

The Founding of Ambers Call



In the days when the world was still young and the races of Aedelore sought their places in the wild, untamed lands, the dwarves ventured forth from their mountain homes in search of new horizons. Led by Thrain Stonebreaker, a warrior of unparalleled strength and vision, they journeyed eastward, far beyond their ancestral strongholds nestled in the rocky crags of Valgrond.

Their trek would take them into the heart of Eastwatch, a land of towering mountains, hidden valleys, and unclaimed riches. The dwarves had heard tales of the region's bounty—deep veins of precious ores, mountains bursting with gemstones, and underground rivers of molten gold. For a people whose spirits were tied to the earth, it was a call they could not ignore. Their journey would lead them to the legendary Amber's Call, a city that would become the beating heart of dwarven civilization in the east, and the key to the dwarves' expansion throughout Eastwatch. The journey was perilous, but the dwarves were unyielding.

For months, they traveled across hostile terrain, braving the bitter winds and dangerous creatures that roamed the wilderness. Thrain Stonebreaker marched at the front of the column, his hammer glowing with ancient runes as he carved a path for his people. Behind him followed clans of miners, engineers, artisans, and warriors, all bound by the promise of a new home and the riches they would uncover. Eastwatch was a land of wild beauty and treacherous extremes.

Towering mountains loomed over dense forests, and the eastern skies seemed to stretch into infinity. For ages, it had been untouched by civilization, guarded by harsh winters and towering

rock formations that made it difficult for even the hardest explorers to survive. But to the dwarves, it was a land ripe for the taking. After months of travel, they arrived at a grand valley nestled between two imposing mountain ranges, known to the ancient peoples as the Forge-Heart Peaks. There, within the heart of the valley, they discovered the legendary site of Amber's Call. The dwarves believed the land itself was calling to them, for in the center of the valley stood a colossal spire of pure amber, glowing softly in the twilight.

Beneath this spire, the ground was rich with minerals, as though the earth had concentrated its treasures in this very spot, waiting for those brave enough to claim it. Thrain Stonebreaker, with awe in his heart, raised his hammer toward the amber spire and declared: The dwarves set to work immediately. With their innate understanding of stone and metal, they began carving into the mountainside, building halls that would rival those of the ancient kingdoms. Tunnels were dug deep into the ground, reaching for the treasures buried within the earth.

They unearthed veins of silver, gold, and iron, as well as glittering gemstones the likes of which they had never seen before. Amber's Call quickly grew from a small settlement into a vast underground city, its architecture a marvel of dwarven craftsmanship. The great halls were lined with shimmering amber and precious metals, lit by the glow of molten forges that never cooled. The city was a labyrinth of tunnels, chambers, and fortresses, all designed to withstand both the elements and any potential invaders.

The dwarves knew they were not the first to seek the riches of Eastwatch, and they prepared for war as much as for prosperity. Above the city, the dwarves built towering fortifications, carving castles directly into the mountain faces. They constructed watchtowers at the highest peaks, keeping a vigilant eye on the eastern lands. They knew they had found a place of great potential, but also great danger. To the east, the wilderness stretched into the unknown, and rumors of orcish warbands and mysterious creatures of the frozen north began to spread among the scouts. But it was not just Amber's Call that would define their expansion into Eastwatch.

As the dwarves became more familiar with the land, they discovered a network of hidden valleys and underground rivers that stretched far across the region. Using their engineering genius, they built an intricate system of tunnels and roads beneath the mountains, connecting their various outposts and settlements. They expanded into other key areas—building the fortress of Ironhearth to the northeast, the mining town of Stonegate, and the great forge-city of Greycliff, where they crafted legendary weapons and armor. Amber's Call became the center of dwarven culture and trade in Eastwatch. Merchants traveled from distant lands to barter for dwarven goods—rare gemstones, enchanted weapons, and intricately crafted tools. The dwarves, proud of their industrious nature, quickly became a power to be reckoned with in the region. The dwarves' expansion into Eastwatch did not go unchallenged.

