

Gimmonites

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SOCIETY: [top](#)

The Gimmonites are a group of Goat Scavengers living in the Greenmyst Hills of Emuria. This group's culture is based on mutual respect and mutual need. The group is small, but function well within their limited region.

The code of law in the Gimmonite Society is known as The Rule of Six. These simple yet effective laws are taught to all Gimmonites at an early age, and they are well known by heart by all members of the culture. They are:

1. Do not kill
2. Do not hoard
3. Do not intend harm
4. Do not speak for another
5. Do not coerce
6. Treat the land as its own entity

The laws are enforced by a Council of Elders and their appointed constables. The Council is comprised of the five oldest members of the community. Together they determine the guilt or innocence of the accused, as well as come up with a fair and binding punishment on a case by case basis.

Weapon use is not common among the Gimmonites, mostly because of the high rate of cloven hooves among their kind instead of hands. Some of the males that are born with hands take weapon use very seriously however, and these people can become as skilled as a member of any other race. Males are the hunters, herders, and warriors of the society, while the females are responsible for caring for the children and other domestic chores. Many women have at least some ability to heal, and some of them have become quite capable. This is unusual however, and a female Gimmonite that becomes too powerful is often viewed with suspicion and disapproval. Often these people will be labeled as witches by their fellow Gimmonites, but not usually to their faces. Similarly, males that concentrate on weapons use are generally mistrusted by the common Gimmonite, and they will either become outcasts or join with the The Seekers of Fate, a group of Gimmonite rangers pledged to the protection of their people.

Gimmonites believe in the land as its own entity. They neither understand nor believe in the concept of land ownership, and personal property is limited to that which can be carried by a person due to the belief that a person cannot own anything that he cannot carry himself. The spirit of this belief carries through the culture, and it is common for a person to create an item for a specific task and

then leave it lying around for anyone to use that needs it once the task has been completed.

Gimmonite culture functions solely on the barter system, and coins are unheard of. There are a few Gimmonites that have a limited understanding of the ways of outsiders, but the vast majority will only know their own ways.

PERSONALITY: [*top*](#)

Gimmonites are quick to anger, and arguments and fights are common. These are often heated, but seldom lead to anything more than a few scrapes or bruises. Gimmonites are viewed as non-violent by outsiders because of their limited ability to use weapons, and due to the fact that although they are quick to anger they are not stupid enough to start a fight with someone that has such an obvious advantage as weapon use.

Those who know Gimmonites well respect their ability to subsist on almost anything. These hardy creatures will even consume poisonous plants and animals in particularly lean times.

All Gimmonites are mystified by the concept of theft. If a person is not carrying an item or using it at the time, then that item is neither owned nor wanted by them. If an item is lying around and another is near, it is common courtesy to ask if they are using the item, but is not necessarily required.

MARRIAGE: [*top*](#)

Gimmonites do not marry, and are not monogamous in their relations with the opposite sex. Males go to great lengths to impress the females, and this often involves wrestling, running, or other tests of physical prowess.

BIRTH: [*top*](#)

The females bear and care for the young in the Gimmonite culture. Young of any sex are cherished and viewed as a benefit to the community. Women who give birth successfully are required to shoulder less of a work load among the domestic chores, and their child is considered under their care for one year from birth. During this time the female will not take on any other suitors, and will not bear a second child while still caring for one.

DEATH: [*top*](#)

Gimmonites bury their dead in deep, unmarked graves in order to prevent them from being defiled by necromancers and animals. Each month during the new moon the community will take an evening away from their regular chores and have a small festival to celebrate all of the births and deaths that have occurred since the last new moon festival.

INTERRACIAL RELATIONS: [*top*](#)

Gimmonites mistrust all types of Marobai. Other than this the goat-people have no racial prejudices.

FAMILY: [top](#)

The Gimmonites do not have families as we know them, although children of the same mother will never mate. Men and women do not track their family lines, as each individual is expected to be counted on his own merit, not those of his father or mother.

LEISURE: [top](#)

Gimmonites are often fond of music and dancing. They also like games, but are notoriously sore losers.

HISTORY: [top](#)

The Great Trek and the Founding

The clans had always existed. They lived within a lush and fertile valley known as the Emerald Vale. The place was filled with lush vegetation, and wild sheep and goats that the clans tamed and lived in harmony with. The clans had no need for anything, and life was very good during this time.

