

TRIUMPH LARP

**Dwarf's
Handbook
4.0**

The Dwarves of Lantai

A dwarf is a humanoid being in Lantai, recognized typically by their beards. Dwarves are mostly at home in mountainous regions, and in their mining undercities. They are known as the Children of Stone, and have a long life span: a dwarf might live to see 500 years. They have a reverence for craftsmanship, and are outstanding architects, miners, sculptors, carpenters, and more. A dwarf will always seek to do their best job when creating a thing, they simply cannot conceive of doing a less than perfect job. Dwarves are clannish and proud, with strong oaths of fealty to their family line, clanhold, king, and fellow dwarves. The dwarves of Lantai are known for their craftsmanship, their tactical prowess, and their often gruff demeanor. Whether from Sunder, Sundhame, Sundabal, or Glamhame, a dwarf is almost always a forward thinking member of a greater cause: the further prosperity of their clan and traditions. A dwarf has a long-sighted view that is often mysterious to shorter lived races, such as humans, but is almost always for the greater good.

This handbook, along with the class handbook of your choice, will help you to portray a character that will help drive an epic story which we call Triumph. This game is story-driven, and the more thought given to your character, the better your game experience will be. Welcome to Lantai, welcome to Fairhame, and may you Triumph.

This handbook is not meant to replace reading the manual...in fact, if you've not read the rulebook, you should put this handbook down and go do so now. OK...so you're back. Hope you enjoyed the rulebook. Now, let's talk about dwarves

Physical Representation

So, what exactly makes a dwarf look like a dwarf? The answer is their beard, for the most part. If you're going to play a male dwarf in Triumph, you are required to wear a beard. There are no clean-shaven dwarves. Females may have a beard (although this is rare), or should have obvious braids. If after your 3rd event you do not wear your minimal physrep and costume, you can play, but will receive no Triumph Points. Note that this is a minimum physical representation...you can go further! You can always improve your look via makeup and costume, to include a rougher set of features, bushy eyebrows, wig, fake beard, and costume that makes you appear shorter and/or bulkier. This doesn't mean that only short people can be dwarves...our dwarves are the Children of Stone, and come in all shapes and sizes! Should your beard have a very noticeable strap, please dye it to blend in with your hair/costume. Costume should look, well, dwarven! (More information on costume will be found later in this handbook, under the different clanholds.)

Racial Modifiers

By choosing to play a dwarf, you receive some advantages and some disadvantages compared to others in the game. These racial modifiers exist to help characterize the race.

Dwarves are most well known for their abilities as craftsmen and artisans. As such, dwarves may purchase the smithing skills Armorsmith and Weaponsmith at half the normal cost in Triumph points for their class.

Dwarves are very strong willed and as tough as the stone they mine. Thus, every time a dwarf purchases the Health skill, they gain one additional health point. This bonus does not apply to starting health, only to additional purchases of health.

Dwarves, being so very tough and strong of mind, are somewhat resistant to magics cast upon them. Therefore, once each day, a dwarf may resist a spell cast upon them by calling "Resist". This only applies to spells, not spell affects or monstrous attacks that are delivered in a similar fashion to magic. (A taunt at the caster will often follow, i.e. "Is that the best ye got?", or "Care to try yer luck agin?")

Dwarves typically live in tight tunnels and have thus evolved fighting styles most useful for these areas. Therefore, a dwarf may not purchase the polearm skill at any time, no matter the class. Likewise, they may not purchase bow as a skill. They may purchase crossbow, however, and the rare dwarven Archer would use a crossbow.

Dwarves are a hearty and physical race, great with their hands. They are typically, however, not scholars. Dwarves usually direct their magics into the crafting of items, arms, and armor, and thus mages and the like are somewhat rare. To represent this, a dwarf will pay double the normal cost for Scholar and Magic skills.

Racial Traits

Each race has its defining qualities, or traits. This includes typical costume, common attitudes, traditions and ways of life, and natural tendencies. By playing to these traits, you are portraying a fairly typical member of the race. If you choose to ignore these traits, your character is probably quite uncommon...and might even be frowned upon by members of your own race.

