

# Arthur Pendragon

## Avatards!

### Foreword

"Check." Biddie said as he moved a strange looking chess pieces across the board. "That's the fourth time in a row. I'll have you mated soon, Krinkle." A small, white, tuft of hair was sticking out past the chess board, waggling as Biddie talked. It was, in fact, part of Biddie's personal features. That, and his shrunken body, shiny head, and curly goatee. He had two large green eyes, which, despite the rather comical form of his body, seemed extremely powerful and strong. There's a good chance that this was because he was the God of Power.

"Yes, but I shall soon escape from your little trap, and then all of your pieces will be DEAD! Mwahahahaa!!! DEAD DEAD DEAD DEAD DEAD!!!" A bulbous little man was piled upon a tiny chair as he laughed maniacly. He looked as if he were the happiest man in the world. A great big, jolly galoot was the God of Death, Krinkle. "Just like your stupid avatar will be! My avatar will walk right up to him and kill him, and then DEATH is all that will be! Mwahahahaa!!!"

"Oh, do shut him up, will you Biddie? I'm tired of hearing that idiot go on about death all of the time. Someone needs to lift a finger and kill his avatar. This nonsense has gone on for far too long." A tall, slim man with brown hair and an épée sticking out of his belt was browsing a gigantic bookshelf to the left of the fanatstic chess game. He looked to be the dignified sort, although Gods of Life tend to be.

"Okay, Murigah, hold on, just let me mate him. That'll shut him up for a little while. But didn't you hear the news? Krinkle's avatar finally got killed like everyone else's! He's just carrying on about it in the hopes that no one knows." Krinkle looked up, still looking bemused, then pointed at the knight currently putting his king into check and incinerated it. Biddie shrugged and made another move, causing Krinkle to continue screaming again.

Elsewhere and meanwhile, a gigantic ape of a woman with deepset black eyebrows and muscles the size of glaciers was playing a lute, causing a beautiful melody that seemed to flow like water from the end of the lute. This was Gormanie, Goddess of Music. Sitting on her left was Rahja, God of Intoxication And The Many Different Ways You Can Become So. He was drinking from a large keg he held on his shoulders that spilled out great fountains of ale into his mouth. He was what would

be best described as a dwarf, owning a huge beard with food still stuck in it and bloodshot bulging eyes. His hair was tangly and shot out like an untamed porcupine, pulled to a point in many places by earwax. He seemed to be enjoying the music immensely.

"My avatar just died in this damn Sex-War. Stupid six hundred year old thing, all over some stupid game of checkers that Inlex and Fas had a thousand years ago. I swear to God, those two are ALWAYS bickering over one thing or another. A game of checkers starts a six hundred year war! I just don't understand it. I really liked my avatar, too. He could take down seven barrels before he passed out! I mean, is that amazing, or what?" Rahja sat back looking disgruntled, fingering his beard and pouring a fountain of ale into his mouth, one eye twitching.

"Of course it is, dear. But you really need to let it go. My avatar died one hundred and fifty some years ago, and you don't see me weeping. If anything it's been a blessing. I don't need to worry about that godforsaken war any more. And we were on different sides, too. Just think how awful our relationship got because my avatar kept stealing your avatar's beer. I can finally just sit back and play my lute to you, and we can finally just relax. In fact, it almost seems as if the war is calming down. Look, Inlex isn't even sneaking into Fas's throat and trying to suffocate him anymore." Gormaine, despite her monstrous form, somehow made herself look nice and caring. She was even giving Rahja a little hug.

"I suppose so, Gormaine, but it's only because of Melody's doing. Law and Chaos will always be at odd ends, and we need Melody to bring in Neutrality to stop it. She's the only one tough enough to stand up to them." Rahja looked down at his hand, and then balled it into a fist.

"Except for Ranque and Illume of course. They just don't feel like getting involved." Gormaine stopped playing her music and put her full attention into comforting her husband, but Rahja wouldn't have it. He continued to babble on.

"You know Law and Chaos are stronger than Good and Evil! I mean, just look at how everything works! Only humans worry about good and evil, while plants, animals, and humans alike all are involved with law and chaos. They do have a strong hold, though... But that's beside the point. I'm just glad that Melody worked things out. It's about time this bloody war ended." Rahja was definitely angry, but his wife's beautiful music was finally getting to him. He began to drift into the bliss of optimism. Seeing that she was making a difference, Gormaine continued.

"Yes, I agree in all aspects. Anyway, it looks like we're all going to have to find new avatars. It's such a bother, though! You have to scour the earth for someone who's just right... It has to be one of the most annoying things I've ever had to do, besides inventing Disco, mind you. That was Hell. I've been kicking myself for ever bothering to create it. It's a good thing the humans haven't caught wind of it yet." Gormaine looked like a giant Amazon again. Her face contorted into something so scary that it would make a grown man wet himself. She proceeded to bang herself on the head with her lute.

"You're right, getting an avatar is going to immensely aggravating. It's something you can't get around, though. Humans would just stop caring about us if we didn't have some powerful figure to murder a few non-believers now and then. Ah well, It'll work out."

Having finished their conversation, the two fell silent to the beautiful strumming of Gormaine's lute. The smells of godly perfume and the delightful atmosphere found both of the Gods asleep, just as a centaur walked past and looked at the two quizzically. He was wearing a shiny silver crown and had sleek white fur, with black horseshoes. His face was an old one, full of wisdom and knowledge. This was Hubrii, God of Epiphanies. He had been listening to the entire conversation and, not surprisingly, had an epiphany.

"Resumes! We can give our high priests resumes! Then THEY can do all of the scouting! Sometimes, I even amaze myself!" Hubrii was ecstatic with happiness. He was actually jumping up and kicking his hooves together, a very undignified act for any centaur.

Later Hubrii shared his thoughts with the other Gods, and, Gods being lazy, they decided that it was a wonderful idea.

## **Chapter 1**

Morkei groped around under his desk.

"Where.. is.. that.. blasted quill!!!" He had dropped it earlier, and his bad back was preventing him from leaning over fully.

"Once I get that damnable thing... I swear I will tear it apart!" His back was starting to hurt doublefold. He continued to grope, however, because he needed that quill now perhaps more than he ever had. Morkei was filling out his resume to become an avatar. Only the most powerful of people ever became avatars, but Morkei believed he was the man for the job.

An avatar is the physical representation of a god. Gods don't usually wish to directly meddle in human affairs, and if they did it wouldn't be fair at all. Instead they find some highly powerful human who worships them and makes him their representative. Then they power him up, give him a bunch of holy symbols... the works. Morkei was filling out a resume he had found on the body of a priest that had tried to invade his castle.

"I will be the Avatar of Death if I have to write this blasted thing in my own blood!" He hadn't found his quill yet, and he was getting at least a little ticked off. In fact, he was starting to smoke, literally. Morkei was a wizard. A very powerful wizard. He only dealt in the darkest and most evil of magics, not afraid to use them to destroy entire cities. In fact, he had done so on four or five occasions throughout his lifetime. This usually got villagers angry at him, but one has to make sacrifices for pleasure sometimes. All work and no play was not something Morkei upheld. Many a time groups of villagers had braved the swamps surrounding his castle to slay him. Most villagers just died horribly from the hordes of mosquitoes, or were engulfed by quicksand, but a few lucky

folks had gotten past the swamps. They felt like the luckiest bunch in the world, until they found themselves over a simmering pool of lava. Naturally, none of them ever found their way past that. Most of them ended up turning back and then dying in the swamps on their way back, their luck having been used up on the way there. It was practically impossible for any person to get into Morkei's tower without the use of flight, which was almost as rare as the survivors of the swamp. Then again, anyone who had learned enough to fly wasn't stupid enough to attack Morkei.

Finally, Morkei found his quill. He didn't say a thing. He simply picked it up, stared at it, and frowned. A person under that frown would most likely find that their bowls had released themselves, but as this was a quill no such thing happened. Morkei started to write, all the while mumbling what was being written.

