

Alt-Earth Timeline:

This timeline will vaguely fill in the years from the dawn of recorded time to modern day. The world existed prior to this timeline, it is just unrecorded and therefore unknown/unimportant.

Before the Long Slumber (BLS) / Years After Awakening (YAA)

Dawn of the First Age

Year 0 - Age of the Immortals

This is the dawn of Elves, waking up under the stars and the first race. Gifted with the knowledge of reading and writing, they took note of the comings and goings of the Ancient Ones. The Elves watched from their lake as the Ancient Ones granted life to the other living creatures of the world, planting the first trees and placing the first animals. Those born in the presence of the blessed water were granted near infinite lifespans -- Never to grow old or die of natural causes, but cursed with the inability to change the world around them.

Year 5 - Power from the Arcane

In the few short years after the dawn of the elves, a select few chosen ones learned the secrets of the Arcane, learning how to draw magic from the outer planes. These first Arcanists were held in high regard, seen by most as being given gifts from the Ancient Ones. Far below on this day, a deep and earth shaking rumble was felt.

Year 25 - the Great Schism

Eventually, these Arcanists would cause a divide between the elves, who slowly grew in number. A small sect of the Elves would break off from the larger number, their leader secretly taking several vials of water from the lake and left in the darkness, leaving to go down to the depths.

Year 50 -

From the horizon grew a huge mountain range, spanning as far as the eye could see --- which was quite far, given elves were designed to see large distances -- and from the mountains sprang the mighty dwarves, gifted with stout forms but mighty arms, built for mining and crafting. They made friends with the elves, offering trade and friendship, but it was not meant to last. The Dwarves, too, were blessed with long lives, the oldest of them living to be several hundred years old.

Year 75 -

The elves who went to the depths evolved to have dark, almost obsidian skin, yet almost shining and splendid as to stand out in the darkness. The Elves above ground once again was torn, those who were blessed with magic were seen as the Highborn, blessed be they, and the ones who were not, instead were blessed with control over nature. Three elven kinds there now were, each taking a name in their own tongue which would later be simplified in the human tongue. These were the Drow, blessed by darkness; the High Elves, blessed by the moon; and the Wood Elves, blessed by the trees. Originally, they had much longer names and titles. The High Elves refer to themselves as "Ruar'Tel'Quessir", aka Children of the Stars, or the First Born. The Wood Elves refer to themselves as "Sy'Tel'Quessir", aka Wild Elves, or the Nature Born. Drow refer to themselves as simply as "The Children of the Dark", forsaking their above-ground brethren and forsaking the sky.

Year 125 - the First Dawn

In the next 50 years to pass since the elf tribes became three, the dwarves disappeared to the depths, finding the first jewels and gold, and crafting some of the finest items never to be seen. The sun rose for the first time, the Wild Elves climbing to the tops of their trees to watch this event unfold. Many Wild Elves would come to praise this event in the years to come. With the rising of the sun came the second rumble, and a huge, thunderous roar. From the distance, an immense shadow rose and blocked out the sun -- the first Dragon. It flew across the sky and cast a shadow across the land, coming to rest in far east.

Year 150 -

The dragon, though not immediately an issue, eventually came to control the elven population. It would, rather infrequently, come through and take a small chunk of each elven population, not letting them grow too large. The drow and the dwarves managed to avoid this, keeping themselves below around and mostly unaware the dragon even existed.

Year 200~300 - the Great War

Eventually, the drow population grew too large to be contained by depths, and they would send scouts to the surface to scout out the size of their brothers. Over the next hundred years, the Drow would fight the combined forces of the high elves and wild elves, causing the high elves to suddenly rush research of the Arcane, and by the end seemingly mastering the sacred arts. The first fight between the drow and the wild elves was the first time blood was spilt on the earth, causing the skies to run red and the clouds to bleed. The final battle was finally won by the high elves using the most powerful of arcane techniques, the Mana Bomb, nearly wiping the drow elves to extinction and cursing the ground near their home, causing the surface around the entrance to the depths to never grow life. In the following years, too, would the surface be marked by strange arcane anomalies, arcane portals opening and closing allowing odd, foreign entities to climb through. Around this time, as well, the first Orcs and Trolls began to form, with other monstrous races soon following.

