

# The Dwarf from Bloody River

by Mark "rinku" Dewis

There was movement at the Twisted Goat, for the word had passed around  
That the heir of Baron Schloss had gone astray,  
And had made his way to Mordheim - he was worth a hundred crown,  
But consensus was he wouldn't last a day.  
All the fortune hunting mercenaries from the camps both near and far  
Had mustered at the Goat to drink their fill,  
For fighting men seek money to supply them at the bar,  
And rewards will always end up in the till.

There was Gerhardt there, who'd scrapped on streets since he was just a pup,  
Oldclaw, cast adrift from his own race;  
But few could stand against him when his blood was fairly up  
And none would call him traitor to his face.  
And Donato with his silver sword came down to lend a hand,  
No better swordsman ever swung a blade;  
For never man could touch him while Donato parried, and  
A graveyard could be filled with men he'd slayed.

And one was there, a Stunty with a chipped and battered axe;  
He was something like a Norseman undersize,  
With glowing rocks of Wyrystone carried in a pair of sacks  
To be sold for yellow gold that his kind prize.  
He was hard and tough and craggy - just the sort that won't say die -  
He nursed a mug of ale that had a "B";  
And bore the badge of madness in his sole unblinking eye,  
And the frequent sudden twitching all could see.

But still so short and ragged, one would doubt his power to slay,  
Gerhardt said, "That Dwarf will never do  
For a long and hard fought rescue - he had better stop away,  
The search will be too much for such as you."  
The Stunty grabbed his shirt and pulled young Gerhardt face to face -  
His breath was foul as corpses rank with flies;  
"Do ye think me little legs will nay keep up the pace?  
Maybe I should cut yours down to size!"

"I hail from Bloody River, up by Karag Dron's hot flood,  
Where the hills are twice as steep and twice as rough;  
Where the greenskins come in screaming waves that drench the rocks in blood,  
The Dwarf that holds his own is good enough.  
And the Bloody River slayers in the mountain make their home,  
Where the river runs those giant hills between;  
I have seen full many madmen since I first commenced to roam,  
But nowhere yet such slayers have I seen."

So he went; they found the missing boy about to be dispatched,  
By cultists gathered round a smoking fire,  
And Donato gave his orders, "Boys, our forces are ill-matched,  
We'll have to try to snatch him and retire.  
And, Oldclaw, you must flank them, try and flank from well around,  
Strike boldly, rat, and never shirk in dread,  
For never will the Baron pay our band a single crown,  
If the prize delivered hasn't got his head."

So Oldclaw ran to flank them - he was racing on the wing  
Where the best and boldest Skaven take their place,  
And he pounced on them from shadows as he made his twin blades ring  
With destruction as he met them face to face.  
Then they halted for a moment, while he swung the dreaded swords,  
But they saw his other comrades were so few,  
And they charged to meet with Gerhardt, with Donato and the Dwarf,  
But the victim was forgotten while they flew.

Then fast the heroes followed, and the night was filled with noise,  
Resounding to the thunder of their blows,  
And the cultists pressed down hard upon those outnumbered boys,  
Though several of their number fed the crows.  
But onward, ever onward, the wild zealots held their way,  
While the rescuers fell back upon a wall;  
And Donato muttered fiercely, "We may bid our lives good day,  
No man can meet these odds but yet he fall."

While Oldclaw tried to meet them, he was blocked on every side -  
It well might make the boldest hold their breath;  
Their enemies grew thickly, and came from near and wide  
With swords and clubs, and any slip was death.  
But the Dwarf from Bloody River raised his axe above his head,  
And he swung his weapon round and gave a cheer,  
"Ye think these bloody pansies are a mob to hold in dread?  
I've seen worse monsters floating in me beer!"

He sent arms and bodies flying, but the Stunty kept his feet,  
He cleared a bloody swath among the foe,  
And the Dwarf from Bloody River never seemed to miss a beat,  
It was grand to see that mountain axeman go.  
To the left and to the right, on the rough and broken ground.  
Through the cultists at a racing pace he went;  
And he never stayed his charge till the other side was found  
Then he turned and started back with grim intent.

He was right among the enemy; in terror did they mill,  
And the others by the wall gaped, standing mute,  
Saw him ply his axe quite freely, he was right among them still,  
As they routed with the Dwarf in hot pursuit.  
Then they lost him for a moment, where a broken tower met  
With a burned out tavern - but a glimpse reveals  
On a smoky distant cobbled street the cultists running yet,  
With the Dwarf from Bloody River at their heels.

And at the Twisted Goat, where the wild tales are told  
Of battles strange and quests bizarrely met,  
Where villians foul drink side by side with heroes who are bold,  
And any drink is good if it is wet,  
And where around Ohmikee the patrons sweep and sway  
To alcohol and chilli burning bright,  
The Dwarf from Bloody River is a household word today,  
And warriors tell the story of his fight.

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