

# DUEROL'S HISTORY

## OF THE AGE OF FINAL CREATIONS (20,000,000 – 5,000,000 BC)

As the gods' age had come to pass, a new age begun, the Age of Final Creations. The age which in the gods began to complete what they had created, and create some more. This age was one of new beginnings, and some finishing touches.

By the year 20,000,000 BC, the gods had already built the four main races, the Erelдор, the Humans, the White Elves and the High elves, though both the latter and the one before are elves (and so are the Erelдор, to be precise), they were counted as three different races, at the time, at least.

The gods worked for over a million years over the making of the next lot of beings, the dwarves (19,000,000), or has they called them, Dezonshes, or in a fast translation to the common tongue, Smallish. These were meant to serve the races as men-at-arms, smithies, armoires, and other hand labors. But, some gods took the creatures as something just as good as the others, and so, they went to be the Dwarf Gods. Once the other gods saw these brothers of theirs turn to be dwarf gods, some turned to their own favored races. And so the gods broke the directions given to them by the Five.

As these years past, the humans grew smarter, some learned the ways of the steel, some now knew the ways of the magic, and so, they began to look much, much better in the eyes of the overly developed races. The north men broke their land to four kingdoms; the Northern Realm, the Southern Realm, the Western Realm and the Eastern Realm. This meant war.

### The First North War (19,000,000 BC)

Once the northern men broke their land to the four realms, they found each other less and less alike themselves. The first war of Duerol took flight.

The war took place on three fronts, the Worhes (a great land of mountains at the north of the Eastern Realm) Border, the Hills of Niren (a small fiefdom at the time, now ruled by house Blanmont), and the River Echo.

The fighting was between two parties, the Northern Realm and the Southern Realm, against the Western and the Eastern Realms.

This writing is part of a book by a northern historian name Lenkly Londoren:

*I was there, I saw the burning of the fields, I saw the spark of the metal swords, I saw the death.*

*But for all that I did see on the fields of battles, I missed hundreds of other battles. I saw the battle of Echo Pass, and the battle of the Latter Echo. My shining scale mail, on it the embedded sign of King Wollid, of the Northern Realm, kept me somewhat safe, from the arrows at least, but as I took the field, on foot, with my friends and comrades in arm, I knew that the mail kept safe for a couple of minutes, I knew that I would not be safe for the battle. And we were outnumbered, three to one. We came out to the field with only thirty thousand men, they had eighty thousand.*

*We had made a song the night before, though I did not remember it fully, I sang, and loud. It seemed to scare some of them off, we could see a whole section of their army depart, running. How wrong we were.*

*I was a soldier of Lord Hummerd, he lost his lands, and family, and life that war, and he was no more.*

*Their right section was on us in mere seconds, flanking us from all the sides. I saw doom.*

*I heard a loud flap of wings, but it was coming from behind us, 'Damn it,' I said to myself; 'if that's their darned dragon, we lost.' But I was wrong.*

*I saw a slender being on that dragon, an elf, a White Elf to be precise.*

*The fields burned, and we took heavy damage, but they took heavier damage. Now I could see more than three dragons in the sky. I smiled and said to my friends, 'well, saved by some thin elves, eh?'*

*We regrouped and took out one of their squads, how good I felt after that.*

*We heard the call that let us know the final result of the battle; we heard it and we rejoiced, 'FOREVER BY SWORD!'"*

*-Lenkly Londoren*

The war came to a finish in the Battle of the Echo's Rest. This small town was the host to the final battle, which took place at the footsteps of their own town gates.

The battle was going all along at the favor of the East-Westerns, but at the end, the tactics of the Northern guerilla, took the field.

The warriors of the north we're adapted to this field, and they came out from the Riverslide Woods, taking the field easily and swiftly.

The Northern and Southern Realms took the field, and the war.

What the war gave them was, well, nothing, only a few more miles of land, and more people to tax.

