**Prelude**

The Seldar created the multiverse, and in its center, they placed the Prime Plane. The Prime Plane held the Seldar’s canvas—the world that they left nameless. For millennia, the Seldar leave the canvas blank, painting instead the outer realms. Their gaze is shifted back to this nameless world when the Children of Ehlu appear on an island known as the Eye of Ehlu. There they live in bliss, and from among them one becomes distinguished. He is the Architect, and he is the first of the children to awaken on the Eye of Ehlu. With his mind, he holds knowledge, with his hands he holds power, and with his heart he holds emotions uncounted. In grace, he teaches to his kin his heart, gives to them his power, and shows to them his mind. The Children of Ehlu delight, and all is good. They make the world a garden of their delight, and give themselves into it, so that they become its life and it theirs. The Architect names himself their instrument, and for them he splits himself into shards. Through the life of Ehlu's children, the world wakes all other creatures. The shards of the Architect watch over them in benevolence, carrying out the destiny set before them.

**Van’Yasseron, When We Walked Beside Beings of Power**

*The first age of the world after its creation by the Seldar. Marked by the awakening of Power and Growth, change came quickly across the waters, the continents, and the sky. The age was dark, lit in glorious colors of blue and red by the twin moons in the sky. The sun had not yet appeared in the sky, and would not be seen for many thousands of years after the shattering of Power. Now the world was young, and under the light of the moon bloomed still flowers and plants, and animals still hunted and nested in the nooks of hills and the caves of mountains. This was the way of the world before the coming of the Nalanat, the first beings.*

1,000,000 Years Before Burned Time—The first shard of the Architect awakens under the world. They are Power, and they define the movement of the world—the motives of creatures, and the emotions of the planet. Another shard of the Architect, Growth, awakens on the world. Growth defines this period of history.

700,000 BBT-- A race of fey shapeshifters, the Nalanat, awaken on an island in the center of Perakor—Naa'yamen. They walk long under the twin moons of the world, for the lives of the Nalanat are long, but not everlasting. Many Nalanat walk the earth for five-thousand years before their bodies or minds fail them, but those who are powerful can live far longer.

600,000 BBT—During the flourishing time of the early world, some of these shapeshifters follow the natural migrations of fishes and whales across the globe. Pockets of the fey shapeshifters reach multiple continents.

-The fey change quickly to their environments, as if their evolution was accelerated. Many humanoids develop from the isolated niches.

-The fey that remain on Naa’yamen take on a humanoid shape and are known as Naa'waith, also called the Elea'waith.

-The Loss’kelvar form nomadic tribes in Numendor.

-The Onear evolve in the seas around Numendor.

-The Okemenel first begin to develop in Annuntol. These beings follow the migration of sharks, and from them they learn predatory habits. They take the forms of savage creatures. The grandeur and large caves of Annuntol lead the Okemenel to adapt, growing larger and larger.

300,000-200,000 BBT—The shapeshifting races develop spoken language around this time. Many of the languages develop separately between the races, giving each a unique feel and distinct sound. The Naa’waith tongue sounds smooth and musical, reminiscent of modern elvish, while the Okemenel tongue is low and slow. The Okemenel are giant, but graceful. These characteristics manifest in their speech.

-The Loss’kelvar and the Onear develop a similar tongue as they interact around Numendor. Their interactions are not typically in good spirit, however, as the Loss’kelvar are a cold race driven by the hunt. They live a pack lifestyle taken from the northern wolves of Numendor. The Loss’kelvar themselves tend to take on wolf-like characteristics or even become wolves themselves. Their society is nomadic and predatory, but pack leaders are held in high regard. Packs meet occasionally, but they tend to keep to their territory. This harsh lifestyle can be seen in their speech, which is broken and sharp.

158,000 BBT—The Okemenel’s nomadic tribes fight savagely with each other, and many of the species are killed in the battles. The many creatures of the Okemenel throw themselves at each other and tear viciously. One among them, Comenraan, takes a new form—a massive winged beast, scaled and horned. The first dragon. Comenraan dominates the other tribes, and he leads his own towards the most bountiful of locations on Annuntol, the Grove of Comenraan. The followers of Comenraan destroy any who approach, leaving the other groups of Okemenel to die. Those who do not follow Comenraan are the Rhovari, hunted by the greater Okemenel and forced to hide their tribes in the dark caves of Annuntol, or under the roots of mighty trees. Comenraan isolates his followers and promotes the destruction of the Rhovari. The generations that follow begin to worship Comenraan.

120,000 BBT—The Loss’kelvar develop a unique culture. Of the original fey beings, the Loss’kelvar are the ones who keep their shapeshifting, using it mainly as camouflage. Packs of red wolf beasts stalk the red nights under the twin moons. The Loss’kelvar believe that the two moons, Agash’Kelesh and Rikshe’Kelesh, are the two eyes of their collective ancestry. This builds an importance of family and genealogy in the Loss’kelvar society. The Loss’kelvar believe that when one dies, they go to join their ancestors in Keleshe.

100,000 BBT—The few Okemenel that are left after the savagery on Annuntol live in the Grove of Comenraan. Generations of adherent and worship have made Comenraan continue to live and gain power, feeding his life force with the power of others. Comenraan nurtures the Okemenel with his power, and he carves into the Grove of Comenraan, creating grand tunnels for his following to live in. As the Okemenel peoples grow, and their society changes, Comenraan uses his power to expand this cave system into what is akin to the world’s first city.

-While the Okemenel look down, the Naa’waith look upward. They give the names Memaska and Meval to the two moons of the world.

98,000 BBT—The Onear learn to live in and around underwater volcanoes, trapping fish that live near them. They carve honeycomb-like structures into the walls of the volcanoes. Their culture develops as well: the Onear begin to practice a ritual for the dead, sending them into the underwater volcanoes to burn and become one with the waters that they live in. The Onear begin to spread themselves throughout the oceans as groups split off. One among them, Habbakuk, leads a group to the ocean, Eanun, east of Perakor, where the warm waters around Perakor and Annuntol hold a bounty of fish. These Onear become known as Annonear. Habbakuk’s following flourishes in the waters, and they quickly meet the Okemenel of Annuntol. Habbakuk sees the grandeur of Comenraan, his mighty wings and scales of gold, and is in awe. He meets with Comenraan on the shores of Annuntol and learns with him in good faith. Habbakuk teaches Comenraan the languages of the western races, and tells of the Loss’kelvar of Numendor. Comenraan is intrigued by the tales of distant lands, and the seed of expansion is planted in his head. The two beings share with each other the tales of their people, and Comenraan shows Habbakuk his power. The worshipping of Comenraan gives the dragon extraordinary power, and he gives Habbakuk the knowledge to let the Onear thrive in the waters off Perakor. Habbakuk takes this knowledge back to his people and leads them to a bountiful cove off the island to the south of Annuntol, Qas. There, Habbakuk’s people thrive. They revere him as the giver of life and the king of the seas, and the generations of Onear begin to worship him.

90,000 BBT—The Naa’waith begin to grow wheats and other crops on Naa’yamen. With this advancement, they begin to build primitive villages. Before long, the agriculture and condensing of the Naa’waith in groups causes strife. Skirmishes, raids, and battles tear the Naa’waith apart. The island was divided among the groups, each making their own small cities to protect their people. There were many groups of the Naa’waith, but few were prominent in the millennium to come.

Some groups engineer the small fishing vessels of the Naa’waith to bear the waves of the sea. Those who leave are known as the Lemba'waith, and they continue to hunt and gather or found small concentrations of villages across the globe. This separation of the Naa’waith peoples is known by them as the Keles. The Lemba’waith who travel east and land on Annuntol are known as Annun’waith. Rhunendor are known as the Rhun’waith. Those who travel west and land in Numendor are known as the Numen’waith.

-Some of those who left were followers of Nestadis, who loved the trees and the grasses of Naa’yamen but was not powerful enough to remain. Nestadis and her kin ever loved to discover new lands, and Naa’yamen was filled with others who only wanted their own lands. Nestadis took her followers on small ships that were unfit for the harsh seas, and many perished before landing upon the inner shores of the west-lands of Perakor. There they remained mainly in the lower latitudes, avoiding the north lands. The spires of that land were very much reminiscent of the steep mountains of Annuntol, but their valleys are filled with a thick jungle of tall trees. The Lemba’waith there find that the trees offer shelter and prey, but are lacking in crops. They find a technique to grow crops on the sides of the great spires, mostly lichens and edible fungi. In addition, this area of Perakor has a soft soil that allows the Lemba’waith to dig tunnels to farm subterranean crops. These Lemba’waith, closest to Naa’yamen still, were named the Neve’waith.

-Another of the houses to take ships from Naa’yamen in the Keles was the house of Saeronder the Gentle. Saeronder had a small following, but he and his many children felt that the seas could offer repute against quarrels of Naa’yamen. He led his people not far to the east, to the lands that he named Nevlonde, the Near Havens. They found the landscape to be calm and dynamic. Rolling plains and shady mountains lend themselves nicely to an agricultural lifestyle. They were contented with their lives in the Nevlonde, and named themselves the Seim’waith. The Seim’waith were always detached from the dealings of their brethren, and oft kept to themselves even when called upon.

-One of the mightiest clans to leave during the Keles was that of Castion, the Son of the Sea, and his sister Rosiell. Castion was the greatest of the shipwrights, and he and his followers were always calmed and given life by the music of the waters. Castion taught his shipwrights well the arts he knew, but only to his son Arndulin did he teach everything he knew. While Castion was tall and strong, Arndulin was taller and stronger and fairer in body and mind. He was the source of Castion’s pride, and all that Castion did was for his son. Arndulin rejoiced in the waves like his father, but also found solace in the trees and rocks and dirt. The Numen’waith ships of Castion and Arndulin land on the shores of the small peninsula off the south-east part of Numendor and Rosiell lands on the small island to the south-east. Castion name this cool region Dor Dal, and they remain on the coasts there. Those that land on the south-eastern island name it Dae Ithil. Soon, some of those Numen’waith upon Dae Ithil discover the second large island south of Dor Dal, which they name Tol Atya. While Castion and his son are detached from Rosiell, the societies still work together and interact. For many years, the followers of Castion lived together there, but Arndulin wished to explore the land of Dor Dal, the forests and mountains. He spoke to Castion of his dreams, and though Castion was saddened at his son’s wish to leave the waters, he did not forbid him to go. So Arndulin moved inland, and many of his people rested throughout the countryside, but he found his home on the shores of Luth Lirill, the Bay of Resting, where the waters reflected so brightly the light of the moons and the shapes of the trees. There Arndulin worked to craft a wondrous ship of white wood, but he was often distracted by the forests and animals and left the ship uncompleted in the bay. Those of the Numen’waith that followed Arndulin were named the Forhos, and those who made their homes upon the islands of Dae Ithil and Tol Atya were named the Aluhos. Castion and Rosiell soon encounter the Onear of Numendor. The Onear are a predatory aquatic people, their schools organized themselves under one queen, Faear. Faear was old and wise, and she saw the Aluhos and recognized that the Onear could learn from them. She insisted that the groups work in harmony. Each of the peoples learned language of the other, but the Aluhos found it difficult to learn the watery speech of the Onear. The Onear explain the best way to hunt the waters while the Numen’waith teach the Onear agriculture and construction. The Onear develop underwater farms growing seaweed and other aquatic plants. With the coming of the Numen’waith, the Onear society began to develop. They were organized in small places, some permanent while others were nomadic. These groups of Onear are led by a clan leader, and each of these clan leaders meets periodically to discuss territory and trade with the Numen’waith. These clan leaders are led by a single ruler chosen from among them, the one of them to accomplish the greatest feat by the time of the choosing.

