

Gar'thal was a young blood elf who was following his father in the way of the monk. He knew this required him going to Sunstrider Island and beginning his training. As he stood before Magistrix Erona, he saw his future before him.

Gar'thal's first duty was a simple one. He was tasked with slaying mana wyrms. He quickly ran off to complete his task. One by one, he slew the mana wyrms. He defeated the last mana wyrm and was returning to Magistrix Erona when an apparition appeared before him.

“We welcome you, young blood elf, as you continue toward your destiny.”

“Why have you come to me? I am but a lowly monk.”

“Even the lowliest can have the greatest destinies. We will come to you again, as time passes.”

The apparition faded away and Gar'thal ran off to turn in his quest. He quickly moved on to his next quest, collecting lynx collars from the springpaws in the area. One quest after another he struggled to complete the tasks given him.

There came the time when he was ready to leave the island. Gar'thal took the Dawning Lane to Falconwing Square. He collected quests quickly so that he could continue to serve his people.

He completed the quests demanded of him. Turning in the last of those quests, turning in the head of Prospector Anvilward, he received a quest to head to Fairbreeze Village. As he reached the gate leading out to Eversong Woods the apparition appeared before him.

“This is not your destiny, young monk, we will guide you from this time forward.”

“If this is not my way, then where do I go?” asked Gar'thal.

“From here, you will take a dragonhawk to the city of the dead. We will meet you outside the gate when you arrive.”

The apparition faded away and Gar'thal ran to the flight master to book flight to Undercity in Tirisfal Glades, but he did not have enough money. He quickly ran out and started killing feral dragonhawk hatchlings in an attempt to raise enough funds for the flight.

As Gar'thal found this a slow way to raise money, he went to the Dead Scar and hunted plaguebones. After a while, he returned to Falconwing Square and turned in what little he pilfered from the dead, but he was still short. So, he decided to collect eggs from dragonhawk hatchlings to raise the last few silver coins for his trip.

On the long flight to Undercity, he pulled out his handful of coins remaining and slowly counted them. He wondered how he would survive on such a small amount of coins, but so far he had done alright, so perhaps he would continue to do okay.

Landing in Undercity, Gar'thal ran as fast as he could to reach outside the gates. As he stood there waiting for the apparition, he looked to the Zeppelin tower in the distance. Finally, he heard a familiar voice and turned to see the apparition.

“We are glad you are looking toward your destiny. Yes, you must take a zeppelin to Orgrimmar.”

“Why?” Gar'thal asked.

The apparition faded away without answering. Gar'thal had no choice but to obey and so he ran for the zeppelin tower. He was thankful when he stepped aboard the zeppelin and they didn't ask him to pay passage to Orgrimmar.

Arriving in Orgrimmar, Gar'thal climbed down from the zeppelin tower and wondered what was now required of him. It wasn't long before the apparition spoke to him.

“Take a flight to Thunder Bluff and travel to Bloodhoof Village. There you will accept tasks from their leaders. It is from there the journey to your destiny will continue.”

Gar'thal did not know why he was sent there, but he was not one to argue. His duty was laid out to him and it was to accept it. As soon as he crossed the bridge into Bloodhoof Village, he began collecting guests, though he had no idea why the apparition would send him to the land of the Tauren.

Gnolls and buzzards, windfurys and earth spirits, Gar'thal completed each of his tasks as they were given to him. Slowly he continued from one quest to the next. Once his quests were all complete and no more were forthcoming, Gar'thal went and sat by the small lake at the edge of town. When a familiar voice spoke, he didn't even turn to look.

“What bothers you, young monk?” asked the apparition.

“There is nothing more for me to do here, but no one has sent me elsewhere.”

“We will send you elsewhere. Go to Thunder Bluff.”

“Alright, as you command so shall I do.”

Gar'thal got up and went to the flight master for a trip to Thunder Bluff. He did not know what he would find, but it would have to be better than to simply sit.

He ran all over Thunder Bluff, but could find no quests from anyone. As he continued to wander aimlessly, he stopped in front of the warchief's command board. He noticed a call to arms for Azshara. He ran for the flight master to make his way to Orgrimmar.