*AS YOU CAN PROBABLY SEE, ALL THOUGH THE YEARS PAST, THE RACES GOT NOWHERE NEAR TO CREATING FIREARMS, OR ANY FUELS. THIS IS BECAUSE OF THE WAY THE FIVE BUILT THE LAND, THERE WAS NO NEED FOR THE GUNPOWDER, AND SO IT WAS NEVER CREATED. –RONI.*

The north, after that long war (taking place from – 19,000,000 BC – 18,999,831 BC), was at peace. All saw this as a tentative state, but what we know from the gods, tells us different. The gods kept the order in the north for the next twenty million years, mainly by sending psionic messages to the leaders

The southern humans fared much, much worse.

They built their land as a land of polis cities, ruled by councils, but mainly by mercenary clans (*THAT STAYS EVEN UNTIL TODAY.*)

Back then the main clans were: Wenooth, Qern, and Lemee.

These clans, during the next thousands of years, spread all the way to the land of Okol, where they took over the polis towns run by the High elves. The high elves were not ones for war, and so, they grinned and nodded.

These clans were, and still are, known for their huge armies. And their inter clan wars. Some wars took part on huge mountains, were hundred of thousands of men fought.

They were the strongest force of Duerol and they remain so.

As the years past, and it seemed that the gods were creating more and more, but even then, they held the growing of the other races at bay, not only physically, but

also governmentally, and so, the ruling methods were held at bay, and no wars were taking place at Duerol, this long age was name: Age of the Weak. For later people thought that the state which they lay in made their rulers weak cowards.

By the year 7,500,100 BC (approximately), the Age of the Weak was over, and the first war in over eleven million years was taking place; The Second North War.

### **The Second North War (7,500,100 BC)**

This war was a release of steam, for this war took place because of the long peace. And as we all know, peace is a state between two wars. This war was between some of the newer house and the elder houses. The four main ones were: Ranster, Mardchester, Elkwood and Sendry.

The new houses wanted their own kingdoms, and this war (or state of non-peace) gave them time to shake the peasants of the bigger kingdoms against their rulers, and weaken the powers of the great house's armies.

This was the bloodiest war Duerol had seen till then.

This is a writing found in the area of the Mardchester camp, about twenty years after the battle of Wildfall, it was written by Ser Morl Narki:

*Day 1, Early Noon:*

*I woke this morning with a bad feeling in my stomach, that last night we had been raided, and we lost about fifty men, and now we can see forces of men rising in the horizon, that sea of blue-gray strikes much fear into the heart of me.*

*The Lord Commander spook with us this morning, with his knights, his knights. He told us that it will be a few more hours until we engage in battle.*

*He also told us that we are soon to get a dragon reinforcement, but they have twenty at the least. I feel my breakfast coming up now...*

*Day 1, Late Noon:*

*Damn them!*

*They are marching at us, those foul Elkwoods, may the Northern Gods keep us safe, and may they take our enemies down with power!*

*Day 2, Late Morning:*

*We won! We sent them running, and it seems I slept late this morning, well, I deserve it! My men and I took their mightiest dragon down!*

*Day 2, Early Evening:*

*Damn it! They are back! And fully at power! We might as well run away, but we can't, we weren't sent here to fight and win, we were sent to die, damn it!*

*Well, I'll fight! This is my home! And I shan't surrender!*

That battle was won by the Elkwoods, and all the Mardchester forces were eliminated, all sixty thousand.

By the end of the war, five new kingdoms were risen, Do'Ef (Mardchester), Lanis (Sendry), Nowkul (Nowkul), Riven (Riven), Alans (Wintermont).

While all this takes place, the gods start the making of a new waves of races, smaller ones, and less important than the main races.

By the year of 5,000,000 BC, the gods are already in their passive 'mode', they have completed the creations they were assigned to make, and now they have to look after those creations.

And so, comes the Age of Final Creations to an end.