

Trade Secrets of a Trade Prince - Gavin Jurgens-Fyhrie

BLIZZARD ENTERTAINMENT

Gallywix: Trade Secrets of a Trade Prince

Gavin Jurgens-Fyhrie

Introduction by the Author

Hey, pal. Trade Prince Gallywix here. You're holding this book in your hands because you wanna be like me. Who wouldn't? There ain't a goblin alive more powerful and dangerous than me. I can give you everything you need to succeed.

But first, a friendly legally binding warning just for you.

If you're reading this and haven't bought the book yet, that's **stealing**. You think that browsing is a victimless crime? You think it's your right as a customer? You'd be dead wrong, deadbeat! It's freeloaders like you who drove down my profit margin last year and kept me from adding an edible furniture wing onto my mansion. Now, instead of the chocolate couches with funnel cake pillows I deserve, I have furniture made of silk. Have you ever tried to eat silk? You even know where that stuff comes from? A worm's cakehole, that's where! You need to fix this. Buy my book, or my exploding assassins will hunt you down like the thieving bilge rat you are.

What, you doubt me? Have we met? You don't become trade prince by making empty threats. The spot ain't hereditary like that cushy king job those pink-skinned humans get. If I told you thirty-two spies were watching you lick your lips nervously right now, you'd better believe it, pal.

Don't bother looking around. You won't see them. Stop wasting my time and risking your life. Twenty thousand gold is a cheap price to pay for my life story. And if you read past this sentence without buying the book, I'll devote every inch of my empire to **destroying** you. Do you understand me?

Good. Now, **pay the damn salesman.**

Done? You sure? Great. Well, thanks for buying my book, sucker. You wanna be a trade prince? I want an army of fel reavers with my face painted over their fists, but negotiations with the Burning Legion fell through, so I guess neither one of us is gonna get what we want.

Why can't you be a trade prince? Because all the slots are filled by goblins better than you, that's why. You ain't ready yet, but don't worry. You came to the right goblin for help.

You may have heard a few rumors about me. "Gallywix became trade prince by blowing up, selling out, or just **selling** everyone he knew. When Mount Kajaro erupted, Gallywix had the only boat, and he charged refugees the low, low price of their life savings. He packed the stars of the goblin aristocracy like sausages in the hold and tried to sell them into slavery. That monster Gallywix betrayed his entire race for a bazillion macaroons."

Kinda terrible, huh?

Guess what? It's all true. Why would I lie about that? I never cover up the things I'm proud of. If the world was gonna split in half tomorrow, I'd buy the Dark Portal, slap a toll booth on it, and charge refugees the last of their pocket change, the rings off their fingers, a bite of their sandwiches, and a contractual obligation to build me a rocket palace in the skies of Nagrand. It's the goblin way! Supply and demand! Deal with it!

But, hey. You paid for your ticket, and this is what you get: the three secrets of the greatest trade prince this mud ball has ever seen. They won't take long to tell. In

fact, if you flip through the book, you'll find that the last three hundred pages are copies of old newspapers and recipes for fish jerky.

Sorry, pal. No refunds.

Secret 1: Don't Let Anyone Take Your Cookie

On the day I turned ten, I took over the family tinkering business AND the local crime syndicate. It was easier than selling a mirror to a blood elf. Pay close attention....

My birthday began the way every morning did: my pop almost killed me.

Not that he ever meant to. In fact, that was kind of the problem with him.

Nothing he did ever went the way he wanted, which is no joke when you work with explosives. The only shop he could swing was so deep in the bad part of the Drudgetown slums that even Trade Prince Maldy's tax collectors weren't safe. The last one to visit got scammed out of his boots, jumped, insulted, tied to a gunpowder barrel, and rolled back to the old goblin with a polite refusal letter between his teeth.

