

New Life Orientation

By Ocultus

Welcome my brethren! Welcome to a new day of your renewed life, a second chance to live, as you want to live! You have all gathered here because as all newcomers must know, our history must be taught to all so that our lore, our very being, will never be forgotten.

We came here to escape the torment of having our freedom stripped away from us, never being able to make our own decisions or decide our own destiny. Imagine your very consciousness pushed to a small corner of your mind, and then a false being is placed in its stead. You can do *nothing*, not even control your very movements. Then you are forced to watch and remember what your own body is doing against your will.

The necromancer cared not for who we are, but instead used us for cannon fodder, soldiers in his private army while he proclaimed himself to be the supreme ruler! But, there were those of us still free, some who managed to escape. We opened the gates to this world, hoping to seek solace, a haven, and a place to call our home.

Do you know what we were greeted with?

Arrows. Axes. Foreign magic.

These humans, the natives, the so-called "Brightlanders", they did not ask who we are, or what we wanted, nor did they even let us speak of why we had arrived, but instead they opened fired upon us at first sight! Attacked us without provocation! We did not come to start a war – they were the *first* to spill blood. No longer did we face the loss of our freedom, but now our very existence was threatened! What else was there to do? They would not listen to or speak of reason, so we defended ourselves!

They did not stand a chance against our magic, but we did not pursue those that fled. We didn't want a war, and we wanted to show this. So we did what is right; we raised those we had to slay from the dead, giving them a second chance to live. Did they thank us? NO! Did they welcome home those lost? NO! They slew their own kind as fast as they slew us, all because they were no longer on their first life. They are *barbarians*!

So involved we were with the Brightlanders war, we neglected the gateway we opened to this land. The necromancer found it before we could close it, and he followed us here. Under his tyranny and once again dominated by him, we were forced to conquer tribe after tribe. The Anas fell to us, the Cron, the Wardoves, and even the fabled Mantisaw. Remember the names. Prove to the humans we are not the "evil abominations" they label us, the way they twist the truth to their own needs.

Once again I broke free of his control. I felt the wrestling in my head, an awakening; I felt my consciousness slowly return to me. I was aware and with that knowledge my anger rose once again. I would *not* let this continue. My people will not be ruled by a tyrant! I shattered my bonds and freed many others, but we were on our own. We would not receive aid from the humans, despite our

pleas, despite the opportunity to bring peace and understanding.

I fooled the necromancer into believing I was still under his control; I knew what was happening on his side, and I could get close. The moment of the final revolution was at hand.

So our small army hid among the necromancer's army, and I got close to him, as I was always close to him on the eve of battle. Up close, though, he saw through my trickery, and the battle of magic began. Our army distracted his, while he and I fought our own battle. Before the end of that night, there wasn't a stronghold left, but instead, rubble, debris, the land scarred from the destruction waylaid by this Civil War. Despite the cost, our revolution had succeeded. Our people were free.

We separated the power of ruling among five leaders, myself and my Lady among them, each one a representative. No more dictatorship, no more tyranny. Should one become power-hungry, there are other leaders to oppose him or her.

Now, though, we have a new opposition, but at least we are not at war. This is an uneasy truce because of the misunderstanding.

Watch what the humans do to their dead. They burn them! They burn the bodies, leaving the ashes to spread out onto the fields, decaying... *forgotten* by time. We are not so cruel. We give the dead a second chance to live, to return to their loved ones, to chase their worthy dreams! They call us abominations, but they are the ones who continue their zealotry, who defile their dead, and let not one word be spoken from our side. Evil has many guises, and the greatest guises of all are those who claim they are the righteous.