

Rivermount Library

This is a collections of scrolls telling the tale of the history of the world.
Exacly who, when and where is unknown

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Dawn of the 4th birth

Dawn of the 4'th birth

In the timeless expanse of the multiverse, the Black Sun had been gathering energy since the dawn of the first creation. It had long awaited the moment when it would unleash this power, and that moment had finally arrived.

A cataclysmic burst of energy erupted from the depths of the void, and from this cosmic explosion, the divine dragon aspects were born: Taninsam, the fierce God of Fire; Tanin'iver, the serene God of Water; Leviathan, the mighty God of Air; Tiamat, the steadfast God of Earth; Tatsu, the enigmatic God of Souls; and Tohu, the mysterious God of Magic. These newly-formed gods floated through the primordial darkness, their forms slowly solidifying as they flew throughout the infinite void.

As the dragon aspects matured, they ventured through the multiverse, searching for meaning. But even amidst the endless possibilities, they found only solitude. Then, Taninsam, the most powerful among them, turned to his kin and uttered ancient, forgotten words. Together, they summoned the forces of creation, crafting the heavens and the earths, igniting the stars, and shaping celestial bodies with their immense power. Among these celestial bodies was one world destined to be special—Aedelore.

Aedelore

Creation of aedelore

In the wake of the Creation, the dragon aspects discovered a desolate planet, a blank canvas they would soon transform. They named it Aedelore.

With a wave of his fiery breath, Taninsam melted the planet's icy surface, forging a blazing core that would become the heart of life. Tanin'iver, with gentle grace, crafted the Well of Morningstar, a source of water that began to pulse with life, spilling across the barren lands of Aedelore. Tiamat, with unyielding strength, shaped the earth, raising mountains and laying the foundations of the world, including the majestic Mount Basin. Tohu wove threads of magic into the very fabric of the land, causing it to shimmer with vibrant, otherworldly hues. Finally, Tatsu, the guardian of souls, breathed life into Aedelore, infusing it with a spirit that would sustain all living things.

For eons, Aedelore flourished under the watchful eyes of its creators. The dragon aspects made their home within Mount Basin, while the Well of Morningstar filled the earth with rivers, seas, and lakes. The young gods were content with their creation, but as time passed, they felt the pull to explore new realms and give life to other worlds. Yet, Taninsam and Tohu, enamored with Aedelore, could not bear to part from it. To remain, they planted the Great Tree of Morningstar, a mystical conduit connecting Aedelore to the boundless power of the Black Sun.

Thus, the two gods entered their first long slumber, nestled north of the Great Tree in the hidden realm of Thorsheim, as Aedelore continued to thrive.

Arrival of the Firsts

Arrival of the Firsts

An aeon passed, and Aedelore settled down. It was during this time that the High Elves, a race born of pure magic, embarked on a quest for knowledge and power.

Drawn by the mystical energy of Aedelore, they sailed across the cosmos and made landfall in the southern reaches of this world. They christened it Aedelore and, in the eastern lands, established their first city—Lorenzia. The elves, unaware of the ancient dragon gods slumbering beneath the earth, began to master the arcane, their lives intertwined with the magic of Aedelore.

As the years rolled on, whispers of Aedelore's prosperity spread far and wide, reaching the ears of the dwarves—a race of ingenious craftsmen shaped by the magic of Aedelore itself. Although they could not wield magic as the elves did, the dwarves were gifted with unparalleled skill in mining and crafting.

They set out to uncover the secrets of this enchanted land, driven by a relentless curiosity. Meanwhile, in the distant, less magical regions of Aedelore, two formidable races emerged: the orcs and the trolls. These beings, molded by the raw, untamed magic of their lands, became fearsome hunters and warriors. They too heard tales of Aedelore, the land of wonders, and journeyed to the eastern islands, eager to stake their claim.

For a time, peace reigned. The races explored their new world, building settlements and forging alliances, ushering in the glorious Age of Magic.

The First War

The First War

But peace was fleeting. Centuries into the Age of Magic, the harmony between the races began to fray. The High Elves and dwarves, who had grown close while constructing towns and settlements across Aedelore, found themselves increasingly isolated from the orcs and trolls. Misunderstandings festered, and old grievances ignited into open conflict.