Dwarves were created in five different clans in their birthing. Four are known to continue today. There are few separations of note between the four different clans, however...as the old saying goes: "A dwarf is a dwarf is a dwarf." The only differences for the purpose of gameplay are in geography, costume, and the clan names.

Dwarves have become a bit insular and distrustful, though they are accepting of other races. They often are protective of the other humanoid races, even when trust is not strong. The Children of Stone have a strict system of honor, and oaths sworn are as strong as the stone they work. Dwarves are hearty and patient. The dwarves are the favored children of Glom, and are also blessed by Credne, the smithy god.

Within the four clanholds are long standing family lines, and their surnames represent the careers of those within. The trade of a dwarf is passed from parent to child, tradition holding a line's name as a mark of honor based upon either their trade or a heroic deed in the line. New lines are founded by the especially heroic.

For instance, soldiers and guardians often have surnames such as Foehammer, Spiderguard, Goblinfoe, Shieldbearer, and Bladebreaker. Some famous crafters have come from the families of Rockbreaker, Gemseeker, Oresmelter, Axemaker, Kingmaker and more. A priest might come from the line of Godshammer, Soothseeker, or Glomsman. You get the idea...

Being a child of a line does not doom one to the trade, however. It is common for dwarven families to adopt outside of their line with no malice for those leaving should it be found that a dwarven child has a different calling.

Dwarves are protective of the younger races as a whole, viewing themselves as wiser and more responsible for the world's direction than the younger races. It is

exceedingly rare for dwarves to go to war with other humanoids, though it has happened when they are provoked. More often, they will simply withdraw from diplomacy for a time. This does not mean, however, that dwarves are pacifists. They are quite fond of the art of war...they just have the responsibility to target the goblinoid races and other monsters as their foes. One of a dwarf's fondest activities is goblin bashing or orc slashing or giant smashing or...well, again...you get the idea.

Roleplaying Tips:

Dwarves often are a bit “grumpy”, but not mean. They simply are not adept at displaying the more tender emotions. They'll be protective of any they consider a friend, and parental toward those younger than they are. A dwarf will typically hate goblinoid races, and may choose one of the goblinoids to have an irrational reaction to (i.e., will want to attack them on sight.) When playing a dwarf, one might have a bit of crafting hobby to carry along...whittling/wood carving, that sort of thing. Dwarves are fond of keeping spare weapons around and being well armored. Most dwarves have some combat experience, even if just from home defense drills.

The Dwarves of Sunder have created a vast mountain complex in the Krellen mountain range. Clanhold tales tell of the ruins of Krellspeak being found when the first dwarves roamed the mountain, and of creation of the Starforge there. The ruling line of Sunder has long been the line of Forgemaker. Garron Forgemaker was the first king of Sunder, and the crown has been passed down the line for millennia. The standard of Sunder is a fist holding a smithy's hammer.

Sunder is within the borders of Aettlund, but is an autonomous kingdom. The dwarves of Sunder have mining sources of coal, mithril, various ores, and even some gold and rubies. The industry of Sunder is booming currently, strong trade agreements helping to cement the bond of friendship with Aettlund.

Tips for roleplaying a dwarf from Sunder: Friendly and protective of other races, citizen of Sunder but will feel loyalty to the banner of Aettlund as well. Will likely consider mystic elves as friends. A dwarf of Sunder might prefer greens and blues in the costume.

The Dwarves of Sundhame are part of a “dual city”, the undercity of dwarves, and the growing overcity of humans. In recent times, the dwarves were driven to war with the humans in their settlement, drawing the wrath of the King of Negurru. Not desiring to war with men, the dwarves settled a truce, allowing the humans to live above them. There is still some friction between the neighbors as some humans arrogantly confuse living above the dwarves to being better than the dwarves. The orc incursion from the Savage Lands has done much to smooth the bad blood, as the human and dwarf settlements have shed blood together against the greenskin horde.

The ruling line of Sundhame is the Battlemaster family. The first king of Sundhame was Dagnar, who earned the title of Battlemaster. The standard of Sundhame is a griffon resting, with a battleaxe in its talons.

