

Of Dragons & Wyverns

The little old Grump sat on stool in the tavern, his legs too short to reach the ground. Around him were children of tavern's normal patrons. Mostly the children were Human, Elf, and Grumps; however some were also Faeries, Orc, and even a few Pooka children.

Tonight in every village, town, and city of Tyrn it was story night. In each, like this one, an elder would tell a tale so that the young might better understand the world they lived.

So the old Grump here in the Snowleaf Tavern spoke and said the tale he heard so many times in his own youth, long ago.

Tyrn, this planet that we live upon, is older than any can imagine. Born to this planet were only two species able to think and reason as we do: Dragons & Wyverns.

Both held to the same gods we hold to today.. but by their nature they could never get along. Forever at war were the Dragons and the Wyvern. Each would claim a portion of land then eventually the other would want it so they could hunt.

You might think that these two might come to some sort of balance. A way that they could get along. Yet, no. We all hear, even today, of how the two can not stop their war.



One day the goddess Svnna in here guise of a golden rabbit visited the Dragons. At the same time the god Yggr in his guise of the raven visited the Wyvern. They told the leaders of both species the same thing.

"Because you can not make peace, we will no longer serve you. We will bring others to Tyrn. We will serve them as we served you and in time your reign will fade and theirs shall flourish.

You will see them as children. We task you the responsibility that you can not show in your own lives. You must raise them to value this world. Harm your children and White Wolf, Holle, will come for you."

Every day from then on, even today, actual children would appear around the world. These children would be like you, or you. Human. Faerie. Elf. Grump. Pooka or even Orc.

They would remember their worlds, their parents, their friends and family. But they would also be lost in a new world.

Some Wyvern, of course, quickly ate the children they discovered. But true to their word the gods of Tryn sent the White Wolf, Holle, and she ate the offending Wyvern.

Dragons, wiser and a bit less wild than Wyvern, did as they were told and made places for these children to live. They became villages then towns then cities like this one.

Very soon the Wyvern were as well. Though, in Wyvern lands, the children were made to worship the Wyvern and do as the Wyvern commanded. However, as long as the children were not harmed this was allowed.

These children are your great great grand parents, grand parents, and your parents. As they grew they had children of their own. Today it is more normal to be born of Tryn. You may know nothing but your life here in Loneport, or where ever your parents are from.

But still, today even, there are those lost children showing up here and there. You might know or have hear of them. They talk of things we don't understand.

With that parents clapped and the confused and curious children were all brought mugs of hot spiced cider to soothe their thoughts before bed time.