The orcs, tired of being marginalized, forged an unholy pact with the trolls and launched a ferocious assault on Lorenzia. Lorenzia, fortified by elven sorcery and dwarven engineering, became a battleground. The siege dragged on for nearly 50 years, reducing the once-fertile eastern lands to a wasteland of ash and ruin. Settlements like Jakobsville, Bottomway, and Finnsgrave were obliterated, and the earth was scorched for countless miles.

Desperate to end the conflict, the elves and dwarves marshaled their forces, but their efforts only spread the war further, leaving devastation in their wake. As Aedelore cried out in pain, the dragon gods stirred from their ancient slumber. Taninsam and Tohu awoke, their hearts heavy with sorrow as they beheld the suffering of their beloved creation. No longer could they remain hidden. Taninsam, his fury unmatched, unfurled his colossal wings and soared across the battle-scarred land. His voice thundered through the skies as he commanded the leaders of the warring factions to cease their bloodshed or face annihilation. The High Elves and dwarves, awestruck by the dragon's might, laid down their weapons and retreated to their homes. But the orcs and trolls, driven by a darker will, refused to yield.

As the elves and dwarves withdrew, the orcs mustered their remaining forces and set Lorenzia ablaze, massacring its inhabitants. Drunk on victory, they began a westward march, leaving a trail of destruction in their wake. This treachery drove the elves and dwarves to madness. They rallied their armies once more, pursuing the orcs and trolls, and laid siege to the city of Singaper. The war reignited with vengeance, consuming the land in fire and blood.

Taninsam, witnessing the return of chaos, was consumed by wrath. His eyes blazed with the fury of a thousand suns as he descended from Thorsheim, his heart set on vengeance. With a mighty roar, he unleashed his fiery breath upon the land, boiling the earth and driving the armies southward to the small town of Nortaq. Tohu, equally enraged, joined the fray, wielding her arcane might to trap the combatants in a single, inescapable spot. With a voice that shook the heavens, Taninsam declared: *"For your betrayal, you shall all perish in my eternal flame! I will burn everything you have built, everything you have known. Your cities, your people—everything shall be consumed by my fire!"*

As the dragon's wrath threatened to consume them all, a lone figure stepped forward. Lordean, a High Elven priest, knelt before the gods and spoke with a voice filled with sorrow and resolve: *"Mighty gods, for the sins I have committed against you, I offer my life. Take mine and the lives of*

my soldiers, but spare the innocent who live in peace. Go to them, teach them our mistakes, and let Aedelore thrive once more. For this, I willingly sacrifice myself and my men."

Taninsam paused, the flames in his eyes flickering as he considered the priest's plea. After a moment, he relented, accepting the offer. He instructed Tohu to ensure no one escaped, and then, with a mighty breath, he incinerated the gathered armies, leaving nothing but ashes in their place. The fury of the gods scorched the land so deeply that it burned for eternity, marking the end of the Age of War. With the fall of the first heroes, the dragon gods traveled the land, commanding the survivors to heed their words.

Satisfied with his vengeance, Taninsam returned to Thorsheim to enter his second slumber. But Tohu, burdened with guilt for the destruction that had befallen Aedelore, felt she had failed to protect the magic from those unworthy of its power. She withdrew her gift of magic from the elves and trolls, dwarves and orcs, proclaiming: "Only those who prove themselves worthy shall regain the magic. Until then, you are but mortals." And so became the end of the first war and the age of silence began.....

The Age of Silence

Age of Silence

Centuries have passed since the end of the First War. The world of Aedelore has undergone significant changes during this time of reconstruction.

The once- devastated lands of Aedelore have gradually healed. Forests have regrown, rivers have reclaimed their courses, and new settlements have emerged from the ashes of the old. However, the scars of the past are still visible, and many ancient sites remain abandoned or shrouded in mystery. The High Elves and Dwarves have rebuilt their societies, learning from past conflicts.

The High Elves of Lorenzia have focused on restoring their magical heritage, while the Dwarves have honed their craft and deepened their knowledge. The Orcs and Trolls have forged new alliances, focusing on trade and coexistence rather than conflict. During the aftermath of the First War, a significant and unexpected development occurred. The burden of darkness left upon the world by the war had transformative effects on some of the Elves.

