

Wrath of Catterwilt



Trapped by the snare of Goethrad, within the mountain peaks,
Catterwilt spawn of the worm, in broken Kluzdul speaks.
She barter for her freedom now, and let to none avail.
Till with reluctance, she relents, relinquishing her tale.

Within the Ered Mithrim, on rim of Withered Il earth
A leveled place of fire still burns, blackened by scorched earth.
Passed down in love from Scatha, to spawn of all her kin.
It told about a gem of light within in her mountain den.

Fished out by spider & sticky web, from deep vault Fornegos
Escorted by the balrogs to halls of Nethermost.
Set in a crown of rusted iron, till wars end set it free;
And taken then by Fearon & kin, one tossed into the sea.

One remains, where once were three, left where lord Maedrys fell.

Carried by insanity into the bowels of hell.

But earth could not conceal it, from the worms that burrow down,
That bathe within the molten slag, pooled deep beneath the ground.

Its glow is as a hood of slugs, and glory dazzles fair
Its brilliance made the hoard she kept glow dimly by compare.
She felt that she must have it, and a treasure she must gain.
And yet it burned against her scales with wretched stabs of pain.

Wade after wade she sent her brood, to fetch it to her lair,
Though her children suffered so, in lust she did not care.
In days she grew to loathe it though, and hid it from her sight.
Buried deep beneath her hoard, to shield her from its light.

Now release me, snarled Catterwilde, from all these mithral chains,
And I shall then reveal to you the place it now remains.
But Goeshad thought this a trick, for dragons always lie,
The moment I release your bones, us dragons will surely die.

Scatha's hoard does not exist, no bracket still remains.
Taken by the Eotheod, when by Lord Fram was slain.
Eatherwulf laid down her head, You say that it is so,
But if this gem was truthfully found, then surely you would know.

See now how my breath no longer sparks, and how my leg is lame.
I am aged in all my years, and shall not long remain.
And yet I take some pleasure now, along with my demise,
That torment of this treasure now eludes you all your lives.

There is some truth, glimpsed through, into his lordship's ear.
If such a treasure had been found, then surely we would hear.
We know the tale of Rohan's horn, plundered long before,
How could a gem of such renown, not be hailed through his love?

I fear we can not trust you, sir Goetrad proclaimed.
What guarantee, that once you're free, that none of us are slain?
I only wish to die in peace, kissed the scaly worm.
I lack desire to battle you, I lack the means to burn.

No need that you release these chains, but as you might perceive,
Pain of that bolder on my tail, just that could you relieve?
Pry it up, if just a bit, just so my pain subsides,
And I will then relate to you just where this gem resides.

And if you must then slay me, with mercy I would ask
to have your word and promise that with haste you do the task.
You have my word, said Geonhad, and gestured with his hand,
to pry the rock from off the tail, and meet the worm's demand.

With slithered wither, and blur of scales, then did the worm break free,
And slugged off all her mithral bones, as dwarves began to flee.
A blast of flames scorched from her jaws,
She whipped her tail and flashed her claws,
Flushing prey beneath her paws,

