

THE HISTORY OF KEVLO

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PROLOGUE

In the beginning, the world was flat, taxes were low, magic was common and mythical races walked the land. Dwarfish people dug deep into the earth, elven people built fantastical natural cities, and gnomes made practical jokes into an art form. Good guys wore white hats or priestly robes, and bad guys had horns, bad hair, and a tendency to shoot themselves in the butt with crossbows. Thankfully, in this enlightened age, we believe none of that absurdity.

About 5,000 years ago, the great cataclysm came. While nobody is quite certain exactly what happened, scientists believe an asteroid impacted in the Central Mountains, casting a huge cloud of lethal debris into the atmosphere. Mass extinction of entire species of animals and large swaths of the population left few alive to tell the tale. Those that survived wrote little of life before, being more focused on survival rather than culture.

Even worse, the substances tossed aloft had a strange effect on the survivors. Some people went mad, proclaiming visions, then nightmares, and finally fell into what was called 'The Comet-ose Sleep', from which few ever recovered. Others became sickly of body, wasting away to nothing. Even so, a very few survived. Very few. They found themselves with no choice but to start over from scratch.

A leader arose among them, and he laid the foundations of a city in the place that was Trinsic, calling it Trinsic II. Slowly, crops were cultivated, buildings raised, and animals domesticated. A hundred years passed away, and the people prospered. Explorers were sent out to the former great cities of Lazryzort, finding the survivors and helping them to establish themselves anew. Merrytowne, once saved from utter destruction in a massive flood, was the only city left nearly intact, a band of survivors there became the basis for helping others to recover. Farre Pointe, the Provincial capital, was refounded, and construction begun on the new Great Hall of Government that still stands today.

As time passed, the people spread across the face of the continent, and a time of peaceful prosperity began... a thousand years without war or conflict. But, this, too, would pass, as people returned to their petty ways. War broke out between groups over prime land, then prime resources, dividing the continent into Western and Eastern provinces, then further dividing north and south, as armies ranged back and forth across the mountains and plains, leaving men dead, villages plundered, lives shattered. The Central Mountains Armistice ended that conflict, dividing the continent into roughly its present-day four provinces with a small area ungoverned as a neutral ground for future negotiations.

The next thousand years, a dark ages of no scientific progress claimed the world. People lived in

squalid filth, illiteracy rates soared, and the Yankees definitely didn't win the pennant. It wasn't until the great Ronald Masterson, a scientist, visionary and excellent bartender, that the world once again began progressing forward. His invention of the Beer Pump inspired an entire generation to take up tools and instruments in the pursuit of a better life.

The Golden Age of the Sailing Ship marked the next thousand years. Traders sailed far and wide, finding other survivors, new markets for goods, and better liquor for the Masterson Bar and Grill. Pirates of the High Seas became commonplace, and the various naval militaries had their hands full protecting convoys. Gunpowder was invented, then perfected, short range cannons were mounted on vessels, then longer range weapons. Rifled barrels became the norm, and an arms race started. The age of the sail ended with the advent of the practical steam engine, ushering in the modern era of warfare, and of modern conveniences.

Overland travel was revolutionized by steam, then the internal combustion engine. Harrison Ford invented the first practical, mass-production automobile, which smoked and shook, and generally drove like a badly balanced blender smacked on a roller skate with broken axles. The march of progress continued on...

I hope you will find this treatise on the known history of Kevlo to be educational and enlightening, and perhaps even entertaining, too.

CHAPTER 1: Mysticism and The Great Cataclysm

At one time, the unenlightened masses worshipped a pantheon of false deities, including such supposedly powerful beings named Pelor, Corellon Larethian, Groglar, Grummish and Kord. Their clerics and priests proclaimed the coming of The Great Cataclysm, saying it was being called down as punishment for the sins of the people, and encouraging them to fork over more money as penance. Of course, many of these people wrote of the mythical creatures such as gnomes, elves and the like, using them to forward their ends.

Of course, it was this mysticism that left the people unprepared for the harsh reality that was to come. Once you start down the dark path, forever will it dominate your destiny, after all. The great philosopher Darth Vader once proclaimed, "Luke, I am your father. Search your feelings, you know it's true." He then followed up with a few Super Star Destroyers and a really bad geneology chart to prove this to his intractable do-gooder son. Personally, I'd prefer a good pepperoni pizza and a bad movie to all this useless history, but they're paying me by the word for my talents, and I like a nice, fat paycheck. Maybe there's an automatic computerized way to write this crap. Maybe I should pay a programmer to write that up and set up a script to put it all