



CHRONICLES OF ANDUIN
SAGA OF SUNDERED SOULS

THE LAST LIGHT
OF EL'LINDOR
READER'S EDITION

THIS IS WHERE IT ALL BEGAN.
THE STORY OF THE FIRST ARCANE STORM.
BY VLAAN

Chronicles of Anduin

Saga of Sundered Souls

The Last Light of El'lindor

Version 1.0 - Reader Edition



A tale from before the storms.

While the world and story are fully formed, some language, structure, and details may evolve in the final release. Your thoughts, reactions, and critiques will help guide the final polish of this saga.

A refined version will appear in the final published saga.

Official Prelude to Chronicles of Anduin: Saga of Sundered Souls

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About The Chronicles of Anduin: A Saga of Sundered Souls

The Chronicles of Anduin: A Saga of Sundered Souls is an epic dark fantasy anthology weaving together fractured tales from a world on the brink of unravelling.

Set in the aftermath of the Great Sundering—a magical cataclysm that shattered empires and scarred the land—these interconnected novellas explore the lives of those who rise, fall, and endure amid arcane storms, fading alliances, and the grief of a paradise lost.

From the luminous depths of the Everdark to the war-torn skies of distant realms, each story stands alone yet echoes with shared history, loss, and reverent resilience.

At its heart, the series is not about chosen heroes, but those caught in the storm—those who must choose between surrendering to ruin or pressing on, to forge meaning from sorrow. It is a saga of what breaks, what remains, and the fragile flickers of hope, passed from one to another which that despite all odds, refuses to die.

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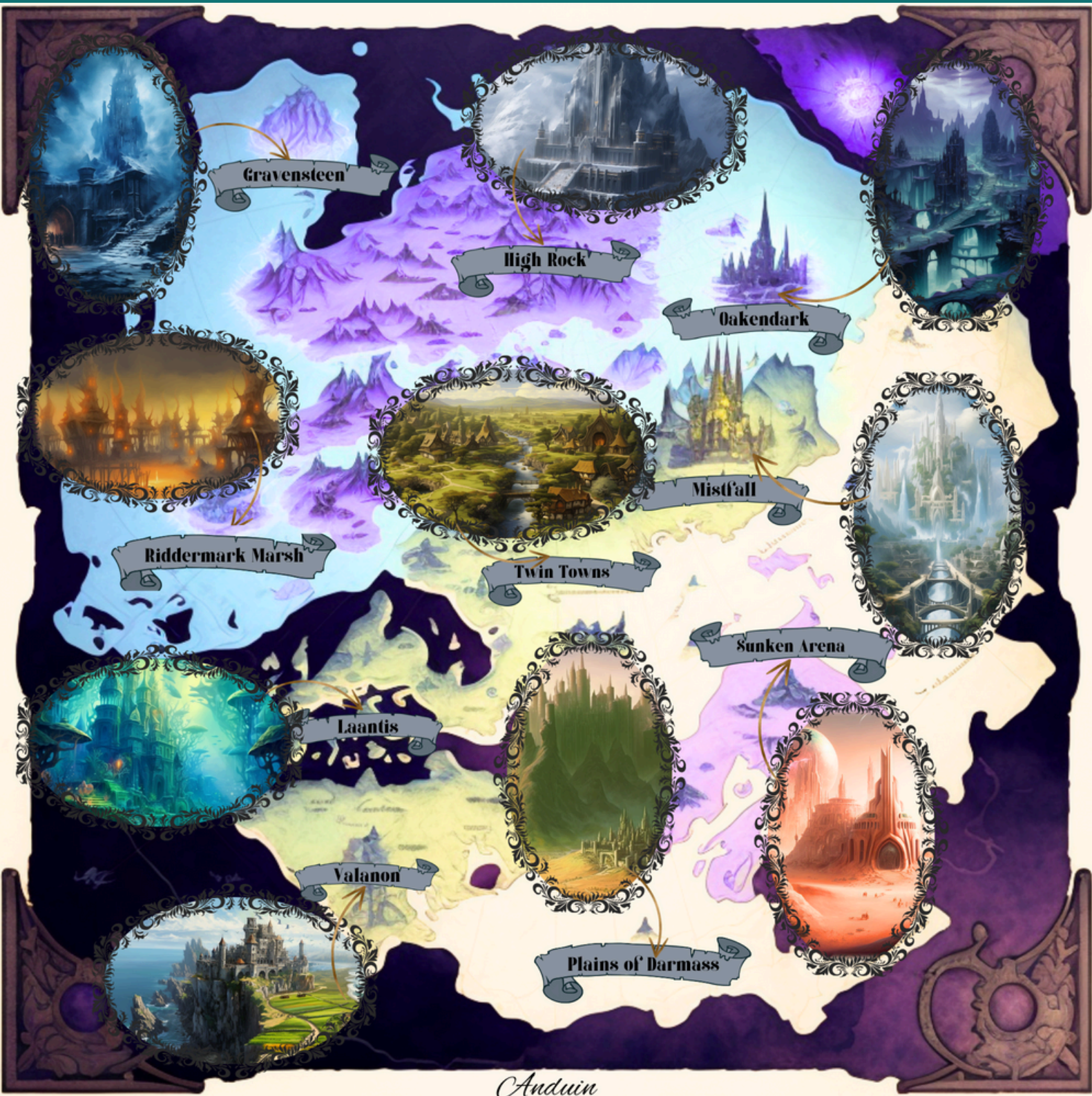
THE AUTHOR

CHRONICLES OF ANDUIN

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Maps of Anduin



The ten Kingdoms of Anduin at the time of the Great Sundering.

CHRONICLES OF ANDUIN
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Maps of Anduin



El'Lindor of the Hallowed Grove

A Note from the Author:

Some projects begin with a plan. But the Kinslayers Chronicles began with a storm.

Anduin didn't arrive gently—it came in flashes of story and song, a torrent of characters and places that refused to be quiet. What began as scattered scribbles in notebooks soon grew into something larger: a world of arcane echoes, ancient kingdoms, and the quiet weight of consequence.

This book is part of that journey.

Built without formal training—only with stubborn imagination, late nights, and an ache to create—The Saga of Sundered Souls grew through exploration, mistakes, and the quiet joy of worldbuilding. Every word was earned. Every page came from a place of wonder.

Last Light is a prelude. A whisper before the storm. It offers a glimpse into the grief, beauty, and quiet strength that underpin the larger novel *By the Light*, which will follow in due time. As of writing this, three full-length novellas in the Chronicles of Anduin are in advanced draft stages, each awaiting the patient and painful magic of editing.

The Kinslayers tabletop skirmish game—set in this same world—is also on its way. A Trial Edition is planned for release later this year, inviting players to shape stories through tactical battles and emergent narrative.

Beyond the page and battlefield, the world of Anduin is coming to life in new forms. An original soundtrack is being composed to carry the emotional weight of the realm in music, weaving melody with myth. A growing library of high-detail STL miniatures is being sculpted for collectors and wargamers, capturing the faces and factions of Anduin in resin and form. Meanwhile, a fully illustrated world map is underway, crafted by a professional cartographer to anchor these stories in geography, scale, and legend.

But I am getting ahead of myself—for this, here, is just the beginning.

So welcome, wanderer, to the Kinslayers Chronicles.

To the Chronicles of Anduin.

To the stage set for Kinslayers.

Thank you for following the journey.

Maan.

Welcome to Chronicles of Anduin

Introduction:

Welcome to Anduin—a world of boundless beauty, steeped in the echoes of its ancient past and fractured by the weight of magic and the consequences of choices long forgotten. These lands whisper with stories of love and loss, defiance and despair, and the enduring will of those who rise to meet the challenges of a world in turmoil.

The Anthology of Anduin: A Saga of Sundered Souls is a loose collection of interwoven tales, each a window into the lives of those who dare to shape their destinies against the currents of a broken world. From the deepest reaches of the sea to the tallest mountains, the hallowed forests to the heart of the Everdark, Anduin is a land teeming with danger and wonder. A world of sorrow and resilience, its complexity, mirrors the hearts of those who call it home.

Each book is like a chapter that stands as its own story—a solitary thread in the grand tapestry of Anduin. Yet together, these tales weave a saga of fractured alliances and wavering hope, revealing a realm teetering on the edge of annihilation. Through them, you will glimpse not only the vastness of this world, but the intimate, aching struggles of those whose lives are shaped as much by their choices as by the merciless hand of fate.

But these are not tales of triumph. Not always. In Anduin, victory is rarely absolute, and survival is often bought with blood, sacrifice, or soul. These are the tales of sundered souls—those who have lost and continue to lose. Their pride, their grief, their longings and sacrifices breathe life into this world. These stories do not shy away from the shadows—but instead illuminate the fragile light that flickers within.