These Elves, overwhelmed by the weight of their experiences, underwent a profound change, becoming the first humans. These humans, emerging from the shadows of the war's ruin, were initially ostracized and cast out by their former kin. In their exile, the humans founded the city of Seywald in the southern regions of Aedelore. Over time, they developed their own cultures and societies, influenced by the remnants of magic and knowledge they retained.

The humans, although initially primitive compared to the other races, gradually became a significant force in their own right. They learned much from the Dwarves and Elves who ventured to teach them the ways of craftsmanship, magic, and the arcane arts, and so the human Capital was built, the mighty town of Tyralia. As the world rebuilt, old ruins and forgotten places began to resurface. The once- buried remnants of ancient civilizations, lost during the First War, were uncovered by natural forces and the efforts of adventurers. These ruins, filled with relics and forgotten knowledge, have stirred curiosity and excitement among scholars and explorers.

Among the most notable discoveries are the remnants of the Well of Morningstar, now partially exposed and showing signs of renewed magical activity. The Well's rediscovery has sparked a renewed interest in its power and purpose, leading to various factions seeking to understand or control it. Despite the long period of peace, old rivalries have not fully disappeared. The High Elves and Dwarves, while more focused on rebuilding, still harbor deep-seated mistrust towards each other. Their previous conflicts have left a legacy of caution and competition.

The Orcs and Trolls, who once allied against the Elves and Dwarves, now face internal strife. Factions within these races have different visions for their future, leading to power struggles and sporadic skirmishes. The once-clear alliances are now fragmented, and new tensions have emerged. The humans, having established themselves as a notable presence in Aedelore, now find

themselves in a delicate position. They are striving to forge their own path amidst the lingering tensions between the older races.

Their role in the current dynamics is one of both potential and uncertainty, as they seek to assert their place in a world still recovering from its past conflicts. Amidst the rebuilding, strange phenomena began to occur. Reports of ghostly apparitions and eerie disturbances have surfaced, leading many to believe that the spirits of those who perished in the First War are restless. These disturbances are concentrated around the ancient ruins and old battlegrounds, suggesting that something significant is stirring. Scholars have unearthed ancient texts and artifacts hinting at a deeper connection between the magic of the Well of Morningstar and the spirits now emerging. Some believe that these spirits may be remnants of powerful beings or ancient guardians bound to the land and its magic.

As the old magic reawakens and new conflicts arise, the leaders of Aedelore must address the emerging threats. The High Elves, Dwarves, Orcs, Trolls, and Humans are now faced with the challenge of understanding the nature of the disturbances and determining how to manage the old rivalries and conflicts. Adventurers and explorers are called upon to investigate the ancient ruins, uncover the truth behind the restless spirits, and seek out any lost knowledge or artifacts that might shed light on the emerging threats. The once-peaceful lands are now fraught with uncertainty, and the actions taken by these new heroes will shape the future of Aedelore.

The Emerging of the Halflings

Emerging of the Halflings During the Age of Silence, a time when magic was but a faint whisper in the wind, a new race emerged from the shadows of the ancient woods—the Halflings. The Halflings were not born of divine creation, nor forged in the fires of conflict. Instead, they were a quiet evolution of the natural world, a race that arose from the harmonious blending of earth and spirit in the hidden groves of Aedelore.

In a secluded valley, where the Great Tree of Morningstar cast its protective shade, the Halflings made their home, unaware of the gods and their ancient quarrels. Their realm, in the northern parts of Aedelore, was a verdant paradise untouched by the wars of old, where the earth was fertile, and the waters ran pure, the Alfwyld Forest leaning on Mount Basins side. The Halflings were a diminutive people, but they were wise and deeply connected to the land.

They lived in harmony with nature, tending to their gardens, and nurturing the forests that surrounded their villages, their villages didn't include houses, they built their home along side nature itself, this little creature lived in trees and in holes in the protective earth of Aedelore. They spoke with the trees and sang with the winds, their voices carrying the ancient, forgotten songs of the earth. Though they lacked the might of the Elves, the ingenuity of the Dwarves, or the raw power of the Orcs, the Halflings possessed a quiet strength—a deep resilience rooted in their unbreakable bond with the land. For countless ages, the Halflings remained in their hidden valley, untouched by the outside world.

