

The Battle of Azeroth

When we left our heroes, Violent Knight had just defeated their evil nemesis, the one 'True' King, Arthas Menathil or the Lich King. They were on their way back to Stormwind to be welcomed as Heroes and Champions of the Alliance. On the way back, before boarding the ship for Stormwind, earthquakes ripped through the port lands. "What was that?!" shouted an Argent Crusader. "It was the same as in Icecrown." Alwuwa looked at Tirion. "Something's not right. This has been the fifth time this week." He said. "Everyone look over there... In the distance!" shouted Vanillehope. "Isn't that just the sunrise?" said Alwuwa. "No, it's moving towards Kalimdor so if it is, the sun must be having problems of its own." said Zorfanlord. "Wait its coming this way! Get Down!!!" shouted Tirion. Overhead flew the sheet of burning fire that covered the entire sky. "What was that!?" shouted Lenjas. "Something that the whole of Azeroth has feared for 10,000 years... Deathwing" said Tirion. "He has returned as he vowed to do, all those years ago. We need to move out, NOW!" All the soldiers ran to the ship and Tirion ordered the captain to leave the port immediately. "By the Light, these waves are the strongest I have ever seen!" shouted the First Mate of the ship. "You sure?" said Alwuwa. "Yes, I have sailed these waters for 5 years, these waves are normally calm..." Open mouthed the First mate looked to his right and to the sky, stopping talking in fear. To the starboard side of the ship an almighty wave standing about 25 feet tall stood above the gob struck sailors. It began to fall back down into the sea. "Mega Wave, brace yourselves!!!!!" shouted the captain. All the sailors and soldiers ran inside as quick as they could. "Captain!" shouted the First Mate. "Hurry!" The captain looked back down. "No, if the ship survives the ordeal, we will need someone to steer it out of danger!" shouting the captain turned the ship away from the wave and it hit just behind the ship making it soar forward. "Hold on!" shouted Alwuwa. Eventually, the people on-board the ships were found on a beach on the coast of the Wetlands. "By the Light, we're alive!" said Tirion. "Where is the captain?" said the First Mate. Unfortunately, the captain was gravely injured and lying by the side of the wrecked ship. "Captain!" shouted the First Mate. "Oh no, Constance. Stay with me, please!" The captain looked up into the First Mates' eyes. "Stay alive; don't stray too far from safety....." she then died in her First Mates' arms.

Back in Stormwind, trouble was brewing. "What is the meaning of this Major?! You burst into my throne room, without reason, and without purpose!" shouted Varian. "SPEAK!" The Major looked up, his eyes a glowing violet. "I am not your disgusting human major, oh no, I am the General of the Twilight Hammer, the new rulers of this world and you, will be the first of this battle's endless deaths!" the General angrily shouted, now having transformed into a Dragonkin, a creature standing 8 feet tall, and with teeth as big and as sharp as a sharks teeth, pulled his sword from its sheath, and with a force the King had never before experienced, the sword plunged down, into the waiting two swords of

Varian. "Never, will you destroy this kingdom, never, will you destroy this civilisation, go back to your Master, Go back to the Shadow!!" and with a battle cry as loud as a thunderstorm, Varian jumped upon the Dragonkin, and forced his swords through the head of the deadly beast. "The Twilight Hammer, will never have this world, and neither shall its master, they will all be destroyed, hunted down, each and every one of them. The people of this world will have vengeance for its fallen souls. We shall go, into the Bastion of Twilight itself and destroy this enemy from within!! For the Alliance!" shouted Varian after ordering his guards to remove the corpse of the dead Dragonkin. Shortly after, Alwuwa came through into the throne room. "Varian!!" he shouted. "It's the captain of the Icebreaker. Constance, she is dead." Looking solemnly, Varian looked at Alwuwa. "She shall be given a heroes burial, as a leader of the Stormwind Navy, she will be remembered with honour and pride with the people and the soldiers." Varian said. In the Stormwind Cemetery, many of people had turned out for the ceremony. On top of four sailors, one of them being the First Mate and husband of Constance was a Black Casket, with a plaque on the top which said: 'An honorary hero of the Alliance. Died at sea, the place she loved most' Lowering the Casket down, the First mate approached the gap which contained her final resting place, and with a tear trickling down his cheek, he dropped a single red rose. Looking over, Alwuwa noticed this gesture. "Darlan, are you OK?" Alwuwa said, speaking to the First Mate. "No, I am sorry, I..." said Darlan. "Listen here Darlan, you have every right to be sad, and she was your captain, your friend... Or was she more?!" interrupted Alwuwa. "I loved her Al, she meant everything to me... and the only time I could tell her, was when she died" Darlan said, sorrowfully. "Listen to me, she probably knew that you loved her, but don't worry my friend, she is a part of the Light now, she is safe, and probably happy." said Alwuwa. Slowly and solemnly Darlan walked away, towards his home, in Elwynn.

Meanwhile, in the Twilight Highlands. "The Council of Wildhammer must now vote. Whether we die here today, or go into the destructed world and end the ultimate war." said High Thane Kurdran. "My lord, the dwarves of these lands are prepared to follow our order, but, there are still the Dragonmaw that we need to take into account... Those Orcs have been attacking our towns, killing our women and children, and burning the outlying villages." said Aranath Wildhammer, second in command to Kurdran. In the distance, orcish hordes could be heard, horrifyingly growling and the sound was getting closer and closer. "We could always... contact... them" Aranath said quietly. "Who?" said Kurdran, looking up from the map of the Twilight Highlands into the face of Aranath. "The Bronzebeards, the three of the brother Kings have a great standing with the Alliance... If we talk with them and offer our services to the Alliance, then the Alliance should help us aswell."

In Ironforge, a strange ritual was occurring beneath Mount Ironforge. Magni Bronzebeard, King of the Dun Morogh dwarves, had placed a brown paint upon his face, signalling the fact that he was a descendant of the Earthen, the first living beings upon Azeroth's fertile

earth. Speaking in a strange dialect, even unknown to the other dwarves surrounding Magni, in a chanting style, Magni began the ritual. After he finished chanting he opened his eyes. Turning to his brother, Muradin, Magni spoke with a gruffer tone than usual, "I can hear it. The mountain itself, it speaks to me. Oh, the pain it is in. The pain the entire World is in... Wait... I can see something, it is approaching me. A shadow.... could it be the soul of the Mountain? Wait, no, it's him, the destroyer, everyone get out now!!!" Screaming, Magni cowered in fear to a creature that only he could see. Eventually he stopped, kneeling down and as still as a rock. "Magni?" said Muradin. "Magni... are you OK brother?!" Slowly and carefully approaching Muradin walked towards the still dwarf, breathing heavily after the terrifying phase that Magni had just undertaken. Reaching out his hand, whilst shaking, he pressed his hand on Magni's shoulder. Quickly moving it away, his face turned pale, and he has an expressed look of terror on his face. "He's... He's Stone!" Muradin shouted, still horrified. "He is cold, and his skin has the feel of the earth. My brother is dead!"

