

The Book of Monsters

If you are to understand the content of this book, you must understand a universal truth: Everything in this world was made for man, and their existence is the only one of importance.

Do not mistake me, the world does not *cater* to man. The oceans do not ease their waves simply because man sets sail upon it. The land does not become fertile because a village is starving.

But the ocean and the land exist so it may be there for man. The sun rises and sets only because man inhabits this world. To the world, the existence of man is of primary importance, and everything else is secondary.

And we are the secondary.

We are the beasts man calls 'Monsters'. We are a people forgotten, a tortured race, a lost generation. We exist to be conquered, slain, and presented as trophies. We are compelled to slaughter, rape and devour.

We do not have heroes that rise against great evils. There are no stories of Monsters defeating the Dark Lords or questing through the Heartlands. Songs speak of us as a wickedness that needs to be vanquished from this world. And sometimes I think they are right.

This world was not made for us. To live in this world and be anything besides a human is to be nothing at all. There is no free will. There is no choice. There is only blind compulsion to survive, and as my people often do, destroy.

And for years all we did was destroy. There were too many families we had killed, too many villages we had burned, and no control in our mind. To truly understand us, you must understand one thing: My people were

damned from the start. The world condemned us, and nothing we did would change that.

So when we awoke from that terrible dream, sudden and without warning, we knew everything had just changed. Inexplicably, one day, monsters had gained consciousness, and that was terrifying.

Where before there was only raw, unattended emotion, there was now thought to sit beside it. Before we had only instinct to guide us, but now we walked with awareness. Consciousness invaded our minds, violently showing us our wrongs. Monsters would no longer be the mindless beasts they once were and with that came all the horrible consequences.

Because of us entire ecosystems were tipped off balance. Religious tenets on the existence of monsters were called into question. Morality was challenged when a Monster spoke instead of slaughtering. Shortly after the Awakening, a Plague spread throughout Humanity, culling the masses.

In short, the world was thrown into complete and utter fucking chaos, and no one knew why. In an attempt to provide understanding, the Talo-Drala issued a Divine Mandate: The gods had given Monsters a chance at redemption by serving Humanity. We would be rewarded in our next life, if we fulfilled Man's wishes in this one.

My kind passed from one slavery into another, and true freedom remained a distant dream. Monsters who didn't flee were beaten and enslaved. And the rest were tortured and experimented on. Humanity did not welcome co-existence, and there was little reason for them to. We had slaughtered their kin; words would not change that.

But words would change us. For there would be no hope, no Haven, if not for his words. In every civilization there are those who unite, those who rise to lead and guide, and ours was a Monster named Ashoka. He was small

and unassuming. No one would have thought him fit to lead, but Ashoka knew the power of words and spun them to his will. He found us Monsters, fleeing from the persecution of humankind. Instead of scattering among the plains, isolated and lost, he spoke to us, and made us survive. 'Together', he would always say, 'together we will thrive'.

And in a years' time, Ashoka turned a pack of uncivilized monsters, wretched with guilt at themselves and fear at each other, into a proud family, three-hundred strong. We were nomads, foraging and hunting during the day, hiding during the night. This was our life, and it was a peaceful one.

But man would not have it so. Fear drove their hearts. They could not ignore a threat this large, even if we had not killed in a year. At the end of the year, Ashoka gathered us and spoke of a place. He claimed to have seen it in his dreams, granted to him by Kyrat, the God of the Journey. A Haven, a beautiful castle within the mountains, a place where our kind would be safe. Ashoka claimed to be the Hand of Kyrat, sent down to guide this lost race.

He wished to lead us away from humanity, and deliver us there. Some were skeptical, some wished to stay. But when Ashoka spoke he quelled these fears. Ashoka was our savior, we would be lost without him.

It was a sinister plan of his, we should have been wiser. No one, man nor monster, is so generous without expecting recompense. But we were a young race, and unaware of the sins of our Father.

So we fled westward, into the Sky-Shattered Mountains. It was harsh, and the wind was cold. They were tall, jagged peaks with blizzards most nights. We slept upon stone, and hiked around boulders. Beasts hungered for our flesh, even if it wasn't the most desirable. If any other kind were to make the trek, they would surely die. But we were Monsters, our skin was coarse

and our stomachs small. Nature's cruelty was familiar to us, for once we were part of it. We required little to survive, and so we pushed on.

Yet, we barely did. Our kind were not immune to disease, and many grew ill. Tending to their sickness slowed us down, and Beasts hungered as we weakened. For many, the stone they slept on became their gravestones. 3 months of winter, meager meals, and illness had killed a third of our kind. But Ashoka made us push on, for what else could we do? Man would imprison us, Nature would kill us, but Ashoka? With him there was hope. Small, diminishing, but hope. The mere *possibility* of a real life, that was what drove us. Hope is what drives everything, sacrifice makes everything happen.

And after many sacrifices, we finally found it. On the third day of Zelas, when the morning sun shined, a tall stone spire was spotted between the mountains. Ashoka knelt down and cried, for it was the spire he saw in his dreams. We marched, enthusiastic and faster, as hope rekindled in our hearts. When we arrived that hope swelled, as we saw Haven.

Haven was a valley of peace within these dangerous mountains. It was a secluded, hidden away part of the world, meant for no man to walk upon it. A circle of mountains towered out around the valley, hiding it from invaders. A sprawling village surrounded a cloud white citadel, which towered over the city on the hill it was placed upon. The citadel's white walls circled the hill, and tall and disturbingly uneven spires were placed along four points of the wall. Each spire was curved like a misty white snake, with a pointed dome at the top.

The citadel held the the tallest spire of them all, as it unevenly jutted upward, almost as if to reach the clouds. Below this tower was the main palace, which was three circular buildings, overlapping within each other. Each building was made out of the small cloud white stone, but stylized differently. The circular building on the left...

[description of Castle Haven here, looks kind of like fantasy Potala Palace hidden in lots of mountains, with abandoned town stretching inside and outside of Castle. Yes I know I'm supposed to write it but i got tired. Sue me lol.]

Something strange happened in those peaks. In that moment we knew, we had left this world and arrived into another. A world for Monsters, not for Man. That, is where this story begins.