-Behind Castion and Rosiell in prominence were the houses of Tolas, Selor, Revion, and Farriel. The four families worked in unison and left Naa’yamen together in the Keles. Tolas and Selor were close friends to Castion, and he built for them many strong ships to bear the waters. While Castion and his folk sailed for the west, Tolas and Selor made for the lands of the south. Long they went south until they came upon the great falls at the rim of the world. They made fast upon the islands there and saw little opportunity, for the waters were stormy and rapid. Revion and his folk enjoyed the great mists cast up by the falls, and they stayed upon the southern island Tol Hith. Revion was a lover of adventure, and he wanted to look out over the falls of the world where the others shied away in fear. Revion leaned out and peered over the rim of the world and glimpsed through the mists the vast universe that the world held within its great bowl. With this vision Revion was amazed and enlightened, and made a great pier stretching from Tol Hith to the rim of the world. Often, he would look out over the rim and watch the universe move and grow, and some say he was consumed by his love for the unknown in that place. His people built great temples upon Tol Hith and the islands around it, and were called the His’waith. The three remaining houses of Lemba’waith toiled hard to move back north, and they found strong currents bringing them to Annuntol. Yet even there the journey narrowed the great host of Lemba’waith, for Farriel and her folk saw the mighty towers, wondrous trees, and plunging lakes of the land and were enchanted. People of the deep rivers they became, the dark waters and high mountains of Annuntol hiding many secrets. Farriel led her people along the great river Taumuin along the stretch of Annuntol until they came to the hidden sanctuary of Varorn.

The two remaining houses of the great host that left Naa’yamen, those of Tolas and Selor, sail on from Annuntol to the far lands of the east. They find the land of Rhunendor, and waylay their ships upon its shores. The land is serene, and nature has taken the continent into its own hands. Mountains rise from flowing plains, and the waters off the coasts blend into the green forests. The Rhun’waith wander Rhunendor. The brilliance of the land eggs them to keep exploring, leaving few to settle down and farm.

Tolas and Selor merge their houses on the mountaintops of Rhunendor to mark their union, and they name themselves Rhun’waith. Years they explore the land, and after twenty years they stumble upon a sanctuary at the center of Rhunendor, a cave with a large light opening it to the light of the moons. The cave had a calm pond, and birds roosted in the branches of scraggly trees growing in the cavern. Tolas and Selor felt a presence among them. Moonlight glistened on the pool and the birds flew from their branches. In that moment, a being appeared on the surface of the water—a shard of the Architect. The shard stepped forward towards Tolas and Selor, his aura of power overwhelming. The Rhun’waith fell to their knees in awe, and Tolas speaks “Ela’Hera’roilya!” (I see He Who Possesses All Power!). Hera’roilya dampens his aura and shows his benevolence to the Rhun’waith.

Hera’roilya is in conflict, as his self is a contradiction. He is Good, Evil, and Neutrality; Law and Chaos. He begins to die as he moves forward towards the Rhun’waith. In his first moments, he touches Tolas and Selor, bestowing upon them an idea of his power. To them he teaches the first magics of the world—the magic of raw power, the manipulation of reality and of non-reality. Hera’roilya fades, and tells Tolas and Selor of his internal plight. He will die, and until he does, his presence on the world is dangerous—even now, with his short time there, the world has felt his presence. Earthquakes rock the landscape, monsoons brew in the oceans, and volcanoes begin to shake.

Hera’roilya asks them to help him—he knows that his death may tear the universe apart, so he asks Tolas and Selor to entomb him in a stasis beneath the world. Tolas and Selor work with Hera’roilya to send him beneath the world, the concave bowl of the universe. He leads them to the place where he first woke, the Eye of Ehlu. The barren place with only a single oasis of time. They labor to create a tomb for Hera’roilya—a place made by the hands of those who cry for the being. As they finish, they lay Hera’roilya in the tomb and summon to them Meval, the great celestial power, twin to Memaska. Meval is the only thing that could keep the unbridled power of Hera’roilya from escaping the Eye of Ehlu. This is the Valcone. As Meval is summoned below the world, the red night dies. The Loss’kelvar cry in the night as Agash’Kelesh vanishes from the sky and their access to Keleshe is cut off. The soft blue light of Memaska shines down, mocking the red wolves of the north. While the imprisonment of Hera’roilya by Tolas and Selor saves the world the misery of his death, it kindles a powerful fire within the hearts of the Loss’kelvar. The Loss’kelvar know this moment as Sa’Kurtha. Because they believe that the moon was Keleshe, the place of their afterlife, its disappearance cuts off their connection to the afterlife. Their belief created a true Keleshe, and, now that it is gone, the souls of their dead remain on the earth. The Loss’kelvar lose the ability to truly die, though they can feel the pain of death forever after they are killed. The Loss’kelvar are quickly corrupted, unable to die but able to feel the pain of death. The fey of the north fall apart, their society crushed by the loss of Agash’Kelesh.

Tolas and Selor return to the world and find Revion of the His’waith. They tell him of Hera’roilya and his prison, and talk Revion to watch over the Eye of Ehlu from Tol Hith. They spend a time upon Tol Hith to teach Revion of the magics they have glimpsed, and the three magi work to sheath the rim of the world in the mighty storm Yvari. This is a shield against outsiders seeking Hera’roilya. The His’waith peoples upon Tol Hith sit at the eye of Yvari, and they become the guardians of Hera’roilya. Tolas and Selor are the legacy of power now, and they return to Rhunendor to try to spread this magic among the Rhun’waith. When they return, and demonstrate their powers, the Rhun’waith see Tolas and Selor as higher beings. They believe in the power of the two magi, granting long life and greater powers, but Tolas and Selor were not greedy with the power they had been granted. They take their power and teach it to others. They create a great city to house their students, Celebtal, and it floats over the first sanctuary of Hera’roilya. At the center of the city stands the temple and learning grounds of Tolas and Selor. The other Rhun’waith are not attuned to magic, and so they can only learn a weaker form of the power. Tolas and Selor continue their heritage with four children, and once their children take over the ruling of Celebtal, they return to the sanctuary of Hera’roilya beneath the world.

-The Annun’waith first land far from the Grove of Comenraan at the mouth of the Taumuin, but the Okemenel are aware of the presence. Comenraan and other Okemenel approach the new peoples as they journey up the Taumuin and greet them. The grandeur of the Okemenel at first frightens Farriel and the Annun’waith, but the ancient dragon blooms a great field of flowers around the newcomers, and they are amazed. The Okemenel and Annun’waith cannot yet communicate, but Comenraan guides the Annun’waith up the Taumuin to the Varorn, a hidden sanctuary to the east of the Grove. There the mighty dragon watches the Annun’waith and he slowly works with Farriel to learn the language of the Annun’waith. In time, the Okemenel learn the language of the Naa’waith, for the Annun’waith bodies are incapable of creating the sounds of the Okemenel tongue. Comenraan shows Farriel his power, and the Annun’waith are amazed. The two peoples form a friendship between them, and many of the Annun’waith begin to worship Comenraan as a great being of Nuinen. While the Okemenel are hunters and gatherers, the Annun’waith still rely heavily on agriculture. The crops of Naa’yamen would not grow in the wet mountain valleys of Annuntol, so Farriel learns to domesticate a new plant, rice, and grow it in the valleys. As they live near the waters and fish, they contact Habbakuk and his Annonear. Habbakuk, enlarged by the grandeur of Annuntol and the worship of his followers, seems to the Annun’waith a great being like Comenraan. They revere him, and for this, Habbakuk gives them a bounty of fish. The Annonear live alongside the Annun’waith and learn their language.

85,000 BBT—After five thousand years, the magic of Tolas and Selor has spread throughout the Rhun’waith and reaches the other Naa’waith. The children of Tolas and Selor inherit their power and create cities to train the people in magic. Tolas and Selor have two sons and two daughters—Finiel, Ralun, Renno, Eres, respectively. Each of their children they send out to the greatest of the Naa’waith peoples. The great city Halletal is raised by Renno in Annuntol, Ringwetal is raised by Finiel in the snowy north of Numendor. Templatal is created on Naa’yamen by Eres. Ralun takes over Celebtal after Tolas and Selor. The four mages of the four cities come together on the precipice of Tol Hith, and with Revion the Guardian they pull from the bowl of the world four stars and create the Anariima. The Anariima is the constellation to connect them, the society to bring together the Naa’waith peoples. Not only is the Anariima the group of mages that rule the cities, it is also the gate-like connection between the cities. The children of Tolas and Selor work together to connect the reality of the cities, creating ports to travel from one city to another. These gates are manifested around small star-like stones.

As this magic spreads across the continents, the other fey races quickly learn of it.

-Renno comes to Farriel and the Annun’waith in Varorn and raises for them the great city of Halletal with her magic. The towers of Halletal rise to challenge those of Annuntol itself, with walls of shining gold and streets of crystal and water. Renno establishes a grand temple for her teachings, and worked to spread the magic of Hera’roilya among the Annun’waith. The city is hidden within the realm of Varorn, but Comenraan was quick in discovering it. He looked down upon the city in rage, seeing that the Annun’waith had power to rival his own. Renno replaces Comenraan in their minds, and they begin to believe Renno to be of equal power as Comenraan. As the people’s belief shifts away from Comenraan, he feels a shift in his power—he weakens. Comenraan is enraged, and he begins to preach the danger of the Annun’waith to the Okemenel in his Grove.

-The Annonear under Habbakuk see the coming of power to the Annun’waith as a bad omen. Habbakuk, now growing powerful, sees the coming of Renno as a rivalry just as Comenraan had seen. He sees also the rage of Comenraan, and knows that the Annun’waith have made mistake far graver than they knew. He then goes to Renno and Farriel in Halletal and warns them of the jealousy of Comenraan, but reveals not of his standing. Habbakuk is torn, not wanting to betray Comenraan fully, but knowing that if Comenraan destroys the Annun’waith then Habbakuk would lose much power from their belief. The great Annonear retreats into the depths of the ocean to ponder this.

