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# INTRODUCTION

THE WORLD OF TYRTH IS LIKE A KING'S FEAST. *It contains everything your stomach might desire, from the finest Elven fruits to the heartiest dwarven roast meats. Golden dishes from the ancient city of Aneb'Tharan, Toldarian glazed pottery and silken table clothes from King's Watch all adorn the table. When all is said and done however, it only takes one bottle of Calmarnockian red to sour the entire meal.*

—Ulitha Fendar, *Historian of Falcon Haven*

Welcome to Tyrth! Let me start off by saying, I am not a writer, and as such I apologize in advance for any grammatical errors. Contained within the next few pages are a homebrew campaign setting devised from my own brain, and brought to life through roleplaying geniuses with whom I've had the privilege of dungeon mastering for. As I am still running games within the world, the history is still unfolding, and with any luck I will be able to make periodic updates. With that being said, I thought it would be fun to share with people what it is that I have created, and to see where their adventures might lead. I have created this world based upon *Dungeons and Dragons* 5th Edition, but I am sure it can be converted to other systems. I welcome any suggestions, advice or offers of improvement. Thank you for deciding to delve into the world of Tyrth.

## THE HISTORY OF TYRTH

Tyrth's past is filled with epic battles, powerful deities and ravaging monsters. It is filled with various ages in which major events occurred, since I would love to have players create their own stories during the different ages, I will not go into too great of detail. However, a basic understanding of what has happened to the world is most definitely required.

### THE AGE OF CREATION

DARKNESS CLASHED WITH LIGHT. *Mountains rose and deep caverns formed, one massive continent floated upon the mighty blue ocean.*

—excerpt from the *Chronicles of Tyrth*

~100,000 years ago: As with many creation stories, Tyrth was formed from nothingness. Two mighty deities, brothers in fact, came together in a massive collision (at least that is how history has recorded it). Araknar and Tyrth fought, as brothers are wont to do. Eons passed until a truce was formed, the formless mass was split, divided among the two. Everything above the surface, mountains, oceans, forests and sky were given to Tyrth.

Araknar took all that was below, caverns filled with nothing but

darkness, and he was happy, for a time. During this period, Tyrth created life on the surface. Dragons, Humans, Elves, Dwarves, Halflings, Gnomes, the mighty Ronas, and the secretive Lizardfolk. Araknar also created life, he brought forth Orcs and Goblins, they thrived in the lightless world beneath. For a thousand years the two worlds grew, completely oblivious to one another, neither venturing into the others domain. Then the dwarves started mining, and everything changed, this began the Age of Discovery

### THE AGE OF DISCOVERY

AYE, DWARVES ARE ALWAYS TO BLAME. *Every bloody war they blame us for, especially them damned elves. Aye, it probably is our fault, don't mean them pointy eared bastards have to remind us though.*

—KING MORIN THUNDERBEARD II

~80,000 years ago: When the dwarves first started digging beneath the surface, they discovered many wondrous things; Ore in which to forge mighty weapons and armor, gold and gems to trade with other cultures.... and Orcs to do battle upon. To the dwarves' credit, they did attempt diplomacy at first. When the first dwarven blood was spilt (three hours later) the First Dwarven War started. Having never known anything other than darkness, the Orcs and Goblins were at a disadvantage when they entered the world of light on the surface, but their sheer numbers compensated for their initial blindness. Several years passed and the dwarves held their own, despite the enemy spilling out into the mountains. Over the next few hundred years' large factions of dwarves delved deep beneath the surface, encountering the innate magic's that lay down there. The dwarves eventually became what today are known as Thrazian (Rune Dwarves), their minds and bodies infused with the magic's down below.

During this time, the Elves also set out and explored, eventually splitting off into three main factions. The Silvanos (wood or green elves) who stayed among the tree's, the Qlvanos (city or high elves) who branched out and formed the first elven cities, and the Irvanos who chose to live in the harshest environments on the planet (sand or snow elves depending on where they lived).