Tips for roleplaying a dwarf from Sundhame: While bearing the typical dwarven acceptance of other races, small chance of treating humans as untrustworthy. Will more than likely have some experience fighting orcs, and will probably have been involved in the current war against the orcs from the savage lands. Dwarves of Sundhame often wear earth tone colors and reds along with their armor.

The Dwarves of Sundabal are part of a multi-cultured city above, with the dwarven mining, smithing, and undercity complex below. Easily the most prosperous, numerous, and powerful of the dwarven clanholds, Sundabal is the capital seat of the kingdom of Nordriki. The Stonecrusher line has ruled Sundabal with a just and fair hand for all memorable time. An ancient legend of the dwarves tells us that Parden Stonecrusher, the first king of Sundabal, was blessed by Pendras, god of Justice, to pass fair judgment in all matters...and that he passed this ability down the line of sons. Sundabal's standard is a set of scales with an anvil on one side and an orc head on the other.

Sundabal has booming industry and trade, and is a shipping port as well. The barrelboats of the dwarves are a most interesting feat of engineering, and move goods along the coast of Nordriki. The dwarves of this clanhold have family lines that live above ground in many of the cities and towns of Nordriki, working in engineering, farming, and more.

Tips for roleplaying a dwarf from Sundabal: Very open and accepting of goodly races...might have any job...if you want to play an odd dwarven career, like sailor, then Sundabal is the homeland for you. Will likely have some ties to a commerce interest as well as crafting. The least warlike of all the dwarves, and have a higher number of priests of Pendras than any other clanhold. Costume is most diverse, and also tends to be quite fine, with metal, leather, and other items used as ornamentation in everyday clothing. Will be quick to defend their land, their allies, their king. Almost all dwarves of Sundabal have a deep respect for the Stonecrushers.

The Dwarves of Glamhame are the least prosperous of the dwarves, having retreated into their clanhold to avoid the war of Hyronia. Relations with the human rulers of Hyronia are tense at present, and while Glamhame has not been attacked, the dwarves are holding their borders as if under siege. If not for the mountains between Glamhame and Tetonia, war may already have started.

Glamhame's ruling line is the Warspear line. The standard of Glamhame is a spear radiant, and the clanhold has a rich history of battle glories. It was the dwarves of Glamhame who helped destroy the Skaven menace in ages gone, and who brought down the great red dragon of the Tetonin mountains.

Tips for roleplaying a dwarf from Glamhame: Will likely have a sour attitude. Even the most patient dwarf will become angry after 10 years of near-war footing. Might even hate humans, or be an advocate for warring with Hyronia to stop their depravity and racial persecutions. Costume tends to be drab, with greys and earthtones prevalent. Likely will be well armed and armored, as many dwarves are. Even if part of a line of non-warriors, will probably have some fighting skills at startup, at least a weapons skill. To not have a weapons skill would be exceedingly rare.

Key Points in Dwarven History

Many millennia ago, the Dream reshaped the world of Lantai. It created the Gods, who lived upon and discovered Lantai's secrets. The Gods, in turn, Ascended, seeking a further enlightenment. Some of the Gods gave birth to Children of their own. Glom was the first of the Gods to create Children, shaping the stone of Lantai in to images to his liking. In one day, he breathed life into his creations, bringing the first of the Children into being on Lantai. He divided them into five groups, the ancient clans, and set them in places on the globe that would benefit them, with ore and caverns and herds and food sources.

Civilization was slow to take root in those days, and Lantai was a much more dangerous place. The dwarves learned to survive, and then to thrive. Glom in those days was an attentive father, and saw to it his children could prosper. In time, he chose some of his children to carry a bit of her knowledge, and the first clerics came to be. Over the course of centuries, and then millennia, the dwarves (and indeed the elves as well) began to grow away from their parent and continue in their own direction, only the clerics keeping the Gods close to them. The clanholds grew, and four of the clans kept relations with each other...but the fifth was lost to time.

