

In the beginning, there was chaos. Small groups of people attempting to survive, not only in the wilderness dealing with wild animals and the elements, but also trying to survive the almost constant raids of the Dragons. Seeking safety in numbers, the groups gathered into larger groups, but this only served to corral us, tempting the Dragons to more frequent attacks on the larger herd making their hunts easier.

Countless years passed in this manner, constantly being hunted, trying to survive. During this time a change began to occur; our peoples used to all look quite similar, but as time passed, we began to look slightly different within our group. Some became taller and thinner, while others became shorter and stockier.

Once these physical differences became prominent, an attitude change came about. The taller ones acted superior, and sought to organize the rest of us. They devised rules and penalties for those that did not abide by them. These rules they put into action without consulting the group. They called a meeting one night at a bonfire and announced their rules. The next day, they began enforcing them.

It seemed to us, those of average height and build, that these rules were only for us, and the elite group of tall people calling themselves "The Council" were outside of them. The Council began assigning jobs to the rest of us, according to our skills. We acquiesced only because of the constant threat of the Dragons. The shorter people were the strongest of us all, and were able to chop trees and haul more materials than any of us average people, so they were given the jobs of Builders. The average people were more skilled with growing things and were more aggressive, so we were given the jobs of Farmers and Hunters. All these areas being taken care of left only the task of ruling to the tall ones.

Once shelters had been erected, we began living more comfortable lives, lives out of the elements and safe from the roving wild animals. Our planting became efficient and the hunting was good and provided much food. The attacks of the Dragons did not cease once we had shelters... in fact; they became more ferocious because they had to destroy our structures to reach us.

This destruction led to an increase in work for the Builders. The Hunters attempted to help when they were not hunting, but they lacked the skill of Builders and typically got in the way, much to the annoyance of the Builders.

The Builders became disgruntled, angry and secretive. They had secret sessions with the Council about matters they would not discuss with simple Farmers or Hunters. After these sessions, the Builders would become even more distant from the rest of us. Then the Builders had a change of leadership, and the new Four-men approached the Council. These meetings lasted only a brief period, and once they had concluded, almost every Builder packed his possessions and left the Community.

A special meeting was held, and it was then that they chose volunteers to take over the tasks of Builders. The few Builders that were left tried to teach us their trade, but we were just simple farmers, and had difficulty understanding their calculations.

The loss of Farmers and Hunters to the Builders caste left more work for those still Farming or Hunting to do. This put a strain on the entire community, and made us bitter towards the old Builders for abandoning the Community.

Eventually, the work became too much for us to handle, and we approached the Council to ask for some help in attending these duties. They were steadfast in their resolve that we were the Laborers and they were the Council. Council took care of the duties required to maintain order, and the Laborers handled the duties necessary to support the Community.

The castes came together one evening without informing the Council to discuss the matters of supporting the Community. It was decided that the Council needed us more than we needed them, and if they would not join us in the maintenance of the community, that we would follow suit with the old Builders and take our chances in the wild, where we could be free of the despots who wouldn't lift a finger to support themselves. Once this decision was reached, we packed everything we could carry and left in the night. Not all members of our castes would join us in the leaving, but this did not sway us.

Once out in the wilds, we were effective survivors. Our experiences as Hunters kept us aware of our surroundings, and the Farmers were able to identify ample sources of edible plants to sustain ourselves on.

It was after five years of wandering that the problems began. Those who had been selected to lead the group had taken too long to find a place with adequate resources for us to inhabit and fatigue had begun to take its toll on us mentally. As we moved farther East, the frequency of Dragon sightings increased, and the large group was difficult to conceal.

We were attacked several times before we adapted our travelling methods to allow us enough time to take to cover. Advance scouts would report sightings, then the report would be passed back along a series of linemen walking just within visual distance of each other, ultimately passing the alarm to the mass giving us enough time to respond.

The mental and physical stresses endured through this ten year travel were extreme and constant, eventually driving some to abandon the group in favor of setting up camp in their present location and starting construction on strongholds.

Twenty-five years after leaving the old Community, we reached the Eastern seashore. The calming effect of the sight of the ocean, stretching as far as the eye could see, was immeasurable. The mental stresses and physical fatigue were forgotten. Work on a stronghold progressed quickly and was soon completed. It was nowhere near as grand as the olde Builders' constructions, but it was firm and strong and impressive.

