





Stories

From



HERENKOA

Written By

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Foreword from the writer.

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Contents

This book is a compilation of the stories, and histories presently written with in the Herenkoa Universe.

From the founding and building stories in the core rules, story segments that will appear in different entity books, and other things that have been thrown in to expand the universe and give greater insight into the realms before time.

These tales will constantly expanded upon as new books are released meaning this download will continually release in size.

Every time it is changed it will be posted upon the forums and any one interested in receiving updates through email should contact info@final-gamez.co.uk to become attached to the mailing lists.

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IN THE BEGINNING, EVERY ONE WAS LOST

While wandering the vast realms of space and time a young God came across a barren universe, unclaimed by another and left to spiral on the distance arm of an undiscovered galaxy.

As the journeyers travelled further out towards the edge of this galaxy, the young God came across a line of 9 planets orbiting around an unblinking yellow star.

The planet closest to this gas giant was too volatile to sustain any form of life the God decided, so moved outwards away from the gravitational pull and fiery arms of this life giver.

The next planet along on this travellers journey was far enough away for life at this point to be seeded, yet realising that the planet within a few million years would be swathed from the expanding star in fire and flame the God decided to pass onto the next barren rock.

On arrival at the 3rd mass, the God came to the conclusion this was not ready for life as it was still in its early creation phase and as such moved on once more to allow this place to settle itself down. Yet before leaving the young God left behind a single rock, to begin the process once it had reached its state of readiness.

At the 4th planet the God rested a while and took note of the vast oceans and well formed land mass's the ice at both poles and mild climates around the central regions made this an ideal area for the creation of life, yet deciding to see what the 5th planet held once more this enthralled entity moved on.

The 5th planet was filled with rich ore's, minerals and all manner of different superficial rock formations. It was also a cold and barren world, deciding that life would never be able to establish this far from the warmth of the glowing star the god decided to shatter the planet spilling its content to the planets within the pull of the sun, and forming a protective shield to cloud the slowly forming life below from other God's views.

Once this was done the God decided to return to the 4th planet and create a life force to guard the 3rd planet from invasion by other Gods and their minions while it had time to settle and create its own life cycles.

Millennium passed and the God grew older and decided that it was time to wander the galaxy once more looking for more regions to form life on. Before leaving the divine deity passed to the two most trusted generals a large proportion of power, and a request to guard this planet from all outside interference and to make sure that the new life forming in his image would be protected.

More centuries passed and the guardians became bored, nothing had happened for millennium, the two generals started to fall out over the way these Humans were acting, and as such started to manipulate them in different ways.

This slowly turned into a war between the two acting heads, as the bitter struggle got more and more fierce one decided to desert their home planet and move to the 2nd planet in the solar system, the war raged and though unable to grow old or in fact die of natural causes the planet ravaged its new inhabitant, the God had been right in the fact that as time passed this planet would become less and less inhabitable.

Meanwhile on the 3rd planet now called Earth by its inhabitants, the creatures had become folk lore, some referred to them as God's, others as Angels or Demons.

The war was becoming more and more intense some times actually spilling over to the 3rd planet as they used the humans to try and manipulate each other and in a few cases attempts were made to create turn them into what the guardians were.

As the two planets thought the middle planet slowly got sucked into the vacuum of this inter stellar war.

The humans below turned there attention to the sky's in order to try and better understand there reasons for being.

With this certain members of each faction took it upon themselves to visit this slightly backward world, in an attempt to try and coax this primitive species that they had neglected for so long into helping them in there quest for glory.

As empires on the surface of this planet were forged so where monuments, temples and shrines to different members of each faction. Which ever one had gotten there first and made his claim had in turn gained a following.

Some had created whole new races to help them gain power and make these humans worship them through fear.

Amarrit had gifted his followers with skin like stone, and great size and strength, unfortunately this had also hampered there intelligence, but this was the birth of the Trolls.

Bane, seeing what Amarrit had done, passed on to followers the ability to be controlled by there inner beasts. So creating the Ware's. Unfortunately though now gifted with the great powers of there inner beasts they were unable to return to human form and as such were always cursed to be bipedal animal human half breeds.