In Orgrimmar, home of the Orcish Hordes of Kalimdor, a fight for leadership was in full riot. "Garrosh! The Peoples of this Horde do not wish for a war with the Alliance! Either stand down, or give me your word, that you will not aggravate the Prodigal King into attacking our people!" order Cairne Bloodhoof, High Chieftain of the Tauren. "You dare speak to your Warchief in that tone, Tauren, speak like that again, and the Tauren shall be dismissed from the Horde!" shouted Warchief Garrosh Hellscream. With a burst of green, blinding light, Thrall, ex-Warchief of the Horde and now Shaman of the Earthen Ring had appeared, looking angry at Garrosh and Cairne. "You are *both* leaders of the Horde. Your people look to you both for guidance, for safety, for leadership. But look at yourselves. Fighting like children. Cairne, you have had my strict word that there will not be aggression against the Alliance. Garrosh, the Horde as an entity looks to you for guidance, you are their Warchief, and therefore their King, you must *not* dishonour that trust!" order Thrall. "Vol'jin if there is any more trouble, do not fret to contact me." After Vol'jin nodded, the wind picked up, as Thrall raised his arms. A rift of Lightning, nature opened its door, and Thrall walked in, vanishing into the Emerald light.

The world had been shattered. As fragile as glass; rifts, valleys and destruction had engulfed the world in a new era, the era of the Twilight's Hammer. Within the newly appeared Twilight Highlands, the head Cultists of the Dragon had met, and were discussing the new plans for the Battle of Azeroth. "Azeroth lays Ruinous! If we strike now, the peoples of this world will be too weak and unaware to defend against our armies. My Cult is ready to fight for Lord Deathwing and his son and daughter." said Arangia, lord of the Cult of the Scouring. "Our orders are to await Lord Deathwing, and until he has arrived, we will NOT pass judgement!" said Cho'Gall, leader of the Twilight's Hammer. Silence had overtaken the hallowed halls of the citadel. A loud crash was felt within the walls, and darkness had descended over the meeting place. "Rest assured my friends, this world will soon fall to our armies!" said the newly appeared Lord Deathwing.

“What news of the would-be ‘heroes’ of Stormwind?!” Looking at some reports, General Vank’Arash said: “Disappeared, since your new sundering, my lord. They appear to have simply vanished!” Looking over at the ruined remains of Blackrock Spire, Lord Deathwing appeared to be scared, even though within his might, he still feared death. “When.... When did they ‘Disappear’?” said Deathwing. “Two weeks ago, my lord, I am still awaiting conformation on a suspected sighting of one of their high ranking Knights...” said the General. “Alwuwa!”

Meanwhile, in Stormwind, Alwuwa was helping in the repair effort for the city walls. “Alwuwa, you are not a builder, you are a soldier and the King requires your assistance in an urgent matter, please, come with me!” said King Genn Greymane of Gilneas. Walking across the city, seeing the shattered remains of the clock tower, and to the north-east, the destructive power of Blackrock mountain could be heard, louder than ever before, after the devastating Cataclysm. The eruptions let out masses of molten lava. Smoke clouds reached the harbours of Stormwind, making storms that tore across the seas. In the Keep, the King, along with General’s and high ranking members of the Alliance army, were gathered around a map of Azeroth, filled with towers, and models of men, representing the Alliances standing within the Eastern Kingdoms, there were also Horde insignia’s, representing Horde movement. They were all trying to determine what moves to make against the Twilight’s Hammer. “Ah Alwuwa, I have need of your services... ask your people if you can head for Blackrock Mountain, preferably with some other people of the guild, and try to see what you can that has happened. I am concerned with the newly appointed Lord Deathwing, Blackrock may become the new Black Dragon Flight headquarters, hurry Alwuwa, Time is a luxury we do not have!” ordered Varian. Alwuwa walked to the guild outpost, about a mile outside of Stormwind city, to the east, in the Redridge Mountains. The area was as it said in its title. The Mountains were a scarlet red, the same colour as the mountains in the corrupted Blasted Lands. The Sun shone upon the Lake Everstill, and a shimmering glow dissipated across the land. The sound of birds could be heard, as well as the deafening rumbling that the world produced beneath the Blackrock Mountain. Alwuwa had been to see his Allies, The guild of Violent Knight; they had agreed to join him in his mission, Vanillehope, Zorf, Lenjas and Kyletoruse, all elites of the guild. Venturing north, they came across the charred vale, The Burning Steppes. These plains were scorched with the destructive power that Blackrock Mountain upthrusted from its Molten Core many years ago. The Ruins of Thassarian stood dormant; remnants of the past could be seen, in the scorched and frightened bodies that were left after its last devastating eruption, which send the land into the darkness it is today, with Dark Iron Spies and Assassins patrolling the area around it. The skies rained ash from the volcanic clouds produced from the gigantic mountain. “We have to reach Blackrock Depths, Lord Deathwing has assigned their caverns as his base hold!” ordered Alwuwa. To the left, stood the statue of Highlord Anduin Lothar of the Alliance, “May Anduin’s sword, shield and power be upon us, we will need it!” Looking up at the destructive power of Blackrock

Mountain, a fear spread among the heroes. "We have to carry on my friends, the fate of this world lies upon our backs. And I will not stand by and let it perish to the winds of Fire and Destruction, I will not!" said Alwuwa, trying to rally his friends for the entry.

"Is it working?!" said General Vank'Arash. The Bodies of Onyxia and Blackwing, the two highest rankers of the Black Dragonflight, and both children of Deathwing had been assembled within Blackwing Decent. "Lord Deathwing requires their return soon!" ordered the General, ceasing to hurl out orders at his workers. "My lord, the machine is prepared, all we need now is your signal." said the Chief Engineer. "Excellent... Excellent do it, now!" he ordered. One of the Engineers workers ran for a lever and pulled it down with a clattering sound. A crash of thunder send the room quiet and flashes of electricity pulsated from the machine, into the body of Blackwing. Movement appeared from his Wings, one time, and then many times, and after 1 minute of the machine being activated, his eyes opened, a green glow brightly emitted from them, and then an ever shining yellow appeared. He was no longer fully built, but decaying flesh had dissolved from his body revealing bones which themselves tinted brown. "What is this?!" he shouted. "Where am I?!" Walking from the massive gates, which stood 30 feet high, Deathwing appeared in his human form. "Father? Is that you?! How did you escape?!" asked the newly resurrected Dragon. Looking out of the side hole that was serving as a window into the world, Blackwing had seen what his father had done. "Excellent work father, truly magnificent." Blackwing said.