Prepare yourself for a journey into a land both wondrous and cruel. Here, every choice ripples outward. Every soul matters. And together, their stories shape the fate of all.

Welcome to Anduin.

A world of beauty and sorrow.

A world of sundered souls.

Will you survive the coming storm?

Last Lament of El'Lindor

The Last Lament of Allantear, Last Lady of El'Lindor:
We were warned.
Not in fire, nor thunder.

But in silence.
In petals falling out of season.
In rivers running too thin,
In trees once silver-crowned now skeletal and still.

El'Lindor was not made to endure war.
It was made to remember.
To cradle beauty in its living wood and song,
To teach our children to listen—to the wind, the water, the world.

We were stewards, not rulers.
And still, we forgot.
We forgot that peace is not permanence.
That balance must be guarded, even from ourselves.
The Arcane does not forgive ambition.
The elements are not ours to tame.

I stood beneath the silver elms—once a girl, wide-eyed with wonder.
Later, as a mother, arms wrapped around laughter.
And last...

As a Regent, whispering warnings into the wind.
They did not listen.
And then, too late, they did.
When the Arcane Storm came,
it did not knock. It howled.

It devoured light, and turned whispers into screams.
It came not from hatred—but from hunger.
From vanity, dressed as vision, cloaked in the language of progress.
From the silence that follows too many ignored truths.
I remember my daughters' voices.
Their little games, their golden joy.

I remember my husband's sword—raised not in conquest, but in love.
And I remember what we chose to protect,
even as the heavens fell apart around us.
This is no tale of conquest.

Last Lament of El'lindor

There is no crown left to claim.
No tower left standing.
No realm to rule. Only memory.
And the hope that it may still be enough.

If you would understand why El'lindor no longer sings—
If you would know how even the wisest fell to silence,
how even the most luminous hearts were scattered like ash in the wind—

Then come.

Not to the mountain halls or starlit keeps.
But deep into the forests of old.

Come to where it all began.

To where woven root and memory forgot.

Come to El'lindor.

To the fall of the first Arcane Storm.

*An Arcane Storm falls without warning,
its eldritch reach tearing through the great
forests of old, and lashing the lands beneath.*



CHRONICLES OF ANDOIN
SAGA OF SUNDERED SOULS
THE LAST LIGHT OF EL'LINDOR

Chapter One - Prophecies in Falling Petals

"Not all prophecies come with thunder. Some fall quietly, petal by petal, while the wise pretend not to see. But even soft omens carry sharp truths."

– **Chronicles of Anduin: Words from the Woods - Writings of Allantear**

Three days ago, Allantear sat beneath the silver elms of El'lindor, the breeze stirring her hair as she penned a letter to her dear brother—Arundel, the High King of Mistfall.

She had always felt an affinity for the wind—especially after summer rains. There was something in its coolness, in the lightness of the air, in the petrichor rising from the damp earth—strangely comforting. Even as a child, she would lie beneath the silver elms of Mistfall, listening to the river waters that flowed from the heart of the Seelie Falls, cascading nearby, her chocolate-brown hair fanned wide in the grass. She would watch the sunlit leaves turn and dance in the breeze, her emerald eyes wide with wonder.

El'lindor was a High Elven city of wonder, nestled in the great forests west of Mistfall, rising amidst its green canopy, dappled in light—ancient and grand. Hidden within the emerald heart of the Wyrnwood Forest, El'lindor rose like a dream sculpted in living wood and song. Built along the gentle rise of a knoll beside the whispering banks of El'lindor's rivers, the city breathed in harmony with the land itself—not above nature, but within it.

Homes were carved into the trunks of colossal trees or woven between high canopies, their walls formed from shaped, living timber, laced with ivy and flowering vines that bloomed in colors soft and strange. The streets were not stone, but winding walkways of root and branch, grown with intention, humming with quiet Arcane memory. Soft bridges arched across glades and streams, bound by braided silks and leafy banners. Lanterns hung from golden limbs, their light fed by captured starlight and fireflies, glowing amber and blue in the twilight. From every perch, the city sang—a chorus of leaves in the wind, water over stone, and the soft chanting of druids and spell-singers, whose voices rose and fell like breath. El'lindor was not a fortress. It was a sanctuary. A cradle of ancient lore and elemental balance, its people stewards rather than rulers of the forest realm. Even the river bent in deference around the city's base, shimmering with silver light—its waters sacred, flowing from the Seelie Falls far to the north. Among its trees and terraces, the wind always danced, whispering secrets too old for words. El'lindor was beautiful—a wild refinement. On a clear day, it could even be seen from the heights of Mistfall itself: a memory of the High Elven life that once was. It was nestled in a thinner part of the forest, elevated just enough to gaze across the lands, and served as the most significant trade port between the High Elf-Kin and the realm.

As Princess of Mistfall, her bond with the Arcane had revealed itself early. Her education was swiftly redirected to nurture the gift. And so, to El'lindor she was sent—the ancient seat of the greatest Arcane masters in all of Anduin.

A mage's college in all but name, El'lindor did not seek to command the elements but to listen to them—to understand, attune, and remember. She learned all the disciplines—earth and flame, tide and frost—but only the wind ever sang to her soul.

By ancient accord, Arcane study was kept apart from crown or coin. No kingdom ruled the colleges, and no mage held lordship. It had been a sacred balance set in place after a catastrophe long forgotten. But over centuries, that line blurred.

Not all boundaries stay honoured when ambition whispers in the right ear.

El'lindor had once been the heart of her people, long before they ascended to the cool mountain heights of Mistfall and raised their alabaster towers skyward. In those elder days, they were wood-elves—grove-dwellers, bow in hand, kin of tree and root. The world had shifted since then, but the soul of El'lindor had not.

It held close to nature, closer to the elements. It remembered—through fluted arched roofs, through wooden bridges and sigil-etched cobblestone paths. Through grand fountains and statues older than the Accords. It remembered. And so now, as Regent of that place, Allantear lay once more beneath the silver elms—though not alone.

Her daughters laughed nearby, playing beneath the high garden walls. Two daughters. Two pieces of her heart.

They tumbled through games: hide and seek, halfling-go-round, dwarf-dwarf-goblin. They played without hatred or fear—even for the goblin Marsh-kin. For peace reigned in Anduin, bound by a thousand-year accord—the great Trade Accords between elf-kin, dwarf-kin, orc-kin, goblin-kin, halfling-kin, man-kin... even the undying.

These were the games of all children, old as time. And though they did not yet share their mother's fondness for lying in the grass, watching the leaves and listening to the wind—that, too, was well.

"Goblin!" cried Ellanee, the youngest, tapping her sister's head and squealing with delight. Mischief sparkled in her mother's emerald eyes and her father's raven-black hair. Sharni, nearly seven, bore her mother's grace but her father's steadiness. She gave chase with a mock growl, indulging her sister's glee as the pair scampered, circled, and crashed into Allantear's arms, laughter echoing across the courtyard.

Servants chuckled. Maids joined in the mirth. It was a golden, whole. A perfect moment. But it could not last. "All right, girls," Allantear murmured gently. "Time for your lessons. Mother still has work to see to."

The protest came on cue—melodramatic and exaggerated, part of the dance they always played. Wails of "I shall never leave you!" and "Say it isn't so!" filled the air, inevitably ending in one or the other declaring: "You are the heart of me!"

And yet they obeyed, as always. Time together was frequent, deliberate, cherished above all things—even the ruling of a realm. For what realm endures, if not rooted in love?

As they ran off hand-in-hand, Allantear remained, smoothing the folds of her emerald gown, tilting her face skyward. The breeze stirred her hair. The silver elms whispered their ancient songs.

But she did not smile. She had noticed it first two weeks ago—a single golden leaf falling into her palm. Nothing unusual. But now, the trees stood nearly bare, stripped of two-thirds of their crown. It was not the season for such things. It was not natural.

It was not right.

She seated herself on a carved bench of whitewood. A white-feathered quill and parchment awaited her there. Gold-laced ink glimmered, ready to sketch sigils of caution, of urgency—perhaps even of salvation. The birds had gone. Not a song nor nest for four days. The wind felt wrong—as if it, too, had ceased to breathe.

Though distant from Mistfall, the source of Seelie Falls and the mightiest ley-lines in the realm, El'lindor had begun to flicker—its wells and rivers thinned, its elemental pulse... faltering.

Allantear exhaled. She could deny it no longer.

She was no longer a child. Her tutors retired, her peers now in power—seated in councils, guiding the Arcane. Yet in their stewardship, a slow corruption had crept in.

Not through malice, but complacency. Ego. A rot without scent or sound, spreading like mold beneath golden leaves. And so she penned her letter. To her brother. To the High Elf-King of Mistfall. To a man of power who, perhaps, still held wisdom.

