

THE HÛZVOK

Artisans of Shimmering Depths



"A sharp tongue sculpts the mind into a radiant jewel"



High in the towering peaks resides the hold of Hûzvakash, the sanctuary of pride and ornery Dwarves of Hûzvok. The clanging of anvils rings out, day and night, resonating through the gem-studded, light-gleaming cavernous depths of their city. The seasoned Greybeards of Hûzvok, abandoning the thrills of war, turn to the joys of artifice and runecraft.

There, in the hands of these aged artisans, precious metals and gems are shaped into stunning pieces of workmanship, each valued for their labor, not their price. Robed in lavish attire, with jeweled medals and gilded rings, these Dwarves are a symbol of status and ancient lineage. Yet – their tongues remain sharper than their axes, engaging in yearly quarrels in honor of their Ancestor god, Zirilashok. Despite their pomp, they're still veterans ready to handle the perils of their deep abode, their music echoing through the halls like a constant reminder of their resilient spirit.



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VALUES & ATTITUDES



The elder Dwarves of Hûzvok have hewn out a unique society. Steeped in tradition and shaped by the hardships and bounties of their environs, these Dwarves are as unyielding as the stone they carve and as deep as the caverns they inhabit.

Despite their gruff exterior and often bristling demeanor, there runs a vein of profound respect and loyalty through each Hûzvok Dwarf. Their customs and traditions may seem as rigid and unyielding as the mountains they call home, but there's a warmth and comfort to their familiar rhythms, as reliable as the steady echo of their hammers on stone.

📖 THE CHISEL'S SONG 📖

Valuing wisdom above all else, the denizens of Hûzvok carve out their destinies as they carve out their dwellings - slowly, deliberately, and with a deep appreciation for the transformative process. They labor over their craft, not out of a mere desire to amass wealth, but out of a profound respect for the artistry and discipline it demands. To them, every chip in the stone is a step towards wisdom, every strike of the hammer a testament to their tenacity.



🌀 COLLECTIVE CADENCE 🌀

The society of Hûzvok is deeply communal, valuing the strength and wisdom of the collective over the individual. Every Dwarf, regardless of their craft or standing, has a role to play in the harmony of the hold.

Loyalty is not merely a virtue, but the bedrock of their society, as ingrained as the veins of gold in their mountains.

Unity is the lynchpin that holds them together; each Dwarf, akin to a single note in a symphony, contributes to the grand harmonious tune of their communal life.

👤 A DWARF'S WORD 👤

As unyielding as the craggy mountains that cradle their civilization, the Dwarves of Hûzvok view trust and honor with a sacred reverence. A Dwarf's word, once pledged, becomes as indestructible as the heart of their oldest mountain, as resolute as the richest vein of iron. Betray that trust, and the scorn they hold is as enduring as their legendary grudges, etched into the bedrock of their society and memory, a stain as permanent and deep as any violation of the sacred principles that knit their community together.



Many a Dwarf is not native-born to the venerable hold of Hûzvakash, but immigrates at the dusk of their third century, the revered age of the Greybeard. They come seeking the refinement of intellect, or perhaps simply the more leisurely pace and rich bounty the hold offers.

Endowed with inexhaustible resources, and a populace passionately committed to crafts and learned pursuits, to be counted among Hûzvok's distinguished residents is a coveted honor. They have traded the burdens of lineage, mundane toil, and warfare for a final hundred years filled with meaningful pursuits.

Hûzvakash then serves as a sanctuary for aging Dwarves, nurturing their artistic and scholarly endeavors during their twilight years. Reverence for this realm runs deep, as it stands paramount among all Dwarven holds. Not just any Greybeard or Whitebeard finds entry here; only those who have served with distinction or significantly contributed to society earn this honor. Those who fail to meet Hûzvok's standards often find themselves the subject of whispered disapproval within Dwarven circles.

Pity the foreigner who stands awestruck before the grandeur of the Great Archives, held sacred by the Hûzvok Dwarves. Whether driven by the noble aim to unearth remedies for rampant disease, or by a covetous thirst for knowledge and dominion, all seekers may find their quarry within this hallowed nation. The shelves brim with unique memoirs, journals, relics, and tomes, accessible exclusively to the chosen inhabitants of Hûzvakash, rarely shared with their kin beyond the walls. For many, the allure of Hûzvok lies in the promise of solitude and the primacy of individual status, a privilege that can also be a hidden snare, a truth no Dwarf would dare to voice.



KNOWLEDGE'S CRUCIBLE -



In keeping with their worship of the Ancestor god of knowledge Zirilashok, the Greybeards of Hûzvok will gather each year and take part in the great quarrel, where each Dwarf is permitted to state their opinion and have their opinion refuted. Thus testing one's wisdom and intellect in front of their peers and so furthering the common knowledge of the hold. Such affairs are said to be astonishingly loud, and very often violent.

