

The Hound

Vulture Industries

There lies a beast, near the top of the stairs. Weary and weak, in its final years. Still at times you'll hear it howl. Hear it howl at the wind a low haunted lament for the glorious times spent stalking the halls of the tower.

Close to the sovereign's seat the wretched beast lies, dreary and riddled with lice. Frail, weak and dirty, fur worn and thin, it barely bothers to shake off the flies. Its years of glory now long past and gone; its body quakes, throbbing from the shame, of its fall from grandeur into the bitter abyss, the oblivion of the useless and the maimed.

I used to hear it call my name, but the howl turned to a wail. As the hound yearns, the past burns the beast at the top of the stairs...

Hear the beast's wailing call, a ghost from the past chasing through every hall, a feeble shadow of what was once feared by us all. He's a reluctant derelict from a bygone time, still sending shivers down many a spine, but a stranger still among its own kind, this pitiful ghost.

Hear the hound keeps calling, as it used to know our names, but it can't recall them as its grip did slowly wane. Yet the hound keeps calling, as its world keeps falling...