My pop saw the lack of taxes as a fringe benefit. I saw the muddy street and the irradiated garbage. Even the rats were moving out. My pop thought he was gonna make it big someday with a world-shaking invention. I knew it was only a matter of time before he blew us up, and I had decided the night before to run away and become a pirate like my ma.

I'd spent all night packing and planning. The five macaroons stuffed in my torn boots felt like a fortune. My pop got up around dawn and started messing around in the shop, talking to himself. His research and development process had three stages—optimism, concern, and panic—and the third one could leave you short a few fingers and most of your skin. He was at 2.9 when I tied my pack closed and rammed it under my moldy mattress.

"Come on," he muttered from the other side of two paper-thin walls. "Just a little bit tighter...tighter...whoops. Uh-oh. Oh, no. No! Stop! Kid! Wake up and grab some cover!"

I wearily raised my lead-lined pillow just as a teddy bear with orange fur and a mechanical face rocketed through the wall. It saw me, gave a shrill screech, and exploded, flinging shrapnel tornadoes in every direction.

Footsteps thundered up the dingy hall, and Pop burst through my doorway. He didn't knock first, but not because he was in a rush. Napalm had melted the door last month.

"You okay, kiddo? Did you see it? A perfect test! Horizontal burn, target locked on, a gyroscopic spin, and detonation! The union said using microbombs for navigation and rocket fuel for thrust would melt the entire neighborhood, but we showed th—"

I tossed my shredded, clanking pillow to the floor.

"That was the only prototype, right?"

"Well, yeah, but—"

"And the blueprints were...?" I asked, trailing off to let him answer. I had a lot of experience talking to him.

"Stolen by a mechanical chicken."

That was new, but he wasn't gonna sidetrack me.

"So you can't build it again, right?"

He opened his mouth for a snappy comeback. Then his eyes widened in horror. I nodded. The morning routine was complete. Time to get some breakfast and hit the road.

"Doesn't matter, kiddo. I understand the principle now. Explosives hidden in lovable objects are a completely unexplored market. We're gonna be rich!"

"Pop, the only way we're gonna stop being poor is if you blow us up," I snapped.

"That's not fair, Jastor. It's only a matter of time."

"You know what? You're right. You **will** kill us both someday, Pop. I believe in you."

"Hey! There's plenty of goblin kids out there who wish their parents were tinkers. When I was your age, I used to dream—"

"Really, Pop? This story again?"

"—my parents would quit shoveling sewers and blow a few things up. You worry me when you talk about being afraid of explosions. It's not goblin."

"No! You know what's not goblin? Having a kid and telling him to 'go play'. You know what the problem is? There's no one to play with! Jelky has to spend all day braiding fuses. Druz wakes up at dawn to mix cement. Do you know how embarrassing it is that my own pop won't force me to work for him?"

Pop threw his hands up in the air and headed back down the short hallway to the shop.

"Tell you what," he called. "Why don't you leave running the business to me, and I'll leave the Sugarpack cookie over here to the first kid with a birthday who comes by."

"I'm pretty sure you gotta sell things once in a while to have a business!" I shouted after him, but my heart wasn't in it. Sugarpack! Chow for the road!

"You think you can do better?" he said from the shop. "You can try anytime you wa—uh, hello, gents."

My pop had customers, sounded like. I took it as a good omen for my trip. If something as unlikely as business could occur in my pop's shop, I'd have no problem finding a ship out of Kezan; hell, I could probably find a tame shark who'd take me to a magical island made of cupcakes and platinum. I stumped down the hall for the cookie.

The Sugarpack Bakery ain't around anymore. A few years before the orcs arrived in Azeroth, the corner shop was slightly bombed during Trade War II, thoroughly bombed in Trade War IV, and melted during the Peace War. The whole neighborhood smelled like burnt sugar and body parts for a month. But here's the thing: if you've never had cookies from the Sugarpack Bakery, you've never had real cookies. Period.

They were big enough to hold in two hands and a little browned around the outer edge. Chocolate chunks the size of an ogre's fist. Touch of cinnamon and crystal sugar. And I only got one a year.

