

# MONSTER STORY: MINOTAUR

This bastard again. I remember him, his jagged hand blades ripping my friends apart, his horrible headbutts sending bodies flying.



Didn't think we had critters like that living down here – thought it'd be just the greenskins wallowing in their own filth.

But no, would you look at this one – all horns and hooves – his mother had a rough night with a bull or something. This whole thing was a mistake, right as rain, shouldn't have come here, not with these fools. Can't fight off all the critters when they jump us like a bunch of thugs in a dark alley, especially if one of them is a huge bastard like this.

Well now it's different, berk – now there's just you, now I'm ready for it and now I have this axe. Not much of an axe I'll admit, but I tied enough sharp bits to this stick for it to count. Just ask your goblin buddy – can find him a few miles off in the tunnel. Let's see how you do now. Loosening your wristblades, moving them in circles, warming up. You know what you're doing, I'll give you that.

I see your nostrils flaring – getting all worked up, huh? Is it that that someone dared challenge you with a weapon? Or are you more used to stabbing unsuspecting victims, you murderous pile of shit?

The blades clash and the sparks fly. I land a hit and so does he – the blade slices through my side and we are both bleeding badly. But if I would be afraid of getting stabbed I wouldn't come down here in the first place. This axe feels heavy or is it just the loss of blood? These swings are tiring me out and his horns catch me in the side again. Oof, that's going to leave a mark. Another scar for the drinking stories, thanks berk. Harder to move after that, damnation.

Catching my axe in his huge paw, pushing me away. Gotta watch for these horns, another goring like that and I won't be able to walk. Now I'm angry. Spit mixes with blood as I lunge at him with a yell – even this monstrosity knows it's in trouble now as I unleash whatever is left of my rage.

Putting all I got into this last swing I take his head clean off. His lumbering body collapses on its knees, the severed head rolling off into the darkness, the horns clattering on the floor. Limping I take off one of his horn decorations for keepsake. Another story to tell.

Damn, this pain in my side won't leave. I put some pressure on it – the shirt is soaked through with blood, and stagger on. Whatever is coming after me will have a nice trail of blood to follow. And I'll be ready to give them whatever is left of my strength.