They knew little of the great wars that had once torn Aedelore asunder, nor of the divine dragons who had shaped the world in their fury. Instead, they lived in peace, their lives governed by the cycles of the seasons and the gentle rhythms of the earth. The world began to change. The ancient magics, withdrawn by Tohu in sorrow, began to stir once more, awakening from its long slumber.

The Well of Morningstar, partially uncovered in the ruins of the old world, pulsed faintly with renewed energy. The Elves, Dwarves, and Humans—each in their own way—felt this stirring, and their societies slowly began to rediscover the arcane arts they had once mastered. The Halflings, too, sensed these changes. The once peaceful lands began to feel the tremors of a world awakening from its long silence. Strange creatures, twisted by forgotten magics, beings of old horror stories, began to roam the forests, as did the guardians and spirits of old, creatures of the most beautiful forms and magic.

The Halflings, though peaceful by nature, understood that the time had come to leave their hidden valley and venture into the wider world. They did so cautiously, driven by a sense of duty to protect their lands and to share their wisdom with the other races of Aedelore. On the other side of the continent the Orcs and Trolls, who had been long marginalized after their defeat in the First War, had begun to stir once more. Old grudges, long simmering beneath the surface, had ignited anew. The Orcs and Trolls, driven by a deep-seated resentment and a desire to reclaim their lost honor, began to rally their forces.

They saw the the traces of the ancient magic not as a gift, but as a weapon—a means to finally avenge the humiliation they had suffered so long ago.

The Rising Threat, the noise of silence.

Rising Threat

The Orcs and Trolls, who had long roamed the fringes of Aedelore, hardened by centuries of survival in harsh, unforgiving lands, saw the arrival of the Halflings as an opportunity. They believed that the Halflings, with their deep connection to the earth, held the key to unlocking the powerful magics that had been denied to them for so long.

Driven by this belief, the Orcs and Trolls launched raids into Halfling lands, seeking to capture them and force them to reveal their secrets. The Halflings, though peaceful, were not defenseless. They called upon the new found kin seeking aid from the Elves and Dwarves, who had also begun to feel the growing tension in the land. The Elves, who had once shunned the world to rebuild their magical heritage, recognized the threat posed by the Orcs and Trolls and put their forces at the Halflings aid. The Dwarves, who had honed their craft and deepened their knowledge during the Age of Silence, forged powerful weapons and armor to aid in the coming conflict.

Yet, the Halflings knew that war could not be the answer. They sought a way to prevent the violence from spiraling out of control, to find a path to peace before the fires of war consumed Aedelore once more. They turned to the Great Tree of Morningstar, seeking its guidance, not knowing that the Great Tree was directly connected to the councilness of the ancient gods. The Great Tree, ancient and wise, revealed to them the true nature of the magic that was awakening in the world.

It was not a force to be wielded in anger, but a power to heal the wounds of the past and to bring the races of Aedelore together. But in The Northern Marches, once a realm of rugged beauty and love, are now fraught with turmoil as the Orcs and trolls extend their attacks northward. The region, long known for its harsh landscapes and resilient inhabitants, is plunged into fear and despair. Villages and outposts are overrun, and the lands are scarred by relentless conflict.

In response, the people of Lutovia, a distant realm of Humans known for their valor and unity, embark on a critical mission. They gather their forces and set out to confront the joint threat from the Orcs and Trolls, aiming to stem the tide of war before it spreads further.

The Siege of Rivermount

Siege of Rivermount

The Northern Marches, once a peaceful borderland, trembled once again under the relentless advance of the Orcs and Trolls. Driven by an insatiable desire to seize the Halflings and their secrets, they descended from the frozen wastes, their war drums echoing through the ancient tunnels of Barrowhills.

These tunnels, long abandoned and forgotten by most of Aedelore, became the dark passage through which the Orcs and Trolls moved, undetected, beneath the land. Their destination: the majestic Elven city of Rivermount, nestled in the heart of the northern woodlands, its silver towers reflected in the flowing waters of the River Letha. The attack came swiftly. As the Orcs and Trolls poured from the mouth of Barrowhills, the Elves of Rivermount, caught by surprise, scrambled to mount their defense. Under the command of their noble leaders, the Elves called upon their ancient magic and archers, raining down arrows and spells from the high battlements.