Gar'thal landed in Orgrimmar and quickly made his way to the gate to Azshara. Once there, he sought out Labor Captain Grabbit. He battled Talrendis until it was time to battle with their leader, the Talrendis Ancient.

His was soon sent to the Orgrimmar Rocketway Exchange where he helped deal with the Mountainfoot Strip Mine. Basalisks are nasty creatures, after all. It was then onto the Forlorn Front to battle naga.

Returning from the frontline, Gar'thal was tasked with going to Lake Mannar to recover artifacts. From there he went to Southern Rocketway Terminus. Here, again, the naga were a source of consternation, but quests are quests after all.

His last quests at the Terminus dealt with Gormungan, a cliff giant. The worst of his dealings with this cliff giant was risking his life to obtain a laxative for him. It seemed it would have been easier for him to wander in there and get it himself.

He was then flown to Bilgewater Harbor to work for the goblins. He did enjoy his surface to other surface rocket ride to the Shattered Strand, though the landing was a bit rough. And, of course, it wasn't long before he was dealing with naga yet again.

Gar'thal soon found himself in the Ruins of Eldarath. It was not a very welcoming place for anyone not naga. Armed with a gob squad, he was able to complete his tasks in the ruins in record time.

Returning to Bilgewater, he was quickly dispatched to the Ruins of Arkkoran to work for a murloc for no less. It felt strange to fight crawdads for a murloc, but Gar'thal didn't mind too much. He really enjoyed the turtle ride to the Northern Rocketway Exchange.

Finally, Gar'thal saw the apparition. He stepped inside the Exchange, where no one else would see him speak to the spirit which was now there.

“We are ready to fulfill your destiny, young monk.” The apparition said.

“Where do we go from here?” Gar'thal asked.

“Go down the Shattered Strand. There you will find Lady Sesspira. Slay her and search her temple for the red stone.”

Gar'thal ran off, even before the apparition had faded away. He rode down to the strand and found Lady Sesspira. He slew her guard and then slew Sesspira. He searched her for a red stone, but to no avail. He looked everywhere and found nothing. Then, out of desperation, he looked up and there in the stone roof was a small square stone. As he continued to look at it, he took his staff and poked at it. Finally, the stone broke into pieces falling to the ground. Amongst the debris was a large leather sack.

“We are now ready,” said a voice.

Gar'thal was not surprised to hear the voice. He even knew to whom the voice belonged. He turned toward the sound of the voice and simply asked the obvious.

“Where do I go now?”

“You will go to Silvermoon City. At the end of the Walks of Elders, in the alcove, you shall find a statue of a female blood elf. Above her head are three green orbs.”

The apparition faded and Gar'thal began his trip to Silvermoon City. As soon as he arrived in Silvermoon City, he rushed to where the statue sat. He looked around, but there were too many potential witnesses wandering around the capital, so he decided to wait for nightfall, when few citizens would be out and about.

Gar'thal ate and then explored the city as he waited for darkness to return to the statue. As he stood before the great blood elf statue, he looked around to be certain no one was aware of his presence. He took the red stone from the sack and held it up to the statue. The stone began to glow a bright red.

As the Eye of the Oracle continued to glow, a mist flowed from the Eye and into the stone statue. Soon an apparition stepped out of

the statue as the Eye of the Oracle disappeared. Gar'thal stood motionless as the apparition spoke.

“I am Nim'keth. My essence was locked within the stone that became that statue. I wish to thank my benefactor, but this is not the place for a long discussion.”

The apparition moved to Gar'thal and merged with him. The apparition then found a place in Gar'thal's subconscious where it could reside undetected.

Gar'thal suddenly found himself staring at the stone statue with no recollection of the red stone, or anything to do with the apparition. It was as if his memory had been wiped clean.

As Gar'thal stood there, he wondered how he came to be standing before this statue. He tried to think of what brought him to come to the statue, but his mind was a complete blank. He finally staggered off and found himself a place to sleep.