The battle of Norogoth

There was a time when people lived in peace. War was a legend. Hate was a myth. Aragoth, the great king, reigned over Norogoth, which was a rich and beautiful kingdom. Everybody lived in perfect harmony. But the forces of evil, defeated long ago, were about to rise again.

Everyone was getting ready for battle. The small dexterous dwarves from the caves of Gullard, the dragons from the kingdom of Rogoth, the great giants from the East, the powerful trolls from the high mountains of Yraguphos, and even the eternal and supernatural elves from Sythillis. They were all aware that the forces of evil were gathering in the forest of Norogoth, and were determined to fight.

When the day of battle arrived, they were all there, standing in line, fearless, ready for the assault. Suddenly, they heard a loud noise and felt the ground tremble under their feet. They could see the Hunith coming out of the forest. These creatures were horrible. They had enormous heads with sharp horns on their cheeks and on their foreheads, enormous mouths with sharp teeth, and hideous pig noses. The two armies fought until the chief of the Hunith arrived. He was twice as big as his soldiers. He slaughtered all the troops and killed King Aragoth. The forces of evil were winning when a young dragon, Kardrath, appeared and attacked the chief. The Hunith realised they were defeated and disappeared for ever. The people of Norogoth lived happily ever after under the protection of their new hero, Kardrath, the wise and reasonable dragon.

THE END