-Finiel came first to the wide cold lands of Khelonde, the realm bordering the Helkalad north of the Telkohar. He wandered from his ship until he came to the coasts of the Helkalad, and he looked down into the cold waters and fell deeply in love with the cold beauty that was reflected from them. The Khelonde he loved, the rolling hills and thick forests of tall pines. The ground was cold, but the grass that grew was soft. Among the grass, he saw many flowers also, blooming under the soft light of the moon in the sky. The flowers were of shining silver, and their dew glittered and shined as it froze upon their leaves. He knew that his city should be raised there, on the hill he named Amon Celefin. Finiel left for the south then, whence he came first to the coasts of Dor Dal. He spoke with Castion and Rosiell of the Aluhos and demonstrated his great power and his willingness to teach it, but Castion thought still of his son Arndulin, who had left north with the Forhos, and Rosiell loved only the rain and the waves, and had little need for the powers that Finiel showed. Castion told Finiel of his son to the north, and of his love for new things and places. To him Castion sent Finiel, for the old Aluhos knew that Finiel and Arndulin would become close friends. And so Finiel trekked north, and spoke to the Forhos throughout Dor Dal on his path to Arndulin by Luth Lirill, and many he convinced to follow him. At the head of a host of the Forhos Finiel strode upon the coasts of Luth Lirill and found Arndulin on the water. He spoke to him and showed him the power that he had learned, and Arndulin was amazed. Arndulin spoke from his tower to all the Forhos around Luth Lirill and many of them he persuaded to follow Finiel to Amon Celefin. Finiel led the many followers of Arndulin north by the blazing light of his Anariima, Corilya. His staff banishes shadows and welcomes warmth, and when the host reaches Amon Celefin the light of Corilya scatters off the silver flowers, and the Forhos are enraptured. Around Amon Celefin, Finiel raises Ringwetal, his glorious city. Arndulin is the Lord of the Forhos and the prince of the Numen’waith, and as he sees the wonder of Ringwetal come from the ground and Corilya’s light shine over the flowers he names those of the Naa’waith who do not harken to the Anariima as Dym’waith, and those that take the gift of Hera’roilya as the Areil. Finiel and Arndulin rule Ringwetal in harmony, Finiel as the great teacher, and Arndulin as the lord.

After many years had passed and the societies of the Forhos had taken to the schools of Finiel, one student goes out into the cold to experiment with his powers, and he finds something strange: a ragged, torn beast. The creature seems long dead, but life still burns in its eyes. It is a Loss’kelvar. The Loss’kelvar have been broken—many see no point in eating, but still cannot die. This one picks its head up as the student approaches. The student demonstrates his powers, the magic mending the Loss’kelvar wounds. They begin to speak to each other, the student’s magic allowing him to understand the creature. The beast introduces itself as Bash'Tikish, or Bash. The student regaled Bash’Tikish of the origin of the magic—a gift from a powerful being, now held in stasis under the world by the moon Meval. That story changed something within Bash’Tikish—he alone of the Loss’kelvar knew the cause of his people’s plight. These flimsy beings had taken Agash’Kelesh! Bash’Tikish immediately slays the student and begins to seek out more of his people.

-Eres came to Naa’yamen as an emissary of the east, the first of the Lemba’waith to return. The houses and clans of the Naa’waith were still divided and broken, but when Eres came and showed them of her powers, they all harkened to her call. She raised herself upon a high tower and called down to the heads of the many clans that had gathered, telling them of Hera’roilya, of Tolas and Selor, and of her power. She raised then the core of the most magnificent city of Naa’waith, Templatal. The war-torn countryside and the high walls of the clans gave way to towers and streets, to towers that rose higher than the clouds, and to a great arc upon which Eres made her temple. Great parks and terraces Eres made, and she stood upon her balcony then and looked out upon the Naa’waith. This effort brought all the clans together as houses of the Naa’waith in Templatal, and over time the people themselves expanded the city with their own magics. Eres rules as Lady of Templatal, and she is loved by all. She goes out to the Seim’waith under Saeronder, but he tells her that his people are contented under the soft light of Memaska. They are a calm and gentle people, and have no need for the powers that Eres offers. She goes then to the Neve’waith to the west, and some of them return with her to Templatal.

80,000 BBT—Another generation sees the four cities of the Naa’waith thrive. The fey learn the arts of magic and spread their society. Their agriculture and buildings are aided by the magic, and their hierarchy of respect is based on the power each person held with magic. As the Naa’waith gain power, however, the other fey races develop as well. The caves of Comenraan are rank with hatred for the Annun’waith of Halletal. Comenraan is weak and furious—the Okemenel are few and far between though they are powerful. Their belief is not enough to sustain Comenraan’s lust. In a horrid twist of his powers, he attempts to create life, more worshipers for his realm. He gathers the bones of the deceased in a blasphemous cavern and works his powers upon them. The bones are given flesh, and the flesh is given life. The caverns under Annuntol were filled with the screams of Comenraan’s child race, a species of monstrous beings that Comenraan doled over, preaching to them of his powers and prowess. The creatures were incapable of belief in Comenraan, and he was angered at his failure. Shamed, the mighty dragon destroyed many of his creations. Those that survived escaped into the deepest tunnels and reaches of the caves. Years passed with Comenraan rarely coming above ground as he sat in the caves, contemplating his failure—and how to succeed if he were to try again. The golden scales of the mighty dragon had dimmed from years below ground before he made a second attempt, this time to create another Okemenel. Through a dark ritual, Comenraan sacrifices part of himself to create Raeg, the mightiest creation Comenraan. Comenraan hides Raeg in his caves and attempts to bestow upon him his power. The caves are filled with the howls of Raeg, but their cease signals Comenraan’s success. Raeg the Best, the Mindless, the Raging, the Undying. The monster that cannot be killed, for each death that strikes at Raeg’s false soul only manifests itself in a vile growth, making the dragon stronger.

-Habbakuk learns of the creation of Raeg and begins to fear Comenraan’s powers. Hatred

builds inside him—Comenraan grows in power while Habbakuk knows not how to wield his. Comenraan replaces Habbakuk as his ally with Raeg—this abomination from the depths of the caves. Habbakuk turns his back on Comenraan, vowing that the Onear will not be underestimated. Habbakuk meets with Renno of Halletal and asks to learn the ways of magic. Habbakuk is the first of the non-Naa’waith to learn this raw magic. In his powerful state, Habbakuk finds it easier to learn the magic—those with power gain power more easily. Habbakuk begins to love Renno, and they live in peace in Halletal.

-Bash’Tikish stands upon Amon Maica to the north looking over Ringwetal, the great city of the Naa’waith in Numendor. Behind him are the dead Loss’kelvar, hundreds of thousands of them. These are the Gurohtar, those of the Loss’kelvar stirred by Bash’Tikish’s calls. They are here to destroy the Forhos and free Agash’Kelesh. Bash’Tikish leads a blood-curdling howl into the night as the Loss’kelvar descend on the city. Domringel is the name given to this night by the Naa’waith. The Forhos are shocked into action, but too late. The Areil could not prepare a defense for the city, and the Gurohtar poured through the streets, each howling and calling for Agash’Kelesh. Finiel awakes to the great howling, but even then Bash’Tikish was at his door. Arndulin rides through the streets, calling for those that survived the chaos to move south. The Forhos of Ringwetal are slaughtered, and Finiel is captured. The city falls, but before the fall, Finiel uses his power to close the Anariima. In each of the other three cities of the Naa’waith, the connections to Ringwetal blink out. The northern city is gone. The other children of Tolas and Selor—Ralun, Renno, and Eres—meet in Templatal. They come together and use their powers to look upon Ringwetal and upon Finiel. They see the darkness that covers Ringwetal—the Forhos that survived retreated south over the Telkohar. Arndulin meets with the Onear Hylama. Hylama is a young Onear who became ruler in the areas north of Numendor. She met with Finiel before the fall of Ringwetal and began to learn magic. In her training, she learned to create brilliant lights, beautiful enough to blind her opposition. Hylama and Arndulin emerge from their meeting with a strong alliance between their peoples. The Forhos and Onear would join forces to stop Bash’Tikish. When the children look upon Finiel, they find their vision clouded. He is lost. Finiel was their leader, the eldest among them—with him lost, they do not know what to do. The children attempt to call Tolas and Selor to them for guidance, but they receive no answer.

79,975 BBT—Arndulin and Hylama combine their powers to create defenses for Dor Dal. Arndulin leads those magi who survived the Domringel to narrow the Telkohar, and they layer it with a powerful barrier, the Tinechorn. The architects of the Tinechorn create it to wrap around Numendor proper and keep the Loss’kelvar from crossing out of the cold continent. The shield requires the constant focus of Arndulin, so he makes a high tower to watch over the shield, the Perch of Arndulin. Within the tower and around the Telkohar, the Forhos and Onear made their new villages and the first city of combined race, Harenyast. While Arndulin holds the Tinechorn, the society of the Numen’waith and Onear come together as one. The magi of the Forhos teach the Onear the magics they have been taught, and Arndulin continues to mentor his students, teaching them the primal magic and nature of their species: shapeshifting. The Forhos begin to teach this to the Onear, but some refuse to learn. They are set in their way of life, and need not for this change. Those of the Onear who pursue mastery of the land and the waves are known as the Tralonear. The Tralonear work to embrace this magic so that they may join the Forhos on the land. Hylama is the first to master this, and she is called Vantura.

79,900 BBT—The leaders of the Forhos and Tralonear clans meet in council in Harenyast. Arndulin knows that with Finiel captured, Bash’Tikish will likely try to use him to open the Anariima to the other cities. Though the Gurohtar cannot be killed, the Anariima can be stolen, and Finiel can be freed. And so, the leaders begin to prepare for their plan: Arndulin learns to create blades and arms of magic, and he teaches this art to the Forhos and Tralonear. In addition, Arndulin picks the greatest of the Areil among the Forhos and teaches them to hold the Tinechorn strong. They will remain at Harenyast when the Forhos march north. Fifty years the leaders prepare longer.