The Children of Stone found great success in mining and crafting, creating new metals from the smelting of ores, new tools for the working of stone, wood, and metal. They reached out, exploring their world and finding the elves. Over time, friendships and trade agreements were formed. The dwarves of Sundabal even assisted the High Elves in the development of Myth Celtor. The long elven war darkened the face of Lantai, though, and the dwarves withdrew to lament the foolishness of the Children of the Stars. Over time, the elves reversed their folly, and the dwarves resumed direct trade with the High Elves, having already restored relations with the Forest and Mystic Elves. The Children of Stone continued to mine, create, grow, and prosper.

In time, the coming of the younger races signaled a change in the world. The dwarves, ever industrious, created trade ties to new settlements, creating friends and allies. The dwarves of Sundabal helped to create the Great Empire of mankind, and continued to repair relations with the High Elves of Myth Celtor. The dwarves of Sunder assisted in the refurbishing of the ruins on Krellspeak, and the dwarves of Sundhame and Glamhame were also successful in relations with the new races. In this time, the dwarves perfected the art of war, driving bands of goblins, orcs, skaven, and ogres into the dirt. It was a time of prosperity for the dwarves, as it was for most races.

Then came the cataclysm. In Glamhame, as in all the clanholds, the earth shook. Mineshafts dropped, the tunnels twisted, and Glom's voice could not be heard. The dwarves there faced a crisis as crops withered and died. In Sundhame, the entrances to the undercities collapsed, and the dwarves were forced to live in the dark tunnels with no outside access for a full year as they worked to dig out. In Sunder, things became exceptionally grim. Some of the dwarves were killed outright by the nearby blast of the cataclysm, while the rest were left to fight and fend off the vicious and twisted beasts that poured up out of dark holes, and out of the newly formed Twisted Lands. Only Sundabal weathered the Cataclysm with any success, and immediately afterward began rendering aid to those around them.

As the Dark Times set in, the dwarves of Sunder and Sundhame withdrew from the world, dealing with their own problems and strife. The dwarves of Glamhame tried to maintain some ties to the world. The dwarves of Sundabal, having weathered the Cataclysm, reached out to the communities around them, providing as much aid as they could. The kingdom of Nordriki grew, the dwarven king Stonecrusher proving apt at ruling more than just dwarves, and was protected from the wars that raged across the known world. Sundabal, and the rest of Nordriki, prospered even during the Dark Times.

Now, in the present, dwarves strive as we all do. The Savage Lands have become more dangerous, if that were possible. Orcs, goblins, trolls, and worse have become more and more common. Monsters long thought to be extinct, or mere fairy tales, have been sighted. The Oracles speak of dark days ahead. May we all triumph.

Dwarven Tales

Saving Hammerknight Torgemald

The ever hanging cloud of fine limestone grit made his helmtorch sputter. Its taste, almost bitter, was always in his mouth. Burlbar Boulderstock pored over the architectural blueprints of Surface Depot 24, and, with a blood-caked finger, pointed out its key features to the filthy mining crew of dwarves huddled around him. Among them, Burlbar's uncle Virling spoke in low tones to another uncle. Their faces were chiseled with stony looks of determination while nearly a finger's breadth of rock dust caked their beards. Other distant relations here present were known to Burlbar by name only, yet he knew he could count on his own blood in a fight. Burlbar then noticed that his twin cousins, both having a reputation for being dreamers, were likewise now grounded in the grave reality of the present.

In less than 3 days, Torgemald Boulderstock, esteemed Knight of the Hammer, Burlbar's master—and second cousin—would run out of breathable air if, by Glom's will, he survived the collapse of the iron ore storage chamber where he made his heroic stand. Alone, the Hammerknight faced the surprise onslaught of the horde of goblins now running amok on all levels of Surface Depot 24. They attacked without warning in mid-afternoon, without triggering the pressure plate, which was responsible for both slamming shut the massive entryway portcullis, and locking down the upper levels of the Surface Depot. That Cailleach-favored pressure plate was malfunctioning again and Hammerknight Torgemald had been trying to repair it all week.

