

Morr-Rat
by Brian C.

...translated...

The humidity in the air soaked Morr-rat's albino body, the ancient Skavens' hair plastering to his skin like horse-fat in a glue distillery. His tail twitched nervously, as was his custom when he was excited or angry, the number of dead flies being swatted just sauce for the goose. At this point, Morr-rat was clearly angry. He did not usually make such a distinction, but this night was a special circumstance.

The tome before was withered, cracked with age and the decades of heavily inked pages. A nightmare to those not initiated, the book detailed thousands of experiments, diagrams, tools, test runs, the wealth of the Master Moulder and his thrice-extended life. Entrails were discussed in detail, Orruk blood and its uses in lubrication, how to dissect the living while the blood still flowed, the regenerative tissue properties of Troggoth and its use as a food preservative. The pages went on and on, experiment after experiment, dutifully copied and recorded, organized and sorted, in such a maddening way that one might go crazy trying to understand the notes.

The laboratory, perched upon a craggy outcropping of rock upon the human named Isle of Agony, thrust up like a rusted needle from the jungle canopy, its metal antenna looking like horns upon the head of a monster, searching the sky for electricity to power the equipment in the pits below the laboratory. A swift breeze wafted in through the opened windows bored into the sides of the tower, sure indication one of the tropical storms that battered the island, was gaining strength out at sea. Papers fluttered in books and scroll cases, their edges slowly tearing, the smoke from animal-fat candles swirling into the corners like tiny vortex.

The sound of a thumping tail and the scrawling of sharpened Rat-Ogor whiskers upon parchment were the only sounds. Morr-rat was frustrated. The flesh melding had gone wrong today, the agony of the surgeries too much for the newest group of Ogor. At first there had been great promise, the improved limp reinforcement had done wonders for the hands. Metal sheathed fingers were able to dig through the sides of the pit, great chunks of rock scratched away with maddening speed.

Morr-rats tailed thumped out a tune only he could understand, thinking back to the day's events.

The test Ogor had continued to tunnel, until the exposure to the warp-forged metal began to warp the pink flesh, turning it black. The Ogor howled in agony, the spread of the warpstone began to eat their way up the arms, and soon the transmogrification birthed new monsters, rampaging howling beasts whose internal organs began to run out of the ears and noses, as the mutating effects devoured the humanoids until nothing was left but corrupted piles of blackened flesh, pulsating with some semblance of life. Mercifully for the Ogor, warpfire teams burned what was left to ash.

Again, the thumping of the tail lay waste to the swarm of flies, a bloody mess upon the table behind the Skaven had started to accumulate.

“Sound was the procedure, the ratio of warpstone to flesh had been wrong. Too little warpstone, too much flesh? It boggled the mind but at the same time I find it interesting to note that it had worked!” The writing continued as the breeze grew stronger.

“The procedure was sound my puppet, but again you fail to consider the consequences of your actions, your eagerness continues to override your senses. One Ogor I said, one and only one!” The voice, sweet, tempting, was a pox upon Morr-rats mind, the Verminlord interrupting him at moments of joy.

As always...

“And now the cattle are gone. Sound procedure, no specimens for recourse!” Sweet, cloying.

The tail thumped fast, whipping about like a kite in the wind.

“Eagerness, yes-yes! Not my fault the fatbellies of inferior stock!”

Morr-rat threw aside the whisker, it had broken in his claw as he continued to write, more proof of the inferiority of the stock he had to work with. As he drew forth a new whisker from a pot, his mind was filled with visions, sharp and painful. So painful he dropped the quill and fell to the floor, his mind splintering even as his clawed hands tried to keep it from splitting apart. A good fifteen minutes later, Morr-rat rolled to his side, blood trickling out of his mouth, a strange and knowing smile upon his twisted face...