

Memento of a Death Knight
By: Sean Paul Powers
August 7, 2006

"I was a fool to trust in the light."

That was the last I heard of my captain, Prince of Lordaeron, as he set out alone toward the guardian of the legendary sword, Frostmourne. I was one of ten men under the leadership of the Prince. We had all followed Arthas to Northrend in his fanatical pursuit of a weapon that could turn the tide of battle in favor of man. We waited for days for his return, and it was only a matter of time before fear, hunger and the biting cold would turn my regiment inward upon itself. Fighting broke out after a fruitless attempt at transversal of the snowy slopes and blinding winds of the mountainside. The weather was unrelenting and we were forced to camp again, our rations and supplies dwindling to scraps. On the last day, there were three of us yet still alive. We had killed the others for food, and set out again to attempt to leave the frozen countryside. Again we were met with the same failure. That evening, I awoke to fighting and in the end I was alone and the others were dead. I had suffered a wound to my leg that left untreated would slowly take me just as madness overtook my regiment. Alone that first night I realized that the others who had fallen had gotten off easy. Shivering in the icy north in the pitch black of the starless sky, the shrieks and howls of the wind turned to whispers and laughter. My wound had worsened, and no doubt spurred a fever in my brain. I could hear the voice of my former captain the prince, the screams of the other men as they killed each other in starved desperation, and the warnings of my friends whose allegiance remained with the one they called the Lightbringer.

As the trip progressed and the remaining men's suspicions increased with regard to our captain's motives I found a distinct change in Arthas. His inflections, the words he used, even the way in which he walked all had changed. I also found that the once arrogant and headstrong Prince now sought my company, something that had resulted in heated argument and distrust from one another in the past. Something was happening to him, this I could plainly see. The other men were frightened, angry and considering a violent end to our captain's agenda. I remained quiet and neutral as best I could, but could not shake my own feelings of curiosity. Something that whispered above his own voice brought half-remembered memories of times and places I could not bring my mind to grasp. I must admit, the story of the sword Frostmourne intrigued me, and I would have gone with the captain (despite the upset it would have caused the other men) had he not beat me to my request instructing me to stay with the others while he sought it alone.

As I lied shivering in the cold, I began to imagine the voice of the Prince who abandoned my men and I.

“Over the chasm of death will you be reborn again. As I came to rise up and awaken, so shall you. I have made you my vessel for when the transition has been made to the dark cold of this land. Look for me in the old kingdom and hear my voice. Let none stand in your way.”

I drifted into sleep awakening years later in the city of the dead beneath my former capital of Lordaeron. I keep these records to provide memory for a mind that continues to forget them. Where my body has failed, my spirit has remained intact. Where I have shed the cravings and needs of the living so have I gained the fire of he who calls from his throne.

Toward the citadel of ice, like those before me, I now travel.

∞.

“Much as Arthas had before them, these renegade paladins succumbed to bitter hatred over the course of their grueling quest. When they finally reached Ner'zhul's icy fortress in Northrend they had become dark and brooding. The Lich King offered them untold power in exchange for their services and loyalty. The weary, vengeful warriors accepted his dark pact, and although they retained their humanity, their twisted souls were bound to his evil will for all time. Bestowed with black runeblades and shadowy undead steeds, death knights serve as the Scourge's mightiest generals.”

-Source: wow-wiki.com