

Sidebar

You can find more information on Dane Durgoth and his sons in Grizzwald's Pocket Guide to Portents, available on Amazon.

"Oh," Eryk says with a sigh. "Didn't realize that book talked about him. Yeah, forget you saw that. No one talks about Bane, especially dwarves."

Allura taps the closed book sitting on the table in front of her. "This says he was one of Dane's sons, but it mentioned him after the other four. Now, I might just be a dumb pointy ear, but I count five sons."

Eryk shakes his head fervently. "No, it isn't like that. It's just... ugh. Proper dwarves hate talking about Bane and his kingdom. It's a bad look on the rest of us."

"I would say as much, yes. Dismissing one of your own is most certainly a bad look." Allura crosses her arms. "So?"

Eryk grumbles a moment longer, then slumps down in his chair. "Fine. Fine! I guess knowing the details won't hurt."

Omara slides her book to the side, listening in to Eryk's story. Vik Sets his tome in front of him, giving his friend his full attention.

"Dane is believed to be the first dwarf, but no one really knows from that time period. But we know he took four wives who each gave him a son. Lane, Cain, Gwain, and Svane, in birth order." Eryk pauses a little longer than Allura would like.

"Go on, don't stop now. Tell us about the sons and how Bane fits into the story." Allura's tone is curt and forceful, a demeanor she does not adorn often.

Eryk lets out a loud sigh, the overdramatic storyteller that he is. "Lane was blond and was given rule over the kingdom of Aingard. The Lanish dwarves are all blond. Cainite dwarves have black hair and reside in Obsidia. Gwain's children are all brunette, and his sons rule Caerleon. And, of course, Svanish dwarves like me are redheads and rule over Hadesland."

Omara nods along, intrigued by the tale. Vik is jotting down notes in the margins of his Black Book, eager to hear more. Allura watches Eryk with a gaze as strong as ironwood.

Pangea

His-Story Lesson

“And this is the part where you tell us about Bane, yes? I’m sure you haven’t forgotten.” Allura maintains her piercing stare, as if her ire could cleanse Eryk’s soul in scornful flames.

“Yeah, yeah. I’m getting to that.” Eryk flippantly motions to Allura’s book. “Bane was technically Dane’s fifth son, but he was an illegitimate heir. He was born in secret to some woman Dane never married. As a result, he had no claim to a dwarven throne. Not like that stopped him from founding Baneland in the eastern Red Desert.”

Omara quirks an eyebrow, pausing Eryk. “If Dane had already taken four wives, why in the world could he not take Bane’s mother as his fifth? That doesn’t make sense to me.”

Eryk shrugs, dire to move on. “No clue. Maybe she was already married or maybe marrying her would have been worse than not marrying her. I don’t know, and I don’t really care. All that matters is that Dane had a fifth son with no claim to one of his thrones.”

“This is all fascinating!” Vik writes faster to not miss a detail. “And I assume Bane’s children bear a mark as well?”

“Oh, yeah,” Eryk says as though he’d forgotten. “Banish dwarves are white-haired. Like, stark white, akin to snow. Some folklore says that they are cursed, and that the hair is their symbol of sin.”

Allura uncrosses her arms. “That is most unfortunate. To think, an entire bloodline dismissed for the shortcomings of their father. That is, quite frankly, the worst thing I have heard in a long time.”

“Yeah, well, not like I like telling the story either. Bane wasn’t a true Durgoth, simple as that. Maybe if his mother had tried harder, she could have avoided all of that.” Eryk sits back, now crossing his own arms.

Allura straightens, her eyes ablaze with fury. “This is no fault of the mother! If Dane were a capable father, he would have ensured the livelihoods of all his children! Unless there is some detail you are leaving out, then my disdain for your forefather remains intact.”

Eryk’s brow furrows, his fists clenching out of view. He opens his mouth to spout off some harmful comment when Omara jumps up.

“Oh, would you look at the time! We should be getting back to Eldie right about now. She probably has you guys’ gear ready by now. Righty then, hop to it!” “Omara says with a command few humans can muster over the more exotic species of Pangea.

With a turbulent glare, Eryk and Allura join the others.