Alwuwa had seen dark figures moving about at Blackwing's Old Lair, shadows of Dragonkin and a huge draconic body being dragged through the halls. "Everyone look, up there!!" Alwuwa shouted. "We have to climb up; heading in through the main gates is far too dangerous!" Checking themselves, they realised they weren't prepared for Mountain Climbing, and so went to find themselves something to use. Fortunately, whilst on one of his expeditions, Brann Bronzebeard had forgotten his tools, probably while trying to escape from something he had uncovered. "Hmm... five Grappling hooks, and six ropes, we have enough now. OK, let's head out!" Alwuwa said, looking over at the equipment. After arriving at the mountain, Vanillehope decided to try and be smug, and swung the grappling hook; it flew up quite a way, but missed a ledge by quite a large margin. Laughing, Alwuwa, Zorf and Lenjas tried themselves, and managed to make it. Half way up the ascent, Zorf missed his footing, and slipped, thankfully grabbing hold of Alwuwa's reaching hand. "Thank the light you're here mate!" said Zorf thankfully. Finally reaching the top, they saw the body of Onyxia being dragged through into Blackwing Descent, the final battlement for the Black Dragonflight. "By the Titans, its true, Deathwing has reached Blackrock, and it is now his home... The King must be told!" said Alwuwa.

In Orgrimmar, Warchief Garrosh was speaking with his advisors on battle plans and designs, in order to prepare war with the Twilight's Hammer. "My Lord, your experience in Northrend may give you a slight advantage here, but besides Draenor, nothing of this

level has been seen before. At least not in the last ten thousand years because of the shattering.” said Eitrigg, the oldest of the Horde’s advisors. “What would you suggest we do Eitrigg?!” shouted Garrosh. “The world lies shattered. Our people are scared, fragile, they need a leader, and Thrall entrusted this to you, trust me, he wouldn’t have left his power within you, if you could not control it.” Eitrigg replied. Looking out into Orgrimmar, the zeppelin that had crashed into the towers still remained, embers still burning with a timid red and orange flame, like the colour of Durotar on a summers morning. “Fine. I shall take the stand, these people need a leader, and a leader is what they shall get from me. Eitrigg, be ready to mobilise the Horde troops. Vol’jin, return to the isles to the south, and gather your troops, be ready for war. As for me, prepare my battle armour once again. For the Horde are now at war with the Twilights Hammer!” ordered Garrosh. Eitrigg looked over to Garrosh, realising that he had his father’s strength, courage and leadership. This day, the Horde would rise higher than ever before.

The Maelstrom, Centre of the Map

“Thrall, please! You have to take a rest!” shouted Aggra (Assistant to High Shaman Thrall). The sound of crashing waves was even more violent than usual. This made Aggra more concerned about Thrall, and him being consumed by the very elements that he set out to save. Aggra walked away, her bones were aching after the endless amount of flying she had to do into the Maelstrom. As she rested, Thrall looked into the Maelstrom’s eye. It began to glow even redder, and it was beginning to steam, as though fire was pouring through it. Kneeling, Thrall said “Elements, please, hear my call; I wish to save you from your own undoing!” And with that, the sky turned a dark red, almost blood-like, with fire spreading all throughout the horizon. “You Called?!” shouted a voice, rising from the maelstrom, the Fire Lord, Ragnaros arose. He had been resurrected from the Firelands (An ancient island within the Elemental Plane itself, it had been born of Fire, Ash and Lava) “Pitiful little orc, you believe you can save this world, by destroying the lords of the elements. Ha-ha, Prepare to witness what shall become of this world!” shouted Ragnaros. Thrall’s eyes closed. He was in Durotar, with Orgrimmar’s reinforced gates before him. Looking up, he could see the world tree, more remarkable than ever, he believed that this was the outcome of the war. However, after this thought, a mighty explosion ripped out from the very base of the World Tree. Soaring down, a fire wave ripped through Ashenvale, destroying anything in its path. Eventually, it reached Orgrimmar, and collided with the Dranosh’ar Blockade (The defence for Orgrimmar). Thrall reached his hands before his eyes, screaming, as the firestorm approached him. Awakening from his vision, Thrall saw Aggra in front of him. “Aggra, I now know what I must do. But, whatever happens, we shall do it together!” said Thrall.

Stormwind City, Elwynn Forest, Eastern Kingdoms

Alwuwa and his allies had returned from the Burning Steppes, with grave news of the resurrections and the Twilight’s new plan. A passing guard saw the worry embossed upon

the faces of each of Alwuwa's allies and on Alwuwa aswell. They arrived at the glistening Throne room, the only place still standing after the collapse of Stormwind during the second war. Turning around, Alwuwa could see the destruction that Deathwing had implemented upon the city, after his arising. The clock tower in the mid-city had been destroyed, the two main towers upon the walls, had claw prints emboldened with a burning red glow, as though still red hot. "King Varian." said Zorf. "We have dire news of the North." Looking behind them, Alwuwa had just come up the ramp. Varian detected a sense of fear on each of the champion's faces. "It's Deathwing, my Lord. Blackrock Mountain is once again his fortress and he has even powerful allies than before. His son and daughter, Nefarian and Onyxia have been resurrected, they will probably be attacking soon." said Alwuwa. Varian looked up, his face a pale pink, his scars from battle were truly visible now, from when he was a gladiator imprisoned by the Orcs. After he had escaped, he needed to fight off Naga from the position three of the escapees had made, the fellow escapees were Broll and Valeera. A Naga swung his trident and it hit the side of the prodigal King's face thus scaring his cheek. "This is a time for vengeance my Lord, they cannot be allowed to get away with this triumph any more!" shouted Alwuwa. The rage of the warrior Wrynn had been building had now taken over. "Prepare the battlements, we move for Blackrock Mountain, to end this terrible war, and to put an end to Neltharian, Deathwing!" ordered Varian. He pulled out his swords, held one of them up to the ceiling and it gleamed with a bright red, almost like the sun.

Redridge Mountains, Eastern Kingdoms

A scout had just came out of Blackrock Pass, and headed towards the Alliance army, waiting at the foot of the Burning Steppes. "Nearest enemies are in Black Tooth Hovel and Blackrock Stronghold, if we take them out, we have a good chance at keeping a foothold in this area." said the scout. "We move for Morgan's Vigil, we should keep the siege engines outside of the tower. Leave them running, if the forces of the Black Dragonflight come, we must be ready." said Alwuwa, looking at Varian, who nodded slightly at these new orders. "Call upon the Gnomes of Gnomergan, order them, to bombard the city of Black Tooth Hovel. After we have moved from Morgan's Vigil, all we will need to do is mop up the stragglers and burning embers out of our path.