A LEGACY IN GEMSTONES -



Of all the crafts the Hûzvok have excelled in, none have surpassed in their workings of jewelcraft. Such is the pinnacle of their art, though they only value the work they had themselves put into such a gem, not its price in gold. For the Dwarves had gold aplenty, never ceasing in their discovery of veins far below the earth. Many hoards of foreign kings would be seen filled with precious jewels of the Dwarves of Hûzvakash.

THE HAND OF RULE -



The rule of Hûzvok rests in the hand of the hold's Grand Guildmaster, who merely oversees the bickering council of guild masters of all crafts the hold houses. The guild council decides much of the mundane in the hold, as nearly all matters of the hold are also dependent on the guild, and so their government works in tandem to their very way of life. Considering the close proximity of Khazgarim, the elders do not see it fit to assign a master of war for their realm, as any defense needing assemblage immediately could be mustered by the many veterans that reside in Hûzvakash.

FAITHS & BELIEFS

"A Dwarf without the gifts of Zirilashok wanders lost, shrouded in despair and bereavement"



In the gem-encrusted caverns of Hûzvok, amidst the echoing clink of hammer on stone and the ceaseless hum of industrious craft, the Dwarves hew their faith from the bedrock of the ancient pantheon.

They cast their gazes towards the night sky, observing the celestial bodies that house their deified ancestors, paying solemn respect to Ust, the Father Death, and the ancestral divinities shining brightly from the cosmos. Yet, they nurture a unique reverence for Zirilashok, the god of runes, shapes, and knowledge.

"ZIRILASHOK, MASTER OF KNOWLEDGE"

The figure of Zirilashok, in his divine visage, stands as a testament to the deeper inclinations of the Hûzvok, embodying their appreciation for wisdom and artistry. It was he who etched meaning into the world, gleaning from the teachings of Ovaz the Father and transmuting those tenets into the mystic runes that breathe life into their craft.

His touch is seen everywhere in Hûzvok, in the sharp-edged brilliance of their cut gems, in the symmetrical grandeur of their architecture, and in the lively debates that resonate throughout their stone-hewn corridors. The veneration and awe invoked by Zirilashok's craft dotted throughout Hûzvakash bestows upon his followers a sense of exceptionalism and deeper understanding of the world.

“THE ILLUMINATED CRAFT”



The impact of Zirilashok's wisdom can also be seen in Hûzvok architecture. The "Gavur-Zunil", or the "Grand Edifice", a large central structure in Hûzvakash, is constructed as an embodiment of Zirilashok's divine design. The Gavur-Zunil's design is so intricate and symmetrical, it is believed to mirror the underlying harmony of the universe as understood by Zirilashok. Every Hûzvok contributes to its maintenance and preservation as a shared cultural responsibility, further strengthening their communal bonds and reinforcing their shared respect for the wisdom and artistry of the God of Knowledge.

THE COSMIC STITCH



In their abiding reverence for Ust, the celestial arbiter of the Dwarven afterlife, the Hûzvok people have birthed the rite of the "Starry Script". Once a year, every Dwarf etches their unique wisdom into a rune, binding it to stone before casting it into the mines' fathomless depths as an offering to the ultimate quietude. More than a humble submission to the inexorable pull of mortality, it's an assertion of their lived existence, with each stone mirroring the twinkling stars above. By this act, they weave their individual tales into the vast tapestry of the cosmos, marking their journey towards Ust under the eternal vault of the heavens.

HOMELAND

THE GREAT HOLD OF HÛZVAKASH



In the grandeur of the towering peaks, the Huzvok fortress of Hûzvakash finds itself beyond the ordinary, its Dwarven residents unhindered by the world's tribulations. Like their Khazgan kin, they are gifted artisans but their palette of choice are gems and stone, rather than wood and paint, creating dazzling spectacles rarely witnessed by others. A journey to Hûzvakash necessitates ascending the lengthy stairway, with thousands of steps leading to the Gate of Horomor, named after the Hold's founder.

Nestled within an enormous cavern, the hold is a spectacle of glittering stalactites and gem-studded walls, reminiscent of the night sky. Sunlight refracts through the many gem faces, casting a bright, welcoming illumination. Pillars are few and far between, with houses and workshops dominating the interior, all showing the touch of masterful craftsmanship. The ceaseless melody of hammers striking anvils echoes through the cavern.

The cavern's apex houses the boisterous guild masters' hall, reverberating with the squabbles of grizzled old Dwarves over trade regulations and radical ideas. The contentious atmosphere turns away the younger population, leaving the majority of its inhabitants as the elders. Yet, Hûzvakash proves a haven for those weary of battle, those from Khazgan and beyond, seeking to swap their swords for a chisel and brush in pursuit of the revered Dwarven art. Indeed, this peaceful retreat is a welcome end to a life of blood and iron.

