

A Thane Has Fallen

The Council of Chromatic Thanes convenes to discuss the death of their fellow thane and greatwyrn, the White Thane Glacylium, the Frostfiend.

[Green Thane Venomourn, the Corruption] "A Thane has fallen."

[Topaz Thane Enduskad, the Melancholy Recluse] "I want to go home."

[Black Thane Thanaxaeros, the Ruination] "Not fallen. Lured and killed, like a common beast."

[Ven.] "Even so. What is to be done?"

[Sapphire Thane Azurath, the Martial Architect] "The enemy is over-confident in their victory. We should strike now."

[Tha.] "We will not."

[Blue Thane Galvoloth, the Direstorm] "But this is an outrage! We do not die, much less at the hands of mortals!"

[Azu.] "Agreed, these fleas must be put in their place. We must remind them of who we are."

[End.] "I want to go home."

[Ven.] "But what of the weapons?"

[Azu.] "Ah, yes, the mortals are nothing without those accursed trinkets."

[Gal.] "How were they able to retrieve the hammer? I was made to believe that that particular weapon was under our control."

[End.] "I want to go home."

[Red Thane Pyrozax, the Dreadfire] "Quiet, all of you! You prattle and squabble like wymlings over a bone. The simple truth is Glacylium was weak. He was little more than a beast; thus, he died as little more than a beast. Even after achieving apotheosis, he could not overcome those meddlesome mortals."

[Ven.] "But Pyrozax, should we not avenge our brother?"

[Pyr.] "Such sentiments are beneath us."

[Tha.] "Indeed."

[Pyr.] "Besides, Venomourn, we all know it is not our brother who would seek to avenge. You have suffered your own losses to those mortals, have you not?"

Venomourn growls low, like rumbling thunder, but says nothing.

[Gal.] "I care not for vengeance – such an attack is an assault to our pride as Thanes, as dragons! It cannot stand!"

[Pyr.] "Nor will it."

[Azu.] "Then we are to retaliate after all? I have already drawn up the battle plans."

[Pyr.] "Not so fast, Azurath. Mother has her own plans. We are to stay the course. The convergence of the planes draws ever nearer, and with it, the end of this world."

[End.] "I want to go home."

[Merrik Voyde] "My Lord Thanos, if I may?"

The dragons all turn toward the center of their circle, where a lone human man kneels before Pyrozax.

[Azu.] "Who is this maggot, that would stand among the council of Thanos as though he were one of us?!"

[Merrik] "My Lord Azurath, I would never presume to stand with you as an equal. My name is Merrik Voyde. I am merely a humble servant, a pawn, if you will, here at the behest of our Dark Lady."

[Azu.] "Mother has granted her favor to this maggot?"

[Pyr.] "Indeed, it appears she has." *Pyrozax gives him a look that is both disgusted and annoyed, the way a man would look at a gnat that has flown into his cup and ruined his drink. But Pyrozax says nothing, and none of the other Thanos speak up.*

[Merrik] "Thank you, my Lord. The Planeskeepers have acquired three of the four Primordial Arms, and already they display formidable strength. Should they find the fourth and final weapon, their strength would only increase further. Furthermore, their encounter with Glacyliam left them in quite a state. Might I propose we attack them now, while they are still licking their wounds?"

[Azu.] "The maggot has a point."

[Ven.] "If I recall correctly, has it not been your task to stop these "Planeskeepers" as you call them? Perhaps if you had successfully carried out the duties assigned to you, Glacyliam would still be among the living.

[Merrik] "I would tread carefully, Venomourn. I know my responsibilities, and regarding any shortcomings in my performance of those, I answer only to the Dark Lady. I do not answer to you. Think on your own failures before thinking on mine."

[Ven.] "You dare--!"

[Pyr.] "Enough, both of you." *To Venomourn: "As I have said, Mother has her own plans." He turns to Merrik. "You would do well to follow them, mortal, else you lose the favor that has spared your life to this point."*

[Gal.] "Are we really to do nothing, then? Glacyliam is dead, and we simply 'stay the course.'"

[Pyr.] "Galvoloth, my brother, think of this as nothing more than a balancing of the scales. We took something from them, and they have taken something from us."

[Tha.] "And how is our prisoner doing, Enduskad?"

[End.] "I want to go home."

[Tha.] "Yes, we know. But the prisoner?"

[End.] "All he does is whistle to himself all day. Would that I was so carefree."

[Ven.] "Perhaps he does not appreciate the severity of his situation."

[Pyr.] "Give him time, brother. As Mother's chains grow ever weaker, his grow stronger. We will see if he is still whistling after one thousand years of captivity in Avernus."

[End.] "You know, when I say whistle, it's really more of a hoot..."

[Pyr.] "That's enough, Enduskad. You may return to your post."

[End.] "You mean, I can go home?"

[Pyr.] "To your post. Now."