

Twenty-five years had passed since the onslaught began: twenty-five years of hardship and terror. We fled south, all the while setting up a defensive in our wake. The distance traveled was not great, but it did remove us from our birth homes in the woods of the plains.

We were divided by our enemies and forced to fight the battle on three fronts. Our archers and mages put up a strong defensive, and the newly training footsoldiers were quickly becoming a force on the equal with the humans.

The mages used the very nature surrounding our attackers against them, tangling them up in roots and blcocking their paths with bent trees. This tactic led to The Scourge. The human attackers would literally set their surroundings on fire and fight through the ashes. Some were apparently protected from the fire by some form of magic and actually fought from the very cusps of the flames themselves.

Afearsome and awesome sight was the five mounted Flame Riders appearing from the roar of a forest fire only to hack the fleeing footsoldiers to pieces and leave them to burn in the encroaching flames. The riders never stepping foot from the fire onto live foliage, the flames rolling across their armor but never consuming them. These Flame Riders were never defeated, merely outrun, and none of their weapons or armor was ever recovered. Nor was their magic ever recreated by our mages.

After these bloody campaigns, a new creature entered the battle, a strange dark-skinned creature, bearing only slight and hideous resemblance to ourselves. These creatures, with skin the color of a moonless sky, deepest blue, were even more ruthless than our human attackers. Their apparent target was the humans, but if any elves were met on the field, they were dispatched without so much as a passing glance.

The appearance of this Fifth Race was an omen of doom. Bad things always seem to happen in fives. One hundred and fifty (a number countable by fives) years after the formation of the First Community marked the segregation of the Builders, Fifty years after that was the separation of the humans, Four Hundred and Fifty years was the time between the separation of the humans and the first attacks of the war, and now, Twenty Five is the years between the start of war and the emergence of this Fifth Race.

One Hundred and Twenty Five were the years the war was waged even after the appearance of the Fifth Race, One Hundred and Fifty being the total time to pass between the first offensive and the last. The first seventy-five years were the worst, the humans not giving us any relief. Fifty years after the emergence of the Fifth Race, they began having an effect on the human's tactics and numbers, and the human's pace slackened. By the end of the Two hundred and Fifty years, the humans were only sporadic roving bandits, survivors of mighty battles who failed to fall with their commanders and were left to wander as looters and bandits.

The ultimate result of the Fifth Race was the loss of our birthlands forever. We were already driven south from our homes, and after the war the Fifth saw to it we were kept up out. Ultimately, we decided

to move deeper south where we found warmer weather and fewer troubles from the remnants of the war.

The wandering groups of elves were referred to as tribes, for they were no longer large enough to consider a community. These tribes claimed different areas of the land, and some even sailed to the islands on the horizon, seeking a greater separation from the grief and dark reminders of the Olde World.

Three hundred and fifty years after the last of the war ceased, the humans once again made themselves known to the Elves. The centuries had mellowed their spirits greatly, and the humans to approach the Southern Elves bore no resemblance to the pre-War humans. These sought peaceful interaction with us, as well as trade for our produce and fish.

A trade agreement was agreed upon after fifty years of debate over the minor details. Also during this time we wanted to observe the humans to make sure that they really had changed. After fifty years of interaction and observation, it was decided that the humans wanted no more than what they asked for, and were no longer the barbaric creatures they once were. These new humans were honorable and respectable and worthy of our camaraderie.