

The Scorpion's Fall - A Runescape Poem

By articunotamer

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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...