FAMILY STRUCTURE & RELATIONSHIPS



In the timeless enclave of Hûzvok, age is revered. The denizens, bearing the honor of their Greybeard years, claim this sanctuary as their own, devoid of the customary chaos of familial ties and burgeoning youth. Homes, carved into the age-old stones of the hold, are divided not by lineage, but rather by the affinities of its residents and the resonating symphony of their expertise.

The inhabitants of Hûzvok have traded the intoxicating allure of romance for the more steadfast devotion to their crafts. They forge an exceptional society that thrives on shared passions rather than shared blood, a fellowship of artisans, engineers, and scholars. The unyielding rhythm of their work, rather than the beating heart of a family, echoes through the mighty halls of this stronghold.

Yet, in this carefully woven tapestry of Hûzvok society, there are occasional irregularities. Rare and unconventional are the instances when a newborn's cry pierces the heavy air of this stoic haven, introducing a jarring note into the harmonious melody of age and expertise. These occurrences, however few and far between, are typically met with disapproval, seen as disruptions to the established order.

MUSIC & ART



The Dwarves hailing from the Hûzvok mountains were not as burdened with the hardships of war, though they were never wholly free of it. As they were high in the massive mountain range they called their home. Their mountains were rich in precious minerals, with gems and gold in abundance.

Such their craft came to the great artificing of gold and silver adorned with ruby and emerald. Their music was that of great pipes, brass and silver, towering in their great halls, filling the cavern air with soft melodies. It is said that even when the very stone moves with the music of the Hûzvok organ, its vibrations are felt even if one touches the mountain wall. Taverns and feasts alike brim with exuberance, elevated by the spirited accompaniment of jubilant minstrels and a gastronomic cornucopia of meticulously honed and refined culinary masterpieces.

Music and art jointly offer the ability for the Hûzvok community to collaborate in meaningful ways, allowing the growth of powerful alliances that transcend blood, but it also reinforces a vibrant and dynamic Hûzvokian society that is praised as a Dwarven paradise in all of Akand.

FASHION & BATTLEGARB



The attire of the Hûzvok was always lavish, as suited to their status as elder. They bear many jeweled medals and crests of ancient lineage and brave feats. Their clothes are akin to the jewels and minerals they craft, shining bright in the shimmering of their home. It is not uncommon to see a Dwarf with gilded rings on every finger, and precious stones held into their beards.

Every garment is crafted from the finest silk, and each gold ring is made from the purest ore found deep within the earth. Their beards, a symbol of age and wisdom, grow long, extending well past their knees. These impressive growths are often left unbraided but are neatly combed, signifying centuries of meticulous care. They are never allowed to be soiled or trampled upon, each one adorned with gold and precious gems. While few Dwarven women choose to shave their beards, they are frequently depicted in art with clean-shaven faces. This artistic choice serves to distinguish them from the predominantly male population.

In regards to battle wear, the Hûzvok take upon themselves the crafting and fitting of their own armor with a sense of delight during their moments of leisure. This practice, while indulging their creative passions, also serves a dual purpose: ensuring that they remain ever vigilant and equipped for any strife that dares encroach upon their hallowed stronghold.

COLDER WEATHER CLOTHING

MALE



COLDER WEATHER CLOTHING

FEMALE



WARMER WEATHER CLOTHING
MALE



WARMER WEATHER CLOTHING
FEMALE





BATTLE GARB



NOTEWORTHY MEMBERS OF CULTURE



Runningbear - A renowned merchant whose innovations forever changed the very notion of travel and agriculture with his invention of the wheel. What began as a solution for his personal endeavors became one of the most revolutionized tools in all of Akand.



Aneksa Chenoa - Among the inaugural Guildmasters of the storied Hûzvakash hold, a woman of exceptional intellect and wit emerged, incredibly adept to diplomacy. She lived a life that few of her kind could imagine, transcending the revered Greybeard years and ultimately becoming one of the rare Dwarves to attain the venerated status of a Whitebeard.



Dimik Tallchief - Dimik was charged with the protection of Hûzvakash after suspected criminal activity. Due to his background in the smithing guild, his intrepid squadron was furnished with armaments of unparalleled craftsmanship – scarcely beheld by the eyes of man or Dwarf alike. With a spirited tenacity belying his venerable years, shepherding honor both to the impenetrable bastion of Hûzvok and to those who dwelt within.



Katyak Winona - There stood a woman known for fiery passion in the courtrooms of Hûzvakash. A woman famed for her vigor in a courtroom. She fought for the hold's strict ethics and municipal policies. Katyak's presence alone would send a tremble through the spine of any man who dared attempt entrance without merit. She met an untimely death at the age of 465 due to a courtroom scandal.

CREDITS

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