Gnomergan, Dun Morogh, Mid-Eastern Kingdoms

"This is Battlemaster Fardale. We require urgent Air Support from Gnomish Air Forces, needed ASAP. We have a code 15, I repeat, a code 15!" said the Battlemaster over the radio. "What's code 15?!" said a Gnome Radio operator. "Find the book!" Searching around the tent that the Gnomes of the airfield were based, they eventually found the book, containing all the Alliance's codes of Warfare. "OK, Bunny Bombing, Gorilla smashing, ah Code 15, oh boy, we're on a full assault today people. Prepare for the biggest air strike in the history of the Alliance!" said Chief Pilot Hammergnozzle. Fifteen planes took off from the Ironforge air strip, onboard each one, a tonne of explosive each.

They flew over the frozen Heart's Lake in south eastern Dun Morogh, and over the destruction brought by the World Scar, between the Searing Gorge and Dun Morogh, and now dividing the Barrens into two sectors. "OK, Alliance forces in view, Captain. Are we going to land?" said a Gnome pilot. "No, people, we have a job to do here, prepare to offload all of your goods upon these destroyers!" said Hammergnizzle. "Three... Two... One! Fire all!" ordered the Chief Pilot, and upon the command, all fifteen planes opened their bomb bay hatches and let out their payload. Crashes, Explosions, and flame could be heard erupting from the ground below the planes. Buildings fell as their main support beams were destroyed. Orcs, Trolls and Worgs were flown all across the area of the bomb site. None could possibly have survived. The battle for Black Tooth Hovel was over in a matter of seconds. "Area Secured Sir, No survivors spotted. Move in!" said Hammergnizzle. "Thank you for choosing your resident Gnome service." With that, the older gnomes smiled, and headed back for the Ironforge landing strip.

Meanwhile, back at Morgan's Vigil...

"OK, the shows on the road, lets get these Siege Engines moving. We won't have much time before the goddamn 'Dark Horde' move back to attempt reclamation. Now, quickly everyone!" shouted Battlemaster Fardale. Forty newly made Siege Engines then moved towards Black Tooth Hovel. The new design of the Siege Engines made them even more agile, strong and powerful. The blue paint of the bodyworks was shimmering with gold paint mixed with the blue, making them look even more dazzling. The Siege engine's themselves stood as high as the final gate into the titan chamber of Fort Wintergrasp. Bellowing over carcasses and rubble of destroyed buildings, the Alliance made settlements within Black Tooth Hovel, and they then claimed it as their own. "OK, set up battle operations here, keep those siege engines around the site; make it as a wall of engines. We need to get a proper wall built around here." said Alwuwa. Looking around, Alwuwa saw a selection of huge tree's that used to add to the forests of the Redridge Mountains before the eruptions of Blackrock Mountain. Workers, Lumber-Jacks, Axe-men; all climbed the ridge to the small site of trees, with which the new town called *Anduin's Vengeance* was born. The Siege engines gathered inside the town, and they waited overnight. A fire was made in the centre of the town. It lit the whole village up, with a blazing orange glow. It warmed everyone that passed it, making them feel as though they were still in Elwynn Forest's sun glow in Summer Time. "We have to do this Alwuwa. Too many people have tried and failed to bring down the Black Dragons. If we don't succeed, I'm afraid no-one will." said Zorf. Alwuwa looked up; his eyes had lit up by looking into the bonfire. "Look at this fire. It may bring warmth, comfort, and security. But the deadly nature of it can destroy *anything*. What you say is true, Deathwing must be stopped. But, it will be difficult. Also, we have no idea where he is hiding." said Alwuwa.

Blackwing Descent, Blackrock Mountain, Eastern Kingdoms

“My Lords! My Lords!” shouted a Dark Orc Messenger. “The Alliance’s forces have crushed Black Tooth Hovel. It is now in Alliance hands!” Looking up, Nefarian (In his Human Form) looked enraged. He had rage built up within his eyes, as he remembered the times he flew around Black Tooth Hovel when he was in his, living form. “Prepare an offensive, if the Alliance want to stay here, then we shall greet them warmly.” said Nefarian, smiling casually then glancing over to the shattered remains of the Slag Pit (An ancient Dwarven mine and forge). Overhead, the sweeping of large wings could be heard, it sounded like the largest wind forces anyone had heard. “Father... He is here! Prepare to open the gates!” ordered Nefarian. Unknown to Nefarian, it was not his father creating these sweeping sounds. Every single Dragon-Flight, were gathered overhead of the Mountain. Red, Blue, Green, Bronze and some converted Black Dragons gathered within Chiselgrip (A Thorium Brotherhood base) to meet with the Alliance from *Anduin’s Vengeance* and the Horde from *Flame Crest*. Riding upon his Black War Mammoth, Alwuwa could see the Horde forces moving into Chiselgrip. His right hand reached over to his left side waist, and he gripped his sword, expecting trouble at any moment. Being a Warrior, Alwuwa didn’t trust anything to do with his enemy, and his life was too his army, so the King’s enemy, was his enemy. The Alliance convoy arrived at Chiselgrip, Alwuwa dismounted as did a Horde soldier, also a warrior. “We meet in peace, war is not needed now. All we want is peace!” said Alwuwa. “Please, tell me your name.” The Orcish Warrior looked up; he too didn’t want anything to do with his enemy. “My name is Saurfang, Varok Saurfang, high warrior of Orgrimmar, you know who I Am.” said the Orc. Alwuwa looked up; a soft sadness appeared in his eyes. “Varok... I remember you from the Citadel. Icecrown Citadel” Looking into the eyes of Alwuwa, Varok had a flashback of the day his son was slain. “You... You were there when my son was killed. I must thank you, if not for you and your friends’ bravery and courage, my son would still be in the grip of the Lich King.” said Saurfang. Alwuwa remembered the dreaded day that he plunged his blade into the cold, undead heart of Deathbringer Saurfang. That day symbolized the day that a true Horde hero fell to the hands of the Scourge. “Anyway, that day is over, this day we have to discuss our new war, the war with Deathwing and his minions. Too many people have died before this day, today should be the final confrontation!” said Alwuwa, looking towards Blackrock Mountain’s dark and huge gates.