Year 350 -

50 years passed after the mana bomb, which had a much larger spread than was originally intended. The cursed ground spread for miles and miles, taunting the elves for abusing their power. The war had taken a great toll on the Elves, still mourning the loss of so much life. The drow were brought down to desolate numbers, less than a couple dozen of them left. The Wild Elves retreated, finding farther back forests far away from the corruption. The Lake of Stars now began to dwindle, and they knew their time here was limited. The lake the drow made was of a healthy enough size to maintain and grow their population, but being hidden from the sky and unblessed by the Gods, the water was tainted, forcing a small number of them to become corrupted and cursed.

Year 400 -

The Dragon continued to watch them with vague interest, in the last three hundred years she had given birth to her own brood, one of each primary color. Galakrus, as the prime Drake would be later called, towered over them, being easily hundreds of miles long and dozens more wide, if one saw her from a distance she could be mistaken for a mountain range, almost, until her massive wings sprouted from her back, each beat causing the horrifying winds to blast out across the country side.

Year 450 -

The dragons from Galakrus' brood numbered only five, one for each of the prime colors. Each of the five instinctively flew to the far corners of the world, each going to a climate that felt comfortable for them. For a brief time the Elves' magic felt emboldened, watching the dragons fly to their new homes.

Year 500 -

The Drow had grown again in number, though they still spread stories of the last failed war against their surface brothers, and are too scared to take the fight to them again just yet. The Wild Elves began to refer to themselves as Sun Elves, letting their structures rise higher and higher as they reached for the idol they so desperately craved. The High Elves began to fear as their lake continued to dwindle. The gods were abandoning them, they had used too much. They began to make plans to leave, going south once the lake finally evaporated.

Year 550 -

The scorched earth surrounding the surface of the Drow's home cracked and bubbled over the centuries since the bomb dropped, small shining crystals forming from the destruction. The crystals seemingly started to suck up the latent corruption that was left from the detonation, the portals finally stopping.

Year 600 -

The crystals sprang forth from the earth, their use seemingly done, and flew to the corners of the earth, one near each dragon, and the final one going to the High Elves, which was placed in the staff of the first of the firstborn.

Year 650 -

The dragons from each of their respective corners finally finished nesting, starting to birth broods of their own. With the waning well, the High Elves took a vial or two to hopefully be able to start again in the new lands. Their time of mourning never passed, continuing to suffer as their time would slowly come to an end.

Year 700 -

The first humans would begin to appear here, evolving from lesser creatures though seemingly just suddenly appearing for the most part, a small tribe coming across the High Elves and trying to learn from them. Dragon descendants slowly begin to appear around here.

Year 750 -

As the humans progressed, the Elves continued to dwindle, the first of them beginning the long trek south as the youthful ones stayed to try and assist the Humans, leaving it as a parting gift for their fledgling society. By this time, monsters and monstrous races were becoming relatively common, providing a need for the humans to continue to breed and become strong enough to hold them off, with the elves rapidly fleeing.

Year 800 -

With the assistance of the Elves, the first human tribes quickly grew, ascending through the ranks of society much faster than they should have, and developed the first language other than Elvish to be spoken in this world. The first Human city was built around this time on the edge of the lake, using the remnants of the ancient Elvish home as it's frame. The Elves did not appreciate this, and took it as insult, many more leaving to let the humans do as they please.

Year 850 -

With the sudden rush of growth, it was inevitable that eventually one human would rise above the others wishing to control. Malegoth, he called himself, and plotted to control the world. At this time adventurers were common, with a few dwarves slowly coming out of hiding as merchants and traders, teaching the humans how to craft weapons, armor, and showing them the first currencies.

Year 900 -

Malegoth would eventually be victorious, his ultimate plan coming to fruition as there were not enough humans powerful enough to stop him. The small group of adventurers who managed to try and fight him were incinerated on this spot, his ritual sending out shockwaves across the lands.

Year 950 -

For a brief time before his eventual death, Malegoth ruled over the land with an iron fist, dominating the humans and unintentionally helping to spread humans across the entire continent rather than centralized in a singular area.

Year 1000 - Dawn of the Mortals

With the end of an age dawning, the last of the Elves began to migrate south, the well finally dissipated except the few vials the High Elves hid away, and the corrupted pool the drow huddle around in the darkness. The new year rings in with a loud, cacophonous roar from the dragons, sending out a wave of force so large as to shake the very foundations of the earth. The dwarves, so focused on their mining, ignored the coming changes, preparing vast amounts of wealth and treasures for the coming ages, not bothering themselves with whether or not it would do them well. The Sun Elves in their massive towers are forced to retreat further into isolation, their cities crumbling with the roar of the dragons. In the dawn of the new day, the dragons fell into a deep slumber, in which seemingly caused magic to fade from the world.

