

*Synopsis: Before the morning of Man, when the dark fingers of the Chaos Night still scratched across the earth, there was war!*

*Old World beasts rebelled, unwilling to see their time on earth pass, unwilling to relinquish the soil, the seas, or the wind to their human successors.*

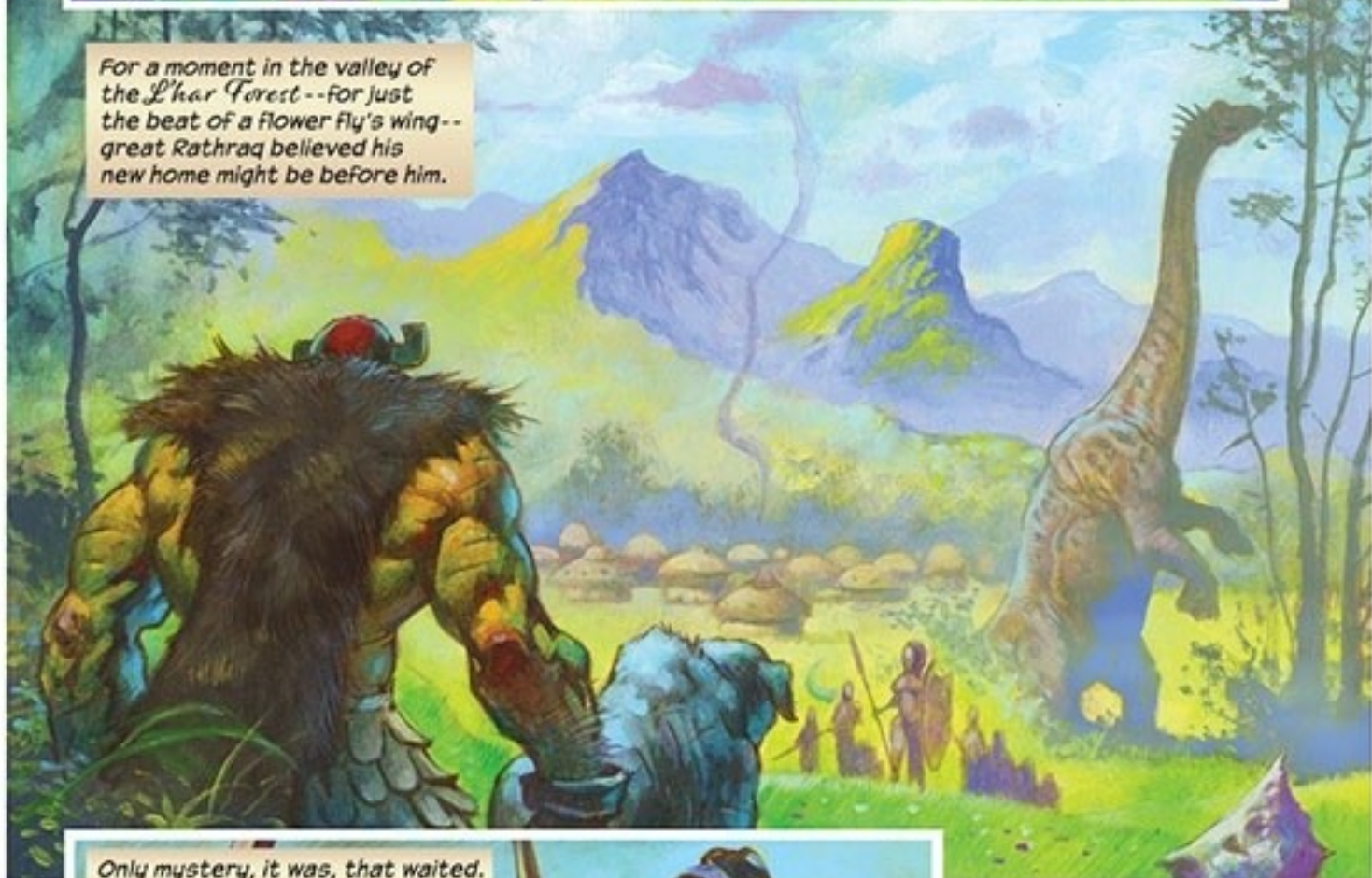
*To quell the anarchy, the Gods sent a delegation to negotiate peace. When the delegation was slaughtered, they sent an army. When the army was crushed, they sent Rathraq.*



