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Did you enjoy my gifts sent to Atherstone? You may have destroyed my little toys, but they were mere trinkets. It would have given me great amusement to hear of your pathetic death faced with such simple creatures. I'm pleased with the destruction my duplicates were able to cause in your little camp in Atherstone. When the horde turns its path south again you will see what it is like to face the true might of our people. The fists will crush your simple fortifications and scatter your people to the winds. You will panic and run out into the dust and there you will be slaughtered.

I look forward to the day where I see your defeated body wimpering at my feet. As you cower and grasp your lasts breath of life I will tear your guts from your belly. As you watch in agony I will reach into your bloody corpse and feel your dying heart beating for the last time. I will grasp it slowly and squeeze your blood through my fist. Your last fading vision will be me smiling as I smear your blood across my face in victory.

Until then may you suffer greatly on each of your remaining days.

Dehzbah of Stonehold