Once this main hold was established, the farmers began scouting out acceptable locations on which to plant crops. The farmers began building their cottages on their land and the craftsmen constructed cottages just outside the main stronghold. Wild horses were rounded up, fenced in and broken and soon a massive herd grew.

Once established, it was time to select a leader, our First King. During the wandering and through the settling processes, several men shone as lights to the mass, and of these men, one was selected to maintain order. One ruler being far more agreeable than the mass of rulers we had just left. Being ruled by a single man –our chosen King- was more tolerable than the group of self-proclaimed rulers previous because everybody was equal and doing their duties for the community and all were treated equally.

After a mere twenty-five years, our Kingdom had outgrown even the Olde Community on the central plains. A secure environment led to breeding, and the young who had made the

journey were maturing and began to claim land as their own. This began The Expansion. Humans began building outside the range of the farmlands, some travelling more than a day's ride from the Stronghold of the Lord's Castle.

These farlanders required a stronghold within range of their homes in which to take refuge from the Dragons, whom had discovered our new habitations and had modified their hunting patterns to include us along with the Olde Community. So, they too built strongholds that were maintained by an elected Lorde.

After

Still need Dwarf meeting ten yr war then Elf Quest

Excerpts from the Dwarf Memoirs – belongs in the Human Memoirs. Convert

__We did not hear of the humans again for 100 years, but in the time of the Ten and First Elders, the humans once again made their presence known. This time they kept their intentions clear and their tongues civil. They wished to initiate a trade agreement with the Dwarves. Their terms were worked out, and at the time of the Ten and second Elders, an agreement was signed. The humans from the north became allies, and traded their crops for our weapons. They asked after our building techniques, but as always, we retained our skills for ourselves. This held true for construction of weapons, armor as well as architecture.

__When next we met, in the time of the Ten and Fifth Elders, it was to debate a retaliation against the elves. Our old hatred of the elves had waned to a strong distaste, but some Dwarves still harbored darkness against the elves through their lineage. These Dwarves petitioned to be a part of the offensive. After 50 cycles of intelligence gathering, in the time of the ten and Eighth elders, the war officially began.

__The war began with a preemptive strike against the Elf outlands. The humans rolled across the plains like water in the ocean meeting little to no resistance. The elves were unprepared and unfortified. The residents of the outer farming communities were driven from their homes, and the humans helped themselves to whatever they found of interest.

We dwarves did not agree with this practice, but the humans insisted and would not be stopped. Many magical items were acquired in the first of the war, as it went on, the items became scarce, the powerful items having been secreted away or transported to the central stronghold as word of the battle spread.

._The first battles were unchallenging as the elves were more concerned with making rules and hiding from dragons than in advancing weapons beyond bow's and arrows. As battles were fought, they retrieved blades from our fallen comrades and fought bravely with them in the close-Quarters combat. The elves were able to cast magics from out of thin air, and many captured were interrogated about this practice. The humans gained this knowledge and began using it in combat as the Elves did. We dwarves were interested as well, and through the humans also learned this practice. We were able to achieve magic castings easier than the humans could, due to our familiarity to magick energies used in our rune castings.

._After the preliminary battles, progress became slow because the elves went into hiding. The forces would approach a town only to find it empty, then, during the night, throats would be cut by the elves that had been watching us from their hiding places. Adjustments to tactics were made to guard against this strategy of theirs, but the hidden attackers were still troublesome. Progress was made, but it was slow and treacherous now.

._Twenty five cycles into the human's war, more than halfway to their goal, a new foe joined the battle. These newcomers slightly resembled elves, in that they were thin and had elongated ears ending in tips, but the similarities ended there. These new creatures had the darkest skin of any Hito, and they smelled like decay. These creatures later became known as Okusoko, or orc in common tongue. Orcs were more animal than hito, and their tactics could only be describes as hunting. They hunted in packs and attacked anything they came across. At first there were perhaps 500 scattered about the plains hunting in packs by night, but they quickly multiplied and soon it became common to encounter packs numbering twenty or more.