
Nysera's Official History Records

On Golems

“That’s the last one,” a burly worker announced, leading his oxen away from what, from his point of view, looked like a pile of boulders. He followed the eyes of one of the druids signaling an overseer few floors higher.

He in return pulled out a book and a couple of notes, and looked at the giant stone figure. It rested, as if asleep, in a thin layer of snow that sprinkled down the wide, open chasm up above. His finger followed the words carefully, comparing the chart to the way the stones have been laid out. After what he then signaled back and the workers, along with their oxen and other hauling beasts, were sent back into the mountain temple, unworthy to witness the workings of the druids.

Dressed in a matching indigo cloak, another druid arrived in the chamber, stepping into the sunbathed area to join them. He looked up into the chasm. Its walls glimmered with flickering snowflakes and icy crystals buried inside the mountain flesh. And he marveled at the mighty creature that awaited before them.

“Do you have it?” The leader of the group asked, raising his chin.

“One of the finest cuts.” He then proceeded to open an elegant, wooden box. In it was a crystal, almost as big as a full grown man’s head.

“No scratches and defects?”

“The finest,” he assured with confidence, only now noticing more members fill the room.

“Let us place it then.”

The two men called for an associate for help, and the trio gathered around what made up the head. Gently, the crystal was placed into the eye socket, afterward they rejoined the forming chain of people. Beginners, experts – anyone who was sufficiently attuned to magic, to harvest as much energy as possible.

Each of them came forth and inscribed their initials on the limbs of their creation, believing that would prevent the golem from ever bringing them harm.

Once again, they awaited their command from above, in a dreading, prolonging silence as the master druid watched.

“I have heard we have a lot of first timers today. Do not be afraid,” his voice compassionate, yet expression still as the water. “If you were not suited for this ritual, you would not have been picked. In fact, you should feel proud!” he roused them. “I realize not all of you are fully attuned to the powers around you. Trust me when I say your skills *will* be enough. Though I have to stress this. You cannot fear, you cannot doubt your mind or body. Hesitation weakens and opens you to failure! Open up to the powers around you, take them in and channel it into this shard! Picture shimmering blood, a life force flow through the golem’s veins. Engrave its purpose in the deepest corners of its mind, his role to aid us in our work and to protect us.” With that, his arms dropped, and everyone closed their eyes and lowered their heads in effort to channel all energy they could draw.

A soft breeze came swooping down into the mountain. The white fluff danced around the boulders as the silence deepened. Only some of the most experienced members whispered a faint incantation. The more they did so, the more their voices seemed to meld into one, and soon with the air itself.

The shard began to melt, seeping into the creature until it situated itself comfortable in the socket as both a glowing eye and the golem’s heart.

There was a low hum, a faint vibration followed, and the boulders trembled and bonded together like magnets, crushing into one another, booming like a vicious storm. Followed by the mountain’s heavy groan.

“Stop!” The druid yelled out, breaking out from the trance. He grabbed the balustrade; weakened and dizzy.

No one moved, observing their creation; some with apprehension. Only a few exchanged questioning glances.

Something creaked, and crackled. One of the stone fingers twitched, startling some of the less experienced druids. Everyone stepped back a tad, following the ones who inserted the crystal.

“Give him some room. Do not be afraid. It is perfectly safe.”

A deep, rocky moan reverberated through the huge chamber when the golem stirred on the ground. It was with effort that it tried getting up at first, rolling sluggishly from side to side. Soon enough, he picked himself up, his fingers scraping along the stone floor, and into a sitting position. With the blank, yet somehow intelligent look in the eye, the creature examined its surrounding. Confused.

“Outstanding job, everyone!” The overseer praised as he slowly made his way down. “Go now. Rest. I will make certain personally that its knowledge has been correctly implemented.”