

Under the Laser-Light of Valhalla

Gromnir pulled back on Marko's reins. "Looks like we have company on the horizon", he growled. The cybernetic polar bear grunted in agreement. Before them, illuminated by the laser blasts of the eternal pirate-viking conflict of Valhalla, stood a score of Boronese manwolves. Their binary rifles glinted as they leveled them at the grizzled barbarian.

Gromnir clutched his cracked pocketwatch, as he uttered a quiet prayer to the Drunken Metaphysicians. With his other hand, he drew his enchanted plasma whip, Molebane. The weapon had been blessed with slightly superior durability, through a decade long and fiendishly intricate ritual. With this weapon, Gromnir had brought countless to their end, be they moleman, manwolf, cybergoose, or switchsayer. The only thing they had in common was that they had dared to stand before the mighty barbarian.

The manwolves howled as they opened fire on Gromnir and Marko. With each crack of their rifles, one bullet went wide, and one found its mark, as had always been the way of things. But bullets alone would not stop the uncultured force of savagery that stood before them, and as the bullets struck him, the barbarian let loose a howl of his own, and charged.

The manwolves could not stand before the deadly rhythm of Gromnir's assault. Their tight formation proved their downfall, for even as every second swing of the minorly enchanted whip missed its mark, there was another nearby, unlucky enough to feel it's burning bite. Before long, only the barbarian and his faithful arctic cyberbear remained, bloodied, but undefeated.

When the rage cleared from his mind, Gromnir took a swig of cabbage-ale from his flask, and began picking through the remains of the manwolves. "Smugglers," he grunted disdainfully, as he pulled a plush elephant from the pack of their leader, "hired by the Switchsayers, I'd say." Marko once again grunted in agreement. "The Overseer ought to owe me one for this. More like, it'll just send more of its cybergeese to bring in my head." Marko growled sympathetically. "As my people always said, the enemy of my enemy, is probably still my enemy."

Gromnir once more mounted his saddle, and took up the reins. "Onward, Marko! We've not seen green yet, and so we've still got work to do." With that, the ursine automaton padded onwards, golf balls crunching underfoot, towards their next adventure.