

Sidebar

A big part of Komfortabel celebrations is storytelling. Goblins love to share tales both real and make believe with each other, in hopes of getting the biggest reaction.

Grizzwald smiles as Bob da Boss asks for a story.

“Unless our welcome guests desire first dibs, I might have a tale I can regale our menagerie with.”

Vik shakes his head, waving a hand signal for Grizzwald to proceed. “By all means, good sir. Go ahead.”

With a gentle nod, Grizzwald closes his eyes. His mind wanders to tales of yore that would be befitting of the folks of this fine camp. “I do believe I have one in mind.”

A hush comes over the crowd as dozens of Goblins sit with bated breath to hear the wonders of which only Grizzwald knows.

“In yesteryears of yore, when the trees were no taller than blades of grass, when mountains were young and fresh, when the seas were untraveled, there was... a boy.” Grizzwald pauses as a Goblin offers him a pipe. He takes a long draw from the dense, acrid leaves inside.

“This boy was young when the days were short. He would often travel the land in search of... well, meaning. For that was what plagued the boy’s mind. Meaning. He wandered barefoot over the land, with just a rucksack containing his every worldly possession.”

Omara chuckles, listening to the tale. Allura sips her fourth cup of cider near the edge of the group, not wanting to take a seat from a younger, more curious individual. Vik stares in wonder, lost in the breaths of the wordsmith. Eryk, however, pays little attention to the wordy, lengthy stories of boring old men.

Grizzwald puffs some smoke, passing the pipe around. “One day, he found a mountain. And as he stared at this towering pile of earth and stone, he felt in his iron heart that it was home.”

Eryk’s ears perk up, suddenly aware of the story. It is one he had heard many times before. “Wait a minute...”

“The boy picked up a stone, saying in a voice rarely used, ‘This is my land, where my people shall call home. It is here I shall build a home, not just for me, but for those that share my blood. This mountain shall be our world away from troubles. And as I say it, so it shall be. I name thee... Kingshall.’”

Pangea

Tell A Tale Once Told

Eryk jumps up. “Wait a minute!”

Grizzwald smiles at Eryk before continuing. “The boy took it upon himself to carve the mountain with only his hands and that which he could fashion at its base. Loose rocks turned to shovels and picks, dirt into mud bricks, and so it began.”

“How do you know that story, huh? That’s Dwarf history!” Eryk booms, disturbing the peace. A multitude of Goblins shush him before motioning for Grizzwald to continue with the tale.

Grizzwald bows his head in respect. “The boy turned the mountain into a home for him and his sons. Many weeks, many moons, many years passed as he turned raw stone into sacred palace. But upon its completion, he looked upon it and declared it good.”

Allura watches as Eryk storms out of the camp, pausing only a moment before following after him. “Sir Eryk. Sir Eryk!” She calls as they wander into the night.

“What?!” Eryk booms, more forcefully than is just. Allura steps back, caught off-guard by Eryk’s intensity.

“I... I merely...” Allura trails off.

Eryk watches her in the darkness, her pale complexion almost glowing in the faint moonlight. Allura’s hair shines even more silver than normal. “I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have yelled.”

Allura composes herself. “No, but I also should have given you a moment of peace to yourself. For my transgression, I apologize.”

Eryk sits down in the grass, a cool breeze blowing over the pair. The scents of wild weed, flowers, and a faint hint of rain carry on the wind. “I just don’t like hearing people talk like that, you know? Dane Durgoth was a king! Maybe even the first king, or even first Dwarf. I just wish people gave him the respect he deserves.”

Allura nods, taking a seat beside Eryk. She puts her lithe hand on his much larger arm. “I respect Sire Durgoth. I may be Elven, but legends have carried even unto my people.”

Eryk pouts, a comical sight for one of his stature. “They aren’t legends though. Dane Durgoth was real. Kingshall is real.”

“And I do not believe Sir Grizzwald was saying otherwise. His story may have been one of the legends, but that does not discredit its existence.” Allura stands, offering a hand to Eryk, as if she could hoist him from the ground. “Shall we return to finish our night of celebration?”

Eryk looks up at Allura, the Elf being only a few inches taller than him if he is sitting. He takes her hand, lifting himself up without, though acknowledging the gesture. “Yeah, just for tonight.”

The pair return to the Goblin camp, content with celebrating in just fashion.

STONEHART

IRON SEA

THE RIFT

Mt.
STORMBREAK

REAPER'S
REST

AGEA

DRIFT SEA

GREENWOOD

PANGEAN OCEAN

