shores of the kingdom of Jorhaul'duar lies the coast city of Barrowgate. One of the first cities conquered during the Jorhaults' campaign against their ancient enemy, the Giants. the Jorhaul wasted no time in converting this once holy site for the giants into a fully fledged port city. A vast ring of metal and stone sentries stand guard around the city's perimeter, manned by Jorhaul year round to keep an eye out for not only intruders but potential plunder for sea captains. Not a single piece of natural earth graces Barrowgate, it is almost entirely crafted to the standards of its people, and is a glorious example of Jorhaul architecture. At its center stands the Pillars of Ahman, a colossal tower of solid emerald Malachite. There is a small ritual of a prayer hour at the base of the Pillar, in which a temple has been constructed around. Just before the sun sets the Jorhaul of Barrowgate will congregate, and watch as a priest of the triad strikes three single and clarion notes on a mythrill anvil. The tones will ring throughout the silent city, as the Jorhaul lift up their voices in prayer and thanks to the Triad. The priests of Barrowgate claim it is a long enacted ritual to prevent the return of Ahman, a Giant of untold sorcerous powers that very nearly routed the jorhaults' plans for conquest. Some even say his remains are

consecrated underneath the pillar, and that the chime of the mythrill anvil soothes the giant's soul, less it be wrought to anger and bring ruin upon the Jorhaul.

Frostmight:

Ancient capital and last stand of the Ice Giants, the city of Frostmight is now no more of a museum than it is an actual city. The city is mostly covered with ice and snow as the winter tundra of the northern continent has slowly reclaimed much of it. The city center has remained standing as a type of settlement. It is managed by a group of Jorhaul historians and researchers who search the ruins for anything helping to connect the past or be brought into the current age. It has become a site of almost religious and spiritual significance. It serves as a reminder of what is still viewed as the Jorhaults' greatest triumph and many a young Jorhaul make a pilgrimage here as a right of passage to visit the throne room and view the frozen corpse of the defeated Ice Giant King. As time went on and the Jorhaul have journeyed deeper into the mountain that the ancient city was built around they continue to discover untold wonders and things some thought to have dated back to pre-incursion. The Jorhaul believe that the reason this city exists around this mountain has to do with the secrets that are hidden deep beneath it which could possibly help them in defeating their foes.

Vae'teer:

Upon discovering this island, the Jorhaul sought immediately to conquer it. The Jorhaul are looking for something believed to be on this island, but no one outside the highest commands know what they are seeking. The wild-elves and Totemics on the island have put up a huge fight to keep the Jorhaul from taking the island. The resulting war has led to a standstill with each side facing ever growing losses. Originally it was believed that the wilds effort to repel the invaders was to avoid slavery and/or annihilation, but recent doubt has been cast on this narrative. Signs point more and more to the idea that they may be protecting something, perhaps the very thing the Jorhaul are seeking. With the many wild-elf tribes and Totemics on the island banning together, they have used their greater understanding of the lay of the land to put up an impressive resistance to Jorhaul aggression. As the Jorhaul continue their assault on the island they become ever more vigilant in committing more resources and fighters to attempting their quest.

ROLE-PLAYING A JORHAUL:

Views of Other Races:

Bara'kaa: The Rune Sages of the sands have earned a stoic respect from the Jorhaul. Although The Word is a concept very foreign and alien to them, the trade goods that Sholbara exports can't be found elsewhere on Aularia, and that is reason enough to be civil with the desert folk.

City Elves: History has written that the City Elves are a not well respected race in Aularia, and Jorhaul have aided in that stigma. Some jorhaul ships carry Crows as slave labor, and even in lands where they are considered free people the Jorhaul enjoy antagonizing the City Elves.

Fae: Weak planar refugees, the Jorhaul care little for the Fae or the Oath. Might makes right, and clearly the Fae weren't strong enough to save their progenitor or their home, so why should they get anything but contempt?

Humans: Stronger now than in the past, we can still crush them with our might. Can be useful as slaves, but untrustworthy and can incite discord within slave ranks.

Orc: Simple and ugly things, but they make for good slave labor.

Seraphim: Preachy zealots that deserve a good beating. Fought side by side with us once, but their ancestors seem far stronger than the modern day versions.

Totemic: People or pets? Pets, definitely pets.

Vaniiri: What's the difference from a human? They look and act the same only they pretend to be more advanced and sophisticated. Really they are just more beast-like and try to hide it under fancy clothes.

Wild Elves: A shadow. Once told of as the race that ruled this world, but that seems like some fairy tale they made up looking at them now. They are barbaric and a scattered thorn on the side of the world to anyone with real power.