It was then that the winged ones came. Like a plague upon the land the great Wyverns invaded the valley and the hills around it, driving the clans forth. At first the going was very hard as the lands changed. The clans were driven into areas that were less fertile and not suited to their pastoral nature. These lands were also filled with giant insects, carnivorous and teeming with hatred for all other creatures. The clans lost many men, women, and beasts to these creatures, and decided to move on.

They traveled into a great forest, and there were many strange and wonderful creatures. Living trees and plants that were both dangerous and beautiful. The herd suffered in this woodland realm with no room to roam or graze, and so the clans decided that they could not stay. Again they moved on.

Next they came to a wall of mountains, high and rugged. The clans despaired that this was the end. They were starving, and they would have to eat the last of their herd to survive. It was then that the one known as Gimmon stood among them and said that he knew of a place. He said that it had come to him in a dream vision of his own creation – a place where the clans would find plentiful streams, tall grass, and where no fell creature or beast would trouble them. The clan elders stood divided on the words of Gimmon. Some praised his power as a great sorcerer, while others said that the dream was a lie. Eventually the clans divided into two groups, with the largest number deciding to follow Gimmon. The others chose a different course, and each pledged to find the other once a safe land had been claimed. Gimmon, convinced that his vision was real, made a final plea for the others to come with him, but they would not.

Gimmon and his people traveled under the sun and stars for two days and two nights. The men and women were almost exhausted, and much of the herd was lost to the journey. During this time, Gimmon encouraged the others with stories from his vision. He promised that all of them would be safe and free

within the new lands, and that soon they would forget the beautiful Emerald Vale and the terrible hatred of the beasts that they encountered there and since. His words would ring true as finally the clans led by Gimmon found the rolling hills that he had seen in his vision, and things were as good as Gimmon had promised. The clans thanked Gimmon, and came to calling themselves the Followers of Gimmon, and later on Gimmonites.

Of the other clans, nothing was ever heard again. Visions read by Gimmon and other wizards of great power saw only blackness and death for the other clans, and all assumed them to have perished in their search for a new home. Gimmon has died, but his memory and his people continue.

Of Fate

As has been common since the Great Trek and the visions of Gimmon which led the Gimmonites through this time, Gimmonite wizards have continued to read their dreams in order to foretell the future. During a not-so-distant era, a few of the more respected and powerful wizards had visions of similar ilk. These visions promised of a great occurrence that would destroy the Gimmonite culture from without.

While the visions were known to be less than reliable, and often times difficult to decipher, the occurrence of several visions of the same nature and content had never been seen before. It seemed that this should be taken seriously, and that the elders should do something about it. As is the Gimmonite way, many were immediately angered by the implications of this, but after some heated discussion, cooler heads prevailed.

The Elders determined that the visions must not be ignored, and that steps should be taken to prepare for the trouble promised by them. The nature of the problem was determined to be the coming of outsiders. In almost all of the visions, these were decidedly human outsiders, but in some other visions the nature of the foreigners was less clear. In any event, the destruction of the culture was always military in nature. So, the Elders decided it was time to create a fighting force dedicated to protecting the Gimmonites from their war-like and imperialistic neighbors.

The primary focus of the force was to scout and keep watch along the outskirts of the region that was occupied by the Gimmonites. This was to act as a warning and a limited defense against those that would seek to harm the Gimmonites and their herds. The watch would be known as The Seekers of Fate because they were to be vigilantly seeking any sign of the destiny that was foretold by the visions, and to report any such sign to the Elders immediately. The Seekers were comprised of those not only capable in fighting, but who could also work alone for long periods of time without the assistance or companionship of others if need be. This group exists to this day.

Fate's Warning

As the Elders came and went and the years passed uneventfully, the Seekers of Fate continued their vigilant watch upon the land and peoples of the clans. The long watch taken up by the group was brought into question many

times. Many among the clans felt uncomfortable with the violent nature of the group, and the thought of fighting a war against outsiders became a topic of great debate. Many among the clans wanted to abolish the group, while others continued to support it. The abolitionists had just begun to build some momentum when the men of the golden hammer came among the Gimmonites.

The men of the golden hammer came to the edge of the Gimmonites' grazing lands and began to delve into the realm seeking veins of ore for their own use. The Seekers returned and told the Elders of the coming of the men of the golden hammer, and of their obsession with ownership of the land. The intruders insisted that the land was owned by their lord, and that the Gimmonites had no right to keep it as their pasture land. Some of the Seekers had requested to see this lord, and some were even taken away to see him, but they had never returned. The Elders were of course angered by this, as were the clans. Eventually it was decided that the Gimmonites would have to do something in response to this. Was this the threat that the visions had warned about? That was yet to be seen, but in any event the abolition movement silenced among the clans and all but ceased entirely.