The ground shook beneath the Orcish siege machines, and the Trolls' fearsome strength threatened to tear down the walls themselves. But aid had been summoned. From the south, warriors from Lutovia, a proud human kingdom, marched to Rivermount's defense. Clad in gleaming steel, they joined the Elves on the front lines, their swords clashing with the brutish Orcs, their banners flying high amid the din of battle. Alongside them came the stout-hearted Dwarves of Mithandir's Watch, their axes flashing as they fought back the Trolls with unyielding fury.

The battle raged for days, each side locked in a deadly contest. The Elves, aided by the arcane power of their archmages, held the walls, while the humans of Lutovia and the Dwarves of Mithandir's Watch fought valiantly in the trenches below. The River Letha ran red with the blood of friend and foe alike, and the once-peaceful woods surrounding Rivermount became a battlefield of shattered trees and scorched earth.

Despite their overwhelming numbers, the Orcs and Trolls struggled to break through. Yet, the threat was far from over, as their relentless drive suggested a darker purpose—one not just bent on conquest, but on capturing something far more valuable: the Halflings, and the knowledge they carried within.

Tears of blood

Tears of blood

As the battle for Rivermount raged on, the blood of the fallen flowed freely, soaking the earth and seeping into the waters of the River Letha. The river, once a lifeline for the Elves, now carried the crimson stain of war. It ran swift and true, winding its way through the forest, past the ancient groves, until it reached the dark, still waters of the Lake of Shadows. Beneath the surface of that lake lay the ruins of an ancient place—an eerie, forgotten city known only in myth as "the Sunken City." Few living remembered its name, and fewer still dared to speak of it.

The Elves of Rivermount believed it was a cursed place, swallowed by the lake in ages long past, buried under layers of silt and silence. It was said that the city had been the seat of great power, but its people had grown arrogant, dabbling in forbidden magic until the land itself had turned against them, pulling their civilization into the depths. Now, as the blood of warriors and beasts mingled in the waters, a deep, unnatural stirring began beneath the lake's surface. The blood, thick with rage and despair, awakened something that had slept for eons.

Dark tendrils of energy coiled through the water, reaching deeper into the submerged ruins, where a forgotten power lay entombed. The ancient seals that had once held this force at bay began to fracture, weakened by the bloodshed above. A tremor rippled through the lake, unnoticed by those still battling on the shores of Rivermount. But deep below, a great evil, bound by ancient magic, stirred for the first time in millennia. The waters churned as whispers from the past echoed through the submerged streets, and the ruins of the Sunken City shifted, breaking free of the bonds that had once entombed them. The elves, humans, and dwarves fighting above had no knowledge of the doom that was rising from the lakebed. All they saw was the water darkening, turning black as night, and a foul mist beginning to rise from the surface.

The creatures of the lake fled in terror as an oppressive force began to seep into the air. Then, with a terrible groan, the lake itself seemed to roar. Waves crashed upon the shores of Rivermount, and a low, guttural voice echoed from beneath the water. It was the voice of something ancient, something that had been buried for so long that it had forgotten its own name, but not its hunger. The bloodshed had woken it.

Forgotten knowledge

Forgotten Knowledge

As the dark force stirred as the siege of Rivermount continued, a deep unease spread through the northern lands. The elves of Rivermount, the humans of Lutovia, and the dwarves of Mithandir's Watch could feel it—something far more dangerous than the marauding Orcs and Trolls was on the verge of awakening. Yet no one knew anything of it.

Desperation crept into their ranks as the black mist from the lake began to creep over the battlefield like a curse. In the midst of this growing dread, whispers arose among the elves and dwarves about the ancient knowledge held by the Halflings. These peaceful folk, who had long lived close to the earth, were said to be the keepers of forgotten wisdom—secrets passed down through generations, connected to the very magic of the land itself.