Norastu had noticed the majority of worshipers seemed to dwell in the dark, and so granted them improved scenes, and altered the blood chemistry so they didn't need light to function like most mammals do. The unfortunate side effect of this though was that the blood cells died faster than normally, and also if they got into bright light or to hot they would erupt in flame as there bodies could not cool them fast enough. So were created the first of the Vampires.

Tanararia did nothing with the people of the tribe, just offering to help and leaving them to get on with it on there own. Some times Tanararia would advise, others times help craft, But the main roll played out was to make sure order was kept, and every one was safe, happy and content.

Scrall on the other hand wanted the riches from the fifth planet and so forced the minions and slaves to go deep into the rock to dig, realising that the regions of these resources were so narrow began playing with the original design of the species, and so created short muscular cruel twisted beings, known to this day as Dwarves.

Keldra wanted to keep nature and beauty and as such wished to portray this within the tribe, as such they became lean and strong, agile and grace full, with an understanding of nature and the ability to blend into the environment, and to understand what each of the plants and animals could do. As such they became known as the Elves.

WE SAT AND WATCHED THE ROCK

“For millennium we sat and watched there was nothing more to do, than sit, wait, and watch. Occasionally one of my fellow guardians would throw some thing at your little rock, causing a tidal wave, or flood and even in the most extreme of cases an earth quake.” *Taken from Tanararias account of what happened before the humans appeared.*

As the planet moved and the land mass shifted and broke, slipping apart to form large seas, different creatures began to evolve on the surface. Each of the guardians started to take more interest in these begins forming on the surface of the once barren rock.

With time they travelled to the surface to influence there own chosen tribes with idea's and gifts, in an attempt to bend there way's of thinking so that they would be more understanding to there own needs.

After millions of years of being alone and isolated on there own planet, just waiting for some thing to happen the guardians had slowly bore grudges towards each other, though some had become close and worked to improve different things.

Once they had there own little tribes to manipulate and fashion though, there started to be intense arguments among them, so much so that a few decided that for the benefits of there own self preservation and that of there newly formed minions they should leave the Red rock and try and set up a base of operations on the second planet.

Tanararia cloaked in robes, wandered out of the desert and into a small shanty town of animal skinned tents, standing nearly 8' in height the humans saw this apparition as a giant and cowered before it.

A sound softly but with authority came from with in this mass of twirling leather with nothing but darkness underneath. Slowly the humans relaxed, and listened.

Norastu wandered along the mountain trail, the air was thin but fresh and clean. Screams could be herd from a near by cave, these wailing cries cut deep to the nerve. Standing in the door way as only a giant could do, Norastu made his presence known. The humans hunched over in a circle turned to see this entity filling the entrance to there shelter.

Bane enjoyed the time on this earth as it had come to be known, reveling in the ability to take other forms, and be able to run as the wild through the lush forests and across the plains. Of all the guardians Bane would use her abilities for pleasure, some days running with the Deer as one, others hunting them like a Wolf. Though she enjoyed this some thing was missing, and that was companionship, none of the other guardians saw her activates as worth while and so did not partake. Yet Bane had just found huddled together starving a small group of humans.

Amarrit was the power house and defensive force of the guardians, when he had been created by the God it really had been for one reason and one reason only, to guard. Amarrit though over the millennium had learned and though not overly bright to begin with had taken time to work every thing out, still a little slow in the thought process but always got there in the end had decided to leave for the 2nd planet, due to

the harshness of the world, the fast winds and constant storms, his overly toughened hide had all manner of minerals deposited on it giving a texture of stone to the behemoths skin.

Scrall had become bitter and twisted over the centuries, she wasn't as tall as the other guardian, she wasn't as powerful, and jealousy and rage over took her. Believing that the God had forsaken her, she wanted to make amends and set about trying to reclaim all of the precious materials scattered in the beginning, yet to do this a work force would be needed, and so traveling to the Earth, she enslaved and manipulated a fairly large group of humans to mine for her.

