

Age of Sigmar Animosity II Narrative:

# A Garden Grows in Shyish

## *Prologue*

*It has been nearly an age since I have seen my beloved. Never before or since have I seen pure radiance such as hers. I saw her but only for a fleeting moment, but I knew then in the core of my being that we were meant to be. How could it be then, that this love of mine were my most bitter of enemies? How hopeless a situation, and yet are we not taught that the dearth of hope is truly a gift?*

Sir Verdous surveyed the lush oasis erupting before him. His merry gardeners had worked tirelessly for weeks to seed the desolate barrens of the Bone Desert of Ghur. Through the hard work and determination of servitors captured in battle, a massive basin had been carved out. Only once the grand work was done did Verdous allow the servitors their final rest, his men at arms spilling the servitors' blood and fetid ichor to fill the basin. From there, his cultivators planted stands a malodorous gnarlmaaws, which grew strong and fecund off the rich bilious soil of the oasis. Truly this was a fitting tribute.

"Noble lords and men at arms, we have truly made a fitting homage to Grandfather, bringing life and rebirth to this parched land. Let us celebrate this victory and bask in his glory!" His men let out gargled hoots and hollers as pipers tune and wet their instruments to play a jaunty tune. Mites danced and frolicked, playing their merry, twisted games. Even the dour scribe that accompanied Verdous for seemingly no other reason than to check and double check and triple check the supply inventories of the grand expedition seemed to relax ever so slightly. His enormous lips seemed to not be pursed so tightly at least.

While Verdous was a humble servant of Grandfather, his thoughts strayed to another.

*My radiant lady, by Grandfather's grace I have raised another bountiful garden in your name. I pray that you can feel in this work my unending love for you, as I bring the gift of life to this lifeless place. I pray that with each of these monuments to your beauty, I will gain your favor more and more. Perhaps one day, you may find me worthy of your own love and devotion.*

Verdous knew not to hope for such things, for hope was an illusion and a cruel game of the evil gods. No, in his lonesome and despair, Verdous gained strength that mortal men could never hope to grasp. He knew his quest to prove his love for his fair lady would end when time itself ended, through countless lifetimes of cycles of rebirth. Truly, not until all of the mortal realms were blanketed in Grandfather's gardens would his work be done.

Verdous strode past his cavorting forces and felt a surge of pride in his merry men. These were truly the finest, most feculent compatriots he could have asked for. He resolved to let them enjoy this moment before setting forth to begin a new garden. Verdous reached the hitching post where his rotund steed was perched, guarding a clutch of freshly laid eggs. The stable master turned upon hearing Verdous' footsteps, grinning ear to pus-dripping ear. "My lord! Joyous, joyous day! Your Rot Fly has laid another clutch for us. Blessings of Grandfather, we will be able to train a new retinue of drones for you soon." Verdous smiled beneath his rusted visor. "Joyous day indeed!" He gently stroked the Rot Fly's carapace. "Are you up for a quick flight?" He asked as the massive insect leaned into his caress. She fluttered her massive gossamer wings in response. As the two soared high above the oasis, Verdous looked down, his bloated heart swelling with pride. He nodded approvingly at the shape of his newest garden, for in it, he once again saw the face of his love, her verdant visage smiling back at him.

*Alarielle, ever the queen of my heart, this garden is for you.*

How many bountiful effigies had he built in her name? How many more lands would he have to bring roiling life to before she gave him her heart in return? These were questions not worth dwelling on. Yet, perhaps he had simply not challenged himself enough in his quest. There was, after all, a realm so inhospitable to life that he had not yet ventured to it.

*Yes... that is my next goal. I will seed the largest garden yet in the heart of death made manifest. Alarielle, my unending love, your next tribute will grow in Shyish itself, bringing your light to the very darkest of places.*