



Chronicles of History of Everdark

"To the children of the dark—the dark-of-kin—shadow was not to be feared, but embraced and understood. For only within its depths could truth be fully known, and then light be adequately defended, set free, and safeguarded to truly shine."

— The Chronicles of Anduin: Darkfae of the Everdark

The Descent Below (Year 12,500 - 15,000 Before Sundering)

Once, all elves walked beneath the open sky, but as divisions grew, the Dark Elves chose the depths. They carved their dominion into the Everdark, building Oakendark, a city of black marble and bioluminescent beauty. Here, they embraced the unknown, thriving in the shadows beneath the world.

The War of Blades and Poison (Year 15,000 - 20,000 B.S.)

Their society was built on blade and poison—martial prowess and dark statecraft. Every citizen honed their skills, not for vanity, but survival. Rivalry strengthened them, ensuring the Everdark's rulers were the most cunning and capable.

When war came, it was not from within, but above. The High Elves, threatened by their kin's growing power, sought to reclaim the Everdark. What followed was a war fought in whispers and steel, assassins and shadows. It was during this time that the first Driders emerged—warriors who bound their fates to the spiders of the deep, reshaping their forms to better navigate the darkness.

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

Even as the war with the surface waned, the heavens burned. The War of the Winged Ones—a conflict between Angels and Demons—tore through the skies, shaking the world. The Everdark did not take sides. They watched as celestial empires crumbled, waiting for the dust to settle. When the war ended, it was not in victory, but in ruin.

The Great Sundering and the Isolation of the Everdark (Year 41,000 - 1 A.S.)

Then came the Sundering. Arcane storms and earthquakes shattered the land. The Dark Elves, ever cautious, sealed their tunnels, cutting themselves off from the chaos above. Trade with the Deep Dwarves continued, but beyond that, they became a legend, a whisper in the dark.

Yet, isolation brought stagnation. Without opposition, even the keenest blade grows dull. The Dark Elves saw that survival was not enough—they needed challenge, conflict, something to test their strength. And so, the gates of Oakendark creaked open once more.

The Kinslayer Wars and the Return to the Surface (Year 17 A.S. Present)

Now, as Anduin is torn apart by endless war, the Dark Elves rise once more—not to conquer, but to sharpen themselves. They have seen what isolation brings, and they will not be bound by it again. The surface world is weak, fractured by its own folly. The Everdark remains strong.

The time has come for the the Dark Elf Kin to walk upon the surface once more.