

Dragons of Tyarra

Dragons. The primal agents of nature, containing within their contradictory, scaled skins both intelligence and savagery. They hoard wealth and magic in equal amount, but have little of the constant craving for power over others that consumes so many of the humanoid races. That may be, of course, because they are already secure in their awesome strength. Only in the mightiest and rarest of legends have dragons been defeated. Far more often they are the saviours or scourges of entire civilisations.

The Blood War is a tale that includes both of those roles.

Dragons had lived long in Tyarra before the humans appeared, preying on vast herds of animals, the evil ones attacking the intelligent races as well. Dragons live a very long time, and frequently have little to do with the rest of the world for a hundred years at a time. But when the demons began swarming the lands, it became clear that they could not stand apart. Some chromatic dragons quickly struck uneasy alliances with those commanders lawful enough to consider such a thing. These rarely lasted, and generally ended in brutal savagery, frequently with both sides perishing. Others fought, but were generally quickly overcome. Most hid away in lairs triple protected by magic and illusion, and slept.

The metallic dragons, on the other hand, would come to no terms with the evil fiends. They fought valiantly, but again, those who fought alone perished quickly. Most, however, saw the need to overcome their usual solitary nature, and joined into groups and tribes. They fought tactically, always attacking unexpectedly. Many of the silver dragons joined with the elves, for whom they have some affinity, offering themselves as steeds for dragon knights. Though small, it was perhaps the greatest force in the Great Alliance's army.

The other dragons did not help so directly, preferring to keep apart still from the 'lesser races'. However, at the height of the Great Council, the gold and brass dragons frequently conferred with the council members unofficially to co-ordinate strikes on the demonic forces.

After the war was over, the dragons quickly returned to their normal solitary lifestyles. At the time many humans considered dragons to be noble, beautiful creatures. But public opinion was soon to change. In the decades following the Apocalypse, the surviving chromatic dragons emerged from hiding. Many had perished in the conflagration, and those still alive were hungry. Food was scarce in the new, tainted world, and the evil beasts turned to prey upon the humans, and even sometimes the elves.

From the saviours of humanity, dragons quickly changed to being reviled as the antithesis to a peaceful, ordered society. They were seen as dangers, even by those who knew the difference between the chromatic and metallic dragons, simply because of their wildness. In that desperate time on the edge of survival, anything threatening peace was feared.

Then, the final blow was struck when only about a hundred years ago (196 AA), the Chauntean Church declared all dragons to be servants of the Darkness. The Church stands for ultimate prosperity, peace, and safety, and the dragons were seen as

opposing this. In practice, of course, this has had little upshot on day to day life - how many humans ever even see a dragon as more than a dot in the sky anyway? Except for the odd child, too awestruck by the mighty creatures and needing to be quickly shushed by a worried mother, life goes on.

But is it right that such noble creatures as the gold and other metallic dragons be hated? If not for them, the Blood War might have turned the other way. What's more, there are lessons to be learned from the dragons, in their mighty wisdom and awesome power. Who will learn these lessons?