

# The Scorpion's Fall - A Runescape Poem

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*For those who know... This is for you.*

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# 1 - The Scorpion's Fall

*Ah, my tale begins like so many a player...*

*When you first start out, you may need some Bayer.*

*To the mines you would wander, not seeing nor wonder,*

*The unfortunate end at the end of your blunder.*

*For guarding the ores all snug in their rocks,*

*Was the scourge of the desert, those Scorpion nox.*

*With claws and a stinger they come to assail,*

*Until your day out becomes an epic fail.*

*Day after day you train till you're numb,*

*Still thinking of failures, and feeling quite dumb.*

*Until that fateful day, you return all anew,*

*You're ready for anything, but your options are few.*

*With sword and shield and pick in hand,*

*You charge into this forbidden land,*

*And swing your blade like madness incarnate,*

*To rid the world of these evil varmint!*

*Then, at last you see as you look all around*

*The remains of your struggle are not to be found.*

*But take heart, dear warrior, they will return,*

*And the fires of hate don't forever burn.*

*Soon, they avoid you, it's you that they fear.*

*Mine till your sore lads, there's no danger here...*