She had already warned her peers. Already spoken against the recklessness that grew in their halls. But they had not listened. They had learned knowledge, yes—but not wisdom.

And in that absence, posturing and pride had taken root.

It is said that when ambition forgets balance, darkness rears its head... and something watches.

She had stood before the Council of the Arcane—surrounded by its quiet murmurers, its wary noddors—and spoken: “We must stop.”

She had not spoken as a princess, nor as a mother, but as a steward of the Arcane. Her robe deep green, sleeves long enough to warm tucked fingers. Her hair swept up, garlanded with gold and emerald. Small for an elf, but she stood tall.

“We have lived in harmony with the elements for centuries.

We who carry the blood of the First Elves have always been stewards, not tyrants.

It was enough to listen. Enough to serve. But now we press. Now we take.

And it is too much.”

There had been applause. Nods of caution. But still, the hunger continued.

“Think of the wonders we might unveil,” they whispered.

“Think of the good it might bring—to all Anduin.”

Empty words. Hollow promise.

And the leaves... kept falling.

Allantear began to wonder: Was this the fate of the First Elves? Had they, too, grown soft in their splendour—so far removed from hardship they forgot to be humble? Were their warnings buried in songs now dismissed as old tales?

And here they were again, standing in the same sun, beneath the same moon.

And still, they did not listen.

The world itself was giving warning.

And the winds... whispered its grief.

Allantear had come to believe the most dangerous evils came wrapped in gentleness—compassion twisted into compliance, empathy warped into control.

Not malice—but vanity. Not hatred—but a hunger to be right.

Anduin had been given so much. They already had everything.

They needed to stop. And so she wrote the letter. To her brother. Her king.

For wisdom. For restraint. For the future of all Anduin.

Dearest Brother, I write to you swiftly, with a heart full of concern in this darkening hour...

We must stop. But even then, in the stillness of the wind and the hush of the trees, she caught a lone leaf—green and vibrant.

It turned to ash immediately in her hand.

She had quilled the letter, yes—but deep in her heart, even with the King’s edict, she already knew the answer. We must stop. ...Yet no one would.

Chapter Two - Memory Cuts Like a Blade

"The blade that strikes the flesh wounds once.
But memory strikes again and again—where no armor guards, and no time heals."

– Chronicles of Anduin: Letters Never Sent - Lessons Never Learnt

The cloaked figure stood tall, resolute, his hooded visage watchful—keen and sharp. Slowly, he lifted the sword in hand, tip pointed toward his pint-sized opponent.

"What is this?" he demanded. "Defiant?! In the face of tyranny?! What do you think you are? The last light of El'lindor?"

"Yes!" Sharni barked, a broad smile flashing across her features—for she well knew the figure before her was her father. They would meet every few days, wooden swords in hand, to spar and play.

She lunged. Wack!

Wood struck wood, crisp and clear in the morning air.

Wack! Wack!

"Good—yes. Your footing, remember," Tarnadil said, wooden practice sword in hand, his tone light, edged with fond amusement.

Wack! Wack! Wack!

"Better! Again—your footing. Always your footing. Isn't that right, Elanee?"

The Lord spared a moment to wink at his younger daughter. She beamed from her perch.

"Yes! Remember!" she echoed.

For twenty minutes now, he and his eldest had moved back and forth along the riverbank, their blades kissing and parting. Her steps weren't sharp, but full of mischief; her strikes clumsy, but eager.

He cared little for the arc of her blade. It was enough that she held it.

Allantear had told him she was too young, but Tarnadil had promised—light-hearted, playful. He would teach her without pressure, without pain. For what father did not wish his children to be safe? And what safer way was there to face the world than knowing how to stand your ground within it?

The greatest warriors, he believed, were not those who fought—but those who had mastered the fight and then spent their lives seeking never to use it.

He had no love for war. No thirst for conquest.

But he loved his children. His people. His kin.

Wack! Wack! Wack!

"Ah—ha!" he laughed as she landed a blow. Sharni squealed, triumphant, her cheeks flushed with glee.

He pulled the sword from her, held it close as if a true blow had landed, howling like a defeated specter as he fell to his knees.

"I am fallen! The light of El'lindor endures!"

Sharni's hug was half a tackle, and they all laughed together—even Elanee.

Let others worry about form or discipline—he only cared that the sword grew comfortable in her hand, that she stood with both grit and grace. And today, like every week, she did.

"That will do for today," he said gently, lowering his blade.

"Well done, Sharni. Remember—"

"Yes, yes—remember my footing." She beamed, ponytail bouncing as she sheathed the wooden blade into a vine-and-flower-carved scabbard. They had shaped it together, smoothed and lacquered it with care. But the sheath itself, she had made alone, with the help of her maids and her mother.

She had named it Remember, a jest in honor of his constant footwork reminders.

"Good work, Sharni!" her little sister chimed, sitting in a yellow dress atop a stump, feet swinging. She nibbled at a lemon cake, crumbs dusting her lap.

The two girls sat together now, sharing cake, watching the river flow past. Tarnadil watched them in turn—watched their joy, their ease. They were his joy, his life, his anchor. In them, he saw the quiet strength and luminous grace of their mother.

But as his gaze drifted past the riverbank to the trees beyond, his smile faded. One hand scratched irritably at his chin.

He had read Allantear's letter, spoken with her at length. They had both known something was amiss for some time. It was slow, subtle—neither could pinpoint when it began. But neither could deny it anymore.

Had truth itself shifted? Or faded?

Seldom did any sovereign or lord dare meddle in the affairs of the Arcane Elements. Each realm of Anduin had long upheld the clean separation between magic and rule... or politics.

Their histories were littered with arcane feuds and ancient battles best left buried—power attained, and the destruction that followed.

The separation had been deliberate. Arcane colleges were stripped of political and mercantile ambition. Hierarchies were flattened by design. Too much power had already drowned the world once—maybe twice, depending on which histories you read. He had seen the worry take root in Allantear's eyes. And the King—Arandel, his brother-in-law and dearest friend—had received it too. He had listened, and acted swiftly. The High King had called for a complete cessation of all further elemental research and experimentation.

But it had not been well received.

And worse—it had done nothing.

The rivers remained empty.

No fish swam.

No fireflies danced.

No birds sang in the trees.

"Come, daughters," he called, catching sight of their tutor. "It is time for your lessons."

"Make Mother smile for me," he added with a wink.

He pulled them both from their perch and settled them gently to the earth.

They were already grinning—up to their old game.

"No! I could never leave you!" Sharni cried.

"Stay, Father—stay forever!" her sister echoed.

He turned, catching the glimmer in their eyes, the mischief and devotion.

"And you," he said, bowing low with a smile, "are the heart of me."

"The very light of El'lindor."

A moment—one more golden moment—held in full before the weight of duty returned.

Tarnadil turned with a brief nod to the tutor, letting his eyes fall once more to his kingdom of green and gold. He left the flowering banks of the river and followed the breeze through wrought arches, coated in living flower and vine.

Even here, the flowers were few.

Each petal gripped to life, staring toward the soil instead of the sun above.

Tarnadil was no master of the Arcane. He could not sense it, could not trace the Weave as others did. But he could see. He could reason. And he could act.

Theirs was a world of whispers, of subtle influence. His was a world of action.

And so—he would act.

That morning, he had sent criers to every corner of the city.

Four public declarations—called out, hour by hour, for four hours straight.

A final warning.

A last plea to cease this dangerous pursuit of power.

They had tampered with something. That much was clear.

Allantear had stood in the grove at dawn, her hands pressed to the trunks of the ancient silver elms. Trees once full of light and leaf—now barren, skeletal, dying.

She held in her hands the last leaf.

It crumbled to dust before their very eyes.

She had wept there in his arms, and he had seen it pull her further from him than any road or path ever could.

His wife was a wonder, and it pained him to see her so distressed.

The arcane arts and elemental study were a loosely held network—no one holding too much sway, nor too much power. A tradition as old as the Accords itself: share wisdom, but avoid the allure of concentrated power in the hands of a few.

He took the quieter path, the longer path, the wooded path—winding with its bridges and latticework.

It avoided the cold stone and sharp noise of the market. Avoided the bustling trade stalls of the differing kin across all of Anduin.

Yet even here, it was as if the wind moved against him, as if the sun burned with the flare of the desert.

Still, it gave him a quiet breath—and another moment with his thoughts.

With each century, the blood of the First Elves thinned, and channelers grew fewer. Still, all the realms had signed on to the ancient agreement.

Elf, man, orc, short-kin or more—all were kin under Anduin's sun.

Tarnadil believed it must have been a time when the high price of such folly still cut raw.