Humans, during this time were little more than roaming tribes of barbarians. It wasn't until one among them, Uthgran of the Razorfang Tribe, established a permanent settlement for his people. The exact location of the first Human city (called Uthgran) is unknown, but many followed, and towns and villages started popping up all over the world.

The Ronas, large half-giants, kept to themselves in the northern reaches of the large continent, rarely interacting with the outside world. Halflings and gnomes lived in the hills or plains, eventually seeking out the protection of larger races. Lizardfolk lived almost exclusively in the Toldarian marshes, small villages dot the vast swampland, little was known about them during this time.

## THE AGE OF UPHEAVAL

SIBLINGS FIGHT, IT'S JUST A PART OF LIFE. *When my brothers and I fought however, we didn't leave big holes in the world.*

— Wren Whitehorse, *Grand Entertainer for House Winterrain*

~50,000 years ago: This age, spans only about 500 years. However, it is the most significant point in the worlds history, and worthy of its own age. During this time, Araknar stopped being happy. No longer did he want to remain in the darkness, and one day he emerged into the light. So catastrophic was his entry into the world, that It caused the large continent to be torn asunder. The Oceans waters rushed in, and the now three continents were created (Later to be called Firaxia, Nironda, and Ronas). During the next 500 years, the races of Tyrth tried to survive the devastation to come, the two gods raged war upon the land and sea, leveling almost all civilizations. Surprisingly the humans faired the best, and thus thrived in this newly formed world. Eventually Tyrth gained the upper hand, and forced Araknar once again beneath the surface. This time however, Tyrth took precautions; he placed a binding spell upon Araknar, one only he would have the power to break... or so it was thought. Tyrth, being the benevolent entity that he was saw the devastation his war with Araknar had wrought upon the world. He realized that no one person should have the power contained within him. Thus he chose six mortals and divided his divine energy amongst them, the original six gods were: Lieria, Naron, Toran, Ula'thren, Yargloth, and Hyrthnny. Little did Tyrth know, upon doing this, a minute amount of his essence was lost in the process

## THE AGE OF THE DRAGON

YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT DRAGONS HMMM? *They are big, very big, they breathe fire, and they can eat cows without chewing them first. If you want to know anything more, then go and ask one.*

— Finnius Fobknocker, *Wizard of Falcon Haven (also a dragon)*

~49,500 years ago: During the age of Upheaval, Humans thrived... as did Dragons. Until this point, the Dragons of Tyrth had been relatively scarce. Coming out to feed as needed, keeping to themselves. It was during this time that a large faction, known as the Draco Novarti (loosely translates as Dragons Reign) who came to realize, that they were on the top of the food chain. No longer did they have to cower in caves. Never before had dragons interacted on so grand a scale before, and when there's mingling... let's just say that their population

grew, and grew. Over the course of the next two thousand years, their population grew so large that It was estimated they outnumbered all of the dwarves and elves combined. The Dragons proclaimed themselves masters over all other races. A few amongst the humans however, despised the races.

One man in particular, Darkaroth, a powerful necromancer (the dragons had outlawed the use of magic amongst lesser races, and thus he taught himself in secret) had lost his family, when a black-scaled dragon devoured them on a whim. Darkaroth spent the next 50 years devising a means to rid the world of dragons. With the help of his secret council (known as Draco Mortalis, meaning Dragons Death, a direct jab at the now dominant council of Dragons) he devised a ritual, one that was intended to wipe dragon kind from the face of Tyrth. He stood atop the largest mountain on the continent of Firaxia (now known as the Bone Peak) and started the ritual. His voice boomed for hundreds of miles, and the dragons heard. His followers took turns protecting him with a magical shields, as they were bombarded with dragon fire... their drained bodies falling one after another to accomplish their goal. Three days passed, and with the utterance of the final word, Darkaroth let out a wave of dark energy. The wave spread out over most of Tyrth, and where It hit, dragons fell dead. The largest group had amassed around Darkaroth himself... some 15,000 dragons died in that area alone. This mountain range would later be renamed the Dragon Tear mountains.

