

Arrival

By: P.L. Baker

Dramatis Personae

Drosus, The Butcher of Cevansdale.	Lord of Chaos
Thressian	Doom Knight
Damon	Aspiring
Ghorog	Beastlord

Drosus, the Butcher of Cevansdale and Lord of Chaos, watched the gathering of men and beasts as they listened to the mismatched pair known as the Oracles of Peace and Humility. A low grumble came from Rime Jaw, his trusted Karkadrak, and he ran a hand along its carapace to sooth it.

“Soon you feast.” He stayed as he turned his attention back to his warriors as they unloaded the longships. He needn’t worry about the provisions and equipment as his second, Thressian, was more than up to task. While Damon and his men constructed the campsites.

The sermon seemed to be near completion. Drosus spat at the thought of working with the Rat-men, “Ghorog best be here soon.” Drosus spat again, “Oh the favours he’s going to owe me.” Drosus sighted the Beastlord’s banner in the distance, “Thrice-damned beast.” He grinned.