"Morkei... 148 years of age... has worshipped Krinkle the God of Death for 117 years... wants to start immediately... likes to destroy entire cities and large amounts of people... hobbies are: spells of mass destruction, watching as angry villagers feebly attempt to enter tower... making clones to confuse people... learning new mass destruction spells..." Morkei's brow was furrowed in thought. He couldn't remember the last time he had been challenged with something like this! The need to fill the form out.. to think.. it was all very exciting to him, and it absorbed him entirely. Soon, however, the form was complete and Morkei's challenge ended.

"There. Now that I've finished this thing, I can have it sent! I wonder how long it will take for them to decide who the avatar will be? I don't see why it will take any time, considering that I'm running for it. Who else can they choose?"

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Fenron stomped the bloody head into the ground. He had just killed a man, not a very physically imposing man, but a person nonetheless. The man didn't even look like a mean guy, but he was dead anyway. He looked like some random peasant, maybe a blacksmith judging by his worked forearms and biceps.

"I get disgusted at how easily they fall these days. I'm starting to get far too powerful. Oh well, no one has ever said there is much sport in murder. Let's see, that's the fifth today, and 4,678th overall. I'm really starting to get a massive body count here."

Fenron stood over the man's body now, black cloak trailing in the chilling wind. He had it cowed over his face, to the effect that it seemed the only things within the cloak were his eyes. Deep and blue, they almost ushered death to any who might care to stare. He lept from the hillside and down the shallow ravine, toward the city of Lorph.

"If they see me there they'll be sure to send all of their guards after me. That's exactly what I want." He smiled a dark smile and pressed onward.

He continued to move silently across the hillside, almost at the edge of Lorph. As soon as he had reached it, he was hailed by the guards at the gates.

"Stop now, traveler. Identify yourself and state your business or leave!" The guards had arrows pointed at Fenron, already suspicious of him. He was, after all, wearing a completely black cloak and looked, to the common observer, generally frightening.

"The name given to me by deceased mother was Fenron, but I have been given a new name by the families of others who are currently visiting the underworld. I am known as the Dark Lurker." At the mention of his alias the guards let out gasps. This man was #1 on the hit lists of countries for miles around. "My business is only for me to know."

"You cannot pass! Leave here, or we will commence the firing of our arrows!"

Fenron smiled under his cloak, an action unnoticeable to all but him. He had done this countless times before.

"Leave? My invitation is worn out already? I think not. I have traveled far to reach this city, and I don't intend to be stopped by handful of foolish guards." The guards raised their weapons higher and cocked their crossbows. Boiling oil was being rolled over the murder holes.

"If you take one more step forward, we will fire upon you!"

"One step? All right, I won't take any." With that Fenron bent down and leapt straight off of the ground in a superhuman act. No one had ever done what he was doing without the aid of magic. His cloak fluttered in the breeze as he sailed to the top of the Gatehouse.

"He's on the roof! Fire, men!"

Fenron was already bounds ahead of them. He had ducked around a steeple on the roof, almost entirely invisible under the cover of its shadow. The arrows harmlessly bounced off the roof's shingles.

"Where did he go? Is he in the town already?" Several worried cries went back and forth between guardsmen. After a few minutes, Fenron made another leap, this time straight into the section of the Gatehouse where the guards were situated.

"He's in here! Pull out your swords! Commence melee attack!" But it was too late for the guards to be prepared. Most of their swords were leaning on the walls or hanging in racks.

The resulting sword fight lasted less than ten seconds. A black long sword, glittering in the moonlight, flashed from under that dreadful cloak and made its way into the hearts of every guardsman in the Gatehouse. With a final showman's act, the Dark Lurker hurled his sword into the air, and after catching it simultaneously sheathed it.

"4, 692." He jumped off of the tower and onto the streets below, where hundreds of townfolk had gathered to see what the commotion was. Several screams followed his drop.

"It's the Dark Lurker! Run for your lives!" As the Dark Lurker ran through the crowd, the Black Blade flashed in the moonlight over and over again. He was gone just as quickly as he had

appeared, leaving only dead bodies in his wake.

"4, 701." He said as his parting word.

He crept through alleyways until he had finally reached what he sought. It was a beautiful temple, inlaid with gold. Several statues of a giant skeleton wielding a great scythe could be seen all around the building.

"The Temple of Death." He muttered under his breath, gliding through the clearing surrounding it and entering without a sound. He continued to soundlessly trot through the temple until he sighted a priest, at which point he made himself known.

"I am here to be an avatar." He whispered into the priest's ear.

"Aah! You scared me! Where did you come from? I haven't seen you around here before."

"I came with the wind itself. I would like to be your avatar." The priest looked at first surprised at the frankness of this strange man who had appeared suddenly from no where, but he quickly got a hold on himself and began to follow his resume protocol.

"You must first fill out a resume, then bring it back when you are finished. We prefer not to have them filled out in the actual temple, though, so you will have to go back with the wind to wherever you came from and fill it out there." The priest looked somewhat angry at not being told where the man had come from. He did not like to guess.

"May I have the resume, please?" Fenron did not seem to care in the least that the priest was angry.

"Yes, of course. Just let me find it." He fished around in his cloak's large pockets until he discovered the resume. "Here you are." As soon as Fenron had recieved it he was gone.

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A giant was walking through the streets. He looked dull, stupid, and muscular. He had enough muscle mass to feed a small country, and his great blond lock of hair could have been sewn into a full sized tunic. He was wearing a tunic himself, with nothing covering his arms (the sort of arms that ripple when you see them, and can crush heads with a whim), and baggy rags upon his legs. On his back was a giant sword, the hilt made of bone and the blade of Rinellium. His name was Vondbar, and he was going straight towards the Temple of Power.

"Ah'm gonna be Avatar o' Power. That's what ah'm gonna do. Who kin stop me? Ah a'int never seen someone taller 'n me, so there must be no one better 'n me. Ah would smash 'em if they were!"

If one was to attempt to understand Vonbar's mind, let them first be warned. Vondbar was born with many talents - unfortunately none of them were mental. He was strong as an ox, as big as a tree, and had the attention span of a mule. He could understand things, he could even put two and two together to make four. It wasn't that he was immensely stupid, it was just that he could only do

one thing at time. If you gave him a math problem then he would start it and probably get it right, eventually, just if you smacked him in the head while he was thinking he wouldn't have noticed. Doctors have classified his condition as: STUPID, but it really should be called, 'One-Train-Of-Thought-At-A-Time Syndrome.'

Vonbar continued to walk, but with no apparent consciousness of it. His one train of thought at this point was centered entirely on how tall he was, so there was no room for navigation. He soon ran straight into the Archpriest of Power.

"Watch what you're doing you reeking piece of festering skin! I've seen morons in my day, but now that I've seen an ogre like you my records are set! Get out of the way, you muddled apparation!!!"

Now that Vondbar had run into this small, insignificant, person, his brain had a chance to shift gears. He noticed that he was on top of some tiny man's leg. Obviously, he wasn't important or powerful in any way because he was only five and a half feet tall. Although, Vondbar could have sworn that the man seemed sort of important. In fact, this man looked sort of angry. Come to think of it, it seemed this man was saying something.

"-going to get off my leg or am I going to have to call down the heavens on you?!?"

Vondbar began to think, so it was obvious that he couldn't move his leg. Call down the heavens? Hey! That sounds sort of like what some religious priest guy might say! Maybe this was a priest guy!

"'R you a priest guy?"

"What? Priest guy! What kind of stupid shambling mound are you! You'd have to have the brain equivalent to a hamster in order to call the Archpriest of Power a 'priest guy!' Yes, I am a priest, but what would an irritating idiot like you want with a priest?"

"Well, ah'm gonna be th' Avatar o' Power! Ah'm th' biggest person ah know, and ah kin SMASH things! Ah kin pull a tree from th' groun' 'n then play grind its bones t' bake m' bread!"

"You? You want to be an avatar?!? Only a fool thinks he can just walk up to an Archpriest of Power and become an avatar!" The archpriest looked Vondbar up and down, and then reconsidered. "I suppose you look powerful enough..." The next part of what the Archbishop said sounded monotonous and memorized, like it had been said hundreds of times before. "You have to fill out our resume, straight from our Diviner to our lovely Parchments of Power, which have been passed down and amended for 50 generations... Biddie, how many times have I said that? Do you want the resume?"

"Yes." Vondbar suddenly remembered that if people talked nice then you should probably say please. "Please."

