

# Memento

Von Shadowflame\_Yu

They stood on the edge of a cliff near the Black Temple. Beneath them lay the wasted Shadowmoon Valley where demons chased the last remnants of mortal alliances. Even so the wind blew the cries of dying men and women further away from the watchers...

Though both of them had an aura of supernatural might, the one now sitting thoughtful on the black stone was predominant and therefor respected by his forces whereof demons were only one party...

The other one, his second-in-command and a powerful elven mage, took a deep sigh, noticing the thoughtfulness of his leader, and decided to speak to loosen the slowly increasing keen atmosphere.

"My lord Illidan, watch, this outland now belongs to us. Neither Alliance nor Horde nor the forces of Shattrath will be able to conquer the Black Temple."

Proud of their victory, he wanted to say more but was disrupted by his superior Illidan. "I agree with that, *Kael*."

"I..." The mage wanted to say more but was cut off again by the call of a phoenix flying towards them. Returning from the battlefield his *pet* Al'ar was ready to bring his master to a place *possible* to be called *home* by the elf. Shaking his head on that kind of interruption Kael turned towards the lord of Outland.

In the meantime Illidan had cupped one of the *last* flowers in this region of Outland, a shining red one. Kael came closer to his side while Illidan seemed having forgotten all his surroundings, only giving regard on the small red flower.

"My lord, ...what is it that bothers your mind?"

"I wish *she* could see it." With this almost whisper he let the flower be taken by the wind blowing it far away over the wasted land accompanied by the fading sound of an impatient phoenix call...