The Halflings were rumored to have an understanding of forces older than the Elves' high magic or the Dwarves' deep craft, thus making the orcs and trolls willing to wage war on the world for the halflings knowledge. It was said that the Halflings possessed songs and rituals, sacred knowledge tied to the earth and its hidden powers. And, most notably, stories of their ancestors spoke of a time long ago, before the Age of Silence, when their people were entrusted with a sacred duty: to guard the ancient sigils that kept certain evils at bay.

Among these was the knowledge of the Sunken City, a legend that few outside of their race even knew existed. The bloodshed around Rivermount had broken one of these sigils, the Halfling elders believed, and the only way to restore it was through their ancestral magic. Urgent messages were sent to the Halfling homesteads, requesting aid. The Elders, having long foreseen such a calamity, gathered in secret council. They spoke of the old ways and of a ritual long forgotten by the larger races. This ritual, tied to the very lifeblood of Aedelore, could reseal the ancient powers and return the lake to its slumber. But there was a challenge.

The Halflings did not possess the strength alone to face such an evil. They needed the heroes of prophecy. And so, with haste, the Halflings sent scouts across the land to seek out these heroes. Word spread of sightings in East Trade, Tyralia, Lorenzia, and even the distant woods near Sarah'sville. The Halflings believed that only with these heroes at their side could they restore the ancient seals and prevent the evil from the Sunken City from fully awakening.

The fate of Aedelore now hung by a fragile thread, resting in the hands of those few who understood the true power of the land and its forgotten magic.

Won by Defeat

Won by Defeat

The Orcs and Trolls battered the gates of Rivermount for weeks, their war drums echoing through the valley as the skies turned gray with the smoke of war. The Elves, resolute and swift in their defense, rained arrows down upon the attackers from the high walls of their ancient city. The humans of Lutovia, wielding steel and bravery, clashed fiercely with the Orcs on the ground, while the Dwarves of Mithandir's Watch held the tunnels of Barrowhills, preventing the Trolls from breaching the city from below.

The siege seemed destined to last for months, but after weeks of brutal fighting, the tide of battle finally turned. Rivermount held strong. The combined forces of Elves, Humans, and Dwarves proved too great for the invaders, and with one final push, the Orcs and Trolls were driven from the city's walls. Victory cries filled the air, and the survivors believed the threat had been vanquished. But the Orcs had never truly intended to conquer Rivermount.

Their chieftains, cunning and darkly wise, had known from the start that they could not break the Elven stronghold. The siege was but a ruse, a blood-soaked ploy to mask their true intent. As their lifeless bodies piled up on the battlefield, the rivers ran red, carrying the blood of countless warriors down the slopes and into the sacred Lake of Shadows—the resting place of the Sunken City.

Deep beneath the lake, the ancient seals that had held back the evil power for eons were fragile, remnants of an old magic known only to a few. The Orcs and Trolls had learned from forbidden texts that the blood of war, freely spilled, would weaken those seals. Each death, each drop of blood, was part of their dark ritual, and now, the lake stirred as something long-forgotten began to awaken. As the victors celebrated, they remained unaware of the growing threat.

But beneath the surface of the water, black shadows of mist began to rise, twisting and writhing like serpents. The ground trembled softly as the evil in the Sunken City stirred, sensing the flood of life and death that had washed down from Rivermount. The Orcs, retreating from the battlefield, grinned through their wounds. They had accomplished their true mission: to awaken the dark force buried beneath the lake. Even in defeat, they had won a far more terrible victory. In Rivermount, the Elves began to feel the earth shudder beneath their feet.

The tremors grew stronger, and soon, they could no longer deny the truth. Something ancient, something far worse than any enemy they had ever faced, was rising from the depths. Whispers of the Sunken City, once dismissed as old legends, now spread through the ranks of soldiers and citizens alike. Desperate for answers, the Elves sent word to the Halflings, whose wisdom and connection to the land had been spoken of in hushed reverence. The Halflings, who had already been preparing for the coming storm, knew what needed to be done.

The dark force could still be stopped, but only through their ancient magic—and the power of the three heroes, who could tip the scales in their favor. As the black mist spread across the lake, the Halflings worked tirelessly, sending out their scouts to find the heroes. Time was running short, and if the evil that now stirred was not contained, it would consume all of Aedelore.