79,850 BBT—The Forhos and Tralonear finish preparations and plans to invade the Khelonde and take back Ringwetal. The weapons they held were blades of writhing magic, efficient and fit perfectly to each who used them. Armed with a high helm and plates of magic upon his breast, Arndulin strode at the head of his mighty host. The dark cold of the north parts for Arndulin, and the force lines up outside the ruins of Ringwetal. The city is dead of lights, and the Gurohtar look from the windows and from the walls. Bash’Tikish grimaces, and barks to his soldiers. As the clouds part and the light of Memaska shines down upon Amon Celefin the horns of the Numen’waith blow and the force charges the city. The mighty yell and deafening horns of the Forhos frighten the Gurohtar, and Bash’Tikish calls for his men to protect the Anariima. The gift of Hera’roilya shines brightly still in the eyes of the Areil, and their wrath crashes like waves down upon the beasts of the north. Arndulin yells as he cuts through the bodies of the Loss’kelvar, “Aucir’telcontya! Rac’nammantya!” (Sever their legs! Break their claws!) Vantura and her Tralonear rise from the Helkalad then and fall upon Ringwetal from the north. The Tralonear enter the city as the horns of the Forhos blast once more, and Arndulin strides to the great plaza of Corilya and takes the Anariima. He turns to see Finiel, shuddering in his steps, moving towards Arndulin. The prince of the Forhos calls to Finiel only to find that the torture of Bash’Tikish had scared Finiel and left him a husk of his former self—but still just as powerful. Finiel, in his corruption, saw only an enemy in Arndulin. His body pulsed with power, and he unleashed it upon the Forhos and Tralonear. The streets were torn and the towers were toppled by Finiel’s might, and as he looked up at Memaska, he pulled forth the blood of the slain and painted its light red. The howls of the Gurohtar filled the night, and the dead awoke once again. Arndulin charge forward and dueled with Finiel then, his friend and his teacher. Vantura found Bash’Tikish and put her blade against his mighty claws. His following had made him huge and strong and had sharpened his teeth and claws. The two battles resonated throughout the city, as great auras of power emanated from the combatants. Finiel held in one hand a great bolt of fire and in the other a long whip of ice, and he faced Arndulin upon Amon Celefin at the heart of the city. Arndulin’s shield was strong, and he shattered Finiel’s bolt and caught Finiel’s whip around his sword. He threw down his sword and shield, disarming Finiel. The two battled with raw power then upon the plain of flowers. Bash’Tikish raged at Vantura, his cold blood boiling under the cursed red light above. They battled up the temple of Ringwetal, climbing its many stairs and moving along its long halls until finally they reached its peak. His claws flew quickly, and Vantura could not evade them on her new legs. Her blade parried and cut, and she severed the left hand and gauged out the eye of Bash’Tikish before being struck from the tower. Tralonear there were, waiting below, and they summoned forth a great wave to catch her. Crashes echoed throughout Ringwetal as the power of Finiel was diverted and dodged by Arndulin. The Forhos was fast, swifter than rain, and as Finiel struck down with a mighty hammer of force Arndulin stepped inward, summoning forth a spear of cold and striking it through Finiel. The mighty son of Tolas and Selor fell then, though he was not killed. Arndulin carried him, and the Forhos and Tralonear retreated to Harenyast. The flight to Harenyast was long, and it was not without skirmishes. Though the blood washed from the skies after Dagor Mehtanawen as it was called, the Gurohtar did not tarry in their attacks. Arndulin held the Anariima aloft in the skirmishes, and its light shone brightly forth blinding the attackers, but the path was yet long and many Forhos and Tralonear were slain. The final push was made by the Gurohtar as Arndulin and Vantura’s hosts neared the Tinechorn, which the Loss’kelvar knew they could not cross. Desperate in their final raid, their defenses were laid low and a good many were maimed. The hosts of the south reached Harenyast, and spent a good time recovering.

79,849 BBT—Arndulin placed Finiel in a prison high in the ranks of Harenyast, and he chained him fast with rock and crystal, enchanted to hold the powerful Areil. Corilya Arndulin placed upon the head of Harenyast, at the Perch where its powers could be used to hold the Tinechorn. Arndulin met often with Finiel, speaking with him and trying to break the corruption of Bash’Tikish, but it was evident that Finiel was broken in mind and body. Saddened at the loss of Finiel, Arndulin leaves his presence and rarely returns. Bash’Tikish and the Gurohtar rally outside the wall of the Tinechorn, and while they cannot cross they throw mighty stones in attempts to break it, and they corrupt evil beasts of the north to cross and watch the south Harenyast. Thus, the siege of the fortress of the Forhos began that would last many hundreds of years.

79,550 BBT—Three hundred years the Areil of the Forhos and the Tralonear toiled below Harenyast to create the vast caverns of Haldarda. Using powerful magic, they carved their escape from Harenyast—but more than that, as Haldarda turned into a massive complex of innumerable caverns, abysses, and underground seas. In a massive swipe of his power, Arndulin broke from Haldarda into a wondrous realm of natural caves, the Morinuin. The expansion of the Areil and Tralonear continued into the unknown depths. Over the course of the siege of Harenyast, many of the Forhos and Tralonear became enchanted with the Morinuin below the ground and remained there, lost to the group. Those who chose to live among the caves created outside of Haldarda during their creation were called the Vanhar. Deep in a hidden part of the Haldarda the Areil carved Thuricaras, their secret city should Harenyast fall. And so, Arndulin was named Nuragon, Lord of the Deep. Arndulin Nuragon developed the Haldarda and the Morinuin attached to it, though the Morinuin was wide and deep, and its secrets had yet been untouched. Many exits he carved throughout Dor Dal, and he came to the surface to speak with his father Castion, King of the Numen’waith. He told Castion all that had befallen in the north lands, and of Haldarda and the Morinuin below. Warnings he gave of Bash’Tikish and the Gurohtar, and instructed Castion that if the Tinechorn should fall and the bells of Harenyast should ring its fall, then the Aluhos should seek the gates of the Morinuin, for each is secret and guarded. Castion sent his swiftest ships then to each of the Naa’waith cities to warn them of the coming storm. Arndulin Nuragon rode north then, and spoke to many Forhos along the mountains of Dor Dal, telling them that they must make great pyres upon the peaks of the mountains that should be lit if Harenyast falls.

In this time the Tralonear and their Onear kin showed the Forhos their mighty forges, founded in the deepest chasms of the ocean, where fire spews great clouds of black ash. In these forges the Onear crafted their spears and bricks, and their smiths were skilled. They taught their art to the Forhos, who took it to the hot places of the Morinuin. There they found hidden volcanoes and rivers of molten rock in the center of an underground sea. This place they named Histamin, as it was shrouded often in the steam of the sea. The arts of the Onear were taught to the Forhos by the forge master Aluru, and the Forhos took quickly to it. A people of the sea they originally were, but the Forhos had long resided in the mountains and the hills of Dor Dal and were glad to take on new projects. Among them the Areil learned fastest and were the most skilled, using their magic to shape the metals and crystals in delicate patterns.

79,549 BBT—The ships of the Aluhos reached each of the Naa’waith cities, warning them of the fury of Bash’Tikish and the Domringel. Each of the children of Selor close their Anariima to sever their connection to Corilya. The cities of the Naa’waith were silent and isolated, and they began to prepare their shores for assault. Great walls, towers, and fortresses were built around the cities of the Naa’waith to hold back the eventual tide of Gurohtar.

79,451 BBT—To the tall and dark forests of the north Bash’Tikish went to find his champion, the monster Hurus. Long had Hurus stalked the forests there, and his might had made him grow large and wild. Lose Loss’kelvar that did not follow him feared him, and Bash’Tikish came to him then to will the beast to aid him in breaking the Tinechorn. Slow and deceitful were Bash’Tikish’s words, but full of passion and fury too. They swayed Hurus, but when the massive wolf was free of his forests Bash’Tikish and his Gurohtar chained him and bound him strong. They brought him south, starving him and spurring his anger. Hurus had not yet tasted death as the Gurohtar had, but Bash’Tikish made him feel pain unlike any other, and made him rue the theft of Agash’Kelesh.

79,449 BBT—The mists of the north came down upon the Tinechorn, and through them the peoples of Harenyast could hear raucous thumping, cracking, and crashing. A deep howl came forth from the mist, shaking the stones of the mountains and the hearts of the defenders. The howl parted the mists, and Arndulin looked form his perch as the Anariima illuminated the champion of Bash’Tikish. A wolf of great size it was, that its chains were carved of heavy stone and weighed many tons. Its breath was hot in its anger such that it burned, and fire spewed from its jaws and smoke rose from its nostrils. Hurus, the Hound of Wrath, had come. As it rammed the Tinechorn, ripples of power moved through the shield. The Gurohtar around Hurus chanted and howled, and Bash’Tikish bared his black teeth in a smile. Arndulin Nuragon saw that the beatings of Hurus shook Corilya, and he knew the Tinechorn would not hold much longer on its own strength. He summoned Vantura and his trained Areil, and together they stood upon the brow of Harenyast and held the Tinechorn against the Gurohtar.

From the slim windows of Harenyast many Forhos peered at the monster Hurus, and at the beasts roaming the Telkohar. One among them, Nithos, was shaken by the might of Hurus. Thoughts raced through his mind—and Bash’Tikish, grown in his power, could smell his fear. Bash’Tikish called out to the Forhos beyond the Tinechorn, “The power of Agash’Kelesh is shown here, for our bodies are dead and rotting, but our hearts still burn red with the blood of Keleshe! For your thievery of Keleshe you must repent. Keleshe will take you in your repentance, know this!” Bash’Tikish turned his lone eye to Nithos. “You too can feel the power coursing through our veins. The blood of Keleshe is hot, let its warmth wash away your shame.” The words of Bash’Tikish ate at Nithos’s mind, and he fell to the ground, his shame and fear tearing at his soul. He flew from the window and threw himself down the many stairs of Harenyast. Bloody and broken he was at the bottom, and he lay, shivering in his blood and wanted nothing but to be warm—to be safe from this siege. He lifted himself and staggered then to the depths of the Morinuin, where in the darkness he curled himself.

79,448 BBT—Long did Hurus throw himself against the Tinechorn, and with each crash upon the shield Arndulin, Vantura, and the Areil became weaker. They knew that they could not hold the Tinechorn long, and with this knowledge they began preparing for the coming battle. Vantura trained long with her blade, and in secret Arndulin met with Aluru the forge master to craft her one unlike any other. Aluru shaped the blade of an alloy and mixing of metal and hard crystal, and Arndulin wove into it the magic of the north winds, so that the blade should ever be as sharp as the cutting cold, and each strike should freeze the blood of her enemies. The blade was long and pearly white, and Aluru did name it Glosalagos, the Snow-white storm. Long the two toiled in the Histamin, and long did the Forhos all work in the heat of the forges, their hammers ringing like the bells of Ringwetal. The blades and spears of the Forhos were sharp and long, and their armor was light and shone red with the light of the fires.

