

A History of Kolanor

from Id Gythradyr
to the Shadows of the Pogrom

as scribed by the Sons of Loralin

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It was much to my amazement that I happened to stumble across a collection of ancient texts in the depths of Symerthan's Lair. She was not supposed by many to be concerned with such novel trinkets as these. Somehow, it seemed that those many decades of terror she had turned on the many local villages may have been fruitful after all.

Due to the very nature of the texts themselves, I had to disguise their true worth from my comrades until we were well away from the ancient realms of Graerbythe. Thankfully, they never inquired into why I insisted on hauling the scrolls, books, and papers back to my humble home.

It has now been several years since that day and, unfortunately, only one of my fellows survives. In the end, they all had done their part to help enlighten some of the infinite gaps in the work I faced. It is with great devotion that I dedicate this collection of tales to my loyal companions, wherever they may be. Rest well and be happy.

The text itself, as hinted at before, is a collection of several other works, their authors long ago having dwindled into the very history they were preserving. I have taken some liberties, where I felt necessary, to augment the original accounts and to make the reading of the past less difficult. I am sure many scholars shall find fault in this work, but then, what have they to show in comparison?

This then, A History of Kolanor, I present to you, noble reader. From the tale of our world's genesis to as recent as my pen could take me laid before you in words both new and old. It is my hope that someday, the tales of tomorrow shall be added.

Lyneda Balree~

Humble Servant of Gespown

Background material from the Kolanor Campaign world

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for more on Kolanor, visit <http://www.bardsabode.com/kolanor.html>

Id Gythradyr ~ The Beginning

The beginning was Echanyr, Dekalla, and Fraeteri. Beings created from the waste of Entropy's work, they sought to bring order. To preserve the eternal existence, they created Kolanor. In Kolanor, there was to be order. The order would be strengthened to preserve it from Entropy. Entropy would seek to weaken the order.

Thus begins the ancient tale of Kolanor's creation. Following the death throes of a dying universe, Entropy had consumed nearly everything in its infinite hunger. Just beyond the limits of its perception were small, meaningless motes drifting through the great void. Having found nothing else to sate its desire, Entropy slipped into a restless hibernation.

Over countless eons, the chaotic rolling of the sleeping destroyer provided motion to the particles which survived only by chance of their minuscule significance. As Entropy wrestled against dreams of hunger, the meaningless motes began to coalesce and swirl together.

The first was Echanyr. The One King was born of the flotsam of a forgotten age and some small portion of this knowledge was with him from the beginning. Aware of the Eternal Enemy's slumber, Echanyr carefully traveled the random winds of the void, guiding and gathering the motes, helping to give birth to others like him.

Thus were the Garydrini formed. With stealth they gathered, recognizing how vulnerable they would be should Entropy wake. In whispers, they spoke as other Garydrini were formed and joined the growing host. They could not hope to defeat Entropy in his realm for he would merely consume the weakest of their number, growing in strength until they were all destroyed and the void would be quiet once more. Long did they discuss this matter before deciding on a course of action.

Under the leadership of Echanyr, the Garydrini set forth to create a new universe. In darkness they labored, forming the worlds which new life would inhabit. On each world, the great creators introduced beings of every sort, leaving them in lifeless slumber until the appointed time. All was going well and some began to grow bold in their impending success.

Fraeteri lifted his voice to Arkedylus, one of the last to be formed and therefore lacking in the knowledge of the past age, saying, "The mighty Echanyr has done a great thing, leading us to this great creation. Let none challenge his rule as the One King. 'Tis a pity that none could properly show him the respect he is due." Seeing that the young Arkedylus was rapt in his words, he continued. "Though he leads us to create such beauty, this realm is a dark place. Too much is hidden from our eyes. It would be a greater thing still to reveal in full the wonders that we have created and, in so doing, give our proper respects to Echanyr."

The young Arkedylus smiled at these words, saying, "I shall go forth, in honor of Echanyr, and bring about the revelation of his

wonderful craft." He then set out in secret, going about his plan to bring glory to Echanyr.

In time, Echanyr's plan drew near completion. He silently gathered the Garydrini into the Halls of Kouldoon, a fortress wherein they could feast and talk openly, without fear of disturbing the restless slumber of the great enemy. Giving the Garydrini final instructions, they were to set out and complete the creation of a new age, an age that would imprison Entropy and be preserved for eternity.