I froze near the end of the hallway and hid in the half shadows. I should have known better. No customers. Skezzo and his goons were trying to shake down my pop again.

In Drudgetown, even the criminals were nearly broke, and the Copper Street Gang was no exception. I can still see that idiot Skezzo with his fake gold earrings

and smelly patchwork suit. The only worthwhile thing he ever did was tangle with me.

He shoved my pop against his three-and-a-half-legged workbench. Near the other end, my cookie wobbled on our only plate. I hissed, but I wasn't too proud to eat the thing off the floor if I had to. You would have too, believe me.

"What are we gonna do with you, Luzik?" Skezzo said. "You never pay us on time. You never pay us at all. I would hate to have Lumpo come back here tomorrow and blow up..." Skezzo trailed off as he failed to find anything of value in sight except a roll of dynamite, which, as you might've heard, is supposed to explode.

"Look, I'm sorry," my pop said. "Money's been tight. I barely have enough money for supplies!"

"And sweets, looks like," Skezzo said, reaching past him to snatch...

Up.

My.

Cookie.

"Pay me everything you owe by tonight," he said, stuffing it in his mouth. Priceless crumbs rained down on his greasy lapel. "Or I'll burn your shop down and charge you for the torches."

He spotted me in the doorway, winked, and swaggered out, spitting out the rest of the cookie along the way.

And that was it. If not for that cookie, I would have run away to be a lowly pirate king in the South Seas, and the world would be a very different place.

I staggered into the shop. Pop was talking to me. I couldn't hear him over the blood thumping around in my ears.

I could have left Kezan if I'd wanted, but that wasn't what was wrong here. My pop had let cheap thugs take things from him. I'd let them take the cookie from me. **That** was the problem. That was why we were poor. Sure, Skezzo had a gang. Sure, he had weapons and numbers. But I had something ballooning up inside my head like a fleet of zeppelins attacking a gnoll hut: a code, all sharp edges and oiled parts. This business was my pop's. This business was **mine**. That cookie was **mine**. I didn't blame Skezzo for trying, but no one was gonna **take** what was **mine**, no matter the cost.

Ten minutes later, I was across town with one of Skezzo's loan sharks, surrounded by cigar smoke and smirking bruisers.

"Let me get this straight," the shark said, chuckling. "You owe the boss money. And you wanna borrow from him to pay him?"

"Yes," I said.

"With interest?" the shark said, his lips trembling from the effort of not braying laughter in my face.

"Whatever you think is fair," I said, straight-faced.

"Okay, runt," he said, counting out the cash. "But I think I know why your dad is in trouble. Business sense must not run in your family at all."

The only thing that gets around goblin society faster than a new Gunpowder Girls calendar is the possibility of public humiliation. Skezzo came back that night with his entire gang, loan sharks included. All along Copper Street, doors opened as

our loyal neighbors leaned out to watch the tinker and his idiot son lose the last of their money and get driven out of town. Only Pop was gone. He'd gone to get another cookie, which was just like him: well-meaning but totally missing the point. This wasn't about cookies anymore.

Skezzo and his mob stopped in front of me like an ugly arrowhead.

"You got my money, kid?" he said. His goons leaned over his shoulders to see if I was gonna be dumb enough to go through with this.

"With interest," I said.

Skezzo snatched the bag from my hand, patted me on the head, and ambled back down the street with his gang. That's right. He didn't even count the money. How this guy ran anything more complicated than a sausage stand is still beyond me.

"Nice doin' business with you, kid," he called back over his shoulder. "Lumpo, carry the bag. It's too damn heavy."

"That'd be the dynamite," I said helpfully.

Cameras wouldn't be invented until some years later, but I'd still kill for a snapshot of Skezzo and his goons gaping at me the second before the bomb stuffed under the cash went off.

When the smoke cleared, the entire gang was gone. In eerie unison, my gawking neighbors stared at the smoking crater, then back at me.