Perhaps that was what was missing now.

Perhaps they had simply failed to remember.

He knew the draw for more dwelt deep in the marrow of every kindred in Anduin.

It was not a challenge to face—but a burden to endure.

Allantear had defined it best: our forefathers once feared destruction and tyranny. Now we fear contentment in mediocrity.

The relics of old were still here. The weapons. The banners. The books.
All once made to warn us.
Now they sat polished on mantles, hung in halls like decoration.
And worse—some who wielded them now did so in ignorance, repeating the same mistakes, cloaked in the very symbols meant to prevent them.
It likely started with one or two—Malvorn or Tearní. Their skill with the Arcane was weak compared to others. They were always hunting for more, never secure in themselves, ever chasing to fill the vapid void inside them.
But life had taught Tarnadil that names rarely mattered.
If not them, it would have been another.
The pull was constant. Eternal. In the marrow. A fault of the soul.
That was how it always started:
A few step over the line, unchecked—
Then a few more, and more still,
The line shifting amidst shadows.
The faces, the places, the races didn't matter.
It was all the same.
But he could act.
Tomorrow, he told himself, as he stepped into El'lindor's sunlit court to hear the assorted summons and pleas of the day.
Tomorrow, he would make a stand.
They had been patient enough.
Tomorrow, in line with the High King's edict, he would sit them all down and demand answers.
He would try to get them to remember...
But tomorrow—
Tomorrow would be too late.

Chapter Three - The Night That Devoured Light

“When the stars go out, it is not the sky that fails—but those who let darkness rise believing they had more time.”

– Chronicles of Anduin: Final Witness - The Fall of El'lindor

Thunder roared again, and the sky flared to life with lightning.

“What have we done?”

Allantear stood motionless on the high balcony, overlooking the white towers and courtyards of El'lindor. Her gaze was fixed on the skies above. Her face had gone pale as moonlight, her breath shallow, her soul steeped in sorrow.

In her heart, she felt it—failure. Utter and unforgiving.

The wind tore at her hair and robes. It howled with a voice not its own—sour with sickness, rife with malevolent intent. The very air felt wrong.

No one could say when it began—when the Arcane Storm had first broken through the veil and lanced the heavens. None could name its source. But all who looked upon it that night knew: This was no natural storm.

It was doom incarnate—spawned from some forgotten terror, some dread made manifest, clawing its way into the waking world.

Over El'lindor, the skies had turned.

Violet and cyan clouds spun together in a coiling tempest, crackling with power, veined with light.

Thunder roared.

Lightning fell like spears.

Sound itself trembled beneath its weight.

The storm... was alive.

And its intent was ruin.

It was so vast and wide. Arandel would see it himself, all the way from Mistfall...

More lightning lashed the heavens, and the storm began to shift.

It no longer merely hovered—it expanded.

She thought she heard whispers—or screeches—within the howling wind. Shapes moving.

Malice made form.

Below, chaos.

The city reeled.

Children wailed. Mothers wept. Families scattered, clutching hands, carrying the old, the weak, the small.

Streets once calm and dappled in song were now aflame with terror.

Men heaved carts through narrow lanes, eyes skyward. All moved with frantic purpose. Yet two hundred thousand souls cannot flee a sky turned against them.

Tarnadil had given the order to evacuate half an hour past. But how does one outrun the air itself?

Even the rain smelled wrong—bitter on the tongue, metallic in the throat.

The storm would be seen for leagues—its glow unmistakable. Mistfall would send aid. But it would take hours.

Too long.

Her daughters had been dressed quickly. Warm cloaks. Satchels of books. Boots. But there were tears in their eyes—fright, confusion. Sharni gripped her wooden training sword with white-knuckled hands, refusing to part with it.

She was her father's daughter—stubborn, resolute.

Allantear did not argue. Let the girl hold fast to what steadied her.

"Quickly, children," she said, stepping back from the open air. She lifted Ellanee into her arms and took Sharni's hand. "Your father awaits."

She had seen the strain in him—every muscle taut with the urge to run, to gather them and flee. But Tarnadil was Lord of El'lindor. His oath held him fast.

"Where is Father?" Sharni asked, her voice thin. The sword's hilt—bright with childish paint, a gift from her sister—poked awkwardly from beneath her cloak.

Before Allantear could answer, a new sound broke the air—

Screams. Piercing. Utterly primal.

She turned, breath catching.

The clouds were shifting. Taking shape.

They moved like ink in water—swirling into monstrous forms.

Faces of storm and claw. Rage made skyborne.

They descended upon the city in wrath, raking with hands not flesh, but force. Winds twisted into blades. Shade into talon. They fell upon the people like wolves.

Her youngest began to cry.

The city's guard stood their ground—line after line—but their blades found no purchase. Their strikes passed through like smoke, like illusion, and the creatures fed. They drew out breath. Warmth. Soul.

One by one, the soldiers fell—husked and hollow, bodies turning to ash and wind. Allantear turned and fled, dragging Sharni by the hand, cradling Ellanee against her chest.

Her heart thundered, but her steps did not falter.

She whispered comfort, though her voice trembled.

They ran.

Across once-hallowed courtyards, under silver-laced archways now cloaked in shadow. The city groaned around her.

The wind screamed.

And somewhere in the rising storm, she thought again:

What have we done...?

Would magic work? she wondered.

At the height of El'lindor's arcane school, a handful of Allantear's colleagues remained—figures draped in robes, eyes dimmed by dread, postures sagging beneath a weight none could name aloud. Their faces, usually proud, were now masks of quiet grief. Notably absent were her most vocal detractors—those who had scoffed at caution. But there was no time to mourn their absence.

"How many have come?" she asked, gently peeling her children from her sides. A servant ushered them away, and the girls clung to one another, wide-eyed and silent.

Allantear's gaze lingered only a moment before returning to the hall. She tugged her hair free from its ribbon—only to bind it tighter again, a habit from younger, steadier days.

"Twenty," came the reply.

"Twenty?" Her voice faltered. "Only twenty?"

So few. Had self-interest, pride, and ambition truly hollowed their courage to this degree? She had expected a hundred—surely more. Drawn by duty. By kinship. By conscience.

When had the character of her people faded into fear?

When had cowardice made its nest among them?

No answer came. None was needed.

It changed nothing.

"What do we know?" she asked, her hand falling to her hip, fingers curling beneath the long sleeves of her gown.

"Very little," said one elder. "The storm erupted just over an hour ago. It rose first—slow, then swift—growing in scale. Fifteen minutes past, it began to descend. And... the shadows began."

Allantear raised her hand.

She would not have her daughters hear more. Their young hearts had enough weight to bear.

"And can we strike at it? Shape the elements against it? Has anyone tried?"

Silence.

This was the great Arcane Circle of El'lindor—keepers of knowledge. Stewards of balance. Once.

How long had they languished in ease?

How far had they fallen into complacency?

She could barely recognize them—these scholars and sages, now reduced to bystanders, shaken and small.

Her mind strayed to Tarnadil.

He had gone to the gates.

She saw again the shadows—talons of mist and malice—rending the light from men.

"Come," she said at last. "Quickly."

And so, what remained of El'lindor's arcane strength wound its way upward—twenty souls ascending the spiral stairs to the rooftops. Wind howled through the tower's hollows. Rain spat across stone. And above them, the skies roiled with menace.

Allantear stepped into the storm.

The heavens writhed—sickly hues of violet and cyan slashing the sky. Thunder bellowed.

Across the city, clouds crawled like living things, sweeping low across rooftops, twisting through towers, devouring alley and avenue.

She cast her gaze toward the city's outer reaches—there, beyond the gates now swallowed in shadow, she saw distant shapes.

Fleeing. Surviving.

A few still had hope.

And many more still needed saving.

She closed her eyes and reached for the Weave. Gently, at first—just a thread of connection.

But it was not gentle in return.

It surged. Wild and volatile. A current too strong for bare hands.

The storm had charged the air. The elements responded not as servants, but as flames to oil.

Her arms lit with power. Her eyes glowed with searing white.

Around her, the other channelers gasped as similar energy raced through them—uncontrolled, intoxicating.

There was no time to understand it. No time to marvel or fear.

The city stood at the precipice—and ruin had already begun its work.

She turned to the wind. Others turned to rain. Some summoned water, pulling at the downpour itself. Fire and earth could not be wielded safely—but their channelers lent strength to those who could.

Together, they cast back the storm—inch by inch.

The winds slowed. Shadows curled and shrank.

The roiling dark began to falter.

The city exhaled.

“It’s working!” someone cried.

Allantear nodded slowly.

“Yes,” she whispered.

Magic would work.

But it would not be enough.

Chapter Four - Haze of Battle

"There are no clear paths in a storm. Only choices made in the half-light, and the debts they demand."

