

**When you climb the ladder of ambition
By betraying Honor and Trust
You will find your fame and your family name
And your riches turn to dust**

From Highhelm rose a noble
Whose heart was full of greed
There was nothing could stop his rise to the top
Naught could satisfy his need.

Jorgar wanted to take his inheritance
From the Ironbellows hold
He betrayed the love that his father gave
As he murdered his kin for Gold

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For a while he lived the good life
And he took a lovely wife
And she bore him a son, and he thought he'd
won
All the good things in this life.

And his son grew strong and handsome
He was truly his father's son.
So the boy took a knife, took his father's life
And thus Jorgar's tale is done

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The dwarves say gold is the reason
For all good and evil deeds.
But more precious than gold are the kin you
hold

"Dust" by Mark Orr. Written 6/2/2019

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In your heart and in your seed.

While ambition can motivate you
To work hard and be truly great
If it's kept unchecked your life could be wrecked
And that is an awful fate.

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