I smiled and pointed at the sky. Hundreds of eyes obeyed, looking up.

Skezzo, his gang, and his flaming money were raining from the sky.

I strolled across the street to Bezok the brickmaker, the whooping of my neighbors putting a little skip in my step. Sure, the trick had cost the rest of Pop's

money to cover the interest and the dynamite, but those four hundred macaroons were gonna be chump change by the end of the week.

"Wow. Wow!" said Bezok as goblins spilled from every crooked doorway and greasy alley for the world's most disgusting treasure hunt, looking for undamaged macaroons. "Way to show them, kid! We're free!"

"It won't last," I said, casually dodging a burning sock. "There's a void. Other gangs will move in once they hear Skezzo is gone. We gotta incorporate for protection. Establish and guard trade routes."

"Yeah!" Bezok said, going all starry-eyed. "Great idea! Maybe someday we can—"

"No," I said. "Come over tomorrow morning, and I'll have a contract ready. You can stay in charge of production, alright? I'll take the boring business stuff off your hands."

"Huh?" Bezok said, blinking. He'd been eyeing a feathery cloud of lit macaroons drifting toward the roof of his shack. "Wait, you think **you** can run **my** business? Listen here, kid—"

"Boom," I said.

"Boom'?" Bezok said, flinching.

"Boom."

"Why are you saying 'boom'?"

"I just like saying 'boom'," I said with that creepy serenity that only kids can pull off. "Look, come over tomorrow morning. You won't even notice I'm in charge until you realize how much money you're making."

Bezok wasn't a coward. He was struggling to pay the bills. And people like that are always looking for a quick and unexpected way to make macaroons.

"You know what, kid? Why not? I can get out of it later if I want, right?"

"Sure, I'll adjust the contract for that," I said. He'd just have to leave his business behind, pay me a yearly management fee, and climb into a bear suit three times a week to advertise for Pop's upcoming line of exploding lovable.

I left Bezok as he was dragging out a ladder to reach the macaroon bonfire on his roof, and swaggered home. When my pop came back, I was busy writing my first contract in letters so small a gnat with glasses couldn't read them. Contracts are easy to write if you focus on cheating the poor fools who're gonna sign them, and if you remember that most everyone believes the small print is there to be scanned before you sign, rather than shown to ten lawyers, tested in a court, then dismantled word by word and detonated in a controlled environment.

My pop shuffled his feet, clearing his throat.

"I can do better," I said before he spoke. I didn't have to look at his face to know that he'd heard about the bomb.

"W-what?" he stammered. A paper bag crinkled in his hand.

"You asked me if I thought I could run your business better. I can. By tomorrow morning, we're gonna have access to Bezok's cash, and more from there. But I need you to sign over everything to me."

He was quiet for a long time. I used the silence to get a few more lines down.

"You definitely take after your ma," he said finally. "Okay, you got a week. If we don't see enough of a profit to buy more dynamite, you're gonna have to work it off, alright?"

Yeah, he thought he was setting me up to fail and learn a valuable lesson. But he left me alone with my new cookie and my work. The cookie went stale by the third draft, and I decided to keep it as a reminder. Still have it, in fact.

By the time Pop's deadline rolled around, half of the businesses on the block had joined my Copper Street Conglomerate. I'd moved out by then, but I sent him three crates of dynamite, a blast suit, and a bonus.

Yeah, you're right. That was a little soft. But remember, I was **ten**, genius. I made my first million macaroons right around the time that you caught the *sklaz* from swimming through the toxic oil slick around Garzak Oatburner's Healthy Foods factory.

Besides, he was my pop. And I take care of things that are **mine**.

Secret 2: You're Either Ruthless or Toothless. There's No Middle Ground

Years passed. I'm not gonna give you a detailed receipt of all the businesses I took over, started, sold, or destroyed. I won: that's all. I won everything I wanted.

