

# Birth of Humans



Once, long ago, after the First War shook the lands of Aedelore, the world's magic began to weaken, not of its own accord but by the will of the great dragon god, Tohu. In the wake of the war, where the forces of darkness threatened to consume all, Tohu intervened, seeing the chaos wrought by unchecked power. He decreed that magic, once abundant and free, would be restrained until the inhabitants of Aedelore could prove themselves worthy of its full gift again. This restriction rippled across the land, changing Aedelore forever.

The elves, whose lives were bound to the ebb and flow of magic, felt the shift most profoundly. Though their ancient strength remained, they could sense the limits placed upon their powers. What had once flowed effortlessly now required greater focus, and the deep, unbreakable connection between elves and the magic of the world began to fray. It was during this time of weakened magic that an unforeseen change began to take root. Among the elvenkind, subtle transformations began to occur. Some elves, no longer able to fully harness the power that had once coursed through their veins, started to change. They became shorter-lived, their features less ethereal, and their innate connection to magic diminished. This was the birth of humankind—elves reshaped by the weakened magic of the world.

At first, humans were a mystery, an anomaly to their elven kin. The elves, who still remembered the fullness of their former glory, looked upon these new beings with a mixture of pity and disdain. Humans, with their short lives and frail bodies, seemed a pale reflection of the elves' eternal grace. Many saw them as lesser, a tragic byproduct of Tohu's restriction on magic. But as the centuries passed, humanity began to forge its own path. Though they lacked the natural gifts of the elves, humans proved resourceful, adaptable, and resilient. They had been born of change, and so they embraced change in a way that their elven ancestors never could.

They built, they explored, and they thrived in ways that surprised even the oldest of the elves. It was during this time of growing understanding that humans, dwarves, and elves began to come together. Though their origins were different, they saw the strength that lay in unity. The first of their great undertakings was the founding of East Trade, a city that would become a beacon of cooperation and commerce between the races. East Trade stood at the crossroads of their three peoples, a place where elven wisdom, dwarven craftsmanship, and human ambition combined to create something new. As East Trade flourished, so did the relationship between humans and their elder kin. Together, they founded new cities, each a testament to the unity they had found.

Lutovia rose in the middle of Aedelore, a bastion of human civilization, its streets filled with the diversity of all Aedelore. But perhaps the greatest symbol of their alliance was Castle Black. In the northeast, where the shadow of the ancient darkness still lingered, humans and elves joined forces to build a great defensive fortress. Castle Black, towering and unyielding, stood as a partner to the elven city of Rivermount, guarding the land from west of Rivermount reaches from the lingering threats of the First War.

While Rivermount held the north, Castle Black protected the west, a testament to the newfound strength in their unity. In time, the humans, once pitied and looked down upon, earned their place among the peoples of Aedelore. Though their lives were shorter and their magic weaker, they had a gift all their own: the ability to adapt, to thrive in the face of change, and to forge alliances that would stand the test of time. And so, the story of humanity began not with triumph, but with transformation—born from elves in a world where magic had been stilled. Their rise was a slow, steady march of determination, proof that even in a world where power had been stripped away, greatness could be built through