The next image burned into Burlbar's mind was that of the Hammerknight chanting his war-dirge, crushing goblin heads with Gelderock his mighty warhammer, and ordering Burlbar, his shield bearer, to go for help. In the chaos that followed, Burlbar tried to run down the passage but an explosion blasted him prone. The ensuing rumbling of the stone beneath him racked his body as he realized the ore storage chamber had collapsed. The miners' blast powder kept therein must somehow have been ignited!

The attack was quickly over as little resistance was offered by the few dwarven miners. Unfortunately, Burlbar was painfully aware that an entire goblin horde was now interposed between Hammerknight Torgemald and the rescue team that Burlbar led.

"As you all know," growled Burlbar, the limestone dust making his voice hoarse, "Granddad designed Surface Depot 24 in order to mechanize the transfer o' our iron ore

to the overland. Very few dwarves are required to operate the machinery, and we had calculated, by virtue o' its location in the overworld, that a single Hammerknight and his retinue would be enough to oversee and operate the A.T.D.D.S. should we come under attack."

"A.T.D.D.S., what's that?" Uncle Virling blurted.

"It's the Automated Trap and Deadfall Defense System that Granddad designed to protect Surface Depot 24," explained Burlbar, picking a fleck of stone from his battered beard. "The control room is right next to the ore storage chamber. Ye have all seen those brass tubes stickin' out by every doorway? They're all part o' Granddad's 'Earshot Listening System' in the control room and are used to monitor every passage in the Surface Depot. In fact, these rooms here..."

He stopped. The knotted brow framing Uncle Virling's gaze told Burlbar that the time for exposition had long since passed.

Burlbar cleared his throat. "We are here," he said, leaving a dusty fingerprint as he shifted his finger, "beneath the waterworks at the base of the main ore conveyor. Hammerknight Torgemald is here six levels above us in the ore storage chamber." Burlbar swept his hand creating a streak of sweaty dust. "Kinsmen, each level above us is overrun by goblins, though we do not know their total strength. The Boulderstock Gate keeps 'em from enterin' the mine proper, but keeps us away from them as well. Regardless, an all-out attack would be impossible until the Clanhost calls a muster, and we all know the nearest Clanhold is several leagues away."

"Hammerknight Torgemald does not have the luxury to wait for the Clanhost," barked Uncle Virling emphatically. "Glom's beard! We must act on our own to save my grandson!"

"Yes, Uncle," Burlbar replied, his voice narrowing into a near whisper, "This is my plan..."

Soon the dwarves were huddled together in wide ore bins, having first locked them onto the main ore conveyor. An underground stream's swift current provided continuous power for the conveyor. It remained operational throughout the goblin attack. They ascended, riding slowly and jerkily amid various steely creaks and groans, up the ore conveyor through the long gradual slope of its smooth-walled passage. Eventually, the dwarves would be dumped like so much iron ore 40 feet below the mouth of the cave in the overland.

Burlbar had instructed his clansfolk to jump out of their bins at the last moment. He knew that there were pressure plates on either side of the conveyor shaft that would work in a similar—though hopefully more reliable—fashion to the one by the main entrance to the Surface Depot. Triggering those would seal the main gate and isolate each level such that the only way to traverse the Surface Depot would be through one of a myriad of secret passages whose entrances were masked as stonework walls. Crawling through one of the conveyor maintenance access shafts, upon their exit, the dwarves would have to defeat the goblins holding the first level of the Surface Depot. However, here in the underland of the Surface Depot, the unfortunate goblins would be fought on Boulderstock terms—with gouging pick, smashing hammer, and burning soul.

Burlbar calculated that three day's worth of hard tunneling might be enough to get to Hammerknight Torgemald, if the Hammerknight yet lived. As his ore bin rocked and jolted along its plodding journey, Burlbar recalled his honored master, the

Hammerknight. He was an artisan both on the battlefield and in the machine shop. An accomplished artilleryman, his grasp on mathematics was particularly keen. How many hours he and Burlbar debated the controversial solution to the famous ‘Mad Mecklemann’s Mathematical Mystery’ as they sparred! Burlbar always came away from their sparring bruised in ego and body: the Hammerknight’s lessons were never easily learned, though fluidly taught.