Blackwing Descent, Blackrock Mountain

Silence had crept over the labyrinth of Blackwing Descent, and darkness had also fallen. The shattered bodies of Onyxia and Blackwing lay still, dead and cold. Bands of adventurers had traveled to Blackwing Descent and killed the offspring of Neltharian, therefore stopping the Black Dragonflight from continuing the destruction that they had caused. “What!? What has happened here?!” shouted Lord Deathwing. Fire and blood lined the walls of Nefarian’s lair, the blood of the Black Dragonflight. “The Alliance and Horde are winning this war; I thought you told me that this was impossible!” Lord Deathwing was raging; he’d been told by the Twilights Hammer that it would be easy to win the war. “Where is your prophet!? Bring him here, or you will face my devouring instead!” ordered Deathwing. Whisperings began to pour into Deathwing’s ear, but they were not coming from the halls of Blackrock. “Who... Who’s there?!” said Deathwing, a fear had crept into his voice. “I am N’Zoth, I am your master!” said the Voice. “Come; fly north, to the

Wyrrest Temple, into your Sanctuary!” Deathwing looked up, his eyes glowed with a burning violet, and a few moments later, he soared off into the air, fire sweeping behind his wings, just like at his resurrection. The lord of Darkness had ascended alongside Deathwing, Warlord Zon’ozz. Countless ages ago, Warlord Zon’ozz and his soldiers waged endless war against the forces of C’Thun and Yogg-Saron. Millennia have passed, but the warlord still serves the chaotic might of the Old God N’Zoth. Deathwing has now unleashed this legendary faceless one to crush the defenders of Wyrrest Temple. His destructive power created the stirring, unrelenting Nightmare that endlessly tortures the Emerald Dream. Now, he waits, preparing to unleash the forces of darkness and fear at his disposal. “My lord! The forces of the Alliance are preparing to fire upon the defenses of Blackrock Stronghold, they will be upon the headquarters within the hour!” shouted a Black Dragonflight guard. “I will bid them a *warm* greeting, they won’t forget it!” said Deathwing, smiling softly. He moved towards the thirty feet high gates, and darkness formed in his eyes, he then turned into the cunning, black as night dragon, Deathwing the Destroyer was back for good. “Prepare the defenses, move for the Black Sanctuary. It is about time we destroyed this world and its denizens!” ordered Deathwing, flying off towards Chiselgrip. About fifteen other Black dragons joined him, and they ravaged Chiselgrip. Dwarves fled everywhere; some tried to escape to the south but were swept up by the destructive power of Deathwing’s flame. Flame destroyed even the metal and stone that held the stoking furnaces, and destroyed the main tower in the middle of the town. The land around the town was shattered, the land itself had been burnt, torn and destroyed, and Chiselgrip was no more.

Ironforge, Dun Morogh, Eastern Kingdoms

Magni’s daughter, Moira Bronzebeard, had been awaiting news from the Burning Steppes ever since she and the Council of the Three Hammers had sanctioned the order for the attack on Blackwing Lair. “Moira, be patient, there is plenty of time for them to get back to us, they are still alive! The Gnomes told me that they have still got all fifteen Siege Engines; they should have taken Anduin’s Vengeance by now. They’ll get back to us soon!” said Kurdran Wildhammer. Looking at her son, Moira remembered the place she had been in for five and a half years, Blackrock Depths. She could remember the torturing screams of dying souls, trapped deep beneath the earth, and how only six months ago, the dormant volcano became a destructive volcano, from when the devastating cataclysm hit. Turning to Muradin, highthane of the dwarves of Ironforge, Moira said; “Is there any way to get my father out of his trance? We need him to return to us, to Ironforge, for his people!” The look of fright on Moira’s face, gave Muradin a chill down his spine, as he remembered the day when Magni froze in stone. “Moira, if there was any other way to end this, I would do it, however, there is way, I only wish there was, so we must wait until an answer arises!” said Muradin.

Wyrrest Temple, Dragonblight, Northrend

“My lady! Lords and Masters! Grave news has arisen around the world!” said a red dragon. It was a member of the red dragonflight’s council, Vaelastrasz, of old he was a corrupted being, but after the death of Nefarian (Blackwing) his curse has been lifted. “Deathwing has come, he is in the Black Sanctuary, if he stays there for long, he shall destroy us all!” said Vaelastrasz. Alexstrasza turned to her son, her eyes filled with hope, thinking that as he had returned, maybe her other

children would aswell. "Mother, I wish your dreams could come true but... I am the only one, the only survivor, I wish there was another way, maybe if I had died, many more dragons could have come instead of me, I am the weak one." said Vaelastrasz. Alexstrasza walked over, she shook her head in disagreement. "Trust me Vael, you have been the most strongest of us all, you yourself have survived the destructive and the terrifying power of Blackwing. After all this, you present yourself before me, trust me my son, you are more powerful than you make yourself out to be." said Alexstrasza. She looked over to the distance, towards Borean Tundra, and saw black smoke, she presumed that this was fire of a collapsed building after the earthquakes of the cataclysm, and that they had maybe brought down a scourge tower. However, she was far mistaken. Deathwing and the servants of the Black Dragonflight were heading straight for Wyrrest Temple. "Come my sons and daughters! Our salvation lies within the Sanctuary!" shouted Deathwing. They swooped down low as too avoid detection from the Guards of Wyrrest, and they flew straight into the Sanctuary Chamber. The guards of the sanctuary spotted Deathwing in his human form, walking slowly into the Chamber, alongside him, were other dragons, all in their human forms. Looking over, the Dragonkin could see Deathwing's eyes, and they prepared to attack. "I'm sorry my fellow Dragon-kind, but times have changed!" Deathwing said, and he unleashed a huge explosion of fire which consumed all six of the elite soldiers. Ysera, Nozurdormu, Alexstrasza and Kalecgos all heard this explosion, looked at eachother, and flew down to the foundations of the temple. "Neltharian!" shouted Nozurdormu. "Look at yourself, you're a wreck! Too long have you exceeded the amount of time you should have had. You're a fool to believe you can defeat this world from within there!" Deathwing looked up, showing a faint smile, and anger in his eyes. "Time" he said, laughing. "I am an aspect of the Earth, I am beyond time!" Flying down behind them, a black dragon rose from behind the four aspects. "I am the new aspect, as declared by the titan himself Khaz'goroth, your power as lead dragon has been destroyed, I am now the leader of the Black Dragons, and it will not be corrupted!" said the Dragon. Revealing an orc form, it was Thrall, son of Durotan, he had become the leader of the Black Dragonflight, and behind him, stepped a titan, Khaz'goroth himself. "Why did you do it Neltharian? You had such power, such fame and glory, and you threw it all away for the sake of what?! Vengeance?! The titans and I have all agreed that you must be banished!" said Khaz'goroth. Looking up, Deathwing's smile had gone; he could feel that the Earth powers had left him. "No, you cannot do this! Not too me!" he said. He then flew into the black sanctuary, and cut off the portal behind him and his children. "Keep the main guards down here; make sure they have an easy way to contact us should the portal re-open." said Kalecgos. "We will head back up to the top of the temple, and call the faction cities to get some people here." They re-formed into dragons, and flew up the sky-breaking temple tip.