– **Chronicles of Anduin: Sorrow in Stormfall**

Tarnadil lifted another child and hoisted them gently into a saddle. The rider, tense and impatient, obeyed nonetheless—none would gainsay the Lord of El'lindor this night.

For hours now, his men had labored to shepherd the young, the infirm, the elderly—those who could not flee on their own. They could not fight the things in the storm, but they could still save lives.

Often, Tarnadil's gaze rose toward the towers, to the high rooftops of El'lindor. He knew Allantear would have their daughters safe—if such a thing were possible. She would never falter, not when duty called her as wife, as mother, as regent.

And yet, as the storm advanced—winds like knives, flashes of alien light staining the sky—he found himself wondering if any of them would escape this night alive.

Then he saw it.

A light.

Pure, arcane, defiant.

It flared above the city—on the highest rooftop—and in its heart stood his wife. Allantear, radiant, resolute, commanding the elements, pressing the storm back with the channeling might of El'lindor.

For a moment, the darkness recoiled. The winds stilled. A breath was held across the city. Then—cheers rose.

Hope, fragile and flickering, caught like fire.

"Well... look at that," he murmured to the guard beside him. "Perhaps the Weave of the Elements can strike it."

But even as the words passed his lips, the storm twisted.

It raged.

It turned—as if affronted.

As if alive.

A mind behind the cloud.

A will behind the lightning.

Allantear's elemental light flickered.

It faltered.

Its brightness waning. Its circle shrinking.

Tarnadil flinched, eyes narrowing, face draining of color.

"Keep the people moving. Get yourself—and as many as you can—out!" he ordered, voice now iron.

Then he stepped forward.

Toward the heart of his kingdom.

Toward his kin.



Tarnadil ran.

Casting off his cloak, letting it fall to the storm.

He vaulted balustrades, leapt stairs two at a time.

El'lindor was his home—but he had not run through it like this since he was a boy.

Now he ran as sovereign.

Gone was the portrayal of power.

Gone was the pressure of presence.

Only the man remained.

More lightning split the sky.

The Arcane Storm pressed close—suffocating.

The world was rain, wind, and ruin.

Then—screams.

Tarnadil turned a corner.

A creature of shadow was there.

It struck down his kinsman with incorporeal claws.

Fingers like mist.

Wounds without blood.

He had heard the screams for hours.

Now he saw the death behind them.

His hand found his sword.

But—how do you slash mist?
How do you slay a shadow?
The creature turned.
Its hollow eyes locked on him.
It shrieked—raw, rageful—and launched.
Tarnadil checked his footing.
Drew his blade.
Defiant in the face of death.
For if death came, he would not meet it cowering.
That was not his way.
Nor the way of his kin.
Nor any of Anduin.
Just as it neared him—
A blast of arcane fire smashed into the shadow.
The creature reeled and dissipated, fading into the storm.
Tarnadil turned.
A young channeler slumped against a wall—bloodied, breath shallow.
Even as Tarnadil knelt beside him, he knew the man was dying.
He gripped his hand.
“You honor me,” Tarnadil said, voice cutting through wind and rain.
“She honored you,” the mage whispered, both men looking skyward—to the light.
“To her.”
“They should have listened...”
He coughed blood.
The shadows began to gather again—more were coming.
“I’ll stay with you,” Tarnadil said quietly.
“No.”
The young mage reached for the King’s sword—
He whispered something, low and ancient—an evocation.
“Hold the light,” he said.

Tarnadil nodded, jaw clenched.

“As long as we can.

To show others the way.”

The channeler was gone before the words were finished.

His last breath taken by the wind.

His eyes locked on his ruler—his light going dim.

Tarnadil stood.

The sword now shimmered with arcane light.

He had no time to grieve.

Another shadow launched—he met it with a practiced strike.

A shriek echoed as the creature recoiled.

Then another.

And another.

He fought them all—

Broad arcs. Quick thrusts.

Each strike met shadow like fire meeting oil—

Light rejecting darkness.

Step by step.

Strike by strike—

He climbed.

And so the Lord of El'lindor pressed on.

Toward the heart of his kingdom.

Toward the light that yet remained.

Toward his kin.

Chapter Five: Ash and Final Anthems

"When the song ends, let the silence not be mistaken for surrender. It is mourning—and mourning is the measure of what was truly loved."

— Chronicles of Anduin: The Mourning Verses - Choirs of the Fallen Age

Allantear felt the world around her as if from a distance—as though it happened not to her, but to someone else.

She was soaked to the bone, buffeted by bitter winds and poisoned rain, the air thick with rot and sorrow.

And still she stood—holding back the storm.

But it was not enough.

The arcane raged through her—overwhelming, radiant, and crushing.

It surged in her blood like fire, sang in her veins like thunder.

It gave her strength... and in return, it showed her everything she was about to lose.

Tarnadil.

Her daughters. Her life.

All the golden days that would never be.

Then—voices.

She heard them. Her children.

Screaming her name.

She turned, eyes burning with tears and power alike. On the distant cliffs, she saw Arandel and his riders, frozen in helpless horror.

And below—Tarnadil, ascending. Vaulting stairs. Shadows in pursuit.

His face turned up to hers, determined, desperate.

Another mage fell beside her—collapsed or dead, she could not tell.

The bond snapped, and more of the burden passed to her.

She bore it without complaint.

Around her, others groaned in pain, eyes dimmed with sacrifice.

No one fled.

Then—something collided with her.

Two tear-streaked faces. Her daughters.

Lightning cracked the sky.

Her knees gave way—not from weakness alone, but to better hold them. To draw them

close one final time.

How she longed to wrap them in safety, to say everything a mother must say.

But there was no time.

No time at all.

Another channeler fell. And still the shadows pressed in.

She missed her mother.

She missed the sunlight.

And then—Tarnadil.

He was at her side, gathering them all into his arms.

His eyes met hers, full of love, of pain, of understanding.

He knew. And still—he did not flinch.

She tried to speak—“Tarn—I...”—but he shook his head.

“No.” He was always stubborn like that.

“We did our best, Tear—none could have known. We had our golden moments.”

There was absolution in his words. A release of a burden too large to bear.

It centered her, grounded her, shielded her from the grief that swallowed the moment.

He was right.

Allantear looked down to her children and forced a smile—a vain effort to give them some comfort.

She let the golden moment stretch. Just a breath longer.

Their children in her arms.

His hand at her back.

One last memory, held before the dark.

She looked into her daughters’ eyes.

“Do not fear, girls, for we are together,” Tarnadil said, smiling through his tears.

“We have stood at your side forever,” she said—for Tarnadil and herself both.

“You are the very heart of us.”

Their voices fell in unison:

“The last light of El’lindor.”

The words were a ritual.

Once a game.

Now a farewell.

Sharni, the elder, understood.

“Mother! No!!”

Her scream echoed across the rooftops, fading into the winds and rain of the storm.

Allantear, Queen Regent of El’lindor, Princess of Mistfall, drew upon the arcane with all that remained.

On either side, channelers fell—their strength drained, their lives spent.

But she reached deeper still: into herself, into her husband, into what remained of the leylines of the land.

And then—like a tidal wave of light—she released it.

Hope, focused through desperation, wrought in arcane chance.

Her daughters were hurled skyward, lifted by wind and will—

cast clear of the rooftops, clear of the storm,

clear of the doom that loomed behind them.

It was her last act.

Her final defiance.

Tarnadil knew then—she was gone.

He looked out as Sharni vanished into the mist, her figure carried like a promise on the wind...

His eyes searched the skies, the river, Mistfall... the vanishing points of hope.

Yet little Ellanee—

She did not make it.

His dearest, youngest—eyes upon him, tear-streaked, life and light—swallowed by the storm.

Tarnadil did not cry.

There was no breath left to carry it.

Just a silence.

Like the moment before a sword lands.

Like the world itself had exhaled—and would not inhale again.

He saw her once more beneath the silver elms—chasing butterflies, singing a song only children knew. He fell to his knees, the weight too much.

Wind and rain lashed him. He barely felt it.

He gathered Allantear into his arms—her hair wet, her skin cold, her breath already gone. He kissed her brow, laid his cheek to hers, and shielded her with all that remained of him.

The rain and baleful rage of the storm rushed in.

Lightning flashed, casting all in a strange cyan light.

Black and violet shadows rose, spiraling inward like a devouring maw.

And though he knew death stood near, he breathed steady—until the very end.

And in the distance, beneath the gaze of the High King of Mistfall—

who watched, helpless, as fate claimed his kin from the cliffs...

...the Lord and Lady of El'Lindor faded into the shadow of the storm.