As total 99% of all dragons were wiped out. Darkaroth himself was supposedly killed in the wave (more on that later). For the most part the spell had worked. All living mature dragons had been killed, however, at the very moment the spell was released, 18 dragons were born into the world. Somehow the spell did not kill them, and in fact It would change them in some very extreme ways. As the last remaining dragons grew into adulthood, the females (7 In total) realized that they were still able to give birth to their eggs. However, when the males attempted to fertilize them, nothing happened. The race of dragons had become sterile.

One such dragon, Finnithrax (or Finnius Fobknocker, in his gnomish form) dedicated his life to uncovering Darkaroth's secrets. He in fact found notes on the ritual (Darkaroth's Ritual Tome was lost in the explosion) and discovered a way to repopulate the species. A clause had been added to the ritual (perhaps by someone within Draco Mortalis, that didn't want to see complete genocide happen), that with the aid of non-draconic's, dragons could once again be born into the world. For this to happen, the mortal races would have to take the dragon seed into their body and transfer it to a dragon's egg, thus having to rely on mortals for reproduction. During this time of research, Finnithrax came to realize that his body didn't age, and that all dragons currently alive and those to be born would be Immortal, something Darkaroth had definitely not Intended. Some mortals helped the dragons, but most had to be tricked into the seeding process. Finnithrax himself built a shrine, called Dragonhold, where only willing participants could come and help the dragons with their plight. Over the next thousand years the number of participants dwindled, and eventually stopped. In all, the

### Game Play Notes

- See Races section to find out more Information on the various new races and sub-races I have mentioned above
- See the Deities section to learn more about the previous and current pantheon
- See Classes section for links to some of my favorite classes created by others, that I have used in my games.

dragons had increased their population to only a few hundred. That number would once again diminish as their kind was hunted by adventure seekers and the like. Once again dragons went into hiding.

## THE AGE OF DIVINITY

WOULD I JUMP AT THE OPPORTUNITY TO BECOME A GOD?  
WHO KNOWS. *However, it takes a brave man to take on the responsibilities of a God. It takes an even braver woman to refuse them.*

— Uposec, Chieftain of the Grizzly Tribe

~45,000 years ago: Also known as the Golden Age of Tyrth. Civilizations rebuilt and prospered. During this age, cities sprang to life everywhere. The Dragons, The Upheaval, and Araknar all lost to time. Some of the last remaining female dragons laid eggs, that laid dormant for thousands of years. During this time, unknown to those who walked the surface, a plan was being hatched. Araknar and a new found ally, Darkaroth (transformed into a Lich of Incredible power) built an army. Araknar had found a loophole, When Tyrth had split his essence, a weakness in his prison was discovered, one which granted him some power over the darkness below. As an affront to Tyrth, Araknar created Dark Elves (Arakvanos or Dark Elves), and they thrived beneath the surface, even the Rune Dwarves who dig deep beneath the earth were unaware of them. The Dark Elves themselves had but one purpose in mind to serve Araknar, their very minds altered to believe in nothing else. Darkaroth sought godhood, and this was promised to him by Araknar if he discovered how to release him fully from the prison. It took the Lich close to 20,000 years to find the prison, he then built his tower upon it. 20,000 years later he discovered how to make a crack in the sealed prison.

This got the six Gods attention. For close to 500 years they fought against Araknar, but their power had been weakened. There came a time when they realized that they could not win. They sent agents out into the world, seeking the help they needed. They sought twelve mortals, who had nothing but good Intentions for the world. These would become their vessels, their Avatars. The Gods manipulated their lives in minor ways, such as discovering one another for the first time. They even landed Darkaroth's Ritual spell book into the hands of

one, although he did not know it at the time. The twelve had been split into two groups, so as not to draw the attention of the dark forces. Shortly after this formation, the Gods realized they could no longer focus their thoughts upon all the mortals of the world, and thus only focused upon the twelve. The skies went gray, as Lieria could not bring forth the dawn. Likewise, no night, as Naron could not bring darkness to the land. Even the souls of the dead eventually could not be ushered into the afterlife, as no one was there to do it.