The clang of metal striking the broad front of his ore bin jolted Burlbar from his reverie. Peeking over the edge of his ore bin as another spear flew over his head, Burlbar could see torchlight in the conveyor shaft. Goblins had found the second level maintenance access and were trying to disrupt the conveyor’s link belt! Should they succeed, Burlbar knew that he and his clansfolk would plummet backwards down the slope of the shaft and crash a full four levels below their current position.

“Glom’s beard!” roared Burlbar. “Get out o’ the bins, my brothers! They’re cuttin’ the link belt!”

Dwarves bailed themselves out of the bins as goblin arrows and spears flew, bouncing off ceiling, walls, and shield.

“Stay to the walls, lads!” cried Burlbar, as a shuddering snap whipped the ruptured link belt through the bodies of three surprised goblin archers and down the conveyor shaft. It zipped past the dwarves as the ore bins clattered down behind.

“Glom preserve Hammerknight Torgemald!” raged Burlbar. As one body together, full of unshakable purpose and resolute will, Burlbar and his clansfolk charged up the incline of the conveyor shaft and joined battle.

The Starforge

Dolin Runekeeper sighed heavily for perhaps the tenth time, running one hand through his long black beard as he examined once again the complex bind rune, searching for even the tiniest flaw. Finally satisfied, he stepped away from the completed torch.

“This is the day.” He spoke the words aloud, though they had been ringing in his mind for hours. *This is the day.* Dolin’s labor was finally complete. He thought back over the work of the previous several months, the work of his temple. Gifted with a vision from Credne, his priests had found a glorious forge at the top of Krellspeak.

In this Dark Age, a light of hope had been found. So Dolin hoped. In the years since the Cataclysm, magic had refused to work correctly; the Great Works had all but failed. Many had turned away from the light of the Gods, but Dolin had held fast to his faith.

“So many years,” he breathed, “so much...but this is the day.” He picked up the torch gingerly, and left his tiny workshop behind, walking out into the light of the midday sun.

Dolin climbed the steps to approach the Starforge, aware of the gravity of the moment. A trickle of sweat wound its way down the back of his neck as he walked. There would be little pomp and circumstance, Credne’s vision had shown the priest that. Only the thirty clerics of the order, those who had toiled and built the temple around the Forge, would be present. *This is the day.*

Miris, a young acolyte, met Dolin at the top of the stair. A brazier was merrily burning, its fire bringing scant warmth in the mountain air. Dolin's hands began to sweat around the cold steel of the torch, its fuel unlit. It was time to begin.

Dolin inhaled deeply, taking in the scents of smoke and incense and oil. His eyes roved across the assembled brotherhood, until finally he spoke.

"Many years of darkness have followed us. Even the stoutest hearts have learned fear. Long have we toiled, an' long will be the path o' recovery. But here, now, do we bring one light of hope ta the world."

"In time, this light will meet other lights on th' path, and hope will spread. All th' goodly gods will make their way back to our hearts, fer now they are whole again. 'Tis time fer all of us assembled here to bring Credne's light to this Forge, and here make the Armor o' champions, th' Blades of heroes, an' the Wheels o' commerce."

Dolin could see the fires lit behind the eyes of his trusted brethren, and knew the time was upon him at last. The ceremonial torch in his hand, he walked to the brazier, lighting the torch from its fire. The purity of the flame filled him with wonder, and within its light he felt invigorated...such was the magic of Credne's Blessing.

Tentatively, he walked to the Forge, to light its flame. He was not sure what to expect. Would it flare to the heavens? Would it be slow to light, but searing to gaze upon? Would it consume its fuel concussively, hungrily? The young dwarf blinked slowly, and lowered the torch to the Forge's fuel.

Whatever the brethren expected, it was certainly not what transpired. There was no peal of thunder, no fanfare, no whump! of ignition. It simply *was*. Where one moment ago there had been potential, now there was a steady flame and glowing coals, as if they had started the fire hours before. The glow of the flame filled Dolin with a deep peace, and he could see that peace reflected in the faces around him.

The moment passed, Dolin walked slowly to get his smithy apron. There was much work still to do.