Stormwind City, Elwynn Forest, Eastern Kingdoms

Varian Wrynn was heading for the stratagem room, preparing for the final strike on Deathwing, Al and the knights walked in, expecting Varian to get straight down to business, however, he let out a small chuckle. This was really unexpected, as Varian hardly ever even cracked a smile. "Varian, what's happened?" said Alwuwa. Varian looked up, a look of relief on his face. "Deathwing is trapped, its time for us to take up arms and bring down the final blow to this terrible war. Prepare the battlements and let's end this!" said Varian. The war-ships set off from Stormwind Harbour, fifteen ships filled to the brim with soldiers. They arrived in Borean Tundra, the place Alwuwa and

his allies had been in just a year before, and it lay in ruins, Valiance keep was burning. The statue that was made for Varian Wrynn by Highlord Fordragon was destroyed, left as crumbled pieces of rock. The flame had melted part of the golden plaque that Bolvar had put on there. "Everyone, get a flying mount, we need to get to Wyrrest as quickly and as reliably as possible. Do not break ranks if one of us is killed!" said Alwuwa. Varian had dropped to his knees and picked up the plaque after looking at Bolvar's name, a tear trickled from his eye, as he remembered the old times he'd had with Bolvar, in Stormwind and all around Azeroth. He called for his mount, Alduria, named after Alwuwa's father; Aldurin, who was Varian's main body guard during the time of his father's assassination. Once he had reached his flight height, Varian caught up with the flight group. "OK gentlemen, ladies, this is going to be huge, Deathwing must be destroyed today, he has caused too much destruction in this world. To be allowed to continue, would be a waste of efforts, lives and time." said Varian, giving his people hope. Smoke was billowing from the bottom of the tower, darker than ever, Dragonblight's sky let in literally no light, the only light visible came from the tower's Titan orbs. "The heroes, they're here. Quickly, meet them!" said Alexstrasza. Nozurdormu nodded, and flew down to meet the heroes. "Stop, wait!" said Nozurdormu. "Deathwing can wait, you need to know something else. You must know what awaits us, should you fail. Follow me, we must go to the Caverns of Time, another time flaw has opened." The heroes all looked at each other, and gulped, but then nodded, and they followed Nozurdormu to Dalaran, in order to teleport to Tanaris.

Caverns of Time, Tanaris, Kalimdor

The destructive power of the cataclysm had left more breaches in the Caverns than had ever been seen before. In each crack they could see time itself, and the more they looked, the older each of the heroes felt. "Do not look in the cracks! That is the time vortex, a powerful magic, it will destroy you!" said Nozurdormu after seeing Vanillehope look into the vortex. "Follow me!" They arrived at the time portal, and in front of them they could already see the destruction. Fire everywhere, ash and flame. "We must go through, in order to see the chaos and destruction that awaits Azeroth." said Alwuwa. The heroes all agreed, and they entered the golden portal. They had arrived somewhere that looked familiar, but as if it had changed. Zorf turned around, and expressed a look of fear on his face. He tugged on Alwuwa's shoulder, and he turned around. Deathwing was impaled on top of the Wyrrest Temple, they were in Dragonblight. Deathwing had the tip of the temple right through his chest. Molten Lava was oozing from his wounds, and out of his mouth. The Destroyer had been destroyed by his own plans. "We have to find out how to stop this! Follow me; we'll try to find any survivors. Though I'm not sure if anyone will have survived this chaos." said Alwuwa. The snowy hills and mountains of Northrend were now barren, dark and scorched with flame. The trees of Grizzly hills and Sholazar Basin were still on fire, and the rivers surrounding each of the forests had been evaporated, leaving raging fires and charred remains of river beds. Trying to get through Dragonblight in the present was hard enough, but in a future of destruction it is even more difficult. Pitch black skies left no visible features after they'd passed out of sight of the Wyrrest Temple. They'd reached the Ruby Dragonshrine, the area that housed the Red Dragonflight and their newborns. However, it was now as dark as the caverns housing the Black Dragonshrine. The tree in the centre was completely destroyed, surrounded by corpses of dead dragons, and now, resurrected 'Black' Scourge. An echo of singing was heard, a calming, soothing and sad song:

Anar'alah, Anar'alah before
Sin'dorei, Shindu fallah na
Sin'dorei, Anar'alah
Shindu Sin'dorei
Shindu fallah na
Sin'dorei, Anar'alah before
Shindu Sin'dorei
Shindu fallah na
Sin'dorei, Anar'alah before
Belore

“Sylvanas? Is that you?!” said a voice from the crowd of adventurers. It was Alwuwa; he had known Sylvanas before and after the Scourge attack on Lordaeron and on the Sunwell. For those that do not know, Alwuwa was a member of the King Varian’s royal guard, responsible for transporting the King across countries, and protecting him whilst in his chambers. Alwuwa was off duty, and inside the city of Lordaeron when Arthas killed his father, but Alwuwa managed to get to Northern Azeroth (Stormwind’s Kingdom) relatively unscathed. He had brought many other people to Ironforge, and they all received sanctuary, provided by the Bronzebeard dwarves. (Anyways back to the Story) “Sylvanas! It is you!” said Alwuwa. Sylvanas looked up, the song stopped, and she stared at Alwuwa. She looked happy at first, glad to finally see someone. Then she stopped, and she looked terribly angry. “Another band of Deathwing's converts? I'll be sure your death is especially painful!” shouted Sylvanas. “You dare to employ the disguise of my old friend?! Curse you, and Damn you all!” she shouted louder and louder, and eventually attacked Alwuwa. “Sylvanas no! You can’t do this! Don’t you remember me?!” said Alwuwa. “Twilight Fiend! Die now!” Sylvanas swung her blades and then rose up, a purple aura surrounding her. The ground beneath the adventurers began to shake and turn darker than the ground around them. “What is this!?” said Nozurdormu. The Darkness floated over the ground and then swooped out in a circular shape; it would have killed them, had it not been for a shield placed around the heroes by Nozurdormu. “Alwuwa, strike now!” shouted Zorf. Alwuwa looked up, and saw a dark light (Black Light) he slid his sword into this parting and she then exploded into a burning darkness. The fallen queen was dead. The heroes then ventured to the east, to the Bronze Dragonshrine, in an attempt to see the scale of the destruction. Perhaps only Dragonblight or Northrend had been destroyed. Maybe, just maybe Stormwind still stood. Entering the Dragonshrine, Alwuwa had a vision, within it, he saw a dark cloud moving over the world, and it then swooped down to the gates of Orgrimmar. He saw them standing high and mighty, before being crushed and destroyed by a raging flame. His vision then faded, and he reappeared in Stormwind City, in the Valley of Heroes, the statue of Danath Trollbane had been restored to its former glory, and stood with huge chains keeping it secure. From behind the Cathedral of Light, a glowing light could be seen, it couldn’t be the sun as it was seen too the east. The light then swooped over the top of Stormwind with speed like lightning. The creaking of stone could be heard, as loud as an earthquake and then, the spire of the Cathedral of Light fell backwards, and crushed the roof of the Cathedral, many of the priests and priestesses managed to escape, but Brother Crowley, Duthorian Rall and Grayson Shadowbreaker didn’t escape in time, and were trapped within the Catacombs of the lower Cathedral. Then, overhead a huge sheet of flame and light overwhelmed the city. Fire destroyed the main keep, leaving nothing but dirt where water had been. The old barracks that had fallen

