*This is a tale shared by the Great Mother Sapientia with the children of the village so that they may know their heritage and their ancestry.*

In a time long ago, a time before the written word of man and dwarf and elf, we were not as we are now. Great elementals ruled over the world in forms that none could comprehend or perceive. It was in that time that the animosity between the elements arose.

To the southwest, in the heart of the Sea of Sands, lived the greatest of fire’s children in this area. His name was Ligneus. He embodied fire’s hunger and its passions. Ever did he covet the lusher lands to feed upon and sate his appetite, for it brought him joy to do so.

Now, Ligneus was powerful, and desired to bring hardship and ruin to Viridis, the great keeper of the Wild Plains. His was a land rich in grasses and plants, and the animals that moved among them, and Ligneus hungered to feed upon them, for he had tasted all of the joys of his own lands and turned them to barren waste. This he would have already done, were it not for some ancient pact, lost to history, which prevented him from leaving that place on his own.

Now, in that time there also existed a foul wind named Saccularius. This wind was at odds with great Viridis, and also sought his demise. Daily it would blow, strong and free, across the face of the plain, though no matter how hard he tried, he could not harm his adversary. Trees would sway and grasses bend, but none would break, for their strength was greater than his, and so the foul wind sulked and plotted the demise of his great enemy.

One day, frustrated by his endeavors, as the wind often got, Saccularius ventured out, past the edge of the grass lands, and onto the arid desert. There he encountered nothing for a great while. Soon he came to the heard of Ligneus’ land and encountered the great heat. Looking around, the foul wind saw nothing but loose and burned earth, which he could easily pick up and play with. Ever crafty, he quickly devised a plan to defeat his adversary once and for all.

It was not long before the two joined forces in their great battle, Saccularius eager to use the might of his new ally to reduce his foe to not but a play toy, and Ligneus eager to once again find succulent lands to feed upon to sate his desires. Thus was the first union made between Air and Fire to bring ruin to Earth.

Driven on by what now became a hot desert wind, Ligneus reached the edge of the Wild Plains and began his slow process of devouring all before him. One must remember that in those days the elements were eternal and possessed great of patience. Over many years, the Sea of Sands grew as the great heat withered away the plant life at its edge, allowing the strong wind to wear away at the earth. Once fertile soil became worthless sand for Saccularius to play with, thus weakening Viridis.

Though he struggled, the great keeper of the plains was helpless against the might of his two strong adversaries. He sent out cries for help, but most could not understand them, for in that time the language of the elements was foreign to the races of man and dwarf and elf. Still he sent out cries, and at the edge of his lands, bordering the Lady’s Forest, someone heard him. It was not the Lady herself, for she had little concern with helping in this matter, but a Wild Elf who had dedicated himself to the ways of nature and the elements.

Now, the name of this Wild Elf has been lost to history, but it is known that he made a great journey from his home to a far off lake. There he beseeched the guardian of the waters for but a small cup full of her vastness. It was there that he sat for an entire year to prove his worth before she allowed him his request. And it was from there that he slowly made his journey to the edge of the Sea of Sands.

With not but the cup to hold the precious water, the Wild Elf moved slowly and gracefully along his path, careful not to spill a single drop of his hard won bounty. He knew that this was his only hope to help save the lands from the encroaching desert, though he did not know who or what else he would be aiding.

Demonstrating the great patience of the earth as well as the grace and tranquility of the water, he soon came to the end of his journey. He could feel the harsh winds before him, so he sheltered the precious water so that they could not drink of its sweetness. It was there that he sat in contemplation, battered by the foul wind and burned by the great heat, but he did not yield. It was there that he begged help from Tristitia, the great waters of the sky, to lend her aid and power to this endeavor.

For a full day he sat and did not move, thus showing his resolve and cementing his connection to Viridis. Though parched with thirst, he did not drink a single drop of the precious water, showing his patience to great Tristitia. Then, as the full moon rose high in the sky, he stood, and taking the cup, offered up water to both firmament and heavens. Hearing his cry, and the cry of the guardian of the plains, Tristitia joined her power with the weakening earth, drawing him up off of his pain and into her embrace.

Before the Wild Elf rose a great barrier of earth, a range of mountains that blocked the intense heat of the desert wind from reaching him. He felt that he had save these lands, and thus set about his return journey. Man and dwarf and elf praise his name, for they knew nothing of us at that time. They transcribe his name into legend as the great savior of the Wild Plains, for though his shamanic powers they believe he did cause the mountains to grow from the flat lands. Let them have their hubris, for that is another emotion held among those of fire and air.

What you all should know, is that on that day, a union of earth and water was formed to combat their mutual enemies. You can still hear the howl of the ancient threat beating on the side of these mountains. What you can be assured of is that through this union of earth and water, your home, the Elfwall, was made, and like both the earth and the water, it will remain strong. It will provide protection to those that live upon it, and it will nurture those that call it home. It can be harsh at times, but it will always be there for you, keeping you safe with its unyielding body.