

Prologue

Once upon a Time, the Fae returned...

Armed and thirsty for vengeance, the Fae's armada drifted out from the very horizon itself. Like a swarm of locust, seemingly endless waves of ships all sailed throughout the seventeen seas of Eberron for one purpose. After thousands of years of exile, the return of the First Children of the Old World would come at a great cost.



The ruthless armada razed and pillaged any land they came across. They slaughtered the Animale tribes of Anameglia, beheading a great leonin King of the capital city of Proud Roc. They cut down all of the beanstalks leading to the cloud giant empire of Aeris. They even decimated Gaia, the oldest and largest continent of the world, leaving few settlements of the land standing and even fewer survivors. The Fae had not always been this great of a force to be reckoned with...

During First Age, the Fae lived peacefully in their homeland of Fairewey. Said to be the very first children of the Progenitor Gods, Fae possessed the very power of creation itself. War, hunger, and disease were all foreign concepts to the peaceful and whimsical tribes of the Fae scattered throughout a lush and bountiful land, brimming with magic and filled with mineral wealth. The Fae's reign of Fairewey ended when the Free-Races of the world started to flock



toward the magical land and claim swaths of it for themselves. Soon the Fae were thrust into conflict with humans, dwarves, gnomes, and other eclectic races from far off lands. Unlike the Fae, these people knew the drums of war, the pangs of hunger, and the sufferings of disease. So began the Great Fae War. The Free-Races coveted this new land greatly and their attack on the Fae showed no remorse. It was the humans, however, who were the most ruthless of all. Their armies cut down hundreds of Fae tribes to the very last

survivor, desecrated Fae temples, and toppled the Faerie Cities floating high in the sky. This terrible war ended with a mass exodus of Fae. They fled to The Feywild, a magical mirror dimension created by the most powerful among them. There was one particular Fae of the Dogfoot tribe named Dingus who channeled his power into a terrible curse. This curse birthed what is known nowadays as The Great Wood.

... Now, in the Fifth Age of Eberron, the Fae had returned. Their destination? To the very place they had fled from centuries ago. For you see, someone very valuable had been stolen from them. Someone that would be the key to all of Eberron's survival or very destruction.