

Satyr

by Chris Philbrook



This was going to be such a fun day, Atrekos thought to himself. He breathed quietly, slouched in the far corner of the pitch-black chamber, hidden in the darker shadow of the large statue of the ancient General. Atrekos believed the General built the underground fortress centuries ago solely to preserve the most precious thing that the General had to offer—artifacts of his vanity. Stupid Heroes, always trying to sneak around.

Atrekos stopped filing his horns as he heard the shuffling of boots down the hall. The Satyr spent hours every day carefully filing his horns into pristine points. Especially when there were Heroes around. Like today. Wouldn't want a dull horn to ruin the defense of my Dungeon, he smirked.

“There's certainly something up here.” Atrekos heard a human woman say from the hall ahead. He carefully hid his file behind the leg of the statue, and raised himself up for a charge.

“Erithia, let me go first. There could be Mage Spawn.” A massive horned form stepped past the woman, filling the hallway, casting the chamber back into relative darkness. Atrekos gulped as he sized up his opponent. Gruffing to

himself for courage, he lowered his head and charged!

Hooves clapping on the stone floor like a Dwarven rotary gun, Atrekos charged headlong into the massive leg of his opponent. He struck home with a loud CRACK! His horns gored Troll flesh and splintered the bone with the brutal impact! As he reeled back from the massive collision, the Troll swung his massive staff over his head—and missed by a hair!

“HA!” Atrekos screamed loudly. Gauging the skill of the troll, Atrekos began bobbing his head back and forth wildly in the darkness, trying to taunt the Hero into an unsuccessful attack.

“Satyr! Blasted creatures!” Norfur yelled to his companions. The Troll swung his staff at the head of the cloven footed harasser. Atrekos easily sidestepped the blow and snapped one hoof against the troll's arm, leaving a wicked bruise that would hurt for days. Erithia had maneuvered around Norfur's left as their other adventurer, Lord Oren swung around to the right. In a moment, they had the impish creature nearly surrounded. Almost simultaneously, the two struck at the Satyr.

Atrekos laughed out loud again as the two humans moved in slow motion. He leaned back, letting the male's attack go harmlessly astray. To pay him for his effort, Atrekos kicked up a hoof into his midsection, knocking the wind out of him. The woman's incantation sizzled straight between his horns, but left him none the worse for wear. He rammed his head into her exposed thigh as a thank you.

Then, before any of the Heroes could make a move, the satyr skipped off into the darkness, leaving all three of them battered and bruised.

“I hate those things.” Erithia said. She shook her head and tried to rub the growing knot out of her thigh.