Yet somewhere, in the darkness, by the hollowed riverside,

alone with her father's last lesson and her mother's last hope—

The Last Light of El'Lindor still stirred, her little hands, still clutching her wooden sword.

Thank you for reading Last Light.

**The story continues in The Chronicles of Anduin: Saga of Sundered Souls
'By the Light' – the tale of the High-Elf-Kin of the Skycity of Mistfall.**



CHRONICLES OF ANDUIN
SAGA OF SUNDERED SOULS
THE LAST LIGHT OF EL'LINDOR

Lore Keepers Chronicles:

Elven Creation Myth

.. it is said that Anduin was shrouded in darkness, and there was nothing but the swirling chaos of the raw and unchecked elements. Each element swirled and clashed against the other, creating violent storms and eruptions, flooding rivers and causing droughts, and shaking the earth to its core with endless quakes and tremors.

But out of this tumultuous beginning, the First Elves emerged, each connected to one of the four elements, each one working to harness it and bring order.

The High Elves, masters of wind, brought order and tranquillity to the tempestuous winds and chaotic air currents. They gifted flight to the world, in time soaring gracefully through the skies and surveying the realm from above. Their skin and hair were fair and their eyes sparkled with the glint of precious gemstones.

The Dark Elves, wielders of Fire, kindled warmth and light in the world, illuminating the darkness and bringing forth new life. They tamed the flickering flames and forged weapons, built grand structures, and shaped the land. Their eyes glowed with the radiance of a thousand stars.

The Sea Elves, masters of water, gifted the world with the power of oceans and rivers, shaping the shorelines and tides. In time, they became expert sailors, exploring the vast oceans above and below and discovering all the four corners of Anduin. Their eyes shone with the depth of the oceans deep.

The Desert Elves, one with the Earth, brought resilience to the world. They tamed the harsh and unforgiving desert environment, cultivating crops and erecting sturdy structures. They became master trackers and hunters, moving stealthily through the desert sands and adapting to the harsh conditions. Their eyes burning bright like fires and the light of the sun.

As the First Elves spread throughout the land, they brought with them the magic of the elements, shaping the world and creating new life. From the first Elves emerged all the other races of Anduin, each connected to one or more of the elements. They remained the guardians of the elements, preserving the balance and harmony of the world, even as other races rose to prominence.

As the endless passage of time passed, from the First Elves came all other life in Anduin. First came the Dwarves, stout and sturdy, gifted with an innate knowledge of the earth and its riches. Then the Halflings were nimble and quick, with a deep joy of life and understanding of the lands of its hidden secrets. The Orcs, fierce and strong, born of the Elves' darker impulses, and the Goblins, mischievous and cunning, born of a conniving and playful spirit. Last came the Humans, the youngest of the races, born of the First Elves' growing desire for change and progress. Humans were adaptable and ambitious, short-lived, bearing an insatiable thirst for knowledge and progress.

As each new race emerged, the First Elves watched from afar, observing their growth and evolution with a mix of fascination and growing trepidation. They knew Anduin was changing, and with it, the balance of the elements. It is said that with the passage of time, they faded from the world. In more time, their truth faded from memory, leaving but an echo of a call to maintain and uphold the delicate and fragile balance of life and the elements.

The First Elves passed on the duty of preserving the land they had helped create.

Chronicles of Anduin

History is a fragile thing – whispers and echoes of forgotten ages. What remains is not entirely truth, but the fragments of memory, twisted by time and retelling. What is believed is what is known, and yet may not be what was. What remains is too often recounted by hearts heavy with grief, written not in ink, but in ash and blood.

The First Elves and the Elemental Balance (Year 1 - 13 000).

Anduin was born from chaos—storm-torn skies, roaring seas, and quaking earth. From this fury, the First Elves emerged. Some say they were shaped by gods, others claim they rose from the elements. The High Elves built in the skies, the Dark Elves retreated into the Everdark, the Sea Elves commanded the waves, and the Desert Elves mastered the sands. They were the stewards of balance, but as all things, their glory faded into myth. Their kingdoms crumbled into silence, swallowed by time.

The New Dawn (Year 13 000 - 36, 000).

With the fall of the First Elves, the younger races rose. Humans built stone cities, dwarves carved deep into the mountains, halflings flourished in the Riverlands, while Orcs spread across barren plains, and goblins claimed the marshlands. Greed and ambition shattered the harmony the Elves once held, and from this discord, Anduin descended into chaos.

The War of the Winged Ones (Year 36 000 -39 000).

Angels and demons, ancient rivals, waged an endless and cataclysmic war that spanned thousands of years. Their conflict tore the skies asunder, their armies clashing in battles that devastated both realms. The other races could only watch and hide as these celestial beings destroyed each other, laying waste on any and all in their path. In the end, neither side claimed victory, their empires reduced to ruin, with their peoples dispossessed, estranged and aloof, scattered across the face of Anduin, scarred and silent in the aftermath.

Rise of the Undying (Year 39,000 - 41,000).

From shadow, ash, and ice, the Vampire Lords rose from the frozen north. Lost initially to madness in an insatiable hunger, they swept across the land, enslaving realms. Yet, the Elves prevailed, and sanity was returned, which quelled the undead's' ravenous thirst. Their madness abated, clarity returned, and with it, a fragment of reason. They withdrew to the north, falling once more under the rule of the Undying Lord of Gravensteen at the heart of an icy empire.

The Great Sundering (Year 41 000)

Anduin shattered. Arcane storms, earthquakes, and volcanic fury tore the land apart. Magic, once controlled, turned wild and unhinged. Cities vanished, swallowed by earth or drowned by seas. Arcane storms raged, birthing horrors like the Storm Stalkers, creatures of pure destruction. The Grey Order rose, scouring ruins for lost knowledge, artifacts and secrets - ever seeking to restore balance, but the task seemed futile. They were not fast enough...

The Kinslayer Wars (Year 1 AS - Present).

Now, a new age dawns, and Anduin knows only war. The Kinslayer Wars rage as the races, driven by desperation, fight for survival. The Sundering has scarred the land, with luminous magic nodes and ley-lines leaking arcane energy, pulsing with untapped power. Peace lies in ruin as each looks to their own, the elemental balance shattered, and magic—once a source of strength—now threatens to consume everything. Arcane storms sweep unchecked across the land, leaving destruction in their wake. What was once a world of wonder and fairness has become a grim graveyard in waiting, where even the noblest are pushed to the brink. As the Arcane Storm draws closer with every sighting, hope falters, and the age-old bonds of kinship and fellowship splinter with each passing moment.

All were left asking themselves, and one another, will you survive the coming storms?

Dramatis Vitae El'lindor:

Allantear

Queen Regent, Lady of El'lindor

Once a wide-eyed girl beneath the silver elms, now the steadfast steward of El'lindor. A gifted wind-channeler whose wisdom and warnings went unheeded. Mother of Sharni and Ellanee, and heart of the city's final stand.

Tarnadil

King Regent, Lord of El'lindor

Husband to Allantear. A man of quiet strength and simple convictions. Though no wielder of the Arcane, he bore the weight of leadership with unflinching resolve and stood as sword and shield in the city's last hours.

Sharni

Eldest Daughter of Allantear and Tarnadil

A spirited child of seven, stubborn and bright-eyed. Gifted a wooden training sword by her father, she would come to carry far more than she understood on the night the storm fell.

Ellanee

Youngest Daughter of Allantear and Tarnadil

Joyful and innocent, full of wonder. Her laughter was a song of El'lindor's peace—one that would not outlast the storm.

Arandel

Ruler of all High-Elf-Kin, High-King of Mistfall, Brother to Allantear

Ruler of the High-Elf-Kin. Wise, measured, and bound by duty. His edict to halt Arcane expansion came too late to save the city—but not too late to carry its legacy forward.

The Arcane Council of El'lindor

A body of scholars and channelers

Keepers of elemental study and stewards of the Arcane. Once revered for their knowledge, they grew complacent—and some, ambitious. It was their overreach that fractured the balance and awakened the storm.

Channelers

Arcane wielders of El'lindor

Mages of water, wind, and flame who served not as warriors, but as attuners to the natural elements. Many gave their lives resisting the Arcane Storm in a final, desperate act of defiance.

The Arcane Storm

A sentient tempest of elemental corruption

Born of imbalance, hunger, and forgotten limits. It was not merely weather—but will. Its fall marked the first true unraveling of the world.

Glossary:

El'lindor

A sanctuary-city of the High-Elf-Kin

Nestled within the ancient Hallowed Grove, El'lindor was not built for conquest, but for harmony. Its homes grew from living wood, its walkways woven from root and vine. A place of balance between magic, memory, and nature—until the Arcane Storm came.