"Okay, fine. I would get it for you, only I've had trouble of late walking into my Church when I have a 400 pound weight on my legs!" The priest was yelling at Vondbar now, his eyes bulging and his face red.

"You have a 400 pound weight 'n your legs? Wowee, mister! Ah only lift 900 pound weights with m' legs-"

"-No you moron, you're standing on my Biddie damned legs!!!"

"Oh, ah'm sorry! Ah didn't mean-" Vondbar removed his legs as the Archpriest interjected.

"-Just shut your mouth. Wait here, I'll have your stupid resume in a minute." The Archpriest limped up the steps, cursing to himself.

"Okay, ah'll wait right 'ere."

"You do that."

And that's just what Vondbar did. The Archpriest returned momentarily with the resume, still limping and cursing.

"Take it and fill it out somewhere else. Then, bring it here tomorrow. Got that?"

"Okay, I'll be 'ere t'morrow, buh bye."

The Archpriest raised an eyebrow, then spun around and stalked away. Vondbar looked at his resume, turned, and walked toward his home. He kept on walking straight ahead for what seemed like hours. He finally breached the city's walls, then continued to walk straight.

"Due north. Straight, straight." He kept on walking, until he reached a cozy little log cabin, which was not too far from Faerith, the city he had just left. The cabin was to the north of Faerith, where the grassy fields began to turn into a treacherous forest. He opened the door to the hut and entered into a beautifully furnished little house, where he immediately plopped down into a chair.

"Ah wonder if ah'll be picked for th' job. Ah'll probably be th' one, 'cause Ah'm eight feet tall! Ah don't think that they would take anybody else." Because he could only think about one thing at a time, Vondbar stopped talking and began to fill out his resume.

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"Time to go!" Keedo said as he slunk out of his shack. He had a huge smile on his face, but that was never unusual for Keedo. His smile made people hate him. They hated him because they knew exactly what he was thinking behind that smile. He was always right, and always won. He knew what was going on all of the time. He knew that the people hated him, and he liked that. That just made them hate him even more. It was a deadly cycle that led to infinity hate minus one, because hate can never reach infinity, as ruled by Jukkalo, the Goddess of Annoying Numbers and Calculus. And he was so oily looking, he just seemed unclean. The man was a fish. He had never gotten caught, but there were many close binds. He had 'slipped out' of every one, giving him his title. The Fish. He was truly the most masterful thief who had ever lived. Better than even Robin Hood, although it would not be wise to call him a thief, as he considers himself 'a seeker of rare and pretty items.' One would find your pockets emptied if you were to give him any other title, although



one's pockets would probably be emptied anyway.

"It's a truly dreadul day today, isn't it? That's always a good sign." He had just closed the door, and was now jogging along the road. "It will be positively wonderful seeing the painful look on everyone's face after I become an avatar! I have to be picked. No one else could be. Trickery is my main department. Never caught, never will be! Life is good."

He continued to talk to himself until he reached a funny little building that seemed to be very neglected. It was dirty, ramshackle, and seemed as if it would fall apart at any moment.

"Ah! Here it is!" He walked in, and was immediately inside one of the largest and grandest places he had ever laid his eyes on. "Aah. The temple of trickery."

"What is it that you don't need, ma'am?" A man standing idly at the side asked.

"I am, quite obviously, a sir, and should be addressed as one! The nobles of the kingdom deserve no less. And of course I do not need your help, old boy, as the person I see does not seem at all capable of giving help. Look at yourself." Keedo was enjoying his little trick game with the priest. He always did when he came to worship.

"I am looking, ma'am, and all I see is the most serious person in the world, who could never mistake you for a ma'am if you weren't one."

"You are obviously not looking close enough, old boy! If you failed to miss it then you must be blind! I knew that monks sometimes would become a eunuch, but never have I seen a blind one."

"I am not blind except to things that I do not see, ma'am. I am again looking, ma'am, and I am sure I am not mistaken."

"You peasants always miss the most obvious of things. I will show you then." Keedo moved toward the priest.

"Much obliged, ma'am, please point out what I am failing to see."

Keedo moved within half an arms length of the priest. He grabbed both of the priest hands with only one of his own. His other hand was busy searching the priest's robes.

"I once courted a gypsy, and although it was poor for my image, I learned a wonderful trade. Let's see here... Your palms tell me that you are decieving yourself. They say that your eyes have been transformed into the most false things that ever existed. They are worse than fools' gold." Keedo had already emptied the mans pockets into his, and he finally found what he had wanted. "Your hands also tell me that I have already found what I seek, and that I need no more of your help." With that he let the priest's hands go and snapped the resume in front of the priest's face. Keedo whirled and walked out of the building.

"Tricky little bugger." the priest exclaimed.

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## **The Gods (Appendix)**

The Gods are curious things, not really people but not usually much different from them anyway. They are selfish, arrogant, and love war, exactly the same as their human counterparts. However, much differently to humans, they can have any shape or form and have nearly unlimited power. That they have unlimited power is most often a misconception, however. The Gods' powers come from the things that believe in them and follow their ways. This does not only hold to people. Some gods don't even have a single human worshipping them. For example, the Goddess of Those Little Helicopter Things That Fall From Trees does not have a single person following her, except for that weird hermit who thinks he is a dog. Ah, and that is another thing entirely about the Gods. There are millions and millions and billions and trillions of gods. Pylas Syntfike, the first man ever to pay a visit to the Realm of the Gods, tried to document the number but decided to stop when his hand fell off due to severe writer's cramp. He finished with his other hand, however, a messy little sentence that said, "Regardless of the exact number, there are a hell of a lot of gods!" By publishing this 'secret' knowledge to the denizens of earth he was immediately banished to Hell,

where there are by no means a lot of gods as he had predicted. Rather, there are hordes of bloodthirsty demons that are fond of castration. But that is a different topic. The Gods' amount of power, as said before, depends on what worships them. For many millennia, the two most powerful gods have been Fas and Inlex, the gods of law and chaos, respectively. Law and chaos govern every single thing in the universe, so naturally these two have much more power than anyone else. Anyone except for, of course, Melody. Melody is the Goddess of Neutrality, and as a side affect, of Nature. She never really dabbles in the human world, but she is seen everywhere nonetheless. It is argued that she is more powerful than either Inlex or Fas, but she never flaunts her power so this is yet to be proven. Many other well known gods, such as the gods of Good and Evil, Ranque and Illume. Ranque, a god, believes in all things good and hates killing, murders, etc. Illume, a goddess, revels in war and death, etc., hating goody-too-shoes bastards like Ranque. The common observer may believe that they should be extremely powerful, as everyone that someone knows has issues with right and wrong. However, what that observer fails to realize is that humans, and only humans, (although elves and dwarves also to a lesser degree) worry about this whole good/bad hogwash. The entire animal kingdom only wants to eat, sleep, and procreate, never thinking, "Oh no, I cannot hump this monkey because my best friend picked out her fleas." Certainly not, that would be an animalia nightmare. The observer must understand that humans and their cousins (not monkeys, but elves, dwarves, etc.) are not the only things that give power to a god or goddess. It is just this thought that encourages the human race to only know of a few thousand gods, rather than the amount that can break a scribe's hand. Gods and goddesses are plentiful and pop up much faster than humans, but perhaps not as fast as mosquitos. Another mistake that the common observer is likely to make is that a god's name and visage should match what they are a god of. This is almost always exactly the opposite case. For example, as seen above Ranque is the good god, even though his name sounds like a dead body, and he looks like a terrorist, whereas Illume, a nice name, with soft sounds and a an association with light, a good thing generally, is an evil, evil, she-bitch. But she looks so beautiful that she would Aphrodite (although not real) commit suicide over being so ugly when compared to someone. These are the characteristics of the gods, in a general sense. By reading through that one column the reader will probably make their own conclusions on the matter.