--The End of the First Age--

--Dawn of the Third Age-- **(Time skip to ~1900)**

1900 - The years between 1001 and 1899 passed mostly the same as they did in our (the real earth we know) timeline. Technology slowly progressed, and except for ancient stories and ruins of the elvish culture, the immortal races passed into legend, mostly forgotten. Dwarves would occasionally make trips out from the old mountains as merchants and traders, though few would ever have reason to suspect they were anything but short humans from distant tribes. Though, this would all soon change. The dawn of the year 1900 brought back the dragons from their slumber. The lands shook violently, the air vibrated, trees were uprooted, and a loud roar was heard from the corners of the world. The Dragons have returned.

1920s - The return of the Dragons brought magic back to the lands, and the return of magic drew elves back from their pilgrimage, their power mostly restored (though never as great as their earliest days) and re-integrated themselves into society. There was, of course, some struggle, due to humans naturally disliking people of races other than their own. By the end of the 20s, however, monsters began to reappear in the wilds, and quickly did most humans at this point start to accept the Elves' help. A small group of these humans were called 'the Chosen' in the human tongue, and the elves referred to them as the "Heirs of Starlight" and showered them with praise and promises of greatness. The Heirs were taken away from their homes and families, being told that "only seclusion will train you to be the greatest you can be", and a few elves were left in the city to help protect the humans and usher them forwards. They were used and abused, however, being pushed to create technology and weapons that the humans could only dream of. The elves wanted peace, but the humans wanted war, and war is what they got.

1930s - At the onset of the 30s, a sudden collapse happened. Technology moved too fast and the infrastructure the humans had previously couldn't keep up. Monsters started crawling out from the mountains and forests, attacking towns and villages. The elves who were left behind did their best to help, but could only do so much. The humans, not understanding the rules of the world, blamed the Elves. The elves took their friends, their relatives, the 'chosen ones', and then brought the monsters to kill them off. Clearly that's how it works.

1940s - By the time the 40s had come around, the Elves left in town had begun helping the humans defend themselves, at least the ones who would accept their help. The elves taught them how to apply magical effects to their weapons. The dwarves returned after a nearly sixty year disappearance, and began to trade again. The elves openly spoke of their distaste of the dwarves, but praised their smithing capabilities.

1950s - The Heirs of Starlight were still gone at this time, though every few years a pair of elves wearing bright white robes would return, choosing a few more. They would dodge questions asking where the Heirs were, and then they would disappear again. Each time they came back they would choose five more before leaving. The monsters began appearing more and more frequently now, their attacks becoming more and more vicious. Orcs appeared from distant lands and came here, hearing of adventure. Orcs tower over the humans, on average standing nearly a full foot taller than the tallest humans, with the females being nearly as tall and strong as the males.

Note: Orcs in this universe are as standard as you can get. Around 7' ~ 7'5" tall, and 250lbs. Males and females are roughly equivalent in height and strength, and therefore both have equal standing in Orcish society.

1960s - By this time, thanks to the help of the elves and the dwarves, are finally at a spot where they can hold their own as a species. They start walling up the outskirts of their towns and cities to defend themselves. Guns are getting better, and magic can be applied to bullets. Orcish settlements begin popping up at this point, mostly in forests and on the mountainsides, but they are more akin to tribal settlements than anything resembling human cities.

1970s - The first computers begin to appear, but not for public use. A few human settlements start making deals with the Orcs to learn more advanced fighting techniques. Beyond ever-increasing monster attacks, nothing really happens here.

Note: The humans are now broken into three primary groups now; out of game they can be referred to as the "low-magic" group, the "magic" group, and the "fighter" group. The low-magic group makes up the bulk of the human societies, using guns and swords to defend themselves from monsters. The magic group consists of the "Heirs of Starlight" who were whisked away to Elven settlements for training. The fighter groups are the ones who intermingled with the Orcs, who taught them (in mechanical terms) how to be fighters and barbarians.

1980s - At this time, the Heirs of Starlight finally returned with the teachings of the Elves, and came back to fear and revulsion from their human brothers and sisters. The Heirs seemed to have not aged a day in the time they had been gone. The Heirs use their magical knowledge to create a human settlement for themselves away from the main settlements, only accessible through portals.

1990s - The Dwarves disappear again here and mostly stop offering their services to the Humans, seemingly having their own issues to deal with.

2000s - Nothing much happens here, the humans continue researching new technologies as they continue to defend themselves from monster attacks.

2010s - ???