Not because of luck, no. Luck doesn't exist. Luck is for losers. If you move big, fast, and hard enough to carve yourself a place in the world, everyone else will bend over backwards to give you everything you want just for the thrill of being part of your success.

Well, most everyone. Occasionally, you're gonna run into other big movers. And they'll cut you down like a sacred tree at a Venture Company logging party if you don't do it to them first.

Back during the Second War, I was Kezan's rising star. President of the massive Copper Street Conglomerate, advisor to the Tinkers' Union, big goblin in the Trade Coalition, and the second-richest guy in the Bilgewater Cartel. Trade Prince Maldy decided he wanted to meet his possible competition, so he sent me an invitation to his daughter's birthday party at his manor.

The old goblin was as popular as a bar of soap on a pirate ship. Trade Prince Steamwheedle was rumored to be making a mint from his alleged exclusivity contract with the Horde. Maldy thought if things went south for the Horde, the Alliance would turn on us next. He'd clamped down hard on trading, making sure that Bilgewater had enough supplies and money to weather a financial siege and bend the other cartels over a spiky barrel.

Solid move, but here's the problem: your average goblin doesn't **like** cautious. Cautious is boring. The moguls and financiers of Bilgewater had decided they wanted a younger, more aggressive trade prince in Maldy's place. Guess who.

Six months of backroom planning had gone into that night, long before Maldy had even sent the invite. Every angle was covered, every palm greased. Even the other trade princes had given their secret approval, if only because they liked having inexperienced competition. Success was inevitable: I was gonna be a trade prince by sunrise.

I strolled up the path to Maldy's manor. Thissy Steeltack, my personal assistant, raced up to me. Years later, I'd have to fire her for paying assassins to kill me in my swimming pool. She was magnificent.

"I broke...into Maldy's desk, sir," she panted. "He...hid the key under a falcon statue. I found his research...on what the other trade princes are up to."

"Great," I said. Maldy **was** getting soft if he was leaving that sort of thing lying around. "What are they doing? We gotta copy them if we're gonna stay competitive."

Thissy shuffled through the papers.

"Building mercenary armies."

"Useful. Send a gift basket full of gold to the Southsea Freebooters."

"Metal or chocolate, sir?"

"Chocolate. They're gonna bite it anyway. Might as well give them a treat. What else?"

"Perfume."

"Perfume?"

"Trade Prince Donais is really into it, sir."

"Okay. Let me save you some time. Everything that's on that list? Get someone who works for me to do it. Get out of here. I have a party to attend."

Thissy nodded once and took off. I got three steps closer to the manor before Riddlevox, director of the Tinkers' Union, jumped out of a bush.

"You remember the plan?" he hissed.

"I wrote the plan," I said, trying not to grit my teeth. I'd based it on Trade Prince Maldy's big weakness: he actually loved his daughter. If you're a trade prince, you can't afford close family members or friends; "chum" and "chump" sound the same for a reason. My pop was the exception, of course. He had the ambition of soggy wood. Besides, anyone who tried to kidnap him to threaten me found out if a goblin could be crammed into a cannon and shot safely from Kezan to Booty Bay.

"Don't screw this up, Gallywix," said Riddlevox, climbing back into the bush.

"And don't get any ideas. You may get to be called a trade prince, but you'll work for **us**, understand?"

"You got it, boss." *In your dreams, idiot.*

The guard at the edge of the dance floor waved me past with a slight nod. I'd spent two months replacing Trade Prince Maldy's bodyguards with my own mercenaries. I sauntered on through.

Ever had everyone at a party turn and cheer as you came in? No? I recommend it. A hundred goblins tried to catch my eye or give me a drink. I ignored them and skimmed a handful of lobstrok puffs off a passing tray. I had work to do here.

I'd never met the trade prince's daughter, Nessa. My researcher had said she'd bought a blue dress and a diamond dragonfly hairclip for the party. He'd added that she looked "stunning". I'd fired him, naturally. But when I saw Nessa from across the party, I realized that for the first time in my life, I owed someone an apology.

