# A Brief History of the Darkmounds

The Darkmounds are a place you or I would despise to live. The lack of light and harsh landscapes would be enough to put anyone off. When such a land is all that you or, in fact, anyone has ever known you learn to survive in such conditions, some even learn to thrive. Great cities once littered the centre of the Darkmounds a great beacon that shone in the darkness. Both magic and will brought this to pass and those things also tore all that was great in the universe back down. Now only remnants of both magic and civilization remain, much of which are used with ill intent in the dark places of the world. When the sun does not shine though, dark places are many. It is not that a sun could not shine over the Darkmounds either, on a clear day one can see up into the emptiness of the cosmos for the gods of the universe of the Darkmounds are lazy and only created what they must. Not a star shines and nothing lies out in the space beyond these lands. When the initial gods, Time and Being, created the Darkmounds they were simply bored. After an unmeasurable passing both came together to form the Darkmounds and made some lesser gods to oversee them. The two may have felt like creating something but they wished not to do any more work than needed and left these gods to it. Nothing beyond the Darkmounds was ever created.

Time and Being created a shell in actuality, a series of jagged and rough terrains with no unique features. Along with the lack of light, there was no water, plants, animals or even a light breeze. The lesser gods were only lesser in power and were certainly greater in ambition. The eight of them transformed the land of the Darkmounds, for that was all it was to begin with a barren featureless land, into a living breathing world. Valados added the oceans first that separated the mounds each into their own separate islands. He became the god of sea and water to the people, and also the god of beginnings and the flow of the world. Then came Rangaf who created life. There are many forms of life in the Darkmounds, who are often hostile, but like on earth the predominant species became humans. Rangaf is known as the creator and the grower, he is wise and used what Valados provided to make his creations even greater. Next came Hestfeely the goddess of love but also death. She saw no point in eternal love, you could not cherish something that lasted forever, and the Darkmounds had quickly become overcrowded when love was first created.

After these, often considered the good gods, although gods have a moral compass of their own, came the gods who created the horrors of the Darkmounds. Magic and Mysticism were created by Reedus but also he created mischief, anger and malice. Without these emotions and tendencies, magic and mysticism may have been a gift, and the Moundians, the name for people from the Darkmounds, have been known to use these things for good, but much more destruction has come of them than anything since their creation. Reedus is known as a trickster. Next was Dalia the goddess who created famine, hunger, plague and struggle. Reedus may have enjoyed playing with Rangaf’s creations but out of jealousy, Dalia wanted them all dead. How had he come up with such a good idea so quickly? Now the Darkmounds were beginning to resemble what they are today. Kistes, although not as cruel as Dalia, also enjoyed the death of Rangaf’s creations but not out of jealousy, more so intrigue. He sought a way to catalyze the deaths and created fighting, war, poetry and music. For fighting bread tales that would encourage more and more death if they were told well.

The final gods were Landa and Enda, the god and goddess were never to be separated and together had watched and discussed all that the other gods had created, scheming. Together they made fire and with it light. This resembles hope but hope in a troubled world like the Darkmounds is such terrible torture for it is almost always extinguished before it can be fulfilled. Landa and Enda also created weather that may have allowed for crops to grow and ships to sail yet it also caused storms and other harsh conditions. Snow, fog, ice and everything bitter were their doing. Together these gods represent true evil, deviousness and scheming.

When the world of the Darkmounds had been created both the inhabitants of the Darkmounds and its gods fought often. The Moundians fought for survival mostly, resources were scarce and life was difficult. Anything that could represent an advantage was fought over. When civilisations formed they were as cutthroat as could be and even in situations where resources were plentiful people slept with one eye open. For much of the history of the Darkmounds, only small groups formed due to the hostility of the lands yet occasionally something greater came about. Those great civilizations almost always fell causing the Darkmounds to be littered with ruins, forgotten artefacts and sly scavengers.

The gods always played a part in these rises and falls. Many had human born children with great strength, wit or courage who they wished to support in one conflict or another. These children had a power and presence that garnered followers. It is no surprise that these children were often central to the rise of various civilisations throughout the history of the Darkmounds. On top of gods supporting their children, some gods liked to see things crumble. Dalia, Reedus and Kistes directly caused much destruction. Landa and Enda often sowed seeds of hardship into the very foundations of a civilisation causing them to crumble in far more devastating ways even after influencing initial prosperity. Valados, Rangaf and Hestfeely, although considered good, have also been known to hinder or destroy groups they took a disliking to. Time and Being have not intervened with the universe again since their creation of the Darkmounds and the gods. They are impartial observers of their creations.

Currently, the Darkmounds are in a dark age. A great civilisation has crumbled that once had the farthest reaching grip of any in the history of these lands. Remnants of this civilization remain but their light is running low. Written language has fallen into obscurity, the ruler of the Darkmounds, although immortal, is not in a fit state to rule and the gods have abandoned the mortal realm. No longer do the gods intervene for god or bad it seems. Children of gods have not been born for decades but divine bloodlines still remain. Remnants of the power of the gods linger but the last collapse was their final major intervention. This means less destruction but could also rob the Moudians of the power to rebuild. If the final destruction was the work of gods it may not be so simple to undo.

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For all his life Candon had lived in a small village on an island almost entirely covered by forest or bog not far from the great drop at the edge of the Darkmounds. Few ventured out so far and those who did often never returned to the more populated middle lands. Although the lands closer to the edge still had their perils, the outer areas lacked as much human hostility. Out in the edges people fought against the nature of the land which untamed was great and dreadful. The people were still cutthroat but often were forced to band together to allow the possibility of survival in these outer places. Cursed creatures and forbidden magics dwelt within such lands which meant even a stroll through the wood could be perilous. In the ever dark things crept in the shadows. One could get lost easily in the woods and then one trap or other of nature would snare the unprepared often never allowing their escape. The people of Candon’s village were careful and worked hard to keep the perils of the surrounding woods at bay and the dangers of the sea. The village, Twistwood, was built upon the water of the sea with the great forest on all other sides. Raids of siyokoy, fish men, would wander from the depths of the sea in small groups and try to take village people to eat or worse. Losses were not unknown in Twistwood but they were also less common than one might expect in such conditions. Over time the people there had learnt to hold back the darkness. There were procedures that ensured safety to an extent.

Growing up had been

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