



Last Council Meeting of the Accords.  
Year Six Since the Fall of the Arcane Storms

This is the final entry from the High Elven Court, recorded by the High Lord Astarel Melanthor, Chronicler of Mistfall. It is my duty to report the end of the "Accords" the thousand year long agreement between all races that brought peace the realms. Today marks the end of an era. The end of trust, peace and prosperity. The end of unity and fellowship amongst the free races of Anduin.

The Great Sundering, has torn the world asunder, unleashing unspeakable horrors upon the land. Arcane storms ravage the skies, creatures of darkness roam the land, The skies turned a sickly purple, and bolts of energy crackle through the air. Earthquakes tore the earth apart, sandstorms buried entire cities, and solar flares scorched the land. Volcanoes erupted, sending rivers of molten lava flowing through the streets. In the north, sharp blizzards of ice decimated.

The Kinslayers War, a conflict that had simmered for millennia between the High Elves and the Dark Elves, had erupted into a full-blown war of attrition. The once-great sky-cities of the High Elves were now in ruins, while many of the subterranean cities of the Dark Elves lay similarly ravaged, their caverns collapsing in on themselves.

The Desert Elves saw their sand-covered cities swallowed by the shifting dunes and the Sea Elves watched as their underwater kingdoms were destroyed by raging currents. The Halflings lost their idyllic peaceful homesteads, the Dwarves we believe are now lost beneath their great underground halls. Humans watched as their castles fall into the seas and cities were reduced to rubble. The Goblins and Orcs saw their tribes decimated unable to outrun the devastation. Even the Undead, locked in the frozen north with the powers of the dark arts see their numbers fade and dwindle.

Many had stopped presenting to the Elven Court altogether, instead opting to raid and steal from their former allies. The bonds of fellowship and alliance that had existed for millennia were broken. Order was lost, and with it, hope. Civilizations were falling, the fate of each race now hanging in the balance.

I, Astarel Melanthor, in recording these final minutes, can only weep and lament what is lost and that this will likely be the last entry. The future is uncertain, yet I fear the end is nigh, and all that is left is to wait for this final darkness to swallow the world...

High Lord Astarel Melanthor,

Head Scribe and Chronicler

High Elves of Mistfall

