

The Birth of the Nations

In the beginning of time, there was Esta, the Goddess. She stared at the empty land and breathed life into it. She made the trees and the mountains, the plants and animals, and finally she made Man.

Man was her favorite creation of all, she loved him more than any other, and Man loved her in return. She said unto Man, "All that I have created is your kingdom. Cut trees for your homes and tools. Mine the earth and the mountains for metals. Hunt and eat the animals and I will make more. For you are my favorite child, grow and live in my world." There were five Nations of Man in this time. Lucra, Monta, Serka, Rodan, and Nebarra.

But another creature was jealous of Man, the Sprite. Sprites were very similar to man, but were very evil creatures. They were selfish and tricky creatures; they wanted the land for themselves. They even tried to walk on legs like Man, and become hairless like Man. Soon they even looked very much like Man, but they could not hide their pointed ears. They were very prideful. They learned dark magics and did twisted things to Esta's land. They became the Creedon.

Man could not handle this blasphemy and asked their Goddess to extinguish the Creedon, but Esta was a fair and forgiving God, she chose peace over war, and through her divinity, the Charter of Loncrees was created, which laid out the rules for all creatures to live by, Man and Creedon alike. The Charter was put on display in the Grand Temple of Lucra, so that all may come and read the laws and know what is right and what is wrong.

But the Creedon soon grew jealous again, and stole the Charter, bringing war and chaos to the Nations of Man. But one brave man was not fooled by the Creedons' vile ways. He built

an altar to the Goddess, and offered to sacrifice his own life to save his kind. Instead, the Goddess blessed him with the Divine Gifts, the power to overcome the Creedon. That man was Donvyle Sachin.

Sachin devoted the Grand Temple to the teachings of the Divine Gifts. His followers became known as the Faction of Blessed Souls, for they were the ones who bore Esta's Grace. They finally had the power to defend themselves from the Creedon, but they feared that it may have been too late to save the Nations from destroying themselves.

For many generations, the Faction battled the Creedon, winning small victories, but it seemed that there was no end to their evil, until one man by the name of Tristan Razza, pulled the Nations together and called upon all of their armies to finally stand up to the threat of the Creedon, thus bringing the Faction up to its full strength, and the Creedon were smote. Razza took his rightful place as Templar, and the Creedon Wars finally came to a close.

Peace came slowly to the land; at first, some could not believe it was real. Some of the Nations even withdrew from their pact with the Faction, choosing instead to nurture their own armies. It was feared that the lessons of the past may have been forgotten. Even with the Creedon gone, it seemed that dark times were approaching...