

## *Bloodlust and Sir Malikie, by Banzai*

One night, not long after I'd left home, I was visiting Lumberton Shire lookin for a bit of fun. I'd been fighting all day and was plain whipped, so like most poor type people, I pulled up a bit of tavern floor and layed out my bunk roll between a couple of sturdy tables. I took off my armor and propped my hammer and shield within quick reach. I had just dug down into my bed and started to drift off to sleep when I woke up to a shriek that woulda made a stomped banshee proud. I looked under the table to see Sir Malikie, with a hateful look in his eyes, hacking on a little gypsy girl. Bodies are laying all over the far end of the tavern and he heading in my direction.

Well, I eased up from my bunk, grabbed up my hammer and shield to see what all the fuss was about and no sooner than I had, he charged at me looking for blood. He trapped me between those two tables and we squared off. Now, I'm no slouch when it comes to fighting but I was plain worried when he smiled at me and came in swinging that magic blade of his. I blocked his first couple swings, then he gets this evil little grin on his face, backs off a step and whips some kinda magic bolt at me. Before I know what happened, my shield flies outta my hand and lands on the ground with a clatter. My eyes got big as saucers and just before he could whip me good and proper, a couple others try to sneak in behind them. He just leveled a look at them that woulda scared a boulder outta it's hide and they all jumped back like he turned into the ogre king of the world. Fortunatly, that gave me enough time to grab up my shield by the edge just as he came back at me.

Let me tell you, he went at me like I never seen. I blocked best I could with the edge of that shield and my hammer but he was fighting like he had four arms. My magic sword barrier thingy goes off as one a his blows got past my defenses and he kept at me till he backed me clear against the wall with no place to go. Just then, some spell thrower type whips some magic at him that put him into a magic shell just before he could finish me off.

As it turns out, the tavern keep had decided to have some fun and throw some kinda enragger spell at him. He went nutso and killed about twelve people before he got to me. All those dead people did get healed up though and the tavern keeper was given what for by the local noble types.

You know, all I got outta that was a good story ta tell. I prolly shoulda angled fer some ale...