The land was far from empty, and as they dug deeper into the mountains, they uncovered ancient tunnels and ruins, remnants of forgotten civilizations that had long since vanished. Strange creatures, twisted by the arcane forces of old, lurked in the depths, threatening to overwhelm the dwarven miners. But it was the orcs of the eastern plains who posed the greatest threat. United under a warlord named Grask Bloodmaw, the orcs saw the dwarven expansion as an encroachment upon their ancestral lands. Grask, a fearsome warrior who wielded a great axe rumored to have

been forged in the fires of a volcano, gathered his warbands and launched a brutal campaign against the dwarves.

The siege of Ironhearth was the first of many bloody confrontations. The orcs, savage and relentless, stormed the dwarven fortifications, but the dwarves held fast. With their superior craftsmanship and tactical ingenuity, they repelled wave after wave of attackers. Thrain Stonebreaker himself led the defense, his hammer smashing through orcish armor as though it were nothing. The war with the orcs lasted for many years, but the dwarves, bolstered by the riches of Eastwatch and their mastery of stone and metal, gradually turned the tide. One by one, the orcish warbands were broken, and Grask Bloodmaw was slain by Thrain in a final, climactic duel atop the walls of Ironhearth.

With their leader dead, the remaining orcs scattered, leaving Eastwatch in the hands of the dwarves. With the orc threat subdued, the dwarves solidified their control over Eastwatch. They continued to expand their influence, establishing new settlements and fortresses throughout the region. Amber's Call became known as the Jewel of the East, a testament to dwarven resilience and craftsmanship. Thrain Stonebreaker, now a legendary figure among his people, ruled as King of Amber's Call for many decades, his reign marked by prosperity and peace. Under his leadership, the dwarves transformed Eastwatch from a dangerous frontier into a thriving kingdom of unmatched wealth and power. The legacy of Amber's Call lived on through the generations.

The dwarves of Eastwatch became known as the Guardians of the East, a people as unyielding as the stone they carved. Their expansion throughout Eastwatch was not only a testament to their mastery of the earth, but to their indomitable will. Amber's Call had once stood as a beacon of dwarven might, a shimmering fortress-city carved from the very heart of Eastwatch's mountains. For centuries, the great halls of the dwarves thrived, echoing with the clanging of hammers on anvils, the murmur of merchants trading their wares, and the laughter of warriors feasting after battle. It was a city built upon the strength of the earth and the perseverance of its people, protected by impenetrable fortifications and powered by the riches drawn from deep within the mountains.

But even the mightiest strongholds can fall, and Amber's Call was no exception. What led to its downfall was a confluence of forces that even the dwarves, with their mastery of stone and steel, could not have foreseen: a dark alliance of orcs and trolls, twisted by forbidden magic, and an insidious force from beyond the world—the Void. The first signs of trouble were subtle, barely noticed by the dwarves of Amber's Call. Rumors of strange happenings in the far reaches of Eastwatch began to trickle in from scouts and travelers. Orcish warbands, long thought to have been shattered after the death of Grask Bloodmaw, were once again rallying in the wilds. But they were different now—stronger, fiercer, and driven by a new, unnatural power. At first, the dwarves dismissed these stories as exaggerations, believing their fortifications and strength would hold against any invaders. But the signs of darkness continued to grow. Trolls, ancient enemies of the dwarves, had begun to appear in greater numbers, their already formidable strength now bolstered by a strange, twisted magic. Their skin was thick with unnatural growths, and their eyes glowed with a sickly, violet hue—evidence of the Void's corrupting influence.

This was not the magic of Aedelore's gods, but something far darker, something that crept in from the spaces between worlds. Yet, the dwarves of Amber's Call remained confident, sure that their city, built into the very bones of the mountains, could withstand any siege. But they had underestimated the reach of the Void. The assault began on a cold, moonless night. The watchtowers of Amber's Call had long kept vigil over the mountain passes, but on that night, the shadows themselves seemed to move. Orcs and trolls, twisted by Void magic, surged through the narrow passes, their strength far greater than any seen before. They moved with unnerving coordination, as if guided by a single, malevolent will. Void-spawned creatures, horrors that should not have existed in Aedelore, clawed their way from the shadows, joining the ranks of the besiegers. The dwarves fought valiantly, their warriors holding the gates of Amber's Call with axe and hammer, but the onslaught was relentless.