Independently the twelve sought the aid of Finnithrax and Vyraxathinia, one of the last remaining female dragons. They brought into the world twelve new dragons, the first to have been born in a very long time. A year passed, and the heroes travelled from continent to continent, fighting battles, aiding those in need, and gaining the respect and help of all the races of Tyrth. At this point, all the heroes knew was that Araknar was trying to escape, they knew nothing of Darkaroth. Finnithrax sought knowledge for the heroes, he took the ritual book that had been found, and sought to unlock its secrets. During this time, Darkaroth found Finnithrax and destroyed him... taking upon his guise, Darkaroth went to the heroes, and told them of the tower and of the prison below. His intention was to kill all twelve within the tower at once, thinking this would finally release Araknar. The Gods sensing their imminent defeat allowed Araknar to destroy them, their essence however remained, and was transferred to the twelve heroes. With their power greatly increased (the process of becoming a deity is a long one) they were able to confront Darkaroth, and defeat him.

Using the essence of the gods (now fully restored to its previous levels) they reinforced the prison. In a weakened state, Araknar was no longer able to withstand the prison and was forced to release his essence, essentially he died. It was then that the offer of Godhood was presented to the twelve. All but two of them accepted, and it was their first duty as Deities to find appropriate vessels for two remaining essences, and also for the essence released by Araknar.

One final thing to note, with the death of Darkaroth, the dragon curse was lifted. All current dragons in the world were still Immortal, and thus formed the Draconic council, one dedicated to helping the world for the most part. It was also discovered, that some of the amassed dragon eggs could be still hatched, and they were. Some were too old, but they still hatched, not into dragons, but into the world's first Dragonborn, approximately 5000 strong.

Thus the scholars deemed this age of Divinity to have come to a close, and a new one was to begin. Already, 130 years into this latest age, Interesting things have happened and will continue to happen. One major change was the re-creation of the Tyrthian calendar, the year is currently 130asw (after shadow war).

## GEOGRAPHY

The world of Tyrth is a vast place, although not nearly as large as our own earth. The entire circumference only measures roughly 5000 miles, and comprised of three different continents, Nironda, Firaxia and Rona. Despite Its small size, the world still hosts a variety of climates and ecologies.

ALTHOUGH I HAVE PROVIDED THE LAST 100,000 YEARS OF HISTORY, I HAVE ONLY TOUCHED UPON THE MAJOR HAPPENINGS. FEEL FREE TO CREATE YOUR OWN EVENTS, YOUR OWN ADVENTURES. I WOULD GLADLY INCLUDE THEM IN THE LORE OF TYRTH (IF THEY DEEM WORTHY!)

## NIRONDA

By far the most populated and most fertile. Nironda has long been the largest producer of food in the world, consisting mainly of farmland. Nironda is also the most diverse among its inhabitants. Dwarves, elves, Halflings, Lizardfolk, gnomes and Humans all have major strongholds and populations here. The capital city of Falcon Haven was once a thriving city, since the Shadow Dawn war, less and less people flock here. Further down the coast, Calmarnock now has the distinction of being the largest on Tyrrh. It also has the distinction of being the most corrupt, it is currently in the midst of a Civil war. Far to the north lay the vast Istarian Mountains, home to the mighty dwarfen stronghold. The Toldarian marshes are the largest swamp land on the planet and host a variety of wildlife. One thing Nironda does not have is a desert, for that you would need to cross the Great Divide, where Araknar once punctured the world.



## FIRAXIA

Although it contains a lot of agricultural areas, Firaxia mainly consists of desert. The Astagar desert, and Firaxian waste along with the Crag of Desolation, make up about half of the continent's landmass. These areas are almost devoid of life, except for those few hardy folk that enjoy the challenge (mostly Irvanos). The northern section of the continent is more populated, a lot of wandering herds of barbarians and other nomadic peoples. The capital city of Arkala, used to be the largest city in the world (pre Shadow Dawn War) with the majority of its people living in huts and even tents for miles around the city. The massive Sea of Shadows has historically housed many notorious pirates. During the Shadow Dawn War, many hundreds of thousands of people fled to Firaxia in hopes to find an escape.