Mistfall

Capital of the High-Elf-Kin

A skybound city of alabaster towers and cascading waterfalls, ruled by High King Arandel. Mistfall stood as a beacon of peace and culture among the elven realms, removed from the earth but ever watchful. It is from here that the edict was given—too late to save El'lindor.

Hallowed Grove

The ancient woodland cradle of El'lindor

A sprawling, sacred forest steeped in elemental memory. Its trees whispered with old songs, its roots entwined with leylines. It spans from El'lindor to Mistfall itself and surrounds.

Seelie Falls

The source of Mistfall's waters and magic

Glorious waterfalls fed by the ley-fed highlands, said to sing with ancient Arcane resonance. Considered sacred by the High-Elf-Kin, and central to the balance once maintained by both Mistfall and El'lindor.

The Arcane Storm

A sentient tempest of corrupted magic

No ordinary storm—it hungered. Twisting the elements into ruin, it descended with violet skies and spectral forms. The first of its kind, it marked the end of an age and the beginning of the sundering.

The Trade Accords

A thousand-year pact of peace and shared prosperity

Forged among all the kin of Anduin—elf, dwarf, halfling, man, orc, and goblin—the Accords bound the realms in mutual trust, trade, and restraint. They are the fragile thread that held a fractured world together—until the storm made liars of every promise.

The Arcane Council

Governing body of magical study in El'lindor

A circle of scholars sworn to preserve balance between the elemental forces and elvenkind. Over centuries, they drifted from humility to ambition—tampering with power once only remembered in songs of warning.



CHRONICLES OF ANDUIN
SAGA OF SUNDERED SOULS
THE LAST LIGHT OF EL'LINDOR

Saga of Sundered Souls Series

Chronicles of Anduin – Saga of Sundered Souls is a collection of interwoven tales (novellas) set in the mystic world of Anduin, a land ravaged by the Arcane Storms. The stories explore the lives of its inhabitants as they struggle to survive, rebuild, and face the consequences of living in a world forever altered by magic. At the heart of these narratives is resilience, as characters seek hope, redemption, and sometimes vengeance.

These are not mere tales of triumph. In Anduin, survival demands a piece of your soul, and victory or even just survival must be paid for in blood, perseverance, and unrelenting sacrifice. Every decision leaves its mark, carving scars into a fragile land. Prepare yourself for a journey into a world both wondrous and cruel, where every choice reverberates across the fragile tapestry of a broken land. These stories demand your participation—as you piece together the shattered mosaic of a world at war with itself, and reflect on your own choices as you ask yourself:

Shadow & Starlight

In the depths of the Everdark, the dark-elf-kin wrestle with legacy, betrayal, and power long buried beneath the roots of the world. *Shadow & Starlight* follows their rise, rebellion, and the choices that cast light or shadow across the realm.

Dark-Elf-Kin

Stone & Steel

High in the frostbitten peaks, the dwarf-kin of Highrock rise to meet the storm in ships of iron and will. *Stone & Steel* follows the forging of Skyhammer—a daring venture into the heart of chaos—and the steadfast hearts who refuse to be forgotten.

Dwarf-Kin

By the Light

In the ancient spires of Mistfall, the high-elves stand as guardians of wisdom and balance, their light flickering in the face of storm-born ruin. *By the Light* is a tale of grief, duty, and the fragile strength of compassion in a world unraveling.

High-Elf-Kin

Mist & Moonlight

In the haunted mists of the Riddermark Marsh, the goblin-kin live close to magic, memory, and one another. *Mist & Moonlight* tells the story of Saandar and Nessie—of kinship, courage, and the cost of becoming more than what the world expects.

Goblin-Kin

Smooth Sands

In the gilded shadows of the Sunken Arena, the desert-elves survive by wit, beauty, and ruthless grace—trading in secrets, spice, and silence. *Smooth Sands* is a tale of elegance and resistance, where coin, kindness, and courage each carry a price seeking sanctuary.

Desert-Elf-Kin

Stand Strong

Among the blood-forged pavilions of Darmass, Warlord Krathas must unite a scattered kin under one banner of survival. *Stand Strong* is a saga of defiance, loyalty, and the unbreakable will to protect what remains—because sometimes, strength is the only answer left.

Ork-Kin

Virtue & Valor

In the sunlit halls of Valanon, honour holds fast even as the world falls apart. *Virtue, Valour, Victory* is a story of love, legacy, and the courage it takes to let go when the world demands too much.

Human-Kin

Wind & Water

Beneath the tides of Laantis, the sea-elf-kin tend coral groves and sing to the storms, their lives interwoven with the ocean's rhythm. *Wind & Water* is a story of reverence and resolve—of beauty, grief, and the rising defiance of those who will not let the sea be poisoned by silence.

Sea-Elf-Kin

Hearth & Harvest

Among fields now blackened by arcane storms, the short-kin of the Twin Towns cling to roots that run deeper than despair. *Hearth & Harvest* is a story of quiet strength, community, and the unyielding belief that home is worth rebuilding—even when the world says otherwise.

Halfling-Kin

Life & Death

the Undying now haunt the frozen halls of Gravensteen—bound by a curse born of sacrifice. *Service in Life – Service in Death* follows Draven and Sylvarna as they grapple with the cost of eternal vigilance and the dark truths it awakens.

Undying

Kinslayers Skirmish Wargame

TABLETOP SKIRMISH ROLEPLAY WARGAME

STAND AGAINST THE STORMS - FIGHT FOR SURVIVAL - SAVE YOUR PEOPLE



YOUR LEADER - YOUR WARBAND - YOUR MINIATURES - YOUR WAY



Kinslayers gives you the freedom to use any miniatures you own or create. Whether you field classic fantasy warriors, hand-sculpted champions, or converted creatures, your models bring your warband to life. Dust off your collection, or fire up the 3D printer. Build, paint and create your own story on the battlefield.



Forge a fellowship that suits your playstyle. Choose from diverse factions, each with unique strengths, abilities, and lore. Will you command disciplined knights, cunning rogues, or monstrous hordes? Customize your warbands traits, and tactics, then lead them into battle in skirmishes filled with brutal combat and strategic depth.



Every battlefield is a story waiting to unfold so tell yours, your way. Create your own custom scenarios tailored to your group. Whether you fight for glory, vengeance, or survival, your not locked into alignment here. *Kinslayers* gives you the freedom to shape your journey—your choices, your tactics, and let your legacy become legend.

Will You Survive the Coming Storm?

Welcome to *Kinslayers – Fall of the Arcane Storms*, a dark fantasy tabletop wargame where you will forge your own warband of champions and fight for honor, glory, and the survival of your people.

Set in a world torn by war and the lingering wrath of the Arcane Storms, *Kinslayers* blends high magic, tactical combat, and narrative-driven play. The choices you make will lead your people to victory and survival—or to ruin, fading into the lost pages of history.

Ten races battle for supremacy and shelter in a shattered land, including High Elves, Dark Elves, Desert Elves, Sea Elves, Halflings, Dwarves, Goblins, Orcs, Humans, and the Undying. The world of Anduin is fraught with peril, yet not beyond redemption—alliances can be forged, legacies can be rebuilt, and those with courage may still shape the fate of the world.

Kinslayers is a Universal Skirmish Wargame with light role play elements that provides the ultimate experience in player customization. You choose your leader, customize your warband, name each member, and, most importantly, use your own miniatures. The game provides a balanced system of strategy and combat, with dynamic terrain, elemental magic, and ever-changing threats to test even the boldest commanders.

See you in the lands of Anduin— may your spellcraft and stratagems win the day!

CHRONICLES OF ANDUIN
SAGA OF SUNDERED SOULS
THE LAST LIGHT OF EL'LINDOR

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UNLEASH YOUR LEADER

Kinslayers is built around the power and presence of **your leader**, the champion of your warband and a figure of myth in the world of Anduin. More than just a powerful warrior or spellcaster, your leader is the driving force behind your warband's journey, shaping both the battlefield and the unfolding narrative.

With **unparalleled customization**, players craft a leader entirely their own—choosing their **name, background, alignment, fighting style, and magical affinity**. Whether a dwarven forge-master wielding earth magic, a high elven mage bathed in divine light, or a goblin necromancer casting curses, **every leader is unique**. Each warband follows a **Hero or Villain**, a being with the **blood of the First Elves**, whose **magic and decisions** shape their warriors' fate. Masters of the arcane, these leaders wield immense influence on the battlefield. Whether as fierce barbarians, cunning rogues, noble paladins, or hardened warriors; as spellcasting wizards, sorcerers, warlocks, druids, or clerics; or as resourceful rangers, charismatic bards, elusive sellswords, enlightened mystics, devoted healers, or knowledgeable scholars—or something else entirely, Kinslayers has you covered, **your path is yours, and yours alone**.

