



# MONSTER STORY: DARK ELF

One could view these dismal circumstances with cruel irony to find humor I suppose. Less so a laugh and more of a smirk really, for even to a generously disposed mind the amusement is scarce.

A noble warrior, stealth and deadly grace personified. Daughter of a noble house, pride of its elders. Making her way knee-deep in filth, shaking down pitiful misshapen creatures in their vermin-ridden hovels. All to find that was stolen from us and to execute the trespasser who dared commit the crime.

For one does not rob the Dark Elves without consequence.

Steeped in shadow and secrecy, our marvelous cities lie deep beneath the earth, far away from prying eyes. We do not value guests, least of all the self-invited kind. Our magic is aided greatly by the sacred obsidian – glass stone, shade crystal – whichever of its many names you choose to apply. It is quite rare even down in our depths and almost impossible to find here in the upper caverns.

Many seek it for the power and possibilities it grants. Few know of ways to harness its energies, to avoid terrible corruption that can befall those who handle it lightly and ignorantly.

The elderly orc woman who raided our storage chamber was no fool. Her magic bypassed our wards and deceived our sentries. She knew of ways to extract and transport the crystals. She is devious and capable – bold in her defiance of our power. Her life must end.

Many volunteered to track the thief down. Worthy warriors, skillful spellweavers. It was decided that my abilities were best suited to track down and execute the trespasser. Rightly so.

I miss the tall spires and the vaulted ceilings of our homeland. It is but a distant memory here in these forsaken caves with the decrepit structures of the greenskins crumbling in disrepair. They live here like animals, wading in these disgusting puddles of stale water, among the rotten moss and the foul eruptions of the noxious gases. The unfortunate critters who cross my path share what they know – some under threat of pain, some with subtle help of a spell. Then they die. I am certain they are grateful that I grant them release from this pitiful existence. I would certainly rather die than wallow in this filth. I feel sad for them for they never knew anything more in life and never will in death. Some of them know of the old orc. Every slit throat brings me closer to my quarry.

Wiping my blade clean of Kobold blood I sense a presence. Like me it is out of place here. Unlike me it is a primitive creature full of fear. It is about to share its secrets and then receive the sweet release granted by my sword. A mind blanking charm to disorient the wretch and it will be at my mercy – easy to defeat in its stupor.

First this one and eventually the orc. The shade crystal will return to its rightful owners.

I will make sure of it.