## RONA

Rona is a frozen wasteland, where only the strongest and hardiest of people survive. The capital city of Pyth was founded by a dwarf named Rothnor Grayrune, some 500 years ago. It is the capital city by default, since it is the only city on Rona, other tiny villages and roaming clans exist upon the continent, but

Pyth is the largest group of people by far. The population of Rona, consists mainly of the Ronas, half-giant clans that live upon the icy plains and rugged mountains. There are many groups of Irvanos living here along with a few pockets of dwarves. Yeti fur is among the largest export from Rona, as herds of mighty beasts live here.

## CITIES AND VILLAGES

Tyrrh consists of thousands of cities and villages, and I won't go into each and every one, they are for you to discover. That being said, there are a few cities, villages and significant places within the world that are definitely worth mentioning.

### FALCON HAVEN

Once described as the Jewel of Nironda, Falcon Haven was the epitome of everything grandiose during Tyrrh's golden age. Prior to the Shadow Dawn War, Falcon Haven wanted for very little, its people were among the richest in the world, and very little was imported from outside sources. Its streets were once lined with exquisite marble, its houses also crafted from granite and marble, which was in abundance from surrounding areas. Situated upon the coast, it's abundance of fish kept everyone well fed. Farmland and orchards brought in wagons of food daily. The people were happy, well fed, and well paid. This all changed during the Shadow Dawn War. The city, in its long history, had never known war or strife. It had never had need to defend itself, it had a wall around it, but it was mostly for ascetic purposes. The standing army it possessed was ineffectual at best, completely inept at worst. It took the dark elves and their allies, two days to conquer the city. Today, whilst it has recovered from the war, it is half the city it once was. The Winterrain family ruled for over a thousand years in Falcon Haven, but were deposed and hung from their marble tower, by their own son (Garrath Winterrain, see *The Deities*). Although it is still considered the capital of Nironda, Falcon Haven is heading towards complete collapse.

### CALMARNOCK

After the last war, the population of Calmarnock swelled from a few thousand, to ten times that much. Whilst it had always been a prosperous city, Calmarnock had never stood out. During the war, the Royal family of Calmarnock were killed (much like a lot of other cities in the world) and

#### Game Play Notes

- Lizardfolk tend to live exclusively in around the Toldarian Marshes on Nironda, whilst the Ronas live almost entirely on Rona. This is not to say that they don't exist on other continents, but they are few and far between.
- Even though most of the world is mapped already, that doesn't exclude the possibility of new islands or small continents from being discovered.

in Its place a government comprised of merchants took over (at least that is what is commonly known). It was decided by this new government, to welcome all refugees. Calmarnock boasted one of the most well-built Infrastructures in the known world at the time, but even It had a hard time with the influx of population. Over the next one hundred years, Calmarnock finally stood out in the world, but not for reasons it had hoped. Known now for Its cutthroat and ruthless streets, where you are more likely to have your throat slit than receive a handshake. It has the highest crime rate of all other cities combined, never has Tyrth known such a haven for depravity in its long history. Being alone on the streets of Calmarnock is sure to be a death sentence, which is why most form or join guilds, groups and gangs, hoping that strength in numbers will keep them safe. Three years ago one such group uncovered a secret that the city had hoped would remain buried, one of the descendants of the Royal family had been found. Thus a massive civil war has been raging for the last three years, the city has become even more chaotic than it was.

