

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 The ancient magics, withdrawn by Tohu in sorrow, began to stir once more, awakening from its long slumber.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.

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