The Gods So Far (updated frequently)

Fas - God of Law [Tall, human like man with chiseled features, glows]

Inlex - God of Chaos [Wispy smoke with eyes and a mouth that floats around]

Melody - Goddess of Neutrality and Nature [Little girl with perfect features and green eyes]

Ranque - God of Good [Short and angry looking, with big angry eyebrows and angry wrinkles]

Illume - Goddess of Evil [Tall, fine, and amazingly gorgeous]

Biddie - God of Power [Shrunken pot belly with a white tuft of hair]

Krinkle - God of Death [Bulbous little man, looks extremely jolly]

Murigah - God of Life [Tall, slim, and dignified]

Gormaine - Goddess of Music [Gigantic ape of a woman with huge bushy eyebrows]

Rahja - God of Intoxication And The Many Different Ways You Can Become So [Dwarf with beer]

Hubrii - God of Epiphanies [Centaur with a shiny silver crown and sleek white fur]

Jukkalo - Goddess of Annoying Numbers and Calculus [Current form is a living protractor]

Whelp - Goddess of Trickery [Medium female with seven slitted eyes]

**The list will be added to as gods are created, so check this often if you want to keep up with my story. The gods all have relationships with one another, for example, Gormaine and Rahja are married. They know each other and do different things together. These gods and this world are all part of a book I am writing called Avatards!, so I will post if it is ever published.**

### **The Great Sex-War (Appendix)**

This amazing six hundred year war only recently ended with the ascendance of Fas over Inlex. It was a war a gigantic proportions between nearly every single avatar on the planet. And as all people know, there are trillions of gods, and therefore trillions of avatars. The most heated battle remained among the human kind and the gods they recognized, however. This battle was only between a few thousand avatars, ranging from the Avatar of Fas (the late Ferlion) to the Avatar of Rhaja (the late Ozgod). These avatars all took one of two sides: that of Law or that of Chaos. The war started when Inlex decided that Fas cheated in a chess game, and that he would get back at Fas no matter how much death or life resulted. Fas and Inlex, being the most powerful gods by far, made each and every god who did not want to have one of the most powerful beings in the universe hating them choose a side. This resulted in every single important god but Melody getting on one side of the war against the other. The gods' avatars fought for six hundred years in never ending battle until a change finally resulted. Ferlion and Kalikite (the late Avatar of Inlex) finally waded through all the "unimportant" avatars of the other gods and met each other in fierce combat. Each one was a perfect match for the other. The fight between the two lasted for another 200 years after the first 400, when Melody's avatar, the living Lynn, walked into the battle and quickly slew both of them. This, naturally, caused quite an uproar in the godly community, but everyone except for Fas and Inlex had not wanted the war anyway. Everyone eased back into the normal godly life without the Sex-War except for Fas, Inlex, and Melody. Fas and Inlex were very angry at Melody for killing their highly powerful avatars, and so decided, for the first time ever, that they would team up on her. Naturally, this attempt at a cooperation failed between such opposites,

but they still managed to attack Melody. Inlex, as the first one to reach her, was also the first one to receive a returning blow. Melody, in a matter of seconds, nearly converted all of Inlex's followers. She would have done the same to Fas, but when he saw what the two were doing he took advantage of the situation and disappeared. Neutrality between law and chaos had been toppled, law now rising high to the top. Melody lost much of her power because the world was no longer neutral, and Fas quickly quashed any attempts by Inlex to get himself reestablished. The world became one gigantic predictable rock, where the wind blew in patterns and the sun rose and set at exactly the same times every day. The gods wondered where things might go, angry to see that there was now only one god controlling all the happenings, not three. Usually people had been able to worship at any temple, but Fas had seen to it that only his were left. Thousands of gods were without power. The war had only resulted in the loss of avatars and power. Fas was the only winner.

This happens only a few decades before the story takes place, for a little background info. More appendixes and story to come.

### **The Heroes of the Present (Appendix)**

#### The Heroes of the Present (Appendix)

##### Morkei the Demonic (Morkei Rhujari)

##### Morkei's physical appearance

may seem like that of a 90 year old man, but a person looking at him would not envision a feeble old man. He gives off a projection of confidence, power, and strength. A look into his burning red eyes reveals countless years of wisdom and things that no normal human has ever seen. Morkei usually wears a cloak that flows from Morkei's back like a waterfall. It is the color of brimstone, an ash gray with fiery swirls throughout. Along the sides of his cloak runes are magically engraved, giving Morkei a protection against nearly all forms of harm.

Morkei carries around any device, knickknack, magical ingredient, etc. that he may need to use at any point in his adventures. His cloak is enchanted so that he may sleep any number of things into his great flowing sleeves. They weigh nothing and can be any size, due to a spell that sends anything that Morkei puts in his cloak into a personal pocket dimension. (Which, it turns out, is literally a 'pocket' dimension) With this seemingly unlimited space Morkei can carry anything he wants - the only problem is finding them. Morkei carries as much as he can without having to search for objects.

Morkei is the self proclaimed most powerful wizard in the world. He has occasionally seen other wizards in his travels, but according to him, he is the oldest and wisest of them

all. Having less than a century until his first millennia of age, Morkei is undoubtedly one of the oldest beings alive today. He was born in a rustic area of Dublin 947 years ago. His father smuggled goods for the local wizard, Fhakkal, who was known by all never mentioned. Wizardry has never been popular or widely known. With such a connection to Fhakkal, Morkei ended up being apprenticed under him when Fhakkal discovered Morkei's great magic potential. However, Fhakkal was a very self possessed person, and so only trained Morkei to increase his own power. When Morkei reached the age of 27, he had already almost exceeded Fhakkal's 74 year old level of power. Fhakkal became angry and banished Morkei to Hell, otherwise known as the Realm of Demons. Morkei was scared at first, but soon realized that he could overcome most of the demons there. He confidently marched to the Lord of Demons himself requesting a leave from the Realm of Demons. The Demon King was so amused that he granted Morkei's request, sending him back to the Dimension of Humans. Morkei did

not let anyone who had known him know that he had returned for 13 years, which he spent in seclusion studying magic furiously. He deemed himself ready at the end of these 13 years, and soon went to confront Fhakkal. Morkei easily overwhelmed Fhakkal and killed him. Having upheld his revenge, Morkei joined a powerful wizard's guild known as the Mighty Hand and quickly gained respect and a high position there. When Morkei reached the age of 90, he created an extremely powerful and as yet undiscovered spell: immortality. He casted it upon himself, then left the guild and began to search the world and different dimensions. Soon he was an expert on nearly every known dimension and world, including the Realm of Demons which he later returned to. He made good friends with the Demon King, sharing each other's knowledge and desires. Morkei finally returned to earth in the year 2000, deciding that he would make the second millennium his glorious return. What he found surprised him greatly. The humans, in the short span of 1000 years, had discovered millions of things that had taken other races tens of thousands of years. Morkei was extremely pleased at this. However, he soon realized that he was not the first to notice this. An ancient alien race called the Kalites wished to instill the humans' superior intellect in themselves - only the only way to do this would be to abduct countless citizens and some livestock by accident and do many viscous scientific studies on them, usually fatal. Morkei was extremely angry at this, and soon attempted to defend the human race all on his own. He was defeated and nearly killed, and so visited his old friend the Demon King, requesting a boon to protect the humans. The Demon King did not wish to meddle in human affairs, but still granted Morkei his request. Morkei's power increased

in dramatic amounts with the Demons behind him, and so in the year 2002 he reemerged into the world looking to kill some Kalites. He changes his name to Morkei the Demonic, now being almost half a demon, and also underwent some physical changes such as burning red eyes and slightly red tinted skin. Today he patrols the earth in search of Kalites, having just returned from Hell.

## Dark Matter

No one knows what Dark Matter truly looks like. Whenever he is seen he is in a different form, being able to shapeshift. It is rumored, however, that he looks like humanoid wisps of dark impeneratable smoke.

Dark Matter uses whatever he wants and needs to use, being able to transform himself into anything. He will often create various weapons from his body. However, he very often fights with only his hands, which are more deadly on him than any weapon.

