

Assassin dinner

The huddled company, of shadowy figures , slept uneasily. Alaric, Noric, Durak, the three assassins, lay uncomfortably under the low branches of the skeleton of a dead hangman tree. The tree groaned , pushing ,against the howling wind. Hollow whistling from the tree's dead branches filling the night air. The lonely flames of the shadowy figures fire , a beacon across the flat , dead , empty bush land of the Medfelders , the land between the coast and the mighty snowcapped peaks of the Dragontrope mountain range. "The winter wind will be our death , out here", muttered Alaric. "Why have we left the safety of the great city of Middenheim to be out in this infernal weather?" , thought Durak to himself , shaking his scarred head. Alaric peered at the other two assassins. "Three men , all of us trained killers , happily hunting ,choosing to leave the safety of our city. "It is I who will kill the daughter of this enemy merchant". "The reward will be handsome , the girls pretty head will be returned to our sponsor Ratfink , he always desires proof of our deeds". This deed seemed so savagely Alaric though. He smiled. A quiver of excitement brought his dulled , cold , tired senses alive. "Death , such simple satisfaction," Alaric grinned , like some deaths head in the dark. The wind howled around the three assassins , the moonlit night dark cold and unforgiving. In the depths of the darkness , swirled the night , the wild and deadly night.

The yellow pupils of his eyes dilated as he focused on the three figures. His vision allowed him to see them clearly , night like daylight. Night was better for Goblins as the sun burnt their sensitive yellow eyes. However night vision made for easy butchering at night. Slurak , the leader of the goblins , scratched his chest as he studied the three humans. The long yellow claws of his sinewy hand scratching hard at the leathery green flesh of his hide, well protected by his armor , a rigid leather breast and back plate. He was itchy , the fleas had not been picked off properly by his mate, he would have to discipline her when he returned to his tribes cave , in the depths of the Dragontrope mountains. He loped back to the troupe of goblin hunters , numbering thirteen in all , they were all seasoned killers. The Goblin god has been delivered the sacrifice prior to the groups hunt , a 'uman heart , and now the huntsmen had been rewarded , three prizes , easy kills. "Silly 'umans , god no brains they's sitting ducks nighttime on the open plain , right'o boyo's we gonna stick 'em full of

sticklers. Slurak hated humans , they were taking his land. They had permeated into the mountains , slaughtering the Orc tribes , in their hunt for more of the “strange black stuff” , the stuff the shaman used , the “fire powder”. Goblins and Orcs had ruled these mountains as long as Slurak could remember , that was before the humans arrived from the Old-world. These man-things were smart and tough and bred faster than wild rabbits. “The time has come to make things correct like boys.” Slurak motioned his lads , The goblins moved stealthily outward , their silent loping gaits quickly allowing the group to form a death circle around the campsite. The battle hardened goblins drew their crude efficient short bows. Deadly short flighted arrows poisoned , poised and ready, the primitive hunters focused, “time to kill” Slurak thought , toothy grin crossing his pockmarked, scarred face. The darkness covering the goblin cohort , the silent ugly killers using the night, seeing as if in daylight, a dark tide of death washing toward the unaware group of human meat.

Alaric stared into the darkness. Thunk , thunk , thunk. Alaric looked down at his chest , the Goblin poison paralyzing his body , unable to scream , all Alaric could do was eyeball the short black arrows in his chest , and slump silently over. It was over in seconds , silently rushing up the goblins sliced the throats of the two assassins quickly , the sounds of rusted blades cutting through air and flesh. As the flames of the fire slowly died down ,the view from the distance of the campsite ,revealed the Goblins macabre ritual. The group of misshapen figures huddled in three distinct groups , hunched over , as pigs hunch over the trough, the sound of chewing and crunching carried away by the howling of the nights wind.