Keldra was one of the first to leave the 4th planet, sickened by the fighting and the disarray of her fellow guardians she created a place for herself on the 2nd planet which she soon had to abandon as the harsh effects of the world ravaged and disfigured her. Settling on earth in her hideous form she found kindness in a band of beings they nurtured her back to health, though her form would never reside once more in its original beauty and figure.

Though all the guardians had found tribes they could teach, lead and help there was still a few groups upon this planet with out a guardian, and there attentions had started to turn to the heavens in worship for some thing that was not there. As there energies grew and they cried out with there minds for a mighty power to lead them there tribes grew as did the powers of there minds and slowly this power took form, so the Witch guardian was fashioned, with no allegiances to guardian or God. Also lacking the astral powers, but still a formidable foe, and the tribe gave this entity of human creation a name and that was Degraa.

As each guardian helped shape and granted gifts to there followers and there powers grew, each tribe was slowly shaped and warped away from there original human form, into that of there guardians.

Norastu realising that these cave dwellers could not function properly with in the confines of there darkened sanctuaries began granting them the power of night vision, and altering there blood chemistry so that they would not need or gain any advances from the light of there sun. Unfortunately the more time spent with the fledgling race, the more they became corrupted by the powers of there would be savior, and slowly there minds warped and they started to urge living blood for sustenance and in this the first race of Vampires began to terrorize the world.

A cry came out from this sheltered tribe they were being massacred by the followers of Norastu. There small village nestled with in the foot hills and forests below the mountains and caves which housed these newly created monsters. As they ran from there village, into the woods that surrounded the villagers attempting to get away from these abominations from the mountain they all slowly found them selves huddling into a clearing, one by one they arrived, shocked and scared, at the far end of the clearing stood a great Wolf, though this animal should have instilled fear into the hearts of these tribal people though it did not. The towering wolf moved forward, and no one ran, slowly it began to rise up on its hind legs, and the hair on its back matted round and formed that of a robe. A low, dullest voice rose out of this newly formed being "I shall protect you my children. Behind me so that I might avenge the few that

have fell.” The disciples of Norastu started to mass on the edge of the clearing, seeing that they numbered many and this giant numbered but one they charged. The giant that was Bane stood ground, and deflected each attack with mighty claw. Limbs and heads were rendered from the shoulders of the vampire’s, the Norastu followers began to fall back they were no match for this being. Though there speed was great, strength was immeasurable, and senses heightened they could not bring Bane to the ground.

Bane spent many hours after that day with the tribe that worshipped this animalistic entity.

With time they began to alter, not through Banes doing but through spending time around one with such power. The energies that created Bane and held this God like creature in place slowly passed to the humans with in the tribe, yet as they were not one with the powers, they could not control it and so became stuck halfway between beasts and half way between men.

This was bane’s curse to the followers and as such they would become known as the Wares.

FROZEN WASTES WE CALL HOME

Amarrit landed at the most northerly region of the planet, he had spent so long on the 2nd planet with its winds and the heat he needed to cool off and so headed into the frozen regions of Earth. Due to the layers of debris that had now coated his body he was glowing white hot and so the snow under foot and for several feet surrounding turned to water as he walked. Amarrit was a giant even by the standards of the guardians; Bane was the only one to come close to the height of Amarrit and then she was still dwarfed by the power house.

Amarrit had his first encounter with a human tribe, some way from where he had placed himself to cool off. As the wander he had begun to cool off had taken him across mountains and plains the snow and ice that had melted behind the giant had started to refreeze now flowing as a glacier. The village he came upon with in the plains off ice and snow had seen the giant coming, it wasn't hard there look outs had noticed this behemoth object moving across there flat lands. Originally they had believed it to be a mammoth and so the hunting party had formed up with weapons and ropes to capture it. Once it had come into combat range though they thought it to be a living mountain, the humans being as they are, did not understand this, and slowly fear set in, and as is known if you don't understand some thing you fear it, if you fear some thing your going to attempt to destroy it. So this is what the tribe attempted to do.