Little is known about the mysterious bounty hunter who has dubbed himself "Dark Matter." He constantly changes shapes at will in order to defeat his prey, and his physical prowess seems infinite. He has never lost in a fight in his known life. He is also extremely intelligent and has great insight, but unlike his strength his mental prowess does know boundaries. This seems the only way he has ever lost or come close to losing. However, he has only failed in a mission once before, against the intergalactic menace Mind Ravager, who defeated Dark Matter by tricking him into entering a strange pocket dimension. Dark Matter does have the ability to use dimensional travel, but his surroundings were so strange that he had no idea where he was. Traveling to a random dimension is exceedingly dangerous, even for a so-called god, and so by the time Dark Matter had escaped his prison his charge was long gone and he had lost his mission. Otherwise, Dark Matter has been successful in capturing many of the most dangerous villains throughout the galaxy. Not a soul knows where he comes from or what race he is, although most are content to know that he seems to be on the side of the law. He has not, as yet, accepted a bounty against someone who was not a criminal, but most do not know if he ever will. He is always very short in his conversations and usually is in the shape of another being when doing business, so it is not known how many times he has truly made contact with people. He is seen as a pillar of society, but among the government and rogue alien races he is a time bomb waiting to explode. Scientists have been trying to find a way to subdue for decades in the event that he may 'change sides,' but so far they have been completely unsuccessful. Dark Matter was recently hired by a Phez official to defeat a human technology thief who has called himself Mustafah.

## The Nymph (Kayla Ensacia)

A vixen, to say the least. Remarkably beautiful, even for an elf. Out of every 100,000 people, she is the best looking. But no, she's not unproportionate like every usual superhero woman, she has



regular sized everything. She is just beautiful. Kayla carries an excellently carved elven blade that is 1372 years old, which can not break, be chipped, or dirtied in any way. It cuts slightly better than a normal sword, but not much. The real power of the blade is in the wielder. She also has a magical bow that shoots Phantom Arrows, which are basically energy arrows generated by the bow. However, each arrow saps a small amount of strength from Kayla, and can eventually drain her if she uses it too much. The bow's arrows can pierce as much as an anti-tank rifle can, with the same power. Kayla Sylvastia was born June 21st, 1980, 12:00 PM under the summer solstice. She was an elf, a people who were fair, fast, strong, and cunning. She was no exception. In fact, she seemed to be one of the best. This may have been because of a legend which lived among her people, which said that the child born under the high sun on the longest day will purge the world of its woes. Urged by her family and friends Kayla followed this legend, soon being the only elf in hundreds of years to leave hiding and visit the World of Humans. She was at first very alienated and wanted to return desperately to her home, but soon her destiny beckoned. Her poor street sense found her in a dark alleyway outside of a building being robbed by Mustafah's main man, Gore Blood. Gore Blood soon broke through a wall and popped out right in front of Kayla. He had stolen a unique piece of technology being researched by Megak Inc., the once leader in everything scientific. Gore Blood, seeing this beautiful and perfect female body before him, could not resist. He tried to rape Kayla. But one thing to NEVER do is try to touch an elf. She was soon dodging all around him and using her superior speed and agility to dart around him and hit him from the back. Soon Gore Blood was down, just before The Banisher and IQ200 showed up. One thing led to another and 'The Sylph' found herself a part of the group of heroes known as The Last Defense. Kayla also has the power to utilize the elements to a minor degree, as well as speak to animals and plants.

### Ozgod Dragonslayer

Ozgod is the usual dwarf, short and stocky with a giant greasy beard, but he is bulging with muscles. He is slightly taller than the usual dwarf, towering a good 5' 2" off the ground. He is extremely physically able, able to lift around two and a half tons, a tremendous feat, even for a dwarf. He has brown hair, which is long and curly. He has two braids in both his beard and his hair, tied together with strands of gold. Ozgod wields a gigantic double-headed axe that is inlaid with gold and silver and covered with runes. This axe is called the Orkandoon, or Dragon Skinner. It can cut through practically anything when aided by Ozgod's tremendous strength. Ozgod also wears a full suit of Dwarven Plate mail, although it is modified to be less bulky and conspicuous to humans who are unaware of the existence of dwarves. This armor is also magical, weighing much less than the usual Dwarven Plate but also much more protective. His armor has been known to repel alien ion cannons. Ozgod is one of the few dwarves who has left the security of the dwarven realm underground. Unlike Kayla, however, he did not leave because of a prophecy of any sort. He had a very strange trait for dwarves: claustrophobia. Being afraid of enclosed spaces is not a good thing for someone who lives underground, so when he reached maturity he left for the surface world, a place most dwarves hate. He has promised to report back to his people underground and has done so on a few occasions. On his most recent trip back, about 2 years ago, he was granted his axe and armor by his High King Tuthron Chippedaxe for killing an entire village of elves. This feat was highly commended by the dwarven community, but was obviously severely looked down upon by the elves. In his mind he is justified because one of them insulted him. (when he attacked for the insult the entire village went up in arms and he had no choice [although he reveled in every second of it] but to kill them all.) This has stressed his relationship with Kayla somewhat, as both have

enscripted into crime fighting, Ozgod seeing it as "an easy way to earn cash and a legal way to earn killing." Ozgod now lives in a large penthouse, making about 200k a year in cash earnings for minor bounties, and also off the bodies of criminals he finds. He is known by a few as the 'stealer of stealers' because he often takes around half of what criminals have stolen for himself. He attributes this to "a dwarf's insatiable hunger for gold."

#### The Banisher (Thomas Brookheim)

The Banisher is dressed in a completely white outfit, with a sort of ninja mask over his head that is also white. Over his eyes are white goggles that are shaped like domes, working as glasses for him and also protecting his eyes from different attacks. His suit is skin tight, except for the small pockets he has around his forearms and his legs, which carry certain items that might help The Banisher on his quest. He also has a white cape that spills over his back, not providing much but the usual superhero showmanship. The Banisher wields no weapons but his fists, which are perhaps more deadly than any other weapon. Combined with the strange ability he was granted at birth to move with superhuman speed and grace, he can usually get around any person before they are able to fire a single bullet. A gymnast in his youth and teens, he is very acrobatic and when combined with his great running speed he can jump between buildings and over people. The Banisher was born in a fairly normal household where he was the youngest child out of three boys, who were pretty abusive to him. When he was able to walk effectively he was soon running laps around them in an amazing display, and won many cross country, track, and swimming races in high school. He started gymnastics like his older brother at age five, where he quickly showed physical talent. His speed, furthermore, enabled him to get amazing height on things like the parallel bars, which let him do ridiculous amounts of spins and flips. He would have gone to the Olympics had he not dropped out of gymnastics at age 17, simply tired of the sport. He took up martial arts at 14 where he also excelled, quickly becoming a black belt first degree in karate using his amazing speed and acrobatic skills. At age 20 he was offered a place in the Defender Menders, the local 'super hero' league which had no one in it but a few lanky kids and a supergenius nerd named Stephan Kaprickas. He got very attracted to the crime fighting idea, and at age 23 he started his own 'super hero' guild called The Guardians, with only he and Stephan (IQ200) as the members. It soon became the premier 'super hero' group, with many members, humans, elves, and dwarves alike.

#### IQ200 (Stephan Kaprickas)

IQ200 to be put up with a full description soon.

Those are some of the heroes from the modern day. I will later also add many more aliens and 'super heroes,' as well as a few wizards and fantasy raced people. I am thinking of having a half dragon person. Anyway, as you can see this modern world was somewhat inspired by Marvel and DC comics, but it is very different. When I put up appendixes for all the alien races as well as for the villains, you will see so. And don't forget that the gods still exist, even if they are very neglected.

## Chapter 1: Ambiguous Writings - Timed Troubles

Zedd's apartment was small and sparse, but he didn't mind. He never paid for it, that was all taken care of by the man sitting in a big plush chair in front of him. He was wearing headphones while he stared at a computer screen, so he did not notice Zedd come in. This gave Zedd a chance to sneak past him and hide the book without having to answer any questions... no luck.

"What's that?" The man had turned around and was staring at the giant book, earphones askew.

"It's nothing, Scan. A... a library book." Zedd hoped that this lame excuse might shove Scan off. Too bad that Scan was never stupid. On the contrary, he was a super genius.

"A library book that is shedding leather and weighs more than thirty pounds?" Scan asked sardonically.

"Y.. yeah. I thought it looked cool, so I took it." Zedd decided that he had to stick with his original excuse.

"Ah. And that's why you were trying to keep me from noticing it?" Scan's intense stare shot straight through Zedd's lies.

"Well... I ... I wanted it all for myself. I don't like it when people read over my shoulder." He knew he was getting nowhere, but Zedd was not one to quit at something he had started.

