
A TALE OF TWO WORLDS

Earth to most mankind of mundane and free of anything magical or mystical. But to those few who can see past the veil, the world is far from mundane and boring. All the many things of nightmare and fantasy are very much real. Be these the faery folk, dragons, aliens, secret cults searching for ultimate power, and so much more! This is the 21st century of Earth, a world of bounty, poverty, and mundanity hiding a secret world that is much more than what the humans can perceive.



IN THE BEGINNING

We believe that the Alfar race was once the most common race on earth. Alfar spent their time building villages and working with the land to create a living for themselves and their loved ones. At night they would gather in groups telling stories and practicing traditions that aligned with their mysticism.

These practices were some of the first connections to what we know as Essence. The Alfar would naturally connect with the essence but wouldn't move farther than just a connection with it. The rituals performed around the families were to create gratitude and connection with one another. The lines of respect and peace were what drove these early families of Alfar in their daily lives.

The Alfar had visitors from other worlds, but they found that it was best for them to live separate lives. The relations between these groups were just mere curiosity from afar. Respect continued to be something that was within everyone on earth.

SPREADING KNOWLEDGE

As time dragged on, Humans began to grow in numbers on Earth. Their tribes spread to different regions of the world, but the first connection that they had with the Alfar was in, what we know as, Northern Scandinavia. When these two tribes met, they came together to trade knowledge, technology and the lore of their people.

When the trading began, humans were wild in heart and nature. Humans calmed down as their lives intertwined with the Alfar. Alfar mysticism created a bond between the people, and they all shared the evenings conversing of stories and lessons for anyone to hear. Humans start developing their own practices derived from the Alfar to fit to what their needed and believed.

News of these events spread quickly to all the other Alfar tribes, and not all of them saw this union being good news. A separation within the Alfar started to happen. They split into three different groups: The Light Alfar, the Dark Alfar, and the Dvergar.

The Light Alfar believed that their connection with the humans was important to the growth of life on Earth. The Dark Alfar saw the greed, violence and destructive nature of the humans and demanded that their people cut all ties with the humans. These feuds between the dark and light are something that broke the old life of what all Alfar knew.

The Dvergar burrowed into the caves and tunnels that weave under the surface. They work away from the eyes of the public working on crafty things that would come into play into the future of the Alfar.

WAR OF TRIBES

The Dvergar are scientists at heart. They didn't fall into the arguments that the light and dark Alfar, and those tribes were too busy watching what their brethren were working on under the depths of the surface. They started capturing the energy that came forth with their rituals, Essence. This is essence was used to

combine materials and technology to create machinery that now has been long lost under the surface of Earth.

While these experiments were happening, The War of Tribes started between the light and dark Alfar. Most of the war was held in covert actions, but greatly damaged the bonds of the Alfar. The light Alfar pulled away from the humans in order to protect them from the atrocities of war, but there was still a few that remained with the Alfar people.

Upon seeing the effects of the War of Tribes, Elders of the Alfar called all three groups together for a meeting. Shamans of the humans attended this meeting as representatives of Humans. The tribes came together like they did in the past around giant fires. The Elders spoke of actions to bring back peace and end the decades long War of Tribes. The only ones that didn't speak were the Dvergar. They were waiting to bring up the much bigger issue on the horizon.

The experiments of the Dvergar had invisible side effects that the Dvergar only recently acknowledged. As the tribe came together, rifts have started forming and ripping apart time and space. The news of this brought the Alfar back together to find an answer to the problem at hand. The Dvergar spoke of their experiments and informed them of what they named Shade. A dark energy that is a product of their experiments. Many Dvergar had been lost to this shade, but the Dvergar knew almost nothing about it.

TERRA

The elders came together and decided to stop the use of essence in all ways on Earth. They connected the rifts to the misuse of Essence. The human shamans were angered by this decision. They had come to depend on the use of essence in their communities. The power that the shamans been reliant on for decades. The Alfar shut down their arguments calling the Shamans selfish and true to predictions from the Dark Alfar. They were quickly excused from the meeting as the Elders spoke of the coming steps.

A Dark Alfar Elder deep in mediation was engifted with knowledge of another world. One that lies through a rift where the first connections with humans happened so long ago. The world looked close to Earth, but vastly different. This elder named the new world, Terra, and knew it was the answer to their problems.

As the Alfar were working towards an answer to these rifts, the shamans that were shunned away from the meeting were hatching their own plans. They planned to cut down the elders that were pushing the essence away from earth. Without their connection to Essence, the Alfar would be at their weakest point. The shamans knew if they hit all at once, the Alfar wouldn't have time to prepare.

The humans came at night. They arrived as innocent friends and companions until they turned. Alfar blood covered the ground in many villages. The screams and cries of betrayal are still carried in the northern wind to this day. The Alfar fled from the villages, running to the deeper villages of the Dark and the Dvergar.