Centuries have passed, the monstrous dead have been legion, and as the war dies, peace and a district wherein to enjoy it now dwelled in Rathraq's desires.



For a moment in the valley of the L'har Forest--for just the beat of a flower fly's wing--great Rathraq believed his new home might be before him.

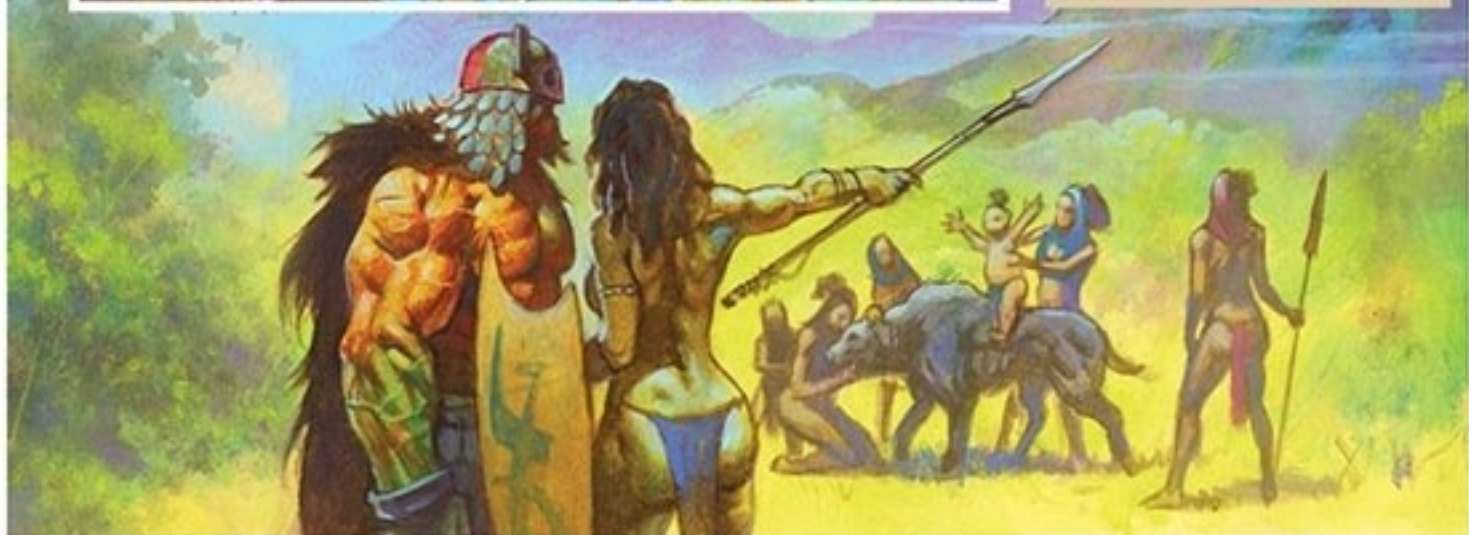


Only mystery, it was, that waited. A tribe without men.



All lost on a hunt for a creature that came in the night to seize children.

"Up there, just below the tree line. That is where the men all went, and that is where still nests a beast that cannot be hunted."



*One more barrier to a lasting peace. His divinely ordained mission had been an unbroken certainty for Rathraq for too long.*

*And so there, just below the tree line, the great and hideous brutes hold no awe for Rathraq.*



*A known reflex, a known hostility.*



*And a struggle known well to warrior and battle-hound.*

