

We stood in the tunnel deep beneath Orc Gate, not far from the charred remains of our brethren. Lord Stoneshaper called out and challenged the still darkness before us.

Then I saw a swaying light, something akin to a far away fire, but of a strangely reddish hue. It grew and we knew it was coming. How I dreaded that moment! I long for the comforts of my lodgings and hoped for the strength I knew that we would need.

Suddenly the flame flickered and our warriors let out an anxious cry. Scarcely an instant passed, and with a roar a hot wind blew down the passage. The mines walls gleamed with a fiery aura and for the first time, the only time in my life, I felt the heat to be too much. What follows gives me nightmares to this day.

As the sweltering breeze died we began to murmur and our lord turned to us with his axe upraised and his voice strong and clear. And he said 'Weapons ready Prepare yourselves, all. By Aules side we fight! And with Aules blessing we shall be rid of this beast! It will die the unending death of its master, the Black Enemy of our fathers .Our lord said no more, like a curse from the depths of evil there came an explosion of fire so great that the rocks shuddered and burst into flame. Our once bold host stood back in fear. Amidst the fury of the fiery ball stood a shadow, which erupted forth with a horrible outcry. I for one could not stand before it, the only reason I lived to tell this tale was that I was so overcome with dread that I was held immobile, and could do nothing but watch as our proud force was destroyed before my very eyes.

The evil loomed before us twice the height of a man, but with considerable girth. Fire swarmed

about it and wings framed its visage. It seemed to change character with each passing moment, shrouded at times and then all too clear in its awful countenance. A flaming sword the size of a two handed blade it held in one hand.

In an instant it caught hold of Lord Stoneshaper in its black and twisted claw. My Lords Warders charged to give battle, and with one mighty sweep, runes glowing infernally along its length, the massive blade felled them, their heads rolling like coals from the licking fires.

The Rune priest gathered those brave enough and rushed forward, shields held high. Yet they were too late. The foul horror flexed mightily and tore our lord, Gorrim Stoneshaper, in half. Then as a spirit of fire it sent a

blazing whirlwind into our ranks. Dozens of the finest dwarven warriors fell like dead trees in that unstoppable gale.

This was my last sight as darkness swiftly fell. When next I could see the evil terror had gone. I fell to my knees and looked into the accursed void that once gave blessed wealth to our kindred and I stared in pain for many hours.

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