Kinslayers enhances customization through a **Leader Template**, allowing players to craft a unique commander from the ground up. Using **Favors, Flaws, and Form**, leaders gain distinct abilities and weaknesses, shaping their role in combat. Each leader can also **Fuse** with one of the six elemental schools of magic, wielding powerful spells, managing **Channeled Mana**, and even manipulating terrain to their advantage. Every leader is bound to **renown**, forging a legacy through battle and collecting **Shards of the Past**—remnants of fallen foes that shape their legend. With **limitless possibilities**, who will you become? Will your leader rise as a **savior, a conqueror, or something in between**.

Forge your legend. Lead your warband. Leave your mark on Anduin.



FORGE YOUR FELLOWSHIP

Kinslayers is built on the foundation of ultimate player creativity and customization. Unlike traditional wargames with rigid factions, Kinslayers gives players total control over their warbands—choosing not only their units but also their leader, backstory, and style of play. Whether leading a disciplined force of knights, a mercenary band of outcasts, or an undead legion bound by old oaths and dark sorcery, the world of Anduin is yours to shape.

Kinslayers offers five core **unit types**—Infantry, Rangers, Lancers, Cavalry, and Mages—each with its own strengths and playstyle. However, these roles are not locked to a single race or archetype. A Ranger may be a human longbowman, a goblin blow-darter, or an elven spell-archer. Cavalry may ride horses, dire wolves, or massive war beetles. The choice is entirely yours. **Warbands are assembled with a point-based system**, balancing unit tiers and abilities to create a force tailored to each player's vision. To add depth, players can also designate a **Bard**, a unique unit capable of **Spellsinging**, weaving magic into battle through song and melody.

Beyond combat, the **Warrior Template** allows players to develop individual units beyond their stats—giving them names, hometowns, alignments, and personal goals, reinforcing the rich storytelling that sets Kinslayers apart. With deep tactical gameplay and the freedom to forge a warband from the ground up, **Kinslayers is not just a battle—it's your story**. Will you build a band of noble defenders, ruthless marauders, or something entirely your own? The choice is yours.



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Sculpting Legends of Kinslayers

A picture paints a thousand words, and in *The Alchemist's Alcove*, legends of Kinslayers take form.

While the game is designed to be a **universal skirmish wargame**, allowing players to use their own vast miniature collections, the world of **Anduin** is also being brought to life through a **growing collection of custom STL sculpts**.

Working with a skilled sculptor, over **20 unique characters** have been crafted, representing **the rulers**, of the **Kingdoms of Anduin**, we will even have a **Shadow Hound**. Originally designed at **75mm scale** to oversee battles from the sidelines, these sculpts proved too striking to remain spectators.

Adjusted for **32mm scale**, they now stand ready to **step onto the battlefield themselves**. Each STL will be **released in time when ready via Kickstarter**, providing players the opportunity to bring these characters to life in their own collections. Every release will also be **linked to a painting competition**, inviting the **community to showcase** their creativity by painting and staging these legendary figures in stunning displays.



Arandel Nethwein



Miladriel Nethwein



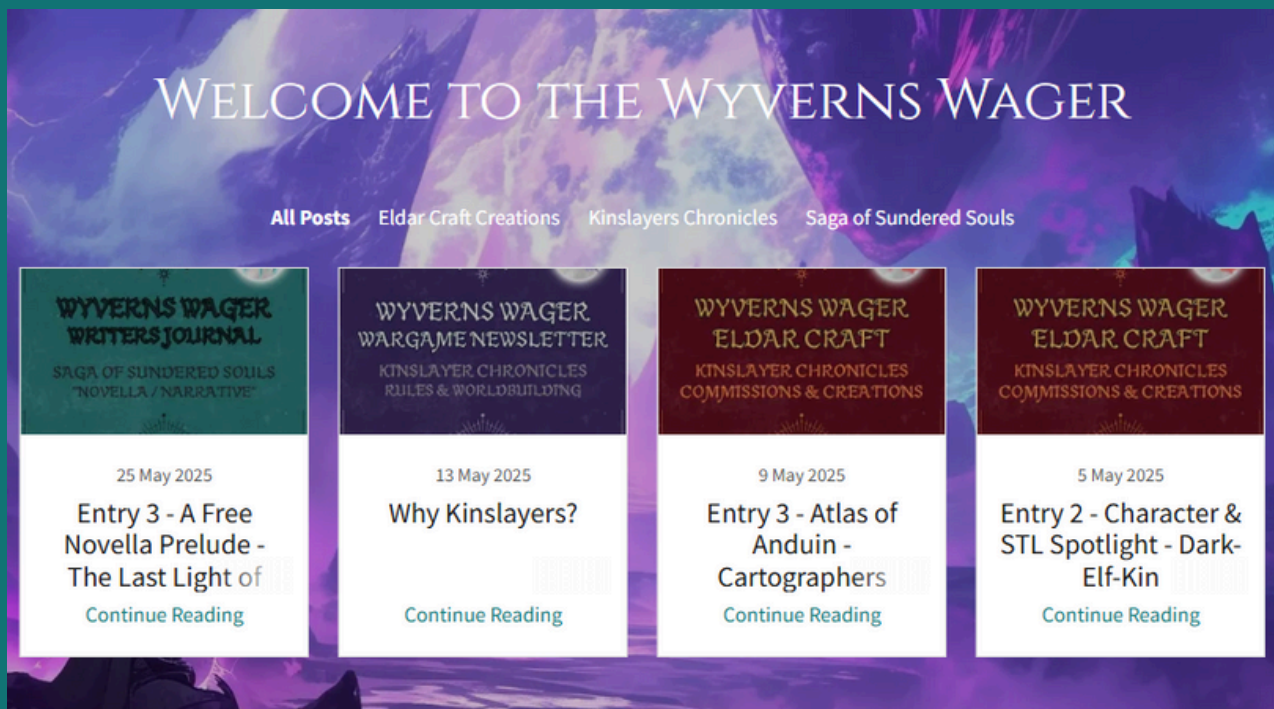
Kraven Shar'Karn



Lilliar Alvina Shar'Karn

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Wyverns Wager Newsletter



Stormfall - The Official Soundtrack

STORMFALL - THE OFFICIAL SOUNDTRACK



The **Kinslayers Soundtrack - Storm Fall** sets the atmospheric tone for the world of Anduin, with an immersive musical journey crafted by the talented team at **Planet Instrumental**. This soundtrack is a deeply thematic and cinematic experience, capturing the essence of each faction in the game, the looming dread of the Arcane Storm, and the mysterious forces that threaten the land. Each track in Storm Fall is dedicated to a specific race or faction, reflecting their unique culture, struggles, and power. From the heroic anthems of the High Elves to the haunting melodies of the Dark Elves, the soundtrack paints a vivid auditory landscape, setting the mood for each battle, exploration, and lore within Kinslayers: Fall of the Arcane Storms.

The Kinslayers Main Theme, a sweeping composition that embodies a world on the brink. It captures the struggle of facing a dark horizon, the sorrow of paradise lost, and the flicker of hope that refuses to fade. Rising with intensity, the track sets the tone for the unfolding saga—where warbands clash, alliances shift, and destiny is forged in the shadow of the storm echoing the trials of a world teetering on the edge.

The Storm Fall soundtrack is designed to be more than just background music—it's a key part of the storytelling, enveloping players in the dark fantasy world of Anduin and enhancing the narrative experience of Kinslayers.

Vlaan



Vlaan is the creator of *Kinslayers: Fall of the Arcane Storms* and author of *The Chronicles of Anduin: A Saga of Sundered Souls*—two interwoven works set in the mythical realm of Anduin, a world born of chaos and shaped by resilience. *Kinslayers* celebrates creativity, character-driven play, and the freedom to forge a leader and warband as unique as the player behind it. The *Saga* is steeped in moral complexity, quiet defiance, and the high cost of survival. Vlaan’s work explores heroism, sacrifice, and the enduring thread of hope that flickers even in the heart of the storm.

A seasoned traveler, he has explored over 36 countries, drawing inspiration from ancient histories, wild landscapes, and timeless myths. With a background in the Army Reserves, contract law, and child protection, his stories carry purpose, weight, and emotional depth. He lives in a blue house by the ocean with a white picket fence, alongside his wife and three children. There, in that quiet corner of the world, he crafts tales of adventure, courage, and hope—for young warriors, old souls, wounded healers, and dreamers alike.

Follow the Journey:


<https://kinslayerschronicles.com/>

<https://www.youtube.com/@KinslayersChronicles>

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THE ACCORDS WERE
SEALED. THE SWORDS
LAID TO REST. BUT PEACE
—UNRAVELED, NOT IN
FIRE, BUT IN SILENCE.
THEN CAME THE STORM.