Nithos lifted himself from his cave in the Morinuin, and came forth secretly among the Forhos. Cloaked in shadow he was, and he strode among the halls of Harenyast and the streets of Thuricaras telling of the glory that could be felt if they embraced the blood of Keleshe. Nithos had fallen to Bash’Tikish’s words, and he spread his thoughts among the Forhos and Tralonear. Tainted with magic were his words, glossed with promises and falsities, for Nithos was a skilled Areil among the Forhos, and many began to believe his words. For themselves they forged many weapons in secret, knives, hooks, axes and chains. Nithos meets with them in the alleys of Thuricaras, the cult forming around the belief of Keleshe. The cult begins to plan their acts of repentance to Keleshe. Nithos is not driven by the freedom of Agash’Kelesh like Bash’Tikish, but instead by its everlasting imprisonment. He feels the power course through his veins, and believes in the power of Keleshe and the red moon, but wants to feel that power forever. Nithos plans to get close to Bash’Tikish, but then cast him down as leader of the Gurohtar.

79,446 BBT—The beating of Hurus never ceased, but all else was silent at the Tinechorn and at Harenyast. The time was nigh, though, that Nithos would carry out his plans. The night was dark, with Memaska’s light hidden behind thick clouds when Nithos sneaked to the Perch of Arndulin and stole from the mountain top Corilya. When the Forhos grasped the Anariima he felt the rush of power that it brought, the resonations of his heart and soul that echoed through him. In that moment, the Tinechorn fell, and the beating of Hurus was heard no more. Bash’Tikish and the Gurohtar were silent, but then they let up a howl that moved with the wind throughout Dor Dal, and over the waters to Tol Atya and Dae Ithil. The Loss’kelvar charged the fortress, and the sudden attack startled many of the Forhos, who were unprepared. Arndulin quickly donned his brilliant emerald armor and handed Glosalagos to Vantura Hylama, who drew the shining blade and called to the defenders, rallying them to the gates of Harenyast. Aluru the forge master cleared the halls and rooms of Harenyast of those working to defend: the children, mothers, elderly, and unable. They were led to the hidden city Thuricaras, where they awaited news from above. Arndulin, unknowing of Nithos’s treachery, ran to the top of the fortress. Seeing that Corilya was gone, he knew that the Forhos were betrayed. Nithos had retreated to the gate of Haldarda, where he was rallying his own men—those of the cult of Keleshe. Vantura was leading the defense of Harenyast’s main gate. Hurus’s fiery breath seeped through the cracks in the gate, and the monstrous wolf slammed himself against it, shaking the foundation and shattering the wood. The head of Hurus reached through the first hole and spewed forth fire upon the Forhos near him. Hurus retreated and made a second mighty throw at the gate of Harenyast, and with this the door broke open and the monster fell through. Gurohtar streamed through, their fur unprotected against the long pikes of the Forhos. Many of the wolves were stuck upon the spears, but each wave continued climbing over the last. The shields of the Forhos were tall and strong, and the claws of the Gurohtar could not breach them, and many of the wolves felt the pain of death an innumerable number that day. Hurus filled the hall of Harenyast with his mighty stature, and quickly pushed his way into the open rotunda. Not further could he slink, though, as Vantura’s blade caught his ankles, and he felt the Glosalagos bite into him. The freezing wrath of the waves doused themselves upon the blood of Keleshe then, and Vantura dueled with the monster in that hall. Nithos and his men came then from the depths, and they flanked the Forhos in the great hall. Their knives and swords cut into the backs of the defenders, and many of the Forhos were trapped. Reinforcements from above came down upon their new adversary, though many were confused by this betrayal. Nithos called across his forces, battling in the hall, urging them to slay those who would not repent to Keleshe. Bash’Tikish strode then through the shattered gate and reveled in the chaos. He saw Nithos and his men and smiled at the betrayal that he sewed. Nithos spied Bash’Tikish too across the sea of shining armor, and he climbed the stairs of the hall and raised Corilya high. The glorious stone was tainted red with the blood of Keleshe that ran through Nithos’s veins, and the red light gave courage to the Gurohtar. Bash’Tikish saw then that Nithos had felled the Tinechorn, and he trusted the Areil. Nithos made for the Perch of Arndulin, for he sought to slay the Lord of the Forhos. Nithos climbed the stairs and emerged on the Perch of Arndulin to the sight of the prince himself. The tower was surrounded with the smoke from below, and Arndulin looked at Nithos in fury. He yelled at him, “Why, Nithos? Why would you betray us?” He cursed him then, naming his Rhach, and dooming him to live an everlasting life of suffering, with his body rotting from him, his bones turning to dust below him, those he trusted betraying him, and living only with the blood of Keleshe that he so desired. Arndulin brandished his spear then, and the two fought. Rhach Nithos was empowered by Corilya that he held against him, and his magic came in bold strokes. Rhach Nithos was arrogant, and his steps were reckless. His power was mighty, though, and with his magic marred Arndulin’s face and blinded his left eye. The betrayer underestimated the powerful lord that he battled, and Arndulin drove his spear through his heart. The Areil felt the pain of death for the first time, and the blood of Keleshe warmed his mouth. Arndulin Nuragon pinned his body to the stones of the fortress, for he knew that the corrupt Areil would not remain dead. Arndulin took Corilya then and plunged it into his empty eye socket, and he was wracked with pain as the Anariima’s power rippled through his body. The prince channeled his power though the stone, and as the light shone from it he could see far, and in incredible detail. The floor and walls were no obstacle, and as he moved down the tower he realized that he could see the motions of the future and the past. With each stair down the spine of Harenyast, he could see the doom of his men. Battle raged in the halls of the fortress below. Vantura rallied the Forhos and Tralonear around the frozen body of Hurus, the blood of Keleshe solid and binding in its veins. Their shields they locked in a wall against the Gurohtar and the traitorous followers of Nithos. Arndulin came to the great hall then, and Corilya his eye shone with the light of the universe yet veiled. The light of the Anariima shone of the shields of the Forhos and blinded the Gurohtar and the traitors of Nithos, and Arndulin Nuragon called to Vantura to lead the Forhos to the gates of Haldarda, for there shall the Areil make their stand. The light of Corilya gave them passage, and Arndulin Nuragon spoke to the attackers. He turned first to the Gurohtar and to Bash’Tikish who was burned by the light, “Your pursuit leads only to shallow rest, and doomed are you to awaken to pay the price of your evils.” Next, he turned to the followers of Nithos, and spoke harshly, “Unfaithful are each of you, guilty of abjuring the blood of kinship for the hope of the fiery blood of Keleshe. Damnation only will you feel, and you shall be named Rotasere, forever cursed to walk Tyeluum. Loyalty shall always slip from your grasp, and your trust for all things will crumble.” Their doom he spoke, and with his power he set it in time. Arndulin then raised his hands and brought in a cloud of mist to hide his escape to the gate of Haldarda. The passage to the underground caverns were hidden in the basements of Harenyast, and the Gurohtar could not find it.

Bash’Tikish and the Gurohtar had taken Harenyast, but Corilya yet evaded them. Bash’Tikish climbed to Finiel’s prison and smote his chains apart. The King of the Naa’waith rose and bowed before Bash’Tikish. The Lord of the Gurohtar looked upon Finiel as a pawn, a weapon in his game. Finiel’s eyes were clouded and dead—but behind them hid a fire more furious than any other. Finiel served Bash’Tikish, but seeks only the utter destruction of Keleshe and Agash’Kelesh. All ties that Finiel had were shattered and forgotten—the only thing that remained was hatred and vengeance. He followed Bash’Tikish. Nithos pried from his body Arndulin’s spear, and stood in front of his host of Rotasere. Bash’Tikish came upon the Rotasere and grabbed Nithos by the throat. He smiled as he examined the traitor of the Forhos, and Nithos spoke then: “I know the passage to Haldarda.”

Arndulin Nuragon meets with Vantura Hylama as the soldiers of the Forhos fortify the gate to Haldarda. Those of the Forhos who cannot fight are led by Aluru through the Morinuin, along the supply routes to the southern coasts of Dor Dal.

Vantura stops Arndulin and speaks with him, telling him to escape to the Morinuin. There Corilya will be safe, and the doom of the Nalanat can be held. Vantura and the captains of the Forhos would hold the Haldarda, and if they would fall, then at least they would delay the pursuit of Arndulin. Seeing the truth that Vantura spoke, Arndulin Nuragon left through the alleys of Thuricaras and disappeared into the darkness of the Morinuin with the host of Aluru. The battle at the gates of Haldarda was fierce and lasted many months. The Forhos destroyed the great bridge before the gate, sending many of the Gurohtar and Rotasere into the heart of the world. The bridge was slowly rebuilt, but each attempt was destroyed again by the defenders.

79,445 BBT—The long struggle at the gates of Haldarda came to an end as the Forhos and Tralonear were pushed into Thuricaras. In the streets of the city they fought and died, and the silver towers of Thuricaras were filled with death. Vantura retreated into the Histamin, where many of her offenders found themselves in molten prisons as she froze the very heart of the forge. The few remaining defenders fell there, and Vantura was struck down with the swords of the Rotasere. This became known as the Battle of Thuricaras, but it is rarely spoken of as there are few who lived to record it.

The mountain pyres of Dor Dal had alerted the Aluhos of the fall of Harenyast, but Castion and Rosiell could not bring themselves to hide their peoples beneath the stones of the earth. Knowing that they could not remain in Numendor, for only death could the land bring them, they took to their mighty fleet of ships. Thence the Aluhos and Aluru’s Forhos and Tralonear departed from the shores of Numendor, and the Onear swam from their colonies. Castion and his people made along the warm westerly winds to Templatal upon Naa’yamen. Some of his ships found islands along the journey and remained there, but those that came to Templatal were welcomed by Eres its Queen. They brought the tidings of the fall of Harenyast and the breaking of the Tinechorn in Numendor. They sing songs of the valor of Arndulin and his companions, of the sacrifice of Vantura Hylama, and of the betrayal of Rhach Nithos. Aluru and the Forhos brought their mastery in the craft of weapons and armor to the Naa’waith of Templatal, and forged for them an array of arms.

78,500 BBT—And thence it came to pass that Arndulin Nuragon wandered long in the dark of the Morinuin with only two companions, those of the Areil most courageous: Carelwen the Swift and Tilmore the Tower. The trio had no means been idle, however, for they set it upon themselves to torment Bash’Tikish for his hatred against the Naa’waith. They turned first to the ancient forges of the Onear in the north and crafted for each of them arms worthy of legend, for each was infused with the light and power of Corilya. For Carelwen was made the short sword Alca, that would shine the brighter with each swift stroke that it made. Ramalin, a great and broad sword, was crafted for Tilmore. The tall and dark Areil was ever a shaper of the earth, and as he wielded Ramalin he could shape the very light of Corilya with his strokes. The spear Lasafen Arndulin made for himself, and into it he sewed his fury, his sadness and suffering, his longing, and his hope. Lasafen he made the deadliest, the most dreadful of all creations of the Forhos, for it is the Blinder of Souls, and with it he could sever a soul’s connection to the outer planes and bind it forever more to the world.

