

Revenge at Ironforge

by Yagyu

This here is my story. I tells it cuz it's my right an' my honor. It begins at the end of another story that's almost been fergot, years ago in the cold snows of Khaz Modan. It's only fittin' that this story should end in the warmth of the swamps where our people first staked their claim ta this world. But I'm gettin' ahead of myself. First I have ta tell ya about a time when I weren't Warchief. I wuz a Sythegar under the Smashblade. Gorfrunch hisself lead us then. We were a bloodthirsty lot but purposeless. We ran about raiding and plundering Alliance towns where we could find 'em. An we wuz happy ta do it, too. I hadn't much cares in them days. Jus' a hot meal, a straw mat fer sleepin' and a sharp axe to cut down night elfs with. It was Gor's Warlord Faquarl wut gave me somthin' ta work for more than jus' bloodlust. He and Gor planned our clan's ambitious attempt to conquer all the dwarf lands. An' we came close ta doin' it too.

Not a one of us thought we could fail until the time of the Great Disaster. Standing amid a pile a fallen Blacktooth Grin in front of Bronzebeard's Hall, I felt fear fer the first time in my life. It seemed no matter how many dwarfs I cut down a new swarm of came to meet my axe. I remember searching over the tops of their heads to where Gorfrunch should have been, but alls I could see were Alliance banners flutterin'. I remembers I seen Yalim drop under a paladin's blade but I couldn't reach him. I could only watch helplessly as Felora and Faquarl wuz mobbed by a horde of dwarven guards. Finally, the weight of all them fat ale-stuffed dwarfs wuz too much fer me. I were finally brought to the ground. Sometimes when I dream, I can still see the paladin's mallet as it come crashing down on the arm that holds my axe. I can feel the burning as two pinkers drive their blades into the flesh and muscle and my hand can't hold the blade no more. It were an insult that they kicked me into the tram tunnel rather than gimme a true warrior's death. I don' remembers much after that other than finally makin' my way to Tanaris an' catchin' a boat to the island wheres I spent another year o' my life away wishin' things wuz different.

It were the fates wut sent that troll ta bring me back ter my clan. I returned ta find my family almost intact. I learned everyone had survived but Gor and Jo had died again. And I wudn't even there this time. I felt useless again but weren't nuthin' I could do but keep livin' and fightin'. Soon I earned the trust of the new Warchief, Ashenrock. We fought a lot a battles but in every fight my mind was still trapped in that slaughterhouse of Dun Murogh. I wuz loyal to my mates and my Chief an' when the day came that he couldn't lead no more, the necklace fell ta me. I didn't want it, but it were my duty ta take it. An' so that's how I came ta lead the Blacktooth Grin.

Now as I stand here lookin' over this fort in a swamp that we call home, my only thoughts are those of last night. I don' feel no more pain at Gor's loss. No more sorrow over my friend Jo. No more hate at our failure that day so long ago. All I feel is a deep satisfaction because we have our revenge. I led the Grin into Ironforge again, a place we believed wuz cursed fer us. The Clan went in hard an' fast and we hit that dwarf like a battering ram. He didn't go down easy but the fierceness of our attack musta surprised the enemy. Their attempts at defense were disjointed and weak. Finally I watched as Grimface smashed that dwarf's helmet off his head and that's when I saw somethin' I never thought I'd see. I saw Magni fall. My blood is racin' even now jus' thinking of it. I ran over there and shouted at the orc ter hold 'im down. That's when I took wut belonged ta me back frum 'im.

Sometimes I hear folks talkin' about an eye fer an eye....well...I got me an arm fer an arm.