

Kendalan's questions

Chapter 0: Leaving home

The forest is losing. Bit by bit. The other elves have left. Some by following the paths of power. Others fled. Our home is shrinking. Tree by tree. We know by who. We need to know why. How to change them so they'll leave the forest in peace.

The elders talked. Who of us would scout? Many of us will not leave the woods. Others lack the skill to survive. I don't mind. A decade or so outside won't be that bad. Nature is everywhere. Less perhaps, but hopefully interesting and different.

They tell me to ask questions first. Answers will come later. Not make enemies, but perhaps friends. Elf friends are rare, a few each century, maybe less. We meet few outsiders. More will mean more friends, more enemies, more questions. Answers in the end.

I left southwards. Other would go east, west, and north. I studied hard to learn 'common', a human tongue. They told me to travel widely, talk to many, but not alone. Alone in the forest is no problem. Here, here some hunt me. Find those that will not hunt me, but travel far. Adventurers they are called. Many evil, selfish. Others metal encased with no sense for nature. The elders know a group who are no enemies. Sometimes friendly. Talk to much, politics to much, but they care for animals and woods. Harpers. Berdusk is their city. A city without walls. A long travel, but I'm patient. I wonder what life is there?