## AYSGARTH ON THE ISLE OF ASANDRA

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Aysgarth is the ancient homeland of the Qlvanos, it is said that, during the Upheaval, the elves surrounded their city, and the land for hundreds of miles, with a magical shield. When Araknar burst through to the surface, Aysgarth was relatively untouched, except for the fact that It was now an Island upon the newly formed Sylvan Sea. For a long time, the elves were isolated upon the Island, thinking themselves above all other races. The city itself is home to the Great Cathedral of the Dawn (also known as Cathedral of Angels), and thousands flocked here in worship of Lieria. During the Shadow Dawn War, the city was attacked, much like all the others, the ever vigilant elves defended their city, with help from six of the Heroes of the Dawn. Realizing that they can no longer be apart from the world, and a little ashamed that others came to their defense, they have spent the last one hundred years, helping the world to rebuild. With the loss of Lieria, the elven people were afraid for a time, but Nyldriel quickly took her spot of worship. The Heroes of the Dawn that helped Aysgarth, also participated in rescuing their princess and high priestess Mhlysaë Ambersong. Although most of the elven people had converted worship to Nyldriel, Mhlysaë abdicated a mere fifty years into her rule, insisting that Aelyne Nyrandr become the new high priestess. (See *Notable People and Heroes*)

## ISTAR (OR ISTARHOM, AS IT'S KNOWN BY THE DWARVES)

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This is where all life on Tyrth sprang from (at least this is the tale that dwarves tell) This is also where the dwarves first uncovered the deep races living beneath the surface. Istar is a vast network of underground tunnels connecting outposts and fortresses all along the Istarian mountains. A massive rail system transfers ore and other materials from their tunnels to Lake Istar, and the small dwarven village of Yarlith. This is where all the ore is processed and transferred to ships for trade purposes. Vast amounts of water are also transported back to the tunnels for drinking and for use in their forges. The dwarven people

have always been proud and honorable, but their ego was bruised somewhat when outsiders (The Heroes of Dawn) aided in the re-capturing of their homeland. During this battle King Morin Thunderbeard II was struck down by Garrath Winterrain (aka Garrath Graynight, Aka Garrath, God of Betrayal). His commander Tarn Stoneshield was next in line and took up the crown in his place.

## TOLDAR IN THE TOLDARIAN MARSHES

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Little is known about Toldar, as few outsiders are allowed anywhere near this fortress in the swamp. The Lizardfolk of the Toldarian marshes, are xenophobic by nature and want little to do with outsiders. From all accounts Toldar was a collaborative effort undertaken by many of the tribes within the marsh, as an effort to unify its people against outside influence. Although little more than the size of a small human town, Toldar is unique amongst the Lizardfolk, preferring to live in isolated villages scattered throughout the swamp.

## VYRAX ON DRAGONSEND ISLE

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Once an ancient Draconic city, thriving with human slaves, Vyrax now little more than ruins overtaken by jungle trees and vines. A few hundred years after her birth, Vyraxathinia, one of the few remaining dragons, came here and started to rebuild. It was here that she laid her eggs, and tried to entice the world's population to help her rebuild the draconic population. Unfortunately, her endeavors were not successful, and went into a state of deep hibernation for a long long time, awaking every hundred years to lay her eggs, in hopes of one day seeing them hatched. She awakened from hibernation when The Shadow Dawn war started. In the past one hundred years, Vyrax as seen an influx of people, a city was built atop the ruins, one worshipping Vyraxathinia the Draconic Goddess of Life.

## PYTH

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Carved beneath the ice itself, Rothnor Grayrune had a vision. Dwarves were experts in living underground, but few liked the cold weather. Rothnor excavated a vast network of tunnels and buildings beneath the rocky tundra. Pyth now is populated by around a thousand dwarves and Ronas, striving to survive in this inhospitable environment. Rothnor further solidified the alliance and bond the Dwarves have with the Ronas people.

## FROSTWYRM ISLE AND THE FORGE OF THE GREAT SMITH

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Putting out the world's finest, most exquisite weapons and armor, The Forge of Great Smith, has long been a mystery. Weapons and armor have been constantly flowing from the island for well over five hundred years. Once thought to be one person, it was revealed by the heroes of the Dawn that, Goblins had enslaved Rune dwarves, forcing them to make weapons and bringing in vast amounts of gold. The Goblins were killed, but