At first the Elders debated fleeing again. This was discussed, and it was decided that there was no place to go. To the south was the enchanted woodland known as the Silgolian Wood, a strange place that was less than hospitable to the pastoral lifestyle of the Gimmonites and was home to the Silgoli, a race of sentient tree-men. To the west was the Green Mountains, again an inhospitable place that was known to hold many strange and hostile creatures. To the north lay a strange valley that was home to an even stranger community of men who wore tattoos on their wrists. And to the East were the men of the golden hammer. Flight was not an option this time, and it was decided that the Gimmonites must fight for their survival.

The Elders ordered the Seekers to formulate a plan for defending their people. The Seekers took to making many preparations, but while they did this something strange began to happen. The men of the golden hammer stopped coming around. There was simply no sign of them any longer. Rumors came of the death of the golden hammer lord, and the men were now disorganized and fought among themselves. The Elders decided that the golden hammer was not the threat that was promised in the visions, and that the Seekers should continue their vigilant watch over the mountains in which they lived. And so it was, and it continues to be.

Since the time when the men of the golden hammer stopped coming into the hunting grounds, the Seekers of Fate have been ever vigilant in watching for either their return, or another new threat to the peoples. A few of the Seekers have even ventured into the settlement of Vargus and were not met with the violence that the men of the golden hammer had shown them. It is still unclear to the Elders if the men of the golden hammer were the force shown in the visions, or if there is another, unknown threat. Since the men of the golden hammer have not been seen in quite some time, there is once again a growth in those who feel that the Seekers are too violent.

Challenger

Years after the men of the Golden Hammer disappeared, the Gimmonites again started to question the visions of their destruction. They had seen no other humanoids for years until the day an Elf and a strange cat-like creature entered the hills looking for information about one of their kind. The Elder to whom they spoke seemed surprised to hear the name Galaton for the first time since the separation and even more so at his description. However, according to the old vow, he was still welcome home and so a letter was sent with the invitation. Nearly a month had passed before Galaton crested the hills to their settlement. At first a panic ensued, either because of his glowing skin or the score of giant termites that accompanied him. They calmed slightly after he sent the insects away and eventually he made it to the Elder that he recognized from so long ago. They spoke of many things, of their past, their culture and even the young cat that had brought them together again. It was a great day for the Gimmonites to find one of their lost kin returned home. Who could have known such a day would also bring the Fate that they had feared for so long? As they spoke, a Seeker came with warning of a large military force heading their way. What they did not know was that the military leader of the nearby city of Vargus had been taken over by a vampiric skull. Unfortunately for the Gimmonites, his plans to expand his own power included their destruction. The Seekers quickly fell to the onslaught and many believed this was the end that was foretold. Galaton was more effective as he wielded his magic but even he eventually fell. Then something strange happened. As he lay there on the battlefield, his body became encased in a cocoon and began to grow. Moments later an enormous termite emerged to resume the attack. The troops continued while Galaton fought in his new form, but it was obvious he was losing. The Gimmonites soon felt their fate crash in around them. Hope dwindled when Galaton fell and heads bowed as they gave in to the destiny they had dreaded for so many years. Suddenly, the ground began to tremble and as they wondered what new threat approached, an army of giant insects washed over the hills below. The bugs tore into the troops without cessation and before the Gimmonites could fathom what had happened, the troops were no more. Galaton lay on the battlefield in his humanoid form, but he was gravely wounded. His eyes closed momentarily and the insects left as quickly as they had appeared. There he called for Kopka, the cat that had brought him home. It was not long before Kopka was brought to the bed where Galaton laid. There he thanked the cat for reuniting him with his family and breathed his last. The Elder asked Kopka to accompany him to the council chamber where the other four elders waited. After the battle, the Gimmonite wizards had cast their visions. This WAS the day of Fate.

Among his people, Gimmon had instilled reliance upon the use of visions. However, the things that visions do not show often cloud their accuracy. Visions foretold an end to those of their race that did not follow Gimmon after the separation. When Galaton transformed to the creature he had become, he ceased to be of their race. But his heart and his ideals still remained. As for the

visions of Fate, they could see the enemy that would come to destroy them, but they could not see the free will of one within that enemy. Kopka was under the control of the vampire that meant to destroy them. But under that control, he brought together two families that would unite as one to drive back the threat. The Gimmonites have realized that there are some who exist outside of fate, whose actions are controlled by their force of will and not by the dictates of destiny. Kopka is one such being, he is Fate's Challenger.