Scan sighed. "Whatever, Zedd. I don't need to know what it is." He put his earphones back on and returned to his computer screen. Displayed upon the monitor was "CLASSIFIED INFORMATION BELONGING TO THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA: DO NOT CONTINUE OR BE PROSECUTED" Three more clicks and the warning disappeared.

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"Let's see what's in this magic book." Zedd said to himself, opening the cover. Inside there was more Latin and no English whatsoever, so Zedd did not have to worry about Scan ever reading the book. As talented as he was in the digital world, he couldn't learn another language that was not computer programming if his life depended on it. The first spell seemed pretty simple.

"Hmm.. This says that it requires some hemp as the material component to cast the 'Shrink' spell. Let's see if I can show Scan how to make myself smaller." Zedd giggled to himself. "But where am I going to find some hemp? I suppose I had better go outside and look around... I won't find any in here." Zedd got up from his chair, taking the book with him. Without another word, he left the apartment.

Little did Zedd know, but Scan did not have the music on. He almost never did. He found it his personal business to keep tabs on Zedd, and this was no exception.

"A magic book, huh? The government has done a lot of research on magic, but the project was discontinued after a few of the scientists became wizards and destroyed the testing complex. They were never seen since... I wonder if my friend Zedd is getting into something he doesn't want to get into." Scan turned off his computer and left the building silently.

Zedd walked along the backstreets of New York with caution. His escapades with the DarkDaster had scared him out of traveling in the slums, but he knew that this would be the best place to find hemp. And the DarkDaster and his gang were dead anyway. And so Zedd walked, getting deeper and deeper into the slums on his search for some hemp. Before he realized it, he got what he wanted.

"Say, son... what you walkin' all 'round for? All busy-like." A wrinkled man was sitting in a corner, smoking a fat blunt. He had long dreadlocks and unkempt clothes, very dirty and torn. Still, he

looked like somebody with a lot of wisdom. Zedd stopped.

"Huh? Well... well I'm looking for something." Zedd said timidly.

"Jus' what're you lookin fer, anyway?" The man took a large whiff from he blunt and stared up at Zedd.

"Oh... nothing." Zedd wanted to hurry on. As interesting as this man was, he needed to find some hemp.

"Say, son, why is yer face purple? What kinda color is that for a face? And all wavy, too..." The man was gyrating a little bit, scaring Zedd slightly.

"Well..." Zedd decided that it would be easier to shake off this guy if he just talked. "I'm looking for some hemp."

"'Zat so? Ya dun seem the type, but to each his own, ya know?"

"What?"

"Nothin', my friend. But I just might be able to hook ya up." The man reached into his pockets for a second, looking for something.

"Really, you have hemp? Will you give it to me?"

"Why sure, sure." He pulled out a baggie with some sort of dried leaves inside of it. "Ya jus' got t' pay me, see? It's fifty dollars fer th' bag."

"Fifty dollars? I don't have that much on me." Zedd was disappointed.

"No? Well, then. How 'bout this. You sit an' listen t' me talk fer a while, and I'll give ya th' hemp, see?" The man indicated the space next to him.

"Okay, it sounds like a deal." Zedd sat down next to the man.

"Son, you ever known love?"

"No. No I haven't."

"Thass too bad, son, 'cuz it is th' greatest thing in th' world. My story... my story is about love, see?" The man stared with bloodshot eyes at Zedd.

"Yes, okay. Continue." Zedd was eager to get the hemp, but the man was anything but a fast talker.

"Well, son, my name is th' Natural Born Hippy. I invented th' hippy movement, ya know." Hippy made a gigantic gesture implying that this was an amazing feat.

"Good, that's great." Obviously, Zedd did not appreciate said feat.

"Well, anyway. I'm talkin' about love. Ya see, little guy - whass yer name?" Hippy was obviously quite distressed at not knowing Zedd's name.

"Zedd. Zedd's what people call me."

"Okay, Cid -"

"-No it's-"

"It's time I told ya th' story. Ya see, it's about love. An' love is great. There's this woman I know, she dresses in all black and runs aroun' an' bites people. She's amazing..."

"Freak." Zedd said under his breath.

"...an' so I loves her, ya know? An' I think she loves me.. maybe. But with ev'ry love story there's a bad thing, ya know? See, there's this other guy. He dresses up in these weird clothes an' like fights crime or sommat. I dunno. But he loves my girl too, an' thass never good, ya know? So I sez t' him, I sez, 'She's my love, not yurs! We's gonna get married!' An' he goes off an' flirts with her, tellin' her that he loves her an' stuff. I dun know whass gonna happen, ya know?"

"Yeah, sure." Zedd was falling asleep.

"Well, thass it. I'll give ya yer hemp now. Have a good smokin'." Hippy handed Zedd the hemp, then crouched up and fell asleep.

"Well, I've got my hemp, then. Hope he has better luck with this freaky love of his." Just as Zedd got on his feet to leave, he heard yelling from not too far away. It was sniveling yelling that Zedd could just barely make out if he listened hard enough.

"Don't beat me, leave me alone! You suck you goddamned dickhead! I didn't do anything to you, and here you go beating me! OUCH! Leave me alone!" The voice was extremely shrill, high-pitched, and... annoying. Very annoying. Zedd decided to cautiously walk over and see what all the fuss was about.

What he saw was a sight to behold. A little midget with a purple face was being drop kicked by a small bearded man who had a giant keg on his back. Normally, someone beating the crap out of a defenseless person would outrage Zedd, but for some reason he was enjoying this sight immensely. The little guy getting beaten was just so... STUPID looking. His face was wrinkled and purple, eternally grimaced, and his stumpy little legs that were twitching under the bearded man's foot was an act that could cause anyone to twitch. Before he knew it, Zedd was over drop kicking the little guy as well.

"Stop hitting BigD! Stop it! Stop it! What did BigD ever do to you! What did... what..." BigD was talking less and less as more and more blood filled his mouth. Despite this, Zedd and the bearded man were not relenting.

"DIE - YOU - STUPID - ASS - MOTHER - FU-"

Just then a sheep ran in, bleated and started drop kicking BigD... somehow. Zedd stopped for only a second, wondering what the Hell a sheep was doing here, and why it was drop kicking BigD. Then he realized it was a stupid question and continued to beat BigD. The beating went on for a few more minutes, when the three were joined by some woman dressed in all black. Zedd ignored her and continued beating, now in a competition for the most blood shed. Even more surprisingly, a man garbed in spandex and wearing a cape joined in on the gangbang as well. Suddenly, the bearded man was pulling Zedd and the others back. With bewilderment, he turned to see why the Hell he was not beating the stupid little bastard any more.

"It ain't worth it, fellas, it ain't worth it! Don't have someone's death on yer heart, not someone's death! Come back tomorrow and you can beat him some more, but don't kill him!" The short bearded man was surprisingly strong for such a small guy, easily pulling away three other people and the sheep. It must have been always carrying the 30 gallon keg on his back that gave him his strength.

"Why the Hell do you want him to live?" Zedd screamed angrily.

"Think about it, sonny! If you kill him, then there's no beatin' him for me tomorrow!"



"...That's a good thought."

"Yes it is, sonny, yes it is. I don't know who all of you are, but leave him for tomorrow. The little prick heals surprisingly fast, so he should be back from a pool of gore to a person by tomorrow."

Zedd thought about what he had just done, and surprisingly he did not feel ashamed. All that was left to do was find out who all these random people were...

## **Chapter 2: Ambiguous Writings - Hemp Hunting**

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"Son, you ever known love?"

"No. No I haven't."

"Thass too bad, son, 'cuz it is th' greatest thing in th' world. My story... my story is about love, see?" The man stared with bloodshot eyes at Zedd.

"Yes, okay. Continue." Zedd was eager to get the hemp, but the man was anything but a fast talker.

"Well, son, my name is th' Natural Born Hippy. I invented th' hippy movement, ya know." Hippy made a gigantic gesture implying that this was an amazing feat.

"Good, that's great." Obviously, Zedd did not appreciate said feat.

"Well, anyway. I'm talkin' about love. Ya see, little guy - whass yer name?" Hippy was obviously quite distressed at not knowing Zedd's name.

"Zedd. Zedd's what people call me."