The three companions mastered the roads of the Morinuin, and with their arms they fought the Gurohtar scouts and searches from all directions. They seemed at all places at once, striking then melting into the shadows once again. Never still were they, for Arndulin knew that Finiel could detect their hideout each night, and the Gurohtar moved closer each night. Many dark places they hid, but never tarrying long before striking out once more to take the fight to the Rotasere and Gurohtar. Bash’Tikish and Finiel they did never find, for the two commanders never delved in search of the outlaws. Many fell to the blades of the trio, among them Hurus the monster, whose soul was blinded are crushed by Lasafen. Led by the foresight of Corilya, Arndulin remained one step ahead of those in search of them, and each tunnel was an ambush for the undying wolves of Bash’Tikish. After long, Bash’Tikish knew it to be folly to search further for Corilya. Ships would take them to the cities of the Naa’waith, but with each fleet they raised Carelwen the Swift burned the ships under the protection of Tilmore the Tower, for Carelwen could move quicker than even the northern winds, and Tilmore stood taller and mightier than any of the Gurohtar. Bash’Tikish howled in anger as he realized that his fury was confined to the shores of Numendor.

Long the fellows of Arndulin Nuragon fought in the Morinuin, sometimes even coming to the light of the moon to evade the eyes of the Gurohtar. Little did they find in Dor Dal, however, as the armies of Bash’Tikish and the lies of Nithos had corrupted the trees and rivers. The Dym’waith of Dor Dal had fallen prey to the coercion of Nithos, and many had joined his cult. It was to one of these hidden cultists that Arndulin and his followers finally fell to.

When nigh on one thousand years had passed from the fall of Harenyast, Arndulin and his companions happened upon a secluded cottage in Dor Dal. Coming into the building carefully, they spoke to its owner, an old Dym’waith named Sogor. After they spoke to him, they decided he was not corrupted by Nithos but worthy of their trust. They slept there for three days, but unknown to them Sogor slipped out in the dark of the first night and whispered of their coming to informants of Nithos, for Sogor was a deceiver and in the employ of the Rotasere. On the third night, the cottage of Sogor was beset upon by many Rotasere and Gurohtar as their targets were sleeping. The Areil escaped from the cottage but where hunted close through the forest. In a valley they slipped, but their enemies drew too near. Tilmore turned and yelled to Arndulin and Carelwen to flee. The dark Forhos turned to the Gurohtar creeping closer and bellowed as he swung Ramalin. The broad blade cast out great waves of light, and before he was felled Tilmore cut down higher than one hundred of his attackers.

Carelwen and Arndulin retreated north then, hiding in the trees and the rivers. But Nithos had spies there, and the two were followed. At the crossing of a wide river they were ambushed. The Rotasere and Gurohtar fired arrows at them from high ridges, but Carelwen moved Alca with a speed unseen before, cutting the darts from the skies. The forces and arrows were too numerous, and Carelwen was caught with four before she was killed. Arndulin took her body in his arms and escaped down the river, blinding the attackers in the night with Corilya. The river was low and swift, and he followed its banks to Luth Lirill, his old home. There he hides for a time, and buries Carelwen in a sepulcher in his hidden grove. In his time in Luth Lirill Arndulin works upon his old ship, that lay still unfinished in the bay. As he finished the mighty ship, the greatest that would ever grace the seas and the skies he named it Enyalis, and he sent it out onto the bay. Arndulin turned to see the hosts of Nithos and Bash’Tikish before him. Finiel stood at their van, and walked over the white sands to his old friend. Arndulin was weary, and he knew his time had come. The greatest of the Forhos considered Finiel’s eyes long as he approached, but turned towards the water. He spoke softly, “I see light of the moon in the waters of the bay like the light of the flowers upon Amon Celefin. Do you remember those flowers, how they shined?” Those were the last words of Arndulin Nuragon as Finiel, King of the Naa’waith struck him down and took Corilya from his eye. The valor of Arndulin is sung in the epic song Vahalis, which is the telling of the Naa’waith peoples.

On the beaches of Luth Lirill something happened that Arndulin had not accounted for, and that the Naa’waith had not prepared for—Finiel, in his mighty power and drive, channeled his being through Corilya, and spread his fingers of power across the world. His power stretched far, and it felt the presence of Onsinta in Halletal. He forced the Anariima open.

78,500 BBT—The children of Tolas and Selor prepare for the worst. Finiel and Numendor are silent as the world prepares for war. The Rhun’waith and Ralun raise the Iantar to cover Rhunendor and hide Celebtal.

-Naa’waith culture is still developing during this time, and with the raising of the Iantar, some of the Rhun’waith take to artwork. Rhun’waith art takes the form of beautiful landscapes, as they used their magic to shape the world around them. Among these artworks is Lanta’aluyosto.

-Renno sits in wait in her council room in Halletal. She looks out over the city—the tall pillars and smooth walls of marble hide the bustling Annun’waith. Suddenly, the city flashes with a blue glow—the gate of Ringwetal is reopened. The sky seems to go dark as Finiel steps through the gate. The Annun’waith bow before him, their king. Finiel unleashes a storm of magic, ripping and tearing the reality of those around him apart. Loss’kelvar flood through the gate, Bash’Tikish howling to his lost moon. Renno knows she does not have the power of Finiel—she cannot best him, not can she close the portal with the Loss’kelvar bearing through. She meditates and sends a message to Eres and Ralun of the fall of Halletal. Storm clouds roll over the city, and in a horrible extermination, Finiel calls thousands upon thousands of lightning bolts down on the peoples of the city. The light show can be seen for miles, and Comenraan takes notice. He breaks open the cage of Raeg the Beast and lets the fell dragon fly for the first time. Renno stands upon the balcony of her temple and manifests a great force of protection—a shield to push back the attackers. Her grand barrier is a sight to behold, its unbreakable force emanating like a wave on to the Loss’kelvar. Raeg the Beast dives down towards the temple, shattering Renno’s wall with sheer force of body. The dragon crashes down on the temple in Halletal and battles with Renno. The daughter of Tolas and Selor summons forth great blades of power and plunges them into the creature, but Raeg seems to only grow each time he is dealt a fatal blow. Renno falls to the claws of Raeg, and Halletal is destroyed. Comenraan revels in the destruction, and he congratulates the Loss’kelvar. Bash’Tikish stands on the body of Renno in the heights of Halletal and announces himself to be Vash Bash’Tikish, ruler of the Keveshkek nation. Comenraan meets with Vash Bash’Tikish and declares his intent to work with him in destroying the Naa’waith. Comenraan’s jealously of the Naa’waith magic knows no bounds, and he will not rest until he slays Tolas and Selor, the two who dared match his power.

-Habbakuk watches the destruction of Halletal from the seas. Renno, his teacher and lover, is dead. Habbakuk approaches Raeg the Beast as Comenraan meets with Vash Bash’Tikish. Habbakuk seeds doubt in the mind of Raeg, and begins to turn him away from Comenraan. The mighty creature Raeg may be the only being able to defeat Comenraan.

-Eres hears Renno’s message. Immediately, she knows to hide the city. The Anariima must be moved, hidden in some place inhospitable to life—if the Loss’kelvar pass through it, they will die. Eres throws the Anariima of Templatal into the sky, and it studs the black as the first ‘star’. When Ralun sees the Anariima in the sky, he does the same with the Anariima of Celebtal. The twin artifacts are pinpoints of light. The two cities are hidden now, and in their sorrows, the Naa’waith of the two cities create points of light on their fingers and hold them into the night.

-Vash Bash’Tikish sends out some Loss’kelvar in the shape of white hawks to find Templatal and Celebtal. Comenraan sends Raeg to fly the world as well.

78,000 BBT— Eres sees Raeg fly over Templatal—the isolation of the Naa’waith is over. War is soon to come. Eres hardens her resolve. She enforces the defenses of the city and teaches its citizens the art of magical defense. Templatal is ready. Templatal will not fall as the other cities did—but Eres knows the truth. She is prepared to unleash Meval upon the city, ending the great war but sacrificing the Naa’waith of Templatal. As the fateful day arrives and the one hundred thousand ships of the Loss’kelvar approach the shores of Naa’yamen, Eres begs to Tolas and Selor to appear and give their council, and in a flash of light, they do. Tolas and Selor stand before their child, and Selor kneels to comfort her. Tolas and Selor see that this war cannot be won—the Loss’kelvar cannot die, and they will not stop until Hera’roilya is released and Meval is theirs. As Vash Bash’Tikish and Comenraan fall upon the city, Tolas and Selor give their final gifts. Comenraan rears his mighty head to see Selor give herself to the earth, transforming into a wondrous tree holding all her knowledge and magic. The tree pulses with power, and Eres kneels beneath it and meditates, accessing the power of Selor. Tolas opens his hands and dissolves into a field of golden butterflies—millions of them lilt from his fingers, shining like one million suns over the morning horizon. The magnificent sight blinds Comenraan and the Loss’kelvar but empowers the Naa’waith. Their magic becomes bolstered with the light of Tolas, and Eres is enlightened—she can use the Anariima to save her people. She prepares for what she must do.

-The butterflies of Tolas reach Ralun in Celebtal. They enlighten him and guide him to his destiny—he leaves Celebtal for Annuntol to meet with Habbakuk. Habbakuk has grown in power through his anger. His lust to avenge Renno has turned him into a colossal serpent. Ralun and Habbakuk make plans to help the battle in Templatal.

-Battles continue to rage in Numendor as Arndulin commands the forces of Numen’waith. Hylama and the Onear fight alongside them, learning of their primal shapeshifting ways from the Loss’kelvar they fight.