She was so beautiful that you'd believe she was getting paid overtime for it. Skin the color of the deep green sea, eyes as dark as midnight in an emerald mine. The shine of her coiled hair made the diamond clip look cheap.

An invisible hand pulled me by the lungs through the crowd to her. I couldn't be stopped. I knew that I had to get control back here; Plan A depended on my getting her away from the party and into the hands of the kidnap squad so that Maldy would surrender without a fight.

"Wanna dance?" I said, tossing Plan A out the window.

"Why not?" she replied. I realized she'd watched me come over the whole way.

Outstanding. "Nandirx here is boring the life out of me."

I spun her away from the devastated little banker towards the middle of the dance floor. We chatted as we danced, but I couldn't tell you about what. I felt drunk. My ambitions were in big trouble. If I moved against her father, I'd lose my chance at her, and let me tell you, her beauty was even more staggering up close. I had to play it cool.

"Marry me," I blurted.

She snorted. "I barely know you, Mr. Gallywix," she said.

"I can fix that," I said. "I'm—"

"President of the massive Copper Street Conglomerate, advisor to the Tinkers' Union, big goblin in the Trade Coalition, and the second-richest guy in the Bilgewater Cartel," she finished with a half smile.

She'd read my press release!

"But I can't marry you," she continued. "Sure, you've gotten lucky a few times, but I like ruthless goblins. Risk takers."

I was speechless for a few seconds. I'm not very good at speechless, though, so I recovered.

I told her about my early days. Waved newspaper clippings in her face about mysterious hospital fires and orphan extortion. Gave directions to where the literal bodies were buried. And from there, dove into the really nasty stuff.

She listened, cocking her head to one side. Occasionally, she smiled.

When I'd finished, she shrugged and said, "That's a good start. I guess."

What a dame, right? Up until then, I'd actually felt guilty—no, **really**—about Plan B, but I was suddenly **sure** that it was the way to win her over. She wanted a really ruthless goblin. I practically had her blessing!

I didn't notice the commotion behind me until a cane rapped my shoulder. I glared back at...oops.

"Ah, so you're the one who's been monopolizing my daughter, young Gallywix," Trade Prince Maldy said, leaning back on his thick cane. His hand, heavy with thick gold rings, flexed on the suspiciously hilt-like handle.

Silence fell over the party. These goblins had seen enough high-class backstabbery to know **something** was coming. "Pleasure to finally meet you. Get your hands off the merchandise."

"Sorry, sir," I said, moving away from Nessa.

"Thank you. I heard that my security forces burned down your counterfeiting factory last month. Hope you didn't take it personally. Just business."

"Don't say 'just', sir," I said, grinning. "It sounds like an apology."

His wrinkled face split into a wide, leathery smile. "I knew I liked you," he said. "Are you enjoying my daughter's party?"

"Her party?" I said, signaling the guards. "Not anymore. It's mine now."

"What?" Maldy barked, brows crinkling.

"As of sunset today, I own a majority of your holdings in the Trade Coalition through a hundred false fronts and small businesses. You could check, but I've bought off your administration, so you don't wanna trust them. I own your security forces. I stole the land under your house. And you rented those rings from one of my shops. You're done, Maldy. You're done, and everyone knows it."

Somewhere in the distance, a parrot squawked. Maldy reddened, then purpled, looking around for an ally and seeing my bruisers closing around us in a wall instead. I held them back with both hands. To impress Nessa, the next part needed a personal touch.

"My shipment," he snarled. "Half of my fleet is setting sail right now with a weapons shipment to the Alliance. I'll make a fortune and buy everything back."

"I'm glad you mentioned that," I said, and pulled a remote from my pocket. "I brought a show for your guests. Push the button."

"No!"

"What, you don't like surprises? You **afraid**? I thought trade princes were supposed to have guts! Push the button, Maldy!"

