WROUGHT THE ROCK

After slaying the Hydra of the icy forests you need to rest and tend to your wounds. The battle was long and your leg being pierced by a massive icicle at the start of it did not help you avoid further injury. Limping but hopeful after the victory against the beast you try the door of a tower nearby. Trying keys in the door under the warmth of a lantern above the lintel you find that, thank the gods, you have one that fits. You push open the door and more warm light and stairs greet you. Sighing at the thought of climbing all those damned stairs you walk forward and get one foot upon the stair before you’re almost blasted off by sudden screaming.

“CAN YA SMELLLLLLL!”

You turn around and see a pony in a preposterous amount of armor rushing forward with speed beyond imagining. He hefts an equally preposterous club in one of his hooves and swings it toward you while you try to climb the stairs with your icicle pierced leg.

“WHAT THE WROUGHT!”

You make it up five stairs before your leg gives and you fall to the ground with a scream.

“IS COOKING!”

The club comes down, blurring with the speed and power put into it. Your front hooves scrabble uselessly trying to get you away from this thing. You get the pleasure of hearing the resounding crash as your torso is made one with the stairs beneath it, your spine powderized and your organs rendered into a meaty paste.