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## Rhy'Din; The Chaos Years

Posted by MasterAkira696 - 2007/11/12 17:01

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What kind of night was it?  
It was storming.  
What kind of the year was it?  
It was winter.  
What kind of land was it?  
...  
It used to be Rhy'Din.  
What happened to it?  
Nobody knows.  
Could it have been prevented?  
Nobody tried...

Rhy'Din, Chaos Year 0.

The market was a grand and splendid place to be, just down the street from All Creatures Tavern and just a few blocks over from Red Dragon Inn. People came to spread their goods throughout the land without ever going anywhere, all by putting up a booth in this crowded area, yelling their prices, and hoping someone with a heavy purse would come by and see what they had to offer. During the Spring, much like this one, the sky was clear, the sun mild, and all sorts of colorful people came out to enjoy the weather before winter came and, with it, all the darker creatures that preferred the long nights and rainy days. Days like this were full of laughing, cheering, joking, playing, and even gaming from the smallest to the largest forms. Arenas were full of heavily muscled warriors and the alleyways packed with seedy gamblers. Welcome to Rhy'Din.

It was hardly to be expected that something would come into the Realm, on a day like this, that would ruin the good mood most seemed to be in. Many refused to believe when old witches and shaman hissed warnings of grave and dire times ahead. They simply could not fathom anyone wanting to ruin such a perfect season... That's how it started. That's how it always started. Within the city of Rhy'Din peace and blissful activity swept the families, encouraging them to let Little Billy and Little Susie out to play with other Little Billy's and other Little Susie's. The war between the Vampires and Werewolves had long since ended and was almost nothing more than a faint memory even to the elders, who would rather not remember such a time as that. Nothing had plagued the Realm in quite a few years that even the countless number of guilds were beginning to quarrel amongst themselves for the sake of something to fight and train against.

Life may have been fine within the walls of Rhy'Din, where the Town Watch and collective, larger guilds made sure that evil was kept in small numbers. Outside the gates, throughout the various watch towers in the plains and checkpoints in the forests, rumors and fears were beginning to spread. Talk of other Realms no longer sending visitors and animals flocking from those regions in great numbers, suggesting to the Druids that the environment was no longer friendly there... Something terrible was afoot, yet only rumors existed, no true fact or knowledge, let alone eye witnesses existed for anything.

"I heard it was one of those rouge Vampire clans, up in the mountains, that ambushed a caravan heading into Rhy'Din and only a few managed to escape with their lives, only to be found, starved to death, by a hunting party." A guard mused with the knight standing beside him.

"Is that so?" They would never see the knight's smile at their simpleminded rumor-mongering. "What if I told you the City suspected a Nec-"

"YOU THERE! HAULT!" Another guard shouted on the forest side of the checkpoint, turning both the guard and the knight away from casual rumor exchanges and towards the drawing of steel and rushing towards the yelling.

There were no survivors to rush back to the City and warn them of what truly came their way...

Rhy'Din continued to enjoy their Spring while the seedy fortune tellers began to pack up their wagons, biting out warnings of preparation to any that dared to ask what they were doing. Most would just laugh at the silly, would-be magicians that used fun little tricks to 'tell your future' that was usually filled with great riches, adventure, and love like no other... None of which ever came true.

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