AGE OF DARKNESS

The dive into the depths of the Earth brought on what we've called the Age of Darkness. The villages were plunged into darkness. Both from the betrayal of their companions and the retreat from the surface.

The Dark Elder that envisioned Terra brought the information to the meeting of Elders. The Alfar wanted to restore life for their people.

The Migration began. The Alfar sent out a scouting party before taking the rest of their people to the rift. When they arrived, the rift was a mist with prismatic lightning singing through it. The first group forced to trust the Elder's vision, walked through the mist. On the other side was darkness, but this was different.

The party walked into a village that was silent except for the wind that made the sparse grass dance. The darkness held locations that were familiar but deserted. The land was untouched, and what they only heard about in the elders' stories around the fires long ago. They returned after spending a few nights without encountering anyone else. The time had come to bring their people to this new world and close the rifts to Earth.

When the party returned, shade had been spreading rampant through the Alfar people. It tore them apart from the inside out. With no answers to this plague, the Alfar began the trek to the rift in hope of answers once they reached foretold land. The stories that the scouting party brought back only lifted the moral and hopes of the displaced Alfar.

At first, it wasn't what they expected. Starting from zero, the community had to build up almost everything they had in the past. Though, they could feel surges of power from the essence that was connected to this world. Over time, things started appearing in reflection on what was on earth. They knew that over time, they would no longer be alone in this world.

CLOSING THE RIFT

Safety was important to the Alfar. They had left a home that so many of them cherished, but what they needed to do was protect it from being torn apart. The elders of all the tribes worked together to find a way to close the rift to Earth. They wanted to make sure that essence was safe, and Earth would be able to start healing as best as it could.

Coming together the essence pulsed around them and gave them visions of unity and Harmony. They saw how the cycle of water was a continuous cycle that was in harmony with many other life forms around the world. They saw how life came from the soil and in death helped bring nutrients to new life. Everything came in a cycle. Everything relied on something else to go through their own cycle.

The Alfar clasped hands with one another to create a circle, the symbol of a cycle, around the rift. They stood partially in the mist that reflected two worlds. They stood there and recited stories of old from the campfires with their elders. The rift slowly closed but was still visible to the ones that had past through. The shifting of light and images were like a small static in the air. The Alfar are not able to return to Earth, but that was the plan all along.

AGE OF FOUNDING

There was an entire world waiting for them to explore. They had known almost everything they could know about Earth, and they found this place to be familiar. They found bodies of water where they

remembered them, ranges of peaks reached for the sky like they did in their old home. There was comfort in what surrounded them, but that comforted was unsettled by the lack of things, or well Humans.

Old feelings from the war started appearing once everyone was settled. After decades of rebuilding their people, smaller groups of the three tribes began to leave to settle in new areas. Quickly there was a network of people that had settled in many of the surrounding areas. Groups of Dark Alfar traversed into the harsh terrain of the mountains and valleys. Groups of Dvergar went to isolated areas to continue their exploration of the world and life around them. Though, they knew to be more careful this time. The light Alfar built communities to grow and learn more of the world. As groups became more comfortable with Terra, they started exploring everything that the land held for them.

Quickly through the Age of Founding, Terra was being mapped and explored from head to toe. The land held wonders like their lost home and then some they had never seen before. The land held flora and fauna, but everything was slightly different. It was like it needed to be different, but was created from a skeleton of what earth was in the beginning. Terra held secrets that the Alfar were ready to seek out.

They were able to expose secrets, but there was some that never able to be explained. Like groups of what looked to be human started appearing in deep natural areas away from the Alfar villages. The Alfar named these people the Villimen,

A COMBAT TO SHADE

When the group came to Terra, they carried their sick that was infected with shade. As they crossed through the mist, the shade seemed to freeze. Though, the infected didn't seem to get better or worse as a coma like state came over them. They were just stuck with the status they entered with. Families waited and hoped for change to happen to bring back the ones that they loved.

It wasn't until a group of Light Alfar was encountered by a traveler. The stories explained that they slightly glowed, but other than that there wasn't much difference between the Alfar and this traveler. They looked like a fellow Alfar, but something was different. Though, when that traveler came to village, it was the only thing that happened that started a change in the infected. They awoke, but still had scars from the touch of shade. The infected returned to their loved ones in the village, confused from the time they had been gone.

That traveler explained that in their travels something divine had touched them. They named their people the Diskin. They told the villages of their connections with ones that were overseeing. They didn't have a name, but they sent the Diskin to Terra to connect with life. The traveler explained that the overflow of essence from the main aspects of life is what fell to them.

They were not the only ones that this overflow fell to, but he hoped that they never would encounter them.

Among the Branches

Among the thick forests in the valleys and at the base of the mountains, the tribes of the Dark Alfar encountered something else. While traveling, they found that many sticks are suspiciously appeared in their gear. They travelled by roads and clear paths, so it wasn't like they would be going through the brush to gain all these small various sticks.

