

An axebeak shrieks. The cacophony of pterodax, bats and a myriad of simian, reptilian and avian calls in a spiraling and perpetual panic. The crust of the world fluttered, tectonic upheaval and arcane catastrophe wreaking irreparable havoc on a world once observed atop the Zandalari Mountains – a world once untarnished, the blood of butchered tribes now nourishing the jungles, ornaments to the gilded cage under Azshara's tyranny.

With frenetic haste and the determination to cast aside life and spirit to safeguard the Holy Land, the few magi of Zuldazar raced against time; against the stormfront of fel-clouds, against the consequences for reckless sorcery.

All would be lost – the trolls, once torchbearers of civilization, flung themselves to the dirt, cowering like animals from the fire coveted by their conquerors.

The awesome might of Lei Shen's legions was a sight to behold. Discipline, the likes of which was nurtured with stonebinding and the crack of the whip alone. The Zandalari, the apex of empires and masters of their own natures – masters of all nature, in service to the gods that walked amongst them, appeared humbled by the Thunder King's amassed force at the gates of Uldum.

The power the Mogu were poised to claim stood to establish eternal paradise for the citizens of both kingdoms. They'd nothing to fear, no foe to pester them, a glorious future assured – such was the results of Zulathra's enlightened foresight, basking in self-satisfaction and gleaming with the immortality granted by the Thunder King – he'd spread this splendour to every corner of the world, Zandalari would be ETERNAL...-

The High Priest's shadow was among the first to be singed onto the ground he stood upon. The pillar of white-hot fire, Zulathra's Folly– for the first time in history, the denizens of Zuldazar fell to their knees in despair at the sight of its towering blaze.

Burning.

Melted flesh and searing agony.

Flash-thawing the peaks of Alterac, blistering the essence of even the Loa.

Burning, reducing the ambitions of Amani to naught but ash.

Lungs *burning*, eyes *burning*, hairs singed – caught in the inferno, trollkind is set to draw its final breath – helpless like cubs afore the focused fury of the flame.

Isle of Thunder

Torkazi's eyes rapidly blinked wide open – the high-pitched ringing of white-hot annihilation, of Jintha's smoldering corpse left in the ditch, of tidal waves consuming everything, tangible as the crash of lightning off the shoreline. The vision cascaded down upon him, as overbearing as the downpour over the marshlands securing the perimeter of Lei Shen's palace. Snorting, clearing his perpetually clogged sinuses from the upset and morbid exhilaration, the Arcanital combed back a mane matted by exertion and the deplorable conditions - reasserting dignity.

With a turn on his heels, he regarded the mewling, muck-wracked thing apprehended by the Bladeguard with a stoic sense of scorn. The paltry remnants of tribal auxiliaries – conscripts, in truth – were prone to insubordination in spite of the Zandalari's graces. A repeated testing of their propensity to overlook failure, to place faith in the descendants of Aqir-slayers, empire builders. Rarely was this repaid with anything beyond venomous leers and murmurs on the virtues of their benefactors.

This was not to last.

With plumes of black smoke billowing from his clenched fist, he breathed deep in the sulfur which first set his people on this despondent, downward spiral; the force as affable as it was atrocious.

The burden of the Arcanital was not only to know that trollkind's every defeat was wrought with fire – it was also to wield the very flame which shattered the Empire of Zul.

An ultimate duty to safeguard what remains from joining the sea of cinders.

With consummate elegance, Torkazi lowered himself. Claspingside of the Gurubashi's skull, an array of golden rings caressing their temple as they were rendered an example – their cries of agony a reminder for the flame Torkazi had resolved to shield them from.