into the ocean after Deathwing's arrival now resembled the rest of the city. Stormwind had fallen, forever. Alwuwa's mind returned to the present realm and he stopped in his tracks. "Alwuwa? What's the matter?" said Zorf. Alwuwa looked at the smashed hourglass in the center of the Dragonshrine, still and always leaking sand. "I've seen what happened. The world burns in darkness. No one comes to help, not even the titans." said Alwuwa, a tear slowly trickling out of his right eye, he knew what awaited the world, and he felt as though he had failed already. "You crawl unwittingly, like a blind, writhing worm, towards endless madness and despair. I have witnessed the true End Time. This? This is a blessing you simply cannot comprehend. The End Time, I once called this place, this strand. I had not seen, by then; I did not know. You hope to... what? Stop me here? Change the fate I worked so tirelessly to weave?" said a dark voice. Looking over to the west, glowing white wings could be seen. The voice, turned out to be Morozond, Lord of the Infinite Dragonflight, the arch nemeses of the Bronze Dragonflight. Alwuwa drew out his sword from its sheath, and said, "The only end that will happen today, is your own!" He then began to charge towards Morozond, cutting down Infinite Dragonflight members in his path, joined by his fellow adventurers, Alwuwa jumped and struck Morozond in the neck, opening a gaping hole in his lower neck. "Heroes, use the Hourglass to access the time vortex, just in case he does something lethal!" said Nozurdormu. Nozurdormu then transformed into his draconic form and flew up towards the north part of Dragonflight, in an attempt to resurrect some bronze dragons that had died in the past. The fight between Morozond and the heroes lasted a while, until eventually Alwuwa saw the gaping hole getting larger, and Alwuwa jumped up with a final burst of strength and pierced the bottom of the neck, and slid his sword along. Morozond's neck opened up and then bled out, the enemy of the Bronze Dragonflight was dead. Once this had happened, Alwuwa turned and saw that his allies had begun to fade, unsure on what was happening Alwuwa felt scared. Alwuwa then saw a bright gold light, and it eventually took up his entire vision, making him feel blinded, he thought he was dead for a moment, then he appeared before Nozurdormu with his allies and he realised he was back in the Caverns of Time.

Wyrrest Temple, Dragonblight, Northrend

The areas around Dragonblight had changed dramatically. Three forgotten ones (Servants of the Old God's) had emerged from beneath the world, and had already killed hundreds of creatures just by their rising. One of these creatures, Go'Rath, contained the ancient Warlord Zon'ozz. Countless ages ago, Warlord Zon'ozz and his soldiers waged endless war against the forces of C'Thun and Yogg-Saron. Millennia have passed, but the warlord still serves the chaotic might of the Old God N'Zoth. Deathwing has now unleashed this legendary faceless one to crush the defenders of Wyrrest Temple. Another Forgotten One is called Shu'ma, within Shu'ma is the mighty Yor'sahj the Unsleeping. Since the fall of the Bastion of Twilight, Yor'sahj the Unsleeping has eagerly assisted Deathwing, providing the Destroyer with the means to release more faceless ones from their prisons deep beneath the earth. Their numbers are endless and their power is beyond reckoning, and Yor'sahj intends to reap a grim reward for his faithful service. And so, the adventurers had begun the assault on Wyrrest Temple. "Alwuwa, you and your comrades move up with the other dragons, me and the other aspects will wait for you at the top, we believe Deathwing is up there. Now, quickly!" shouted Alexstrasza. Alwuwa, and ten of his fellow guild members, climbed upon the backs of Bronze, Green, Blue, Red and Black dragons before flying to the Chamber of Aspects. Within these ancient halls, an old friend was standing. "Archbishop?!

What are you doing here!?" said Alwuwa. "Archbishop? Yes, that is what they used to call me; I have deceived you all for such a long time. My old title is useless... powerless. I now go by a new name, a grander name, with much more authority, I am the Twilight Father. I ordered Major Samuelson to reveal his true form and kill Varian. I am the one that planted those bombs under the cathedral. I ordered the assassination of Jaina Proudmoore, although that will never be carried out now. All those things, *my own creation!*" said the Archbi-Twilight Father. Now you too shall die, before the hour of Twilight falls upon this land, and it is reclaimed by the Old Gods... The True Gods of this world and beyond! Do you know why they chose to live upon this world? Its livestock, its... people, now you shall join your ancestors!" said the Twilight Father, and with that he raised his arms up, a streak of Dark Magic came from the ceiling and hit his hands, his eyes then opened, and from deep within them, a purple haze shone out. All the adventurers felt their blood run cold, as if frozen within their veins. The Twilight Father was a man of pure and untainted dark magic, a magic untouched even by Warlocks, because it is so feared. Death itself is said to use this form of magic, but whilst thinking about their newest problem, an explosive crash sounded from behind them. The Twilight Father unwillingly averted his gaze from the adventurers (breaking the spell) and set his eyes on the clearing ash and dust. "Benedictus! Once a trusted man of the light, now a dark and evil creature of destruction, you shall taste death itself on this day!" shouted a gruff, but powerful voice. The mist cleared, and Benedictus' eyes widened. "Tirion, you cannot be here!" Tirion Fordring had plummeted from the top of the Wyrrest Temple alongside all the representatives of the five dragonflights (the aspects were busy in making preparations to destroy Deathwing). "As a paladin, I strive to find the good in people, to simply use force as a means to discover the good. But in you, all I can see is pure evil and darkness. Arthas wasn't even this bad! You've turned against everything that makes a man honourable, you've even turned your back on your own family!" shouted Tirion. He alongside the dragonflights then rushed in, the green and red dragons both focused on healing the injured adventurers, the rest continued in their attack against Benedictus. Tirion swung his sword but was interrupted by a huge groan. "My Lord! He comes!" shouted Benedictus. Laughing he went on to say, "This is the end for you, but the beginning for me!" and with those final words, he slit his own neck. After dropping to the floor with the closing of his eyes, he saw the figure of Deathwing arriving at the doorway. 'My Liege...' thought Benedictus, he then died. "A small blemish upon the face of Twilight!" laughed Deathwing. "You think I cared for this weak, pathetic being? Cho'Gall merely pitied this being before his death. I would not have been as foolish as to allow such a, 'Charismatic' being into my army. His death means nothing, like an ant in an army of wolves, he would never have survived!" Deathwing was now giggling after every sentence; each one providing him with more comedy that any Twilighter would have laughed at, but this was a very different situation. Alwuwa reached for his sword, spotted by other members of Violent Knight, they did the same. "Death to you all then, your death will please me!" shouted Deathwing. Deathwing stayed in his human form, pulling out a huge charcoal looking sword with an orange glow seeping from crevices and small pockets all along the blade. He ran at Alwuwa with his full strength, any normal sword would have shattered at the impact made by the huge, nearly three foot long sword and the same size as Brann Bronzebeard. Alwuwa had in his hand Askandi, an ancient and legendary weapon, both in size and weight... in the other hand, he had a huge shield, with blue and gold lining and a golden lion head in the center, the shield bore the insignia of Stormwind and of the Alliance. Alwuwa threw up his shield, defending his chest from the impact of the Destroyer (Deathwing's sword). "What is this?! A mortal, defending my attacks easily!? How is this possible!?" questioned Deathwing, as he

