

I'ma Phou 'Kin Slayer'

LEVEL 20 Dark elf hero

LVL	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	INT	CL	WP	PTS
20	5	7	5	4	4	4	9	4	10+3	10+2	10+2	10+2	215

Equipment: Elfbane (magic sword) Arcane Armour, shield, repeating crossbow.



I'ma was feeling old, man he was old but tonight he was really feeling it. What he needed was a drink of his favourite mead, what he didn't need was to be going to his local. For decades now it has been the favourite haunt of the younger more arrogant elven youth, there was no respect anymore for anything. He was mocked every time he walked through the door, in jest yes, but it grated him to the core of his dark soul. Back in his day you looked up to your elders, for they had wisdom and experience you only gained through surviving battles and raids. They knew the best ways to slaughter your enemies and how to hide your loot from your friends. Those days were long past, since colonising these shores there have been four new generations each one more pointy looking and paler than the next. In battle they seemed more brittle, like their hearts were plastic not stone cold lead. The latest generation were named the fine caste, they were hideously warped mutants. He was the last of his kind, he was the last of the blue skinned true bloods. But tonight he was feeling old.

As he opened the door and walked into the crowded tavern the music stopped. Suddenly all eyes were upon him. One young reveller called out "Yo blue what you doing out, over 150s night is on a

Thursday!" It was met with raucous laughter which seemed to surround him. I'ma jostled his way to the bar. "a pint of killer bee". He ordered. The bar keep handed I'ma his drink and leaned in to whisper "just a polite word of warning sir", I'ma looked up from his beer which was warming his throat. "I don't think you should frequent this place anymore". I'mas face hardened and he could feel the blood pulsing in his temple. The bar keep took a step back sensing the danger and violence behind I'mas eyes. "nothing personal sir, I heard a rumour theres a new army list book on the way, thats all" and off he went down the bar making himself look busy.

I'ma took all this in whilst he finished his bee, the alcohol and poisons were making him feel invigorated, he hated what had become of his once proud clan. Just as he was getting up to leave an intoxicated fine caste with warped arms and pit holes in his face came over to him holding a broom. "Here ancient one have this walking stick". The bar erupted again in laughter, as all eyes turned towards him to see what he would do. He thought for a split second and his mind was now set. "Thank you kindly" he said taking the broom, he made his way out as the laughter grew louder.

They won't be laughing for much longer I'ma thought to himself and with a grin he jammed the broomstick in the door, the only exit from the tavern made from a single huge old gnarly tree. From his pocket he drew a bottle containing a sticky liquid which he had taken from a wizard in Nippon. There wasn't much left but in his experience of using it to fire the town of Hagakure, he knew there was plenty for the job in hand. He then poured the liquid through the keyhole where it seemed to grow and take on a life of its own slipping and sliding its way across the old wood until it had covered the interior of the tavern. He then struck the tinder and the building was roaring, not with laughter but flames and screams. I'ma ducked back away from the increasing heat, he stood and watched as the smell of melting flesh hit his nostrils, man he missed war.

After many long hours watching the flames dance in to the night, I'ma stood up, he felt young again. What he had known for an age but had been remiss to undertake was now his only plan of action. He would make his way to the fabled lands, where rumours that fellow ancients still lived.

He would travel to the land of Ee' Bay.