

## **Baker Anita**

### **"Thwarted By The Dark"**

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[The contemplations of Joachim Blokk:]

As my sword drips black now with the unclean blood of  
another slain fiend, it  
Occurs to me that history will most probably record me  
a fanatic... as for  
More years than I care to remember I have dedicated  
my life to the caseless  
Pursuit and destruction of the loathsome undead.  
Indeed, it was long ago that  
I commenced with the wreaking of my grim vengeance  
upon the denizens of the  
Dark, and by the blade of my sorcerous katana, Fiend's  
Bane, I vow they shall  
All pay for taking my beloved from me! Fanatic?  
Mayhap. But by all the gods of  
Vengeance, I'll leave a fearsome legacy 'ere I die... a  
legacy wrought in  
Retributive bloodshed and screaming terror!

Drowned in the icy lake of tragedy,  
Forged in the fires of revenge,  
Driven by the winds which compel a man to destiny,  
Haunted by the whispers of the dead.

Blood is black in the moonlight  
As it was when I pierced the heart of my betrothed,  
Blood is black in the moonlight,  
Her undead gaze gleaming ire upon me.  
Blood is black in the moonlight  
I held aloft her head to my grim gods,  
Blood is black in the moonlight  
(Now I am eternally bonded to my blade)  
And ever I am thwarted by the dark!

Gods of wrath, hear my vow... sate me with revenge  
this night!  
Come to me, darksome fiends, taste the edge of  
ensorcelled steel!  
Night has fallen, the hunt begins...  
Vengeful carnage 'neath the moon!

And as I put brand to her pyre, I swore then to my gods  
that those vile  
Creatures who tore the life and hope from my  
beloved's breast and replaced it  
With that unspeakable sanguineous ravaging would  
repay a hundredfold in  
Slaughter and bloodshed for their misdeed... I would  
hunt them to their  
Worm-ridden tombs, wherever they crept or slithered  
upon the earth, and wreak  
My honed steel revenge ceaselessly unto my own  
grave. Such was my vow!

Aye, this bride of Masayuki steel, ensorcelled by  
wizards at it's forging... to  
Me she is as pure as the newly fallen snow, kissed by  
the breeze at dusk...  
And yet she has supped deep of the ichors of many  
men and fiends alike.

Shadow spawned demons ravaging for my blood,  
Yet the thirst of my blade is greater!  
Aye, all they shall feast upon this night will be cold  
steel!  
I hear the slither of scales on silk,  
Fiend's Bane replete with undead slaughter!

I am the scourge of the devils who dwell in darkness...  
(but the darkness writhing in my own soul is so much  
deeper...)  
Their flesh burns at the touch of my blade of searing  
vengeance,  
And I cast their malign spirits screaming into limbo!

Darkfall, and the autumn moon glimmers on my steel...  
Now it is time to hunt and slay once more,  
For the night has come!

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