Amarrit stood arms folded across his gargantuan chest and waited. The humans through every thing they had at him, spears, rocks, arrows, but nothing would penetrate his thick stone hide. Eventually he bellowed "Are you quiet done" The humans closest to Amarrit were knocked backwards by the force of his voice. Slowly though the humans lowered there weapons and sat in front of this giant waiting to see what would be said next.

Days and nights passed and Amarrit stayed with this tribe, learning and teaching, explaining and helping. Slowly though the humans started to alter as once more the powers that tied the entity to the mortal plain passed into his followers, this in turn brought forth the birth of the trolls.

Scrall sat, she just had no idea what to do, she was the smallest of the guardians, she felt she was the last to be created and she was right she was. Her plan was to appease her lord and creator by collecting up all the precious materials scattered upon the Earth and to return them. This would not be easy, much of these materials had fallen into the frozen wastes of the north, and she know that Amarrit had this area fiercely guarded, yet there was a tribe just out side of there region and it was growing rapidly. This would be her force of war. The humans that would allow her to take the north and secure the riches that it held.

Yet how, she looked no more intimidating than a human, yet she had power and abilities far surpassing a mortal man. That was how she would do it, she would alter them, make them bitter twisted and greedy, but also small and plentiful. Sheer volume of numbers would be the way to defeat the defenders of the north. So her plan was set into motion, from the shadows of the tribe she would begin, playing with there minds and altering there bodies before. Slowly adjusting they form and shape and size, the emotions and there brains. Then she would do what she must to take control of the tribe and take the fight to the trolls of Amarrit. She would have her army's, her slaves, and her wealth.

HUMAN REMAINS

Tanararia only wished to watch, but with the other guardians slowly taking control of the tribes and passing them gifts and curses of their form action had to be taken. So the decision came, that a tribe would need to be taught, helped and guided by the out cast angel. No cures or gifts would be passed to this race of man, purity would have to prevail. Only words of wisdom and help could be given to the humans that remained.

Out of the desert the entity stepped, towards the race of man not yet corrupted by the guardians.

Keldra had been taken in by the forest dwelling folk, they had nursed her to health, treated her wounds and asked for nothing. This in turn had led Keldra to greatly believe in protection of the planet, and its resources, its wild life and its nature, not just the race of man.

So as Tanararias tribes slowly encroached into the woodlands of the elves to gather wood and animal hides the two races fell upon each other, one side strongly wishing to hold harmony, the other after much needed supplies.

The skirmishes were bloody and quick, each side raiding and ambushing the other, so many wounded, even more murdered and obliterated in the heat of battle.

As the elves are the closest species to Human and the Human tribes cover much of the lands and are so varied and different. The Tomb of the Chosen shall show the remains of the few.

BEFORE SCRALL.

Before the time of finding a higher power the humans that would be transformed into these wretches were a peaceful people. Living in there small villages, trading between there close neighbours, and passing stories and skills. The largest of these cities was half on the land and half buried into the mountain face.

With in the inner sanctum of the city out of the light and into the rock were hundreds of mines, each one producing many different substances, from flit and chalk to iron and gold. With in these regions that the city had grown up round were many different seems of materials.

Very few trees grew in this region of the planet and so they learned to quarry stone to build structures to live in, mastered the art of devising systems to haul giant rocks from point A to point B, and also ways of holding upper floors steady via many different stone formations.

Because of the way the race had formed over the years they had discovered many different methods of using these gains from the ground, though wood workers were a rare commodity, iron workers, masons and smelters were common skills with in the race. Though saying that wood was lacking would be apt, the reality was that at one of the outer lying villages did have a small forest and they managed it as well as they could, using selective tree harvests and replanting new ones where there was room in order to keep a supply of wood even though a limited one.

Some farming had been introduced in order to supply fuel for the fires needed to smelt the ore's and to produce the metals. Though this was mainly grain, the seed was thrashed and then what remained would be dried to give fuel.

