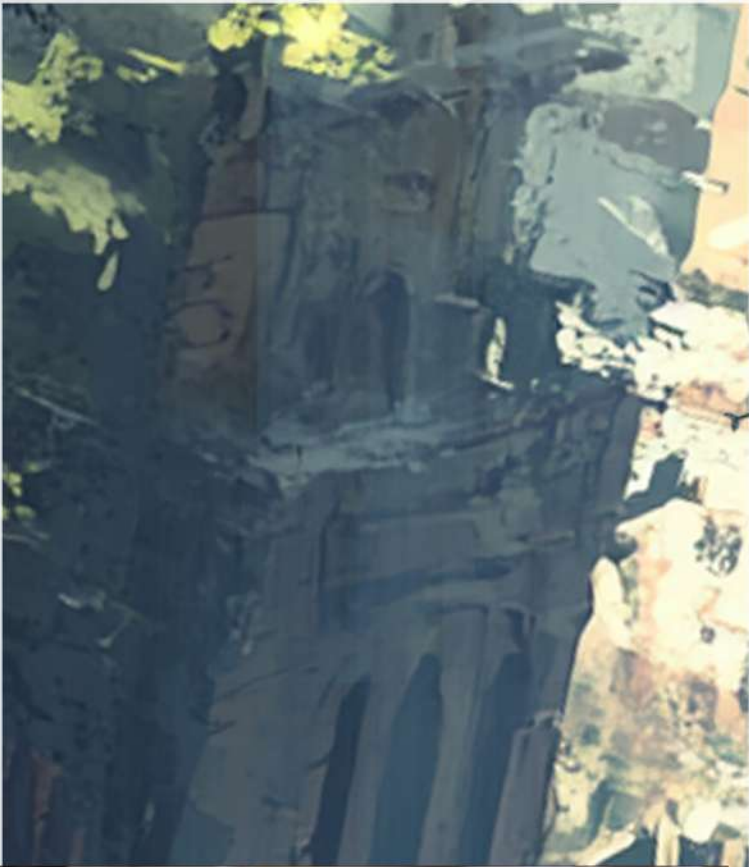


PISTIL, the King of Kings

« They say he crawled from the belly of a dead troll,
one night when the moon bled over the hills...
Others say he's a goblin demon,
returned to claim what was stolen from him. »

« But I saw him. I saw the King of Kings.
He emerged from the stone one night,
when the stars hide themselves
and the moon turned its back on the sky.
A rock split in **the Grey Mountains** -
and from that wound of stone...
Pistil stepped out. »





« I heard his footsteps shake the earth.
I saw goblin chieftains, wild and mad,
kneel without saying a word.
I saw red light dancing on his green skin,
as if the blood of war itself inked his flesh. »

« His name is Pistil.
But he's no goblin. Not really.
Too tall, too strong - but too twisted to be a troll.
And far too clever to be either. »

« He rarely speaks.
But when he strikes, bones sing.
And when he howls, the clans come running.
It's his voice - his cry.
They call it **the Howl of the Pack**.
A growl so ancient it sounds like it rose
from the mountain's roots...
A cry so fierce horses collapse, the bravest falter,
and goblin chiefs fall to their knees
- their eyes gleaming with hope. »

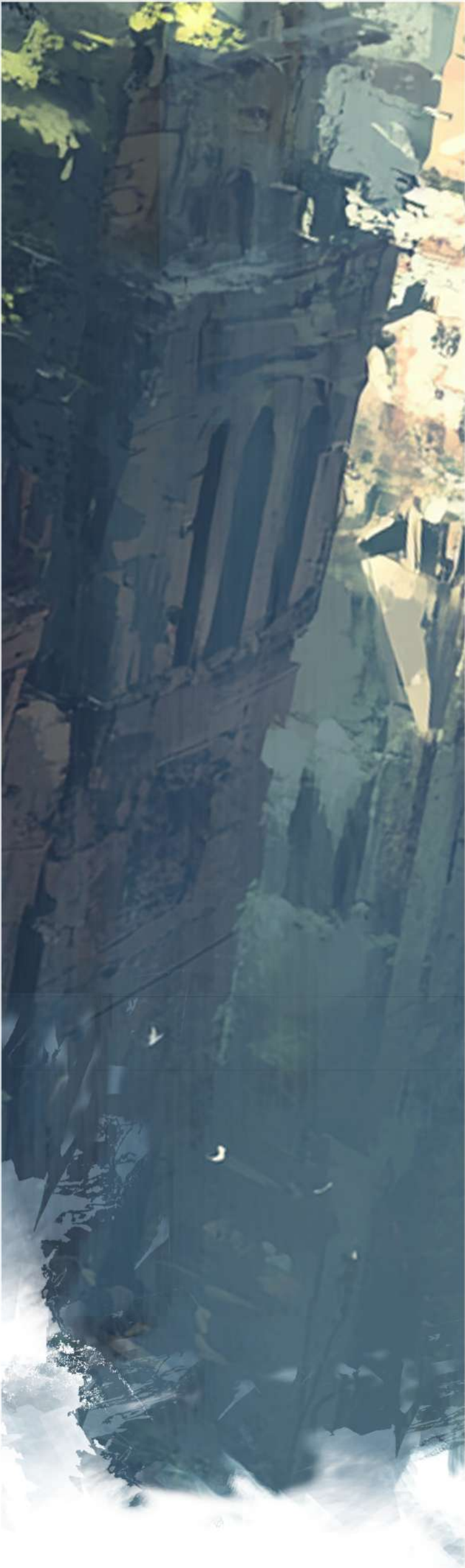
« His words strike like his blades -
two monsters of black stone,
carved from the corpse of a dead mountain.
Not blades. Punishments.
He wields them like a smith wields a hammer:
to break, to crush, to shatter.
And when he howls... by all the gods...
when he howls, even the wolves forget to breathe. »

« Pistil does not promise victory.
He promises revenge.
They rally.
And they name him:
the King of Kings. »

« He carries **the Sphere of Grum'Zhar** on his back -
a stone circle veined with the frozen blood of his enemies,
older than any of our kingdoms,
a relic from before history itself.
Some say it is a shard of the gods.
Others say it holds the soul of the first goblin king,
cast out by the heavens.
The Sphere speaks. And Pistil listens.
Or perhaps it is he... who commands it. »

« With it, he has united the packs,
the tribes, the howling kin.
**The Black Goblins,
the Tumulus Burners,
the Dogs of Ur-Thraag,
the Frostmaws...**

They are all here - thousands, soon millions -
gathered around **the Pass of KaarGul**,
once called **Dur-Khazûl**.
There, in the ruins of an ancient dwarven citadel,
he sits upon his throne.
Today, it is called **the Stone Scar**
- an open wound across
the flank of the Weastern Kingdoms. »



« And they wait. They wait for Pistil to scream.
And when he does... it will not be a war.
It will be a tide of fangs, blades, and fury.
Walls will fall. Ash will cover the fields.
And the names of human, elven and dwarven kings
will be forgotten. »

« Pistil does not seek to rule.
He seeks to destroy. To build... something else.
He wants the world to remember that before us... there was them.
And after us... there will be no kings.
Only him. And the pack. »

« Him, Pistil, the Howler of the Broken Throne,
the King of Kings. »