73,000 BBT—After a generation of war, Templatal is left in ruins. The Naa’waith still fight—never forgetting the light of Tolas. Raeg has grown to rival Comenraan in his deaths, and the mighty dragon is more dangerous than ever. Eres has taken the front lines, using her magic to hold the powerful enemies at bay. The Naa’waith have little land left but the grand temple, and they stand against Comenraan, Raeg, Finiel, and Vash Bash’Tikish. In a glorious day, the forces of Habbakuk fall upon the coasts. The Onear launch attacks from the watery canals of the city, and Habbakuk unleashes a barrage of powerful magic at Comenraan. Ralun and Eres battle Finiel in the temple, and with their combined powers they stun him. Eres tells Ralun of her plan, and he solemnly agrees to help. With their power, they create Andolem. Andolem is akin to the Anariima, but it connects to the sanctuary of Hera’roilya under the world. Eres enters the Andolem as Ralun defends it. Finiel regains his bearing, and he duels with his brother. Habbakuk calls to Raeg, re-awakening the seeds of doubt planted thousands of years earlier. Habbakuk’s influence sways Raeg, and the monster attacks his creator. The two dragons battle viciously, but Comenraan summons a great burst of power and annihilates Raeg. His creation turns to dust, and all his power seeps away. Eres steps onto a stone pedestal, at its center sits Meval. She removes Meval, releasing its hold on Hera’roilya. Ralun and Finiel’s fight is fierce and brutal, ripping and tearing at the reality around them. Finiel’s power is overwhelming, and he beats down on Ralun, eventually slaying him. As he deals the final blow to Ralun, Eres steps out of the Andolem with Meval, and she throws it into the sky. The world turns red, as if blood was poured over the sky. Vash Bash’Tikish and the Loss’kelvar look up and see the moon—and then Meval calls to them. Meval’s arms reach down and take its children unto it, taking not just the Loss’kelvar but the Naa’waith and Okemenel and Onear as well. All races are taken into the great artifact. Loss’kelvar around the world are brought to Meval’s light. The battles in Halletal and Ringwetal are ended as the once-dead Loss’kelvar feel death no more. Eres and Finiel are taken by Meval’s light as well. Comenraan begins to fly from the destruction, but Habbakuk catches him, and flings him towards Meval. The moon reaches out to Comenraan and drags him into its horizon. Habbakuk dives and escapes the carnage, but all others are brought to join Meval’s afterlife. As the power of Comenraan sinks into the moon, it is ruptured, cracking into four pieces. These four pieces of Meval remain clumped in the sky. The red moon heralds the coming of a much greater terror—the death of Hera’roilya. As his stasis is ended, the world feels his pain once again. Mighty earthquakes rock the surface, and Yvari begins to grow, slowly encompassing the world in a global storm. Hera’roilya is sundered into six pieces, Hera’rocoia (Good), Hera’roba (Evil), Herya’rosintilya (Knowledge), Hera’rombar (Law), Hera’rontan (Creation), and Naa’roleith (Chaos), all aspects of the Architect's power. This sundering of Power spills the world over, emptying the Universe around the nameless world. The Anariima are joined by the countless stars, planets, and galaxies that were held beneath the world. The sun itself is spilled forth around the world. For a brief moment, the sun rises up and is eclipsed behind Meval, a great light in the sky. The warmth touches the planet over, but only briefly before being hidden away once more. The shards of Hera’roilya rocket away, boring holes and creating gates across the center of the planet. Their emergence changes the landscape, the peoples, the cultures. Hera’roba hovers above Naa’yamen, even more terrible than Meval. Doused in blood-red light, he brings about the Naara’tela. This shatters Perakor, sending tentacles of fire across the world. Hera’roba rises above the fires of the Naara’tela in his terrible beauty, and he rent the souls of thousands. In a strange twist of power, the Andolem grows and envelopes Naa’yamen. The island is captured within the gem, with the first tree of Selor along with it. The fires of the Naara’tela crack the surface of the world, raising mountains into the stars and lowering valleys to the core of the planet. The waters around Perakor boil and wretch, filling the air with steam and spilling over the land. In this doom the flowers of Tolas unveil themselves. They give a legacy to the Naa’waith, forming creatures in the far north. These creatures are much like the Naa’waith, but they are simple—they are the elves. The first elves awaken in the violence of the Naara’tela with the language and memories of the Naa’waith in their minds. They hide as the world shakes. Ash rains down across the world, blocking out the sun that was only just born. This begins the Times of Ash.

**The Times of Ash**

*The ash of the Naara’tela choked the skies of the world. The fiery arms of Hera’roba still moved in the clouds, burning the air of the world and causing great storms to rage on the oceans and the lands. Dunes of ash buried Perakor, the oceans turned to black acid, and the sun was not seen for thousands of years. The wrathful storms throw the ash to the wind, and great waves of acid burn the coasts. The lands of the world freeze, animals and plants perish, and the air is silent but for the rocking of thunder and whip of the wind.*

72,000 BBT—The shards of Hera’roilya take root across the world. Hera’roba stays in Perakor, exerting his influence there. Hera’rontan emerges in the south, near the gates. He travels through Yvari to the Eye of Ehlu. Hera’rontan begins to use his powers to turn the Eye into a place of wonders. Hera’rombar emerges in the frozen lands of Numendor. There he takes his seat on Tauras to watch over the world. Hera’rocoia takes the Andolem and hides it deep under Numendor. He waits on the islands, watching over Selor’s growth. Naa’roleith emerges on Annuntol, and wanders about the island. He spins the colors and shapes of the island, creating massive contrasts and dynamic changes. Herya’rosintilya travels to Celebtal in Rhunendor. He sees the strife and disorganization of the city and its people. With the children of Tolas and Selor dead, the people of the Silver City have no one to lead them. Herya’rosintilya takes the Rhun’waith into his arms and nurtures them into stability. He guides their civilization to equilibrium, hiding them first from the aftermath of the Naara’tela.

-The new race of elves is grief stricken, barely living on the barren ash-covered landscape of Perakor’s north. One elf, on the brink of death from sickness, is touched by a flower of Tolas. A flame is kindled inside her, and she is restored to health. She names herself Liliath and leads her people on a path of unification. She teaches her small company to use the languages that have been implanted in their minds, the languages of the Naa’waith. She names them the Tel’Quessir, or gray elves, as their skin has been stained by the ash. She tells of the Estanesse, First Children, who came before them. Liliath leads her people towards civilization, agriculture, and the birth of art.

70,000 BBT— The Silver City sits under a gray cloud of grief. The Rhun’waith are held in a perpetually solemn mind, their emotions crushed by the Naara’tela. Herya’rosintilya guides them with his infinite knowledge, and they use their powers to prepare the world for those who would come after them. They have given up on progression of their peoples, but they still have hope for the future. They gather in the north and raise great Pelori mountains with their magic.

-Hera’rocoia, nurturing Selor in her new form, realizes that she cannot flourish within the Andolem, but her power is tied to it. The Shard prepares a means for Selor to live outside the Andolem. He takes a piece of each Corilya and Onsinta, the two Anariima still on the world. He cannot reach Taregil or Arangil, thrown into the sky by Eres and Ralun. Hera’rocoia speaks to Hera’roba of a way to retrieve the pieces he needs.

65,000 BBT-- Liliath’s drive to push through the horrors of the land she named Amarth brings the attention of Hera’roba. He is inspired by her resolve, and he meets with her. Hera’roba hears her story, her dreams, and her loves. Hera’roba sets before her a challenge: He shall allow her to live and to lead the Tel’Quessir peoples, but she must retrieve for him the mightiest of all gifts. Above the endless grey skies, above the ash of the Naara’tela, there is a beauty surpassed by none: the Anariima, hidden among the countless points of light in the sky. Hera’roba gives Liliath the task of plucking the Anariima from the sky. Liliath smiles, and she accepts the offer.

62,000 BBT—The initial mass of ash and dust caused by the Naara’tela has settled, lasting ten thousand years due to the furious wends of Yvari. The storms still blow the ash across the globe, and the boiling oceans clog the skies with clouds.

60,000 BBT—Ten thousand years after Liliath first led her small tribe to safety, she stands at the top of the Astalena, the mighty tower at the center of the elven city of Ithalas. Liliath brought the elves together, and now she watches over the construction of a city in the north. Ithalas shall stand as a beacon in the harshness of Amarth, a challenge to any who doubt the power of the elves. As the Astalena grows taller, it pierces the smog and ash that has choked the skies of the world. When Liliath first peers out upon the spilled Universe, the sky full of color and light, she gasps, “Coi’il deno’Nuinen!” With this phrase, she names the world Nuinen, or “Land Beneath the Night Sky”. Liliath calls to her sons and her followers to stand upon the peak of Ithalas, and they too see the stars and lights. Liliath speaks an oath on the light of the stars above her, on the names of Death and Life, that she would give her peoples the means to live under the stars, free of the ash. This oath Hera’rombar hears, and he then sets his eyes on Ithalas, the first and greatest city of the elves.

55,000 BBT—Ithalas grew larger, and the Astalena grew taller. Each day, Liliath stood at its peak with her children, Mallorn, Mear, and Tirwen, and looked out over the scape. When the tower was complete, Liliath studied the skies: the Anariima were there, hidden, among the stars, but she did not then know the shine and glimmer of the Queen and King of stars. After years of thought and deliberation, she simply reached up from her height and plucked Taregil and Arangil from the skies, following her wisdom to choose them. She held the stars in her hands, and when she turned around she saw Hera’roba once more. The Shard pulled pieces of the two Anariima for Hera’rocoia before speaking: “You have done as you said you would. Your people are strong, and they walk through the wastes of Amarth without fear. Your life has not been in vain, Liliath. Now, it is time that you walked with me.” With that, Liliath handed her sons each one of the Anariima and left with Hera’roba. Mear and Mallorn held council upon the Astalena with the other followers of Liliath. The circle was eight strong; the first three being children of Liliath.

First and most known there was Mallorn, second son of Liliath. Mallorn was tall, with hair of shining silver. Mallorn was ever in love with the sky, and could oft be seen upon the height of the Astalena with Faranwe, his dear friend. He followed closely to Liliath always, and learned to believe in the power of the elves more than anything. The Tel’Quessir were the font of all Mallorn’s love, and he gave his love back to them. Mallorn wanted naught but to save his people from the harsh scape of Amarth and deliver them to green lands to the south, rumored to him by his mother.

Second was Mear, first son of Liliath. The first son of Liliath was tall as his brother, but dark of hair and bright of eyes. Mear was ever competing with Mallorn to win his mother’s praise, and he did so with great study into the means of helping the Tel’Quessir. While the others saw the Naara’tela as an evil of the past, Mear saw it as the driving force of progress. Without the harsh environment, Liliath would never have built her determination to continue forward towards the sky. Mear wanted to understand how to harness the power of the Naara’tela to not only teach the future Tel’Quessir of their origin, but to give them an everlasting power into the future. He saw the ash, the thunder, the fire in the sky as a force that could be tamed and used. He sought dominion over the sky, the earth, and the seas above all else to lead the Tel’Quessir forward.

Third was Tirwen, the third child and sole daughter of Liliath. Tirwen, though the youngest of the children of Liliath, oft took the forefront of conflict. She was strong of will and strong of heart, and she was the fairest of the three children of Liliath. Tirwen took most easily to counsel by the other followers, but in her anger could be unpredictable. Tirwen was the most ferocious, but also the most loving of the three children, and it was ever in her heart to protect those she loved. She was as a fire, chaotic in her mind but rigid yet in her beliefs. After Liliath’s death, Tirwen took to be the Lady of the Tel’Quessir in Ithalas before another was appointed.

The others being followers of Liliath:

Faranwe, Chaser of Destiny. Youngest of the Counsel of Liliath, Faranwe was light of presence. Often, he could pass without others noticing, for he rarely spoke out or made himself evident. He was oft lost in his mind, for fleeting is his hold on the present. Faranwe dreamt of the future, of far off places not bleak as Amarth. A quick friend of Mallorn, Faranwe was drawn to the sky and the stars spilled forth by the shattering of Hera’roilya. The stars were endless possibilities, and each could see more of Nuinen than Faranwe ever could. For that, Faranwe wished to have the sight of the stars.