As more mines appeared and new under ground areas arrived more and more of the population began moving into these newly built spaces. They were warmer and easier to maintain than above ground housing. So slowly all the cities, towns and villages began to vanish under the earth. Most now are only noticeable via the black clouds appearing from large chimneys that seem to sprout from the earth.

One stormy night the sky was torn a sunder by an almighty crack, and hurtling towards what was left of the outside of the City was a giant glowing ball of fire, the few that lived out side of the mines began to scream and run for there lives towards the mines. The fire drew closer to the out reaches of the town until finally it shattered into the ground causing horrendous damage to the tunnel network and destroying over half the city above ground.

The fire ball, started to rise too its feet, towering over every one there. Then slowly at first it raised its gigantic foot from the floor nudging a building which began to melt and deform under the intense heat.

Rapidly from with in the mountain a force came rushing through carrying spears and axes, the spear throwers let go with a volley of shots, but as this creature was still super heated they melted once they got with in inches of its hide, the axe men ran forward wanting revenge for the destruction of there fellow dwellers homes.

As these seekers of redemption got close enough to bring there axes to bear up on the giant, fires started to erupt amongst them as there clothing and armour began to ignite up on the unbearable heat of this creature.

This being just continued to walk away from the city ignorant to the destruction it had caused.

The remaining tribesmen looked to the skies and cried for vengeance, screaming with rage they delivered what Scral had been waiting for, and this was RAGE and HATERED.

For a time after the entity had passed through the survivors had been sent in to a twirl of disarray, though there heads were starting to clear and it was decided that to save this happening once more the whole race would move under ground, deeper than they had ever gone before. All surrounding villages were called and all came to the city to move under the mountains. The only village which did not come was the forest tribes, which all was agreed that wood would be needed and once a way was found under the earth to recreate this need, they would join.

Hugh caverns were created with artificial light created to allow the crops to grow, which though never reaching the sustenance of the fields above ground still formed in a bitter way.

Time progressed and small hardy plants were drilled in order to try and produce some form of wood for different tasks, though these plants also never got to the size they could have done above ground.

Slowly though Scral had been infiltrating the tunnels and ways of the tribes, and with small words and little miracles had begun sowing her own seeds.

She showed her self to high ranking officials with in the tribe, she made her present felt by the farmers and the miners, with in the smiths' workshops and the tanners' dwellings.

Slowly shrines were erected in her honour, she began to realise the time was coming for her to do that one big miracle that would bring the whole tribe under her foot.

She set to work altering the lights with in the farm and forestry caverns, slowly turning this unnatural light that was used to give it the same properties of sunlight, and allowing the crops to grow.

Word spread and with this the cult of Scral began to form, and so did she.

The Doors to the great hall flew open splintering across the floor. There standing in the door way with an aura glow around her was Scral, and every tribesman with in the area bowed, knowing that there divine had arrived.

She looked at her proud followers who she had saved from the darkness and said my Children you are my Dwarves and from this day forward no one will ever destroy your craft again.

The transformation had already begun. Before Scral had made her presence known the Dwarfs had already started to become shorter, and more doubled. Their skin had become grey and hair had failed to grow, madness had also set in with some of the older ones, as they had spent so long with in the realms of these heavy metals their minds had begun to rot.

The lack of natural light had done a lot of the damage, and a poor diet didn't help either. Each member had become hunched over and large of waist, their legs had begun to bow from carrying the excess weight and in some of the seams they spent much time doubled over. This made their arms look so much longer and knuckles drag along the floor.

The decision to wear cloth or leather around the face and head to try and stop the gas's and the poisons entering them had been taken early on, but for some it was already too late, and the mad ones were cast out into a lower cavern to wait out their days. Though Scral had decided to force these ones to stay alive as she knew they would come of use in her diabolic plan, once it unfolded.

Many other things had also been discovered, creatures that had lived in caverns, which had never seen the light of day. Some things even the Entities hadn't seen, but Scral now discovering these creatures had started hatching plans on how to use them.

Knowing that with time Amaritt would find a tribe that would accept the giant as their guardian, it was decided that the fear and hatred of the living mountain must be cultured and grown so that they would be ready to destroy this interloper.