



MONSTER STORY: OGRE

Hungry,
always
hungry.

The squealy critter was juicy, so tasty, good that it couldn't run far. Good meat on bones, red, bloody. Fur tickles me teeth but I don't mind. Too hungry to skin, must get to the tasty bits. The green ones run from me as I wander by their huts. They live like rats, delicious rats, always scurrying when there is something to fear.

And I should be feared. I remember the terror in the eyes of that little hobgoblin in the big mossy cave to the west. He looked so cocky at first. With his little rag flag and his armor. Hahaha, armor he calls it. A hit or two with the Masher and it was in bits and pieces and his stabs didn't even make a dent in my plate. I remember catching his arm and feasting on his fingers to tease, the blood flowing down my chin. He wiggled free and ran, ran like a bug, probably not tasty at all – all sinew and gristle.

Bones crack. It's what they do, if I step on them scattered on the cave floor. When I catch something with bones they crack as I gets ready to eat them. Sometimes the bones need help, when their owner is too attached to them. I am happy to help. Masher is happy to help. I love the sound – so crunchy, so promising. If bones crack – I will taste meat soon.

I like this cave right here. It's right by the cursed light, sure, but sometimes fools from the village leave their horses there and I get the juiciest meal of all. They find the leathery straps left over and think the horse ran away. Fools. There is a nice spring too – water tastes bitter and warm, that's where I found the big stone for the Masher. Look at it now, all banged up and bloodied from its work. Good Masher, good friend. What is that though? A stumbling piece of meat on its way to the light? All desperate-looking and exhausted under his hood. So determined, with his feeble axe in his shaking hands.

Come, Masher, come friend. It is time to crack bones. It is time to feast.