

# Turnabout

We thought we had beaten them. We killed them all, savoring their screams as they were fed to the Corrupted Gods. We spent the next century turning their happy, green land into a garden of bones -- all while they watched, their souls ensnared in gems worn for adornment. So we were instructed to do by the Corrupted Gods; and so we gladly did.

But the Corrupted Gods never informed us that our victims knew much of necromancy. It took our victims some time to retake their bones. But then, they *had* time, no?

I fear they will simply kill us.

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