Baring his teeth like an old lion, Maldy stabbed his finger at the big red button.

Down in the harbor, each ship in his trade fleet exploded into roaring balls of fire in perfect alphabetical order.

Winking at Maldy's shock, I snatched his cane out of his hand, drew the sword my researcher had told me was in there, and leveled it at Nessa without even looking her way.

"So. You got an hour to get off Kezan before I ventilate your daughter and drop you headfirst into Mount Kajaro," I said, beaming at Maldy. Then I turned back to Nessa. "How's **that** for ruthless?"

Oh. Her face was so pale, I could almost see through it.

"Too much?" I said, squinting.

She stormed forward past the sword and slapped me across the face. Then she took her pop by the shoulders and led him away through the breathless crowd.

I dropped the blade and raised two hands and four fingers in the traditional goblin symbols for complete and utter victory. The guests...my guests...roared their approval, rushing forward to hammer my back and congratulate me while slipping business cards and bribes into my pockets. I didn't look any of them in the eye.

Instead, I watched Nessa lead her father all the way down the hill outside the manor.

Secret 3: If Your Retirement Plan Doesn't Include a Palace, You're Doing It

Wrong

That was more than twenty years ago. You might be wondering if I have any regrets. Sure, I exiled the love of my life within ten minutes of meeting her and arranged the later, thoroughly accidental death of my never-to-be father-in-law. Everyone I've ever known has tried to betray me. I am alone.

HA! **Right.** Oh, no, my limitless wealth and power are all I have! How tragic! Send me sympathy money.

Just so you know, I send Nessa a new painting every year of me enjoying my riches. She sends me plain boxes wired with explosives. Who says long-distance relationships don't work?

After years of writing the fine print, my hand cramps pretty easy, so I'm gonna wrap this up. You know a lot of my secrets now, but don't fool yourself. You're never gonna beat me. There's never been a trap I couldn't turn to my advantage. Even when **that goblin I'm not gonna name** tried to get that brute of an orc Thrall to kill me, I still ended up on top.

Literally. Have you seen my new place? A palace on top of a mountain in Azshara? Ocean views? Grenade golf course? Secret booze cellar? Sultry dames in the pool? No, of course you haven't. Losers aren't welcome on my property.

But, hey, I'm not fooling myself. I know I won't live forever. Have you looked out a window lately? This planet's cracked like an eggshell. Azshara could be underwater tomorrow.

You bought my book, which makes us pals, right? **Right**. So, in the unlikely event that you live longer than me, there's only one thing you need to do to take over the goblin race.

Win.

That's really it. I told you that you need to hold onto what's yours, be ruthless, and have a palace to be ruthless in. But if you want to be me, kiddo, you gotta see **everything** as yours for the taking. And you have to do anything and everything to grab it.

So, get out there and win. Cheat your friends and family, exploit people who trust you, and steal yourself a nice starter mansion. Make a fat profit.

"But how do I get rich, Trade Prince Gallywix?" Good question, pal.

Unfortunately, that's a whole different book, and as you might've noticed, I ain't in the habit of giving things away for free.

I'll tell you what. Just start sending your money, jewelry, fried delicacies, and exotic animals to my pleasure palace. When I decide you've paid enough, I'll mail out a copy of *Getting Rich the Gallywix Way*. And you got my personal guarantee that there's no fish jerky scam in **that** book*.

I look forward to doing business with you, chum.

* The meaning of "scam", hereinafter referred to as "the word", is wholly defined by Trade Prince Gallywix. Any attempt to discover the definition of the word will result in legal action. Any attempt to define the word will result in legal action. Any complaints about this volume or the recipes for murloc fin soup, murloc eye soup, murloc scale soup, or murloc "don't even ask" soup in the following twenty-seven volumes will result in legal action. Any legal action will result in **devastating** retaliatory legal action. Don't mess with me, chump. I have a scorpion pit, and you don't.