Graxys' voice rose above the celebratory feast, "Who here has seen Arkedylus? Our young friend, it seems, has gone astray." The great host looked about and, finding him nowhere within the Halls, went forth into the void to search for him.

Upon passing through the gates into the void, they found Arkedylus standing proudly before them. As Echanyr strode forth, the young Garydrini bowed, saying "My liege, in honor of your great work, I desire to give you a simple gift."

Echanyr smiled and asked, "What is this gift you speak of, young Arkedylus?"

Arkedylus addressed his Lord. "All here know of the grace you have bestowed upon us, and yet you seek no more than to guide us. You neglect your own creation, that which we created by your design, seeking only to bring life to this great void. Your gift to us should not be hidden in such darkness as this."

With a sudden brilliance, a thousand spheres began to glow, spilling golden light into the velvet black of the void. Sprinkled throughout were thousands of small spheres, the worlds that the Garydrini had silently forged, spinning and traveling intricate pathways. In this single moment, all was revealed as perfect and all of the Garydrini fell to their knees in awe of what they had done.

All save Echanyr. The gift of Arkedylus, as magnificent as it was, never felt the gaze of the One King. Even as the light began to shine, Echanyr turned his eyes to the slumbering form of Entropy, far in the distance. All too quickly, the golden aura of Arkedylus' orbs swept over the great enemy and, feeling the new warmth on his back, Entropy awoke.

The maelstrom of Entropy's hunger quickly laid waste to much that the Garydrini had toiled for so long to create. In hasty disarray, the creators scrambled to gather up their creations, seeking to secure them in the safety of the Halls of Kouldoon. Echanyr called upon the others to gather together and face Entropy in an attempt to destroy it once and for all. Alas, too many trembled in fear.

Seeing the terror he had unwittingly unleashed, Arkedylus screamed in agony and rushed towards the great enemy. Realizing that the young Garydrini was doomed, the others at first began to rush to the asylum of the Halls. Dekalla, realizing that even the mighty Kouldoon would fall, cried to them to repent of their cowardice.

"You fools would run to a certain death when a balance can be

struck! We have created worlds, worlds that can live, worlds that in their own turn can create. Entropy exists merely to destroy and he will destroy all. Only by setting forth our creation and allowing it to flourish will this age persist!"

Realizing the wisdom of the Great Mother, Dekalla, the Garydrini gathered their strength and continued the act of creation, setting in motion the new worlds around the golden orbs of Arkedylus. All the while, the battle of the young Garadryini with Entropy continued and, for a time, its outcome did not seem so bleak.

Suddenly, a great wind tore through the void, shattering many of the orbs and tearing many of the worlds apart. The Garydrini looked towards the source of the wind only to find Entropy approaching. The noble Arkedylus had been devoured and with him the dim hope of a complete victory. In despair, many of the younger Garydrini rushed towards Entropy hoping to delay its hunger long enough for Echanyr and the others to complete their task.

Many worlds had been lost to the great wind and the beings that had been born into a lifeless slumber were scattered throughout the void. A single world, still orbiting an unshattered orb, was quickly chosen and as many of the beings that could be gathered up were carefully placed upon it. As the Garydrini gathered about the earthen globe they had created, Echanyr spoke once more.

"Our acts are only folly should we find that we are destroyed by Entropy before this age has truly seen a beginning. Here, on this simple globe, lit by the gift of Arkedylus, let us bring forth our creations into the realm of life. Let them be as us, creatures of creation. In this world lies the heart of our hope."

In this manner was Kolanor created. The battle with Entropy is said to yet rage on, though many of the Garydrini fell to its hunger. Indeed, the tendrils of Entropy threatened Kolanor from the very beginning. Unknown to Echanyr, the great wind had not only ruined much that was created, but many of the creatures that were made were imbued with the great enemy's desire to destroy.

Id Garydra ~ The Creation

Many of the Garydrini sacrificed their lives in the hope that Kolanor would prosper. Their bodies and what energy remained following the feasting of Entropy were given to the design of the universe. For time beyond measure, the pattern set forth would hold sway over all sentient life.

to be continued...