It wasn't until they had reached their homes that the sticks would appear and disappear. After time, there was sighting of these sticks moving. The Dark Alfar banished the sticks to outside of their huts, but they

always made it back in. There were various new plants that had appeared in the village that bore fruit and vegetables.

The Sticks took the name Gnarlr from the way that their bark held gnarls and swirls that were unique to every stick. The Gnarlr learned how to communicate with the Alfar. Over time, knowledge was transfer from one another. The Gnarlr stopped shifting into the trees at night and build villages among the canopies of the dense forests. As wardens of the forest, If something was in danger, they became angry wooden gremlins that you won't want to encounter alone. One would not want to get in the middle of an angry Gnarlr and what it seeks to protect.

AGE OF AMELIORATION

The Age of Founding extended over decades. The groups on Terra were able to develop a society. The people were able to build upon nothing to make it into the world that they now live and thrive in. It wasn't long until the people on Terra enter what we now call, the Age of Amelioration. A heavy boom on technology and communication started in this age as the people became more comfortable to expand and grow. Terra held many resources that the people worked to keep fresh and well. Though, still being able to live and thrive with the planet.

Old traditions started returning as groups of Alfar congregated around fires in the evenings. They passed on stories of ancestors of the old world and of this world. They started connecting to Essence once more, but with many strict rules in place to try to keep the shade away. There was some that didn't listen and strayed away from the cities and large groups of villagers. They had started opening dream doors in many unexplored and unknown areas.

As time rolls on, technology starts to grow in the large cities. Mass transport has been built with flying ships that quickly move around the cities. Extreme biotechnology is built in the cities to make it almost like the footprint of the city is non-existent. Trees and plants are incorporated in every building and city infrastructure. It is important to everyone that they respect this second chance that they have been given.

THE UNIVERSITY OF ESSENTOLOGY

With the reemergence of connecting with Essence, the Alfar elders came together to build a university that sought to keep the studies of Essence in a controlled field. Knowing that shade could possibly come to Terra like it did on earth, it was heavily controlled. The University was built in three large towers in the middle of the capital. Each story of the building stepped higher over the city as it's vast monument. There is many nooks and crannies to the university, and it would take an extended lifetime to know everything that it holds.

The University of Essentology was created and tasked to bring folks from the towns and cities to probably learn and work in harmony with Essence. They branched the studies into four different branches: Elementalism, Thaumaturgy, Biomanipulation, and Ergokinesis. Each branch has specialist that lead and teach student through the art of that branch.

THE DVERGAR ALLIANCE

The Dvergar were vastly left alone during the Age of Founding. They built large cities under the surface and remained below. Sticking to their experiments. They stayed away from Essence almost entirely. Essence and its powerful presence still swirled around them, and it did not go unnoticed.

Deep under vast mountain ranges, tremors started coursing through the layers beneath. Shaking the world of the Dvergar, there was a strange presence to these tremors. There were waves of energy that seemed to make the presence of Essence around them quake, while the ground remained still. The tribes sent out scouting groups to explore what had cause of these surges of energy. They didn't realize that they would be encountered by something so familiar.

The Jotnar resided in the Far North of Earth when the Alfar resided there. This giant race kept to themselves and were found to be quite hermits when it came to crossing with other cultures. Though, when the Dvergar emerged from under the surface into the middle of a Jotnar encampment, they were much more talkative than before.

The two races sat with one another going over their memories of Earth. How they both had found that place to be where they longed to be again. The Dvergar missed their experiments and exploration within the sciences and felt limited with where they were now. The Jotnar missed hunting through the mountains and the illusions that they had created to hide away from the rest of the world. It was during these talks that the Jotnar and the Dvergar decided that they should have the choice to be able to return.

They exchanged knowledge of what they knew about the travels between Terra and Earth can came to an alliance that they would bring that choice back to the ones that wanted it. They started experimenting and learning about dream doors that had started appearing in remote areas. After a strenuous time, a rift finally appeared again at the base of a mountain. They had succeeded.

A TALE OF TWO WORLDS FUTURE

Meanwhile, back on Earth, the Humans have created endless civilizations on nearly every piece of land, and even under the seas and inside the very heavens. They long have forgotten of magic, and myth. Instead focusing on their cold and logical sciences. Pushing the boundaries of what could even be seen as possible, from weapons to travel to communications. Rolling fields of agriculture to large cities with skyscrapers into the heavens. The future of Earth, known to the Anshar is a poisoned and dying world. A smaller world, where most nations have folded into continental superpowers ran by massive corporations with more money than any nation in history.

A small section of humans, now known as the Anshar with help of the alien's humanity has long made contact and peace with, through time-travel technology send themselves far into the past in attempts to control mankind to forge a better future free of all the ills they knew too real.

But, in the modern age of mankind, these future terrors might never come to exist, and the world of Adventure of at the feet of those who would seize the moment and brave the dark recesses of the secret world that most would just ignore all together.

Written by Gabby Bangert, Ideas from Viktoria Drennen.