Apythia, who holds many secrets but knows many more. Dark of skin and hair, Apythia could see the truth in any situation, but keeps much of it to herself. She trusted Faranwe with much of her knowledge, and holds him close to her as kin. With others, Apythia is less trusting—and she distrusts Mear most of all. While Faranwe would spend much of his time with Mallorn upon the peak of the Astalena, Apythia sought always for the soft mists of the coast. For though she could not wade in the acid water, in the cold mists soothed her, and she felt she could think freely in arms of fog.

Leithan, who loves to free objects of their given shape and build them anew. Tall and lean, Leithan was pale of skin, hair, and eyes, though oft he was stained and painted with the ash of the forge. Leithan is the most renown craftsman of the Tel’Quessir, and he alone worked with Liliath to plan Ithalas and construct the Astalena. The ash he mixed with earth, metals, and stones to make the hardest of brick, and it was he that was first among the elves to shape the forever-frozen ice of the north into tools and ornaments. Leithan loved his works, and forever tunneled downward in search of further mysteries under the earth.

Nalas, who forever sorrowed over the pain of the Tel’Quessir, lived only for the happiness in others. Sister of Karn, Nalas oft wandered the land around Ithalas, but the streets of Ithalas were as a second home for Nalas, who would spend much time with the other Tel’Quessir. A lover of music, the company of others, and all living things, Nalas is the friend of all but herself. Her hair was soft and dark, and she could often be sought in time of distress, for she was the counsellor of many. In the eyes of many, Nalas was the softest of heart of the Tel’Quessir, and she couldn’t bear conflict.

Karn, twin brother of Nalas, was rarely found in the civilized lands of Ithalas or its surroundings. The wastes of Amarth saddened Karn, and he wanted nothing more than the soft forests and rolling hills woven in the stories of Liliath. He feared that the ash was killing Nalas, if not in body then in spirit. Karn was relentless in his search through the wastes, searching in vain for a sanctuary for Nalas. He rode his great elk Voronwe through the ash storms, and was a friend to all the animals.

The Council of Liliath made discussion around the fate of the Tel’Quessir. This meeting and those after it the Tel’Quessir called the Omen Umbar, where long the Council deliberated. Those of the circle were divided in their thoughts—Mallorn spoke most for those who wished to take the Anariima and leave Amarth, heading south for lands yet unknown. Faranwe, Tirwen, Apythia, and Karn he had behind him, but Mear was outraged. Many thousands of years the Tel’Quessir spend in Amarth, building their great city of Ithalas, growing as a people. The harshness was woven into their beings now, and it was only a matter of time before their progress would lead them to a dominion and mastery of the landscape. Leithan Mear had behind him, who ever wanted to explore the earth beneath Amarth. The ground was hard and frozen, but the tools and materials reaped were uncounted an invaluable. Nalas took no side in the conflict, despite Karn’s pleas. The argument she hated, and she stepped forward to be the main mediator of the Council. The Omen Umbar lasted many hundreds of years, as every possibility and option was laid bare and analyzed by the Council. To the streets of Ithalas the Omen Umbar went, with the Council members acknowledging that this decision was not only theirs to make.

-Hera’roba hands the pieces of Taregil and Arangil to Hera’rocoia. Hera’rocoia takes the pieces together, and finally takes a piece of the Andolem itself. He fuses each of the shards together into a crystal heart for Selor. He takes Selor then from the Andolem and places her in a bed of leaves in the Eye of Elu. There she takes root and grows to immeasurable heights, the Tree of the World herself. Selor takes the crystal heart and binds her mind to it, but then gives it back to Hera’rocoia in return for his care. “This heart is an extension of myself, and shall serve to bear upon the worthy the power of Hera’roilya. I give this to you to hold as its sentinel, for of all I know that you shall not use this power in wroth.” Hera’rocoia takes the Heart of Selor and names it the Parmasinta, the Keeper of Knowledge.

54,500 BBT

Divination-Faranwe -

Abjuration-Tirwen -

Evocation-Mear +

Illusion-Apythia -

Necromancy-Mallorn -

Transmutation-Leithan +

Enchantment-Nalas =

Conjuration-Karn -

50,000 BBT— Mallorn and Mear rage and fight over the course of their race

**The Dark Age**

50,000 Years BSL-- Mallorn, convinced by Naa'roleith, leads some of the remaining Tel'Quessir in migration and invasion from Amarth to Ilia, and they land on the southern shores of Albos. They develop writing, and mark their arrival with a carving.

* + The Second Keveshkek Empire rises and invades Numen'waith territory.
  + A small few Tel'Quessir, corrupted by the sight of Calamity, wish stay and revel in Amarth and attempt to stop Mallorn's departure. In Dagor'caradalu (The Battle of the Red Water), the resisting elves kill and eat many of Mallorn's host, and are corrupted. They are named the Agar'Quessir (Blood Elves) by the Tel'Quessir, and are the first vampires.
  + Some of Mallorn's host stay and found villages in Annuntol. They are named the Annun'Quessir. They found Minyatal.

49,744 Years BSL-- Bash'Tikish is resurrected, and leads the sack of Ringwetal. The Numen'waith are forced south into Winterfall. They take refuge in the massive caverns beneath Winterfall—the Underdark. Naa'roleith goes to the Morinuin in Numendor and lives amongst the Mori'Quessir.

- The Lai'Quessir that migrated to Winterfall's mainland are forced into the Morinuin, the Underdark, by the advancing Keveshkek forces as well. Hera'rocoia shows them the location of the caves so that they may take refuge there. They remain in the caverns, and develop into the Mori'Quessir (dark elves, drow).

49,025 Years BSL-- Mallorn, in his rage and sadness for the loss of his people, forces the Rhun'waith out of Celebtal in the Dome'niire (Night of Tears), slaughtering many and sinking the great city. The Rhun'waith migrate north, and raise the Walls of Brund and sink the lowlands with their cries in the Great Schism. The city of Hylesten is created on the site of Celebtal. The Tel'Quessir expand to cover all of Southern Ilia.

* + Many pure-blood Tel'Quessir nobles took to magnificent mountain fortresses. The lowland and forest elves develop into Mal'Quessir, or high elves.
  + The Rhun'waith retreat to Tartal in the north.
  + The Tel'Quessir in Wysteria begin to develop again, mainly on the western continents. They name themselves Coie'Quessir (The Elves Who Lived). They name their lands the Romendor, or Sunrise Lands.
  + The Agar'Quessir spread over Amarth and create a dark empire. They are led by Mear, and subsequent rulers are known as 'Mear'.
  + The Numen'waith in the Underdark discover a means to Naa'yamen. They ascend into bodies of energy, as did the Naa'waith before them. They leave the material plane. Some Numen’waith remain in isolated cities north of the isthmus of Winterfall.

30,000-20,000 Years BSL-- Hera'rontan molds bodies from stone and Hera'rocoia imbues them with life, creating the dwarves. The first dwarves of Ilia awake in the mountains of Tirion, as foretold by Elea'roilmani, and carve their great cities in the mountains. They see Hera’rontan at their creator, and they know him as Moradin, their God of Creation. Hera'rocoia walks the mountaintops of the Pelori as he brings life to the dwarves. Hera'rontan creates the first humans on the Eye of Ehlu as he continues to perfect them, where they live in peace. After this event Hera'rocoia stays in Rhunendor for a time. Naa'roleith aids Hera'rontan in his creating, imbuing the humans with a dynamic nature.

* + After making contact with the Rhun'waith, they were named the Neldani (Third Born). The Rhun’waith inspire them to create a language and to pursue art.
  + The Neldani settle throughout Ilia. When they meet the Tel’Quessir to the south, they are taught written language. They begin to carve their history onto their halls.
  + The Coie'Quessir war with the Agar'Quessir throughout the continents of Romendor and Amarth.

20,000 Years BSL-- Hera'rocoia walks the beaches of Ilia and wakes the first humans in Ilia who were sent there from the Eye by Hera'rontan. Hera'rocoia returns to Winterfall to watch over the Parmasinta. Naa'roleith wantonly travels the world. Hera'rontan spends thousands of years traveling and creates multiple portals around the world that can be activated by those creations who know of their nature. The portals lead to the Eye of Ehlu.

* + The First Men found multiple cities on the northern coast of Ilia. They take up a tribe-like society run by prominent warlords each controlling a village or group of villages. They are chaotic, and skirmishes are frequent.
  + The Keveshkek peoples begin to slowly move back north or the Isthmus of Winterfall.
  + The Coie'Quessir and Agar'Quessir make an unsteady peace. The Coi'Quessir Empire expands to cover the entire shard known as Telmello'kirma.

18,000 Years BSL-- The First Men begin to move west, and learn the secrets of metallurgy from the dwarves of the mountains. Some also move south, through the lowland valley to Southern Ilia. They are taught language and writing by the dwarves. Their language and writing will develop into Common, but first they only carve their words onto tablets.

* + Hera'rontan ends his travels and returns to the Eye of Ehlu.

17,850 Years BSL-- The First Men cross through the Riverrun and make contact with the Rhun'waith. The fey name them Erdani (Fourth Born).

* + The Erdani are taught magic by the Rhun'waith, however the men were overtaken by greed when they witnessed Herya'rosintilya's power. They bring back these greeds and stories to the villages.
  + The Neldani sail east and west to Wysteria and Winterfall. The Neldani in Winterfall discover the Underdark and develop into Duragar.

17,340 Years BSL-- The Erdani wage war on the Rhun'waith, possibly in attempts to gain their power, with cold-bronze weapons given to them by the Neldani. The Neldani stay out of the war, as they did not give the weapons knowing that they would be used for war.

17,332 Years BSL-- The Erdani's cold-bronze weapons massacre the Rhun'waith in an event known as Dagor Aluarnaur (Battle of Fire and Water). Tartal is sacked and most of the Iantar covering Northern Rhunendor is burned. The great library of trees is almost entirely destroyed. Elea'roilmani is enveloped in sadness by this, and he leads the Rhun'waith in a last stand against the Erdani. Elea'roilmani's is named Ataranomin for his leadership and wisdom in battle. He calls to Calamity, who, from atop the Pelori mountains, causes the resulting cataclysm that surges the waters over Tirion's coasts, flooding one hundred miles inland as well as flooding the lowlands, creating the Nwalma'luth, or Bay of Torment. Many of the Erdani are killed, and their entire civilization is lost under the waves. Elea'roilmani stays with the Rhun'waith.

The remaining Rhun'waith take refuge on the western coasts of Rhunendor.

Tella hin

Amarth (The Doom)

Elea'roilmani (He Who Sees What is Not Yet)

Tartal

These Tel'Quessir develop into the Lai'Quessir, or sylvan elves of Summerzel.