"Okay, Cid -"

"-No it's-"

"It's time I told ya th' story. Ya see, it's about love. An' love is great. There's this woman I know, she dresses in all black and runs aroun' an' bites people. She's amazing..."

"Freak." Zedd said under his breath.

"...an' so I loves her, ya know? An' I think she loves me.. maybe. But with ev'ry love story there's a bad thing, ya know? See, there's this other guy. He dresses up in these weird clothes an' like fights crime or sommat. I dunno. But he loves my girl too, an' thass never good, ya know? So I sez t' him, I sez, 'She's my love, not yurs! We's gonna get married!' An' he goes off an' flirts with her, tellin' her that he loves her an' stuff. I dun know whass gonna happen, ya know?"

"Yeah, sure." Zedd was falling asleep.

"Well, thass it. I'll give ya yer hemp now. Have a good smokin'." Hippy handed Zedd the hemp, then crouched up and fell asleep.

"Well, I've got my hemp, then. Hope he has better luck with this freaky love of his." Just as Zedd got on his feet to leave, he heard yelling from not too far away. It was sniveling yelling that Zedd could just barely make out if he listened hard enough.

"Don't beat me, leave me alone! You suck you goddamned dickhead! I didn't do anything to you, and here you go beating me! OUCH! Leave me alone!" The voice was extremely shrill, high-pitched, and... annoying. Very annoying. Zedd decided to cautiously walk over and see what all the fuss was about.

What he saw was a sight to behold. A little midget with a purple face was being drop kicked by a small bearded man who had a giant keg on his back. Normally, someone beating the crap out of a defenseless person would outrage Zedd, but for some reason he was enjoying this sight immensely. The little guy getting beaten was just so... STUPID looking. His face was wrinkled and purple, eternally grimaced, and his stumpy little legs that were twitching under the bearded man's foot was an act that could cause anyone to twitch. Before he knew it, Zedd was over drop kicking the little guy as well.

"Stop hitting BigD! Stop it! Stop it! What did BigD ever do to you! What did... what..." BigD was talking less and less as more and more blood filled his mouth. Despite this, Zedd and the bearded man were not relenting.

"DIE - YOU - STUPID - ASS - MOTHER - FU-"

Just then a sheep ran in, bleated and started drop kicking BigD... somehow. Zedd stopped for only a second, wondering what the Hell a sheep was doing here, and why it was drop kicking BigD. Then he realized it was a stupid question and continued to beat BigD. The beating went on for a few more minutes, when the three were joined by some woman dressed in all black. Zedd ignored her and continued beating, now in a competition for the most blood shed. Even more surprisingly, a man garbed in spandex and wearing a cape joined in on the gangbang as well. Suddenly, the bearded man was pulling Zedd and the others back. With bewilderment, he turned to see why the Hell he was not beating the stupid little bastard any more.

"It ain't worth it, fellas, it ain't worth it! Don't have someone's death on yer heart, not someone's death! Come back tomorrow and you can beat him some more, but don't kill him!" The short bearded man was surprisingly strong for such a small guy, easily pulling away three other people

and the sheep. It must have been always carrying the 30 gallon keg on his back that gave him his strength.

"Why the Hell do you want him to live?" Zedd screamed angrily.

"Think about it, sonny! If you kill him, then there's no beatin' him for me tomorrow!"

"...That's a good thought."

"Yes it is, sonny, yes it is. I don't know who all of you are, but leave him for tomorrow. The little prick heals surprisingly fast, so he should be back from a pool of gore to a person by tomorrow."

Zedd thought about what he had just done, and surprisingly he did not feel ashamed. All that was left to do was find out who all these random people were...

### **Chapter 3: Ambiguous Writings - A Bunch of Fellows**

"Okay, now I want all you buggers t' tell me what th' hell you're all doin' here, eh?" The little dwarf was poking the tall darkly garbed woman quizzically between gulps of beer.

"Ah'm th' only one who beats BigD regularly, and I wanna know how you all found 'im."

"Well, I was following ComaBlack, actually. It was a very stealthy way of following. I was jumping between buildings as she flew around in between them below me. It done very

skillfully, if you ask me..." The skinny spandex-covered teenager was speaking, only it didn't seem like it was to the dwarf. Instead, it was almost as if he was bragging to the dark one next to him.

"Haven't I told you that I'm too old for you? Just go away!" The dark one yelled at him. "I'm nearly a thousand years old and you're only sixteen!"

"But, but bu-"

"Shaddup, I don't care for ye petty squabbles! Gimme your names, you names!" The dwarf wrested control of the situation.

"I'm HighWater, able to control water vapors that float in the air! I can lower the density and jump great distances, or raise it to fall more slowly!" The spandex one yelled confidently.

"I didnae ask for yer titles, I said names! I be Kreskin, Kreskin th' dwarf."

"I'm ComaBlack." The dark one said curtly.



"Now, who's this sheep? Who's 'is owner?" Kreskin asked.

"Oh, my owner was once a a fat Portuguese man named Vladimir, if I've ever had one. You see, he enchanted me to be able to speak." The sheep was able to speak for himself, literally.

"Did he enchant you so that you could think as well? I've always wondered if animals were stupid mindless idiots that just did things like eat and sleep and... re-pro-duce."

HighWater said the last word very carefully, eyeing ComaBlack at the same time. She shrunk back in silent disgust.

"Oh, I assure you I've always been quite the intelligent one. You see, Vladimir used to feed me his Shakespeare and Socrates because he found them lacking in enjoyment, and rather than eat them I studied them. This gave me the knowledge of the english language, as these were written in english."

"But were you smart before he gave you those books?"

"Oh yes. You see, all farm animals and pets are a part of a secret underground organization to overthrow the human rule on the planet. We are installing ourselves into your lives, and then we will finally eat your clothing and overthrow you." The sheep said quite bouncily.

"Remind me to kill me goldfish when I get home."

HighWater said in disgust.

"Enough o' this. I never had a pet an' I never will, so I don't see why I should be worryin' over yer stupid plottin'. Jus' tell me what yer name be, sheep!" Kreskin took control again. He was quite commanding for such a small guy.

"Oh, I'm called mmmmaaahhheeeeemmkkkk... But that's in sheepish. Vladmir called me Ovelha Brava after he enchanted me."

"I don't get it. If you're talking sheepishly your name is different?" HighWater asked in a dumfound curiosity.

"No, my idiotic human frieeeeeeend, sheepish is the language of the sheep. Excuse me for slipping into it there."

Ovelha informed.

"Ah. Okay." HighWater shrunk back a little bit, obviously embarrassed.

"Okay, an' who're you?" Kreskin was poking Zedd now, who had let his curious ears take over his hesitant mouth for the moment.

"And I'm Zedd... a wizard." Zedd added the last bit as an afterthought, merely because he was in the presence of such interesting people. He thought that 'scholar' was a little out of place.

"Ah, a wizzerd, eh? 'Aven't seen one o' you in ages."

Kreskin said.

"You... you've seen a wizard before?" Zedd asked, very surprised.

"O' course! You don't think that they was legend, did ya?

I'm a bloody dwarf, I know what's legend and what's not."

"You... you're a dwarf? Like Gimli or Thorin or Ozgod?"

"Yes ah am. As a wizzerd, I thought you'd know that stuff wasn't fairly tales."

"I'm... new. What about elves? Like Legolas or Elrond!"

"Elves! Pffshaw, you thought they was real? Ha, they never been real. 'Cept fer the ones that work for Santa."

Zedd jumped back in amazement. "SANTA IS REAL?!?"

"No, ya idiot! Ha ha ha! I was talkin' about the chinese that work in them factories. Ha ha! You are an idiot!"

Kreskin had fallen over in laughter, very happy with himself for playing Zedd a fool. Zedd was not happy.

"Screw you, you damn midget! I'm new to this, and you have to shove it down my throat! I'm trying to figure myself out here!" Zedd was yelling very loudly. His temper had gotten away with him, and now BigD was trying to slink away in the confusion.

"No ya don't ya damn bastard!" Kreskin knocked him upside the head with his keg, knocking BigD over and

causing him to whimper again. Satisfied, he turned to reply to Zedd. "You dare call me a midget? I'll throw yer little wizzerd body across this street an break in yer damn pale skull! Always inside studyin' books... it ain't natural!" Kreskin had gotten quite angry as well. It was a well known fact among the secret societies of the world that one should never call a dwarf a midget.

