

Chronicle History 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 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 any and all in their path. In the end, neither side claimed victory, their empires reduced to ruin, with their peoples dispossed, estranged and aloof, scattered across the face of Anduin, scarred and silent in the aftermath.

Rise of the Undead Vampire Lords (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, offering an elixir to quell the Undeads' ravenous thirst. Their madness abated, clarity returned, and with it, a fragment of reason. They withdrew to the north, building their stronghold of Gravensteen at the heart of an icy empire. To this day, many remain haunted by the lingering tales of terror and the shadows of their wrath.

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, 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 battlefield, where even the noblest are pushed to the brink. With each new sighting of the coming Arcane Storm, hope slips further from reach.

