

## Lords of the League: The Two Trophies

### Chapter 1:

Dark and evil times have befallen the world. A great, mysterious power has gained control of one of the most powerful relics in all the realms, The One Cup. The Galacksean empire sits patiently amidst the looming Mount Hollee-wood, vehemently defending what they have stolen. Their reign of terror, fear and fascism is one that must come to an end. The closest allies of Galacksee came from the north. Comprised of hideous green monsters, orcs, Sea-at-al had taken control of The Shield. With both The Shield and The One Cup held in the hands of evil, it was clear what must happen. It is for this overwhelming necessity of peace and safety, that a small faction of wise beings in the far off realm of Columbor came together, to unite a world.

A tall slender man wearing tight black pants and a form-fitting white button-up shirt strode into a tavern. He sat down amongst the various peasants, seemingly waiting. The man's eyes shone with experience and zeal, his vision was clear. It was Grogg the green, an aging, stoic and wise wizard, that sensed the need to overthrow the ruthless Galacksee and all of their power. He sat calmly, brooding over everything it would take to return the throne to the rightful place. As he looked up from his pint, two men had swiftly entered the tavern. Grogg expected them, as it was by his request that they were there. The first was a massive figure. He moved with ease despite his size, taking large, strong strides over to the table. His beaver-skin jacket and snow shoes were the tell-tale sign of his origin. The last of his kind, On-Stand, the last remaining Giant from the realm of Canador stood with patience next to the table. The second man was shifty, almost as if he hid something. His hint of quick, agile movement displayed his once prominent speed. Half the size of On-Stand the Giant, he still carried with him a sense of poise that was vastly respectable. His feathered hair bounced in the slight breeze, a physical trait which was not surprising for those with his powers. Being a Necromancer, Wulff had many powers that kept his physical appearance in perfect condition, despite his age. Grogg was elated to see that his plan may yet have a chance. Regardless of the hardship, effort, and talent required for the ultimate goal, it was with these men that they would choose an army to bring back peace.

The three men sat down, exchanged pleasantries, and began discussing what was needed to achieve their goal. They all had seen the disaster and heartache that the Galacksee had wrought and knew that the realm of Columbor was the only way to bring peace. After hours of deliberation, it was decided that due to their age and failing bodies, the three could not bring back the throne by themselves. Grogg knew that they must unite men from all over the world,

from every realm, and they must come together to end the evil reign of Galacksee. They needed an army, but something more unified. They needed a brotherhood, a family, a fellowship...a Crew.

In the blistering cold of Columbor, the wizard, giant, and necromancer began to assemble their Crew. Five warriors from the home realm of Columbor, with four others from the nearby villages of both The Cleve, and Mishigahn were eager to assist in the common goal. The call for peace had reached across the entire world, as men were chosen to fight for the cause of greater good. The Blondes of Cahlifornyah, dynamic champions of A-Frique, Elves from the land-of-Ice, Austreeyah, and Sweetdon. One very important inclusion was a small, wiry hobbit from a small cheese making shire in the north. And perhaps most surprisingly, the dwarves. The dwarves were essential to the success of the coup. Their level of skill and technique was unrivaled. Although diminutive in size, two dwarves in particular were clear choices to lead such a deserving Crew. A hairy, uncharacteristically thin dwarf by the name of Parkhurt-Trollslayer was a born leader. His calming demeanor, positive attitude, and potent ambition made him an easy one to follow. The other dwarf is one, it seemed, from legend. It has been said that he had smited the mighty dragon of Port Land with one blow of his foot. His journey to Columbor had taken him from the distant South, from the exotic forests of Good Airs. The most unusual aspect of the man that would most assuredly help regain the Shield and One Cup is that he would feast on chips. Chip, after chip, after chip, no chip would fill the dwarf with satiation.

Grogg, On-Stand the Giant, and Wulff had appointed their Crew. It was time that they assembled them together, in the warm, far-off realm of Lake-Wood, to prepare for battle. They would be tested, pushed, and perhaps even maimed, but it is through a two month crucible, that a Crew will emerge as one to start their journey. And so it began, a season before a season, to prepare a Crew of Warriors alike, to achieve a common goal, and bring glory, peace, and happiness back to Columbor.