"I shall stop this crime before it starts!" HighWater yelled. He jumped in between Zedd and Kreskin, then started making some sort of odd motions with his arms. It looked to Zedd like he might be casting a spell or something, but Kreskin knew that this was not how it is done.

"What th' hell are y' doin', ya damn fool?" Kreskin moved to push HighWater aside, but found that he could move and closer to him. Any movement in that direction was as difficult as if he were underwater in a lake. "What the..."

"I've raised the density of the water between you two. Fighting on city streets is illegal! You should know that."

"Were you not just beating up a defenseless midget, sir?" Ovelha bleated.

"No... well... yes... but that was fun!"

"But it was probably not fun for him, you know. I would never enjoy having my face bleed out of nine holes. Look at that! You can see his brains!"

"Well... who cares! Look at him! And you were beating him up as well!"

"Of course I was. I never said that I denounced the act. I was merely trying to cause some sort of human turmoil. It's what the FAPS told me to do as my part... that's the Farm Animal and Pets Society." Ovelha added when he saw the look on HighWater's face.

"You've lost me... In any case, you two should stop it! Dwarves and wizards are both rare... I think... and so you shouldn't lower your numbers!"

"Ah... I suppose he's right. Zedd, we 'ave a truce, but you should never call a dwarf a midget. Do that an' he'll gut ya. Yer lucky that I'm tanked right now." Kreskin waggled his meaty finger at Zedd in disapproval.

"Okay, fine. Just don't make fun of my.. greenness."

Zedd replied angrily.

"Just because ye're a n00b doesn't mean I need t' make fun. Deal."

"Good, so n00b wizard and drunk dwarf have an agreement." HighWater said, moving his hands again. "You can now move about and stuff."

Because everyone was so intensely involved in this little debate, none of the noticed that ComaBlack was sucking all of the blood out of BigD. She had been on his neck for the entire conversation, and was now sucking away quite rapidly. The purple face was turning more and more white by the minute. Unfortunately, Kreskin noticed the very audible sucking noise and turned around.

"NOW YOU GET OFF 'IM!" Kreskin yelled as he pushed Coma off of BigD. "Ah said no killin' him! An' what th' hell are you, a vampire?"

"Good guess. Have you always been a master of the

obvious?" Coma had jumped off BigD and was now floating twenty feet above them.

"You see, that's what I love about her. Just look at the way she.. sucks." Sick thoughts were obviously going through HighWater's head, at least until Kreskin knocked him upside the head.

"Save that fer yer bedroom, laddie! Ah don't want t' be seein' such things!"

"And don't think of me that way." Coma said from her post in the air. "Your sweaty teenage body sickens me.

HighWater stopped staring at Coma, but he obviously hadn't stopped thinking, seeing as he let out a huge sigh when she called him sweaty. Kreskin thought of the many connotations this word could hold, but decided that it hurt his soul too much and decided not to get involved.

"Okay, I think that I've had enough of all this insanity.

First magic, then dwarves, then a vampire? ... .. I need to hit BigD again." Zedd walked up to smash BigD in the face one last time, but was surprised to find that he wasn't there



anymore. He looked around quizzically. "Where did BigD go?"

The group all began to look around, high and low, near and far. Losing their punching bag was not something they thought that they could cope with. Eventually, his location presented itself. On a nearby rooftop, a woman dressed in dark garments carrying a lethal blade was gutting BigD silently. He appeared to be quite dead.

"You... bitch!" HighWater yelled at the top of his lungs.

He was the first one to see her. The rest of the group ran to his yell and found her a short while later. "That was.. that was my.. my.."

"Toy." She said quietly, cleaning her blade. "People are not toys. You are like the shogun."

Zedd recognized the voice, and as soon as he found a fire escape and was on the building as well, he recognized the sleek figure as well.

"Rateh." He said under his breath. Kreskin, who had ascended the fire escape next to Zedd, was the only one who

heard it.

"Who?"

"Rateh. She came out of a portal I.. created."

"Oh? Ye can make dimensional gates already? Yer not so bad fer a n00b."

"Yes, thank you. Well, I believe she is from some sort of feudal Japanese era. A trained killer."

"A ninja, yeah?" Kreskin smiled.

"Yes, I suppose. A ninja." The two watched silently as HighWater yelled at the beauty with the sword, cleaning it off silently.

The two watched on at the spectacle before them for a while, until something strange happened. Another man jumped onto the roof from somewhere unseen, And was screaming loudly. His eyebrows and hair were mussed up to be pointy and evil looking, and he was wearing dark red and black colors. Eventually, his mindless screaming could be

understood.

"MY SERVANT! YOU DARE KILL A SERVANT OF CODU, ARCHDEMON KING OF HELL? I SHALL SMITE YOUR INSOLENT!" The man pulled out a pistol and, without warning, shot Rateh. Unfortunately for him, guns were invented in feudal Japan. Rateh blocked it with her sword and then disappeared into the shadows.

"This is not my fight. I seek the shogun." She said as she dissolved into the darkness.

"MY SHOULDER DEMON HAS TOLD ME THAT I WOULD MY SERVANT ON A ROOFTOP HERE, AND IT OBVIOUSLY HIM! HE IS MINEMINEMINEMINE AND I SHALL SMITE YOU, INSOLENT MORTALS!" Codu started unloading ammunition in all directions. HighWater raised the water density in front him, Coma flew away, and Kreskin blocked both he and Zedd with his beer keg.

"Ya bloody psycho! Quickly, let's get out of 'ere!" Kreskin yelled. The rest decided that this was a good idea and left as well. Before they cleared the rooftop, however, Zedd noticed that this 'Codu' had picked up all four pieces of BigD and was

now taking them away.

Why the Hell would someone want four pieces of BigD?

#### **Chapter 4: Ambiguous Writings - Dialogue**

"Where do you think he took BigD?" Zedd asked, scratching his head. He still couldn't figure why anyone would want four pulpy pieces of a painfully ugly midget.

"Ah dunno. Mayhaps he has some sort o' necromatic powers. Ah've seen some o' them... But only in meh nightmares..." Kreskin finished under his breath.

"What do you mean 'Neck-Row-Matic?' Is that some kind of massaging machine for your head?" HighWater asked quizzically.

"No, necromatic. It's a conjugation of the word necromancy, where 'necro,' a prefix derived from Latin, means death, and 'mancy,' a suffix from the Greek word 'manteia' meaning prophesying. So, it literally means to prophesize death, although mancy has commonly been used to describe an act or an art." Zedd always loved a chance to show off his language skills. He pronounced every word flawlessly, of course.

"The art of death." Coma murmured quietly from the shadows. "It is something I am very familiar with."

"So, you're saying that this necromancer dealie is like some way of preserving bodies really well or something?" HighWater continued to scratch his head in befuddlement.

"Nah, y' idiot, it's a type o' magic where th' dead is raised an' used as weapons!" Kreskin yelled in frustration. "Yer a moron who talks too much an' needs t' figure stuff out on 'is own! An' you!" Kreskin yelled, indicating Zedd. "Y' good fer nuthin' greenie n00b wizzerd who can't talk like a normal person! Quit with th' technicals and talk like a bloody 'uman, fer Odin's sake!" Kreskin's eyes were popping red and his beard glistened with saliva that had just launched itself from his gaping maw.

"Easy, dwarf. Don't forget that you are an easy going alcoholic." Coma supplied thoughtfully.

"Ah, yer right. Ah'm jus' angry that ah lost mah toy, is all. Sorry, fellas." Kreskin sighed.

"No harm done! The past is forgotten! The future is all that matters! Come! Let us go after this necromancer guy named Codu!" HighWater yelled, raising an invisible sword and pointing it forward. "Charge!"

HighWater ran off into the darkness in the general direction of where Codu had gone. The rest of the group chuckled and followed behind him, not knowing that a dark figure watched them silently from above.

"I'm not a necro." He said.

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Revision #3

Created 13 September 2023 18:52:02 by Ingus

Updated 13 September 2023 19:06:16 by Ingus