The Void had granted the orcs and trolls not just strength, but cunning, and they exploited every weakness in the dwarven defenses. For days, the battle raged. The great gates of Amber's Call, forged by the finest smiths of the age, held for a time, but the Void's corruption seeped into the very stone, weakening it. When the gates finally fell, the enemy poured into the city with the fury of a storm. Inside the great halls of Amber's Call, chaos reigned. The dwarves, for all their strength and tenacity, were outmatched by the unnatural power of their foes. The trolls, imbued with Void magic, shattered even the strongest stone walls, while the orcs, driven by dark hunger, cut down any who stood in their way. Void creatures slithered and crawled through the tunnels, devouring anything in their path. Thrain Stonebreaker, the aging king of Amber's Call, rallied his warriors for a final stand within the city's heart—the Hall of Amber, where the ancient spire of amber stood as a symbol of their strength.

There, the dwarves fought with the desperation of those who knew their time was short. For hours, they held the enemy at bay, their hammers and axes flashing in the dim light of the amber glow. But the power of the Void was too great. As the final defenses crumbled, Thrain himself was struck down by a massive Void-warped troll, his legendary hammer shattered in his hand. The spire of amber, once the heart of the city, was corrupted by the Void's touch, its light dimming as the darkness consumed it. With the fall of their king and the heart of the city lost, Amber's Call was doomed. Though Amber's Call was lost, not all the dwarves perished that day. As the city fell, a small group of survivors, led by Thrain's daughter, Kaela Stonebreaker, managed to escape through secret tunnels carved deep into the mountains.

These tunnels, known only to the most trusted members of the royal family, led far beyond the city's borders, into the wilds of Eastwatch. Kaela and the surviving dwarves fled across the mountains, their hearts heavy with grief, but their resolve unbroken. They knew that returning to Amber's Call was impossible—the city had fallen, and the Void-tainted forces now claimed it as their own. But the dwarves of Eastwatch were nothing if not resilient. In the days that followed, they scattered across the land, seeking refuge in the smaller settlements they had established in the years of expansion. The once-great kingdom of Amber's Call was no more, but its people lived on. In places like Ironhearth, Stonegate, and Greycliff, the dwarves built new homes, fortified against the dangers of the wilds.

They forged new alliances with neighboring races and began to rebuild, vowing to one day reclaim the lost city and avenge the fallen. The fall of Amber's Call left a deep scar on Eastwatch. The land

around the city, once rich and prosperous, was no more. The mountains echoed with the mournful cries of the defeated, and the rivers ran dark with ash and blood. The trolls and orcs, now united under the banner of the Void, claimed the ruins of Amber's Call as their own, turning it into a twisted fortress of darkness.

The dwarves, though scattered, remained defiant. In their new homes, they whispered tales of their lost kingdom, of the glory of Amber's Call, and of the day they would return to reclaim it. For Kaela Stonebreaker, the new leader of the dwarven people, that day could not come soon enough. She swore an oath upon her father's shattered hammer that she would lead her people back to Amber's Call, and that the city would rise again—free from the taint of the Void. Until then, the dwarves of Eastwatch would endure, as they always had.

They would build, they would fight, and they would remember. Amber's Call may have fallen, but the spirit of its people would never be broken. And so, the dwarves scattered across Eastwatch, holding fast to their traditions and their hope, knowing that one day, the fires of their forges would burn bright once more, and the halls of Amber's Call would echo with the sound of dwarven footsteps once again.

Revision #1

Created 7 March 2025 22:00:09 by Lingavir

Updated 4 April 2025 07:15:03 by Lingavir