continued to strike down the young warrior. Alwuwa thought about the time back in Icecrown Citadel after he'd passed out. He had a dream about Bolvar, Saurfang and King Terrenas Menathil, he knew he had to continue, he believed (however) that he did not have the strength to carry on for long. He looked to his comrades; they each gave him a nod, signifying a plan of some form. With a few moments passing, Alwuwa tensed his back leg, and leaped into the air. Deathwing and Alwuwa's comrades all looked up in amazement, stepping back slightly. Alwuwa then came hammering down, and with a strike that could be heard from the bottom of Wyrrest Temple, he struck Deathwing in the shoulder, leaving him stunned. Deathwing after a few seconds of being hit by the raid party, bellowed out a huge growl, and transformed into his dragon form. Deathwing turned, flapped his wings a bit, and then flew off towards the south. Alexstrasza arrived soon afterwards, with many of her dragonflight brethren. "Everyone, get on the back of these dragons, we shall fly after Deathwing. No doubt he is heading for the Maelstrom, and back to Deepholm. After nodding each member of the raid party climbed upon the backs of the dragons for the final flight that could either save, or destroy the world. The time for retreat had ended, and the time for vengeance had now arrived.

The Great Sea, Azeroth. Near the Maelstrom...

Alexstrasza spotted Deathwing a couple of miles ahead of her, a dragon of her size can cover that distance easily, and so she went ahead to attempt to stall the corrupted dragon. "Neltharian! It is over, you cannot escape now!" shouted Alexstrasza. Deathwing laughed, eerily. "Pity you couldn't join me Life Binder, I am sure we would have made great allies! And escape?! No, you do not know what awaits me at the center of this world!" Deathwing shouted, gleefully. Alexstrasza went in for an attack, ripping a chunk off of his back right leg. Deathwing growled, and looked back at Alexstrasza. He then banked and took her head on; she didn't even see it coming. "Never will you be able to defeat me! You may have power over life, but you have no power over death, but I do!" Deathwing shouted, clawing at her chest. The two gigantic dragons fought almost to the death of Alexstrasza, but before long, the other dragonflights arrived with the Alliance raid party. Deathwing caught sight of them and abandoned the fight, flying onwards to the Maelstrom. "Quick, we have to stop him!" shouted Alwuwa. The other dragons had mustered up whatever strength they had left, and began to fly faster than ever before, bearing down on the fallen dragon. "Too late 'heroes' your fate is now sealed!" shouted Deathwing, just before plunging down into the Maelstrom's abyss. "Wait, fly down to those rocks!" said Alwuwa. Climbing off, Alwuwa wondered why Deathwing had given in so easily. Had Deathwing really managed to escape?! But then, the ground began shaking more persistently and aggressively than at the start of the Cataclysm. Perhaps Deathwing had destroyed once and for all the World Pillar, maybe this really was the end, and however, before Alwuwa could think this, Deathwing rose out of the Maelstrom, looking more corrupted than Cho'Gall. Hot molten tentacles with black tips rose out of the sea, with Deathwing's head on the end of a huge neck, almost like a huge snake. "This, truly is the end, of Mortals!" shouted Deathwing, throwing his tentacles onto the adventurers. The end had begun, the adventurers had to cross from rock to rock, taking shelter in whatever cave they could. Alwuwa decided that he would attack one of Deathwing's tentacles, but he had to get help from the immortal dragonflights, only they would be able to help him in this situation. Alexstrasza recognized the look on his face from what she could remember in the Well of Eternity crisis. Alwuwa nodded at Alexstrasza and the other dragonflights, and flew out of the cave, swinging

wildly at the tentacles. He began by distracting Deathwing, moving one way and then the other. Once Deathwings tentacle had fallen to the floor, he began slicing away at its rocky shell. Piece by piece, he carved his way to the fleshy insides of the tentacle and broke the tendons, making Deathwing flinch and pull it back away. Thrall had been waiting in his tent for ten minutes into the battle, preparing the Dragonflights weapon, The Dragon Soul. Concealed in a small pocket watch, the Dragon Soul was the most powerful item in Azeroth, containing parts of all the Dragonflights power after they were deceived by Deathwing at the start of the War of the Ancients. Thrall ran out of his tent, to the end of the jagged rock that he called home. And with an iron fist, he threw the Pocket watch at Deathwing. It opened up in mid-air, and a golden glow emitted from the face of the watch. "No, what is this?! You can't do this to me!" shouted Deathwing, alerted he tried to escape, but in vain. Alwuwa picked up Deathwings sword after he'd dropped it in his Dragon form. He then threw the sword directly at the quivering Deathwing. The sword hit, making a squelching sound as it drove straight through the Dragons skull. Falling slowly but heavily, Deathwings head landed in front of Alwuwa, with the sword sticking out of his skull, like Excalibur out of the rock. The Dragon of Earth, rock and stone... was dead. Alexstrasza walked over to the heroes alongside the leaders of the Dragon-Flights. Each of the dragons had been injured in some form, and they each agreed to cease being immortal and become mortal dragons. Alwuwa questioned them, but it was in vain, the dragons had agreed and they were not going to move away from their decision. The Dragonflights would still exist, but they would eventually need to replace the leaders and the leaders after them and so forth. Anyway, the world was saved. Deathwing and his minions had been crushed in a huge counter attack by both Alliance and Horde forces, however, the war had been costly, as with all wars. The Horde had experienced countless losses in Orgrimmar and around the Horde Empire, such as the barrens. Stormwind and the Alliance had lost thousands of troops in battle against both the Twilight and the Horde, for control of important resources. But now, the Destroyer was dead; Azeroth had been protected and was ready to be re-healed. Stormwind was returned to its former glory, with better defenses emboldening the already intimidating walls and gates. Orgrimmar received a huge defensive re-scaling, tripling the size of its population and almost doubling the army within the walls alone. But soon, resources would become scarce, and an ancient tribe of people would find themselves, in the midst of Warcraft.

The End