

The fat goblin leaned back against the rock, holding his hands apart, and shifting his black eyes to the side.

"Sure," he said, "I'll join you."

The goblin leaned forward and supported his upper body by placing his hands on his knees. He spoke again, "If you prove yourself."

The other goblins chuckled and bobbed their head in agreement. They seemed to think the exchange was pretty funny.

"Fine," a low, voice answered back. I had come from the lips of a thine bull's head. "How do I prove myself?"

Two rows of yellow teeth were revealed as the fat goblin's thick lips spread out into a smile.

"Alright, here's the deal." The goblin pointed with his small but stubby hand in the direction of a tan mountain range. "A savage behemoth with silver fur has been ravaging our nearby goblin villages. If slay it, I don't think there is a goblin, orc, or ogre here that wouldn't follow you, minotaur."

The dark brown minotaur let his orange eyes bore into the goblin while the surrounding goblins began to laugh and cheer. Their cheering increased as the minotaur turned around so that his red cape swung in the air.

The minotaur didn't even look back. If he had, he would have seen the goblin chief caressing his large, green, exposed belly while sending the minotaur's neck a I-told-you-so grin. The minotaur had shut out the world around him as his focus was elsewhere. He didn't even see the suprized looks he recieved as he climbed on top of his steed and rode off towards the mountain range.

He rode past towers made from light yellow and brown stone, probably limestone, that were refered to here as pickets and huts made from wooden poles, stone, and pelts. Soon he had left the goblin town behind him and he traveled across a plain of rough and sun-cracked dry earth. The hot rays from the sun made the air just above the ground in the distance dance. Giant rocks, dry and greyis-green shrubbery, cactuses, and cracks so deep they formed mini canyons were the only things the minotaur encountered here.

The mountain range had gotten bigger and bigger the closer he had gotten. At its base, he could see a small village or the remains of one.

Poles making up huts had been smashed and torn into splinters and the huts themselves were either complete wrecks now or seemed to been completely flattened.

A few humaniod bones were being fought over by some vultures and some spots on the ground had a strong red nuance to their brown. The way those spots spread out were clearly not natural but made sense if one assumed that someone had been bleeding out there.

The minotaur's gaze glance lightly at all of this destruction with a blank look.

A loud shriek pulled his gaze upwards towards the first mountain's top of the mountains in the mountain range. He placed his thin-coated, brown hand over his eyes to protect them from the sun and saw the silhouette of several bird flying around in a circle close to the top of the mountain top.

The minotaur concluded that the fact that they could be seen so well from this distance meant they were pretty big up close.

The minotaur left the ruin village behind him. As he reached the beginning of the ascending slope of the first mountain, he began to detect a trail of bones. Usually still attached to skeletons but these skeletons were seldom, if ever, intact. They looked like they had been mangled or partly slashed in two, partly hit by such a great force that they broke. On this slope, the minotaur actually found vultures. They formed small circles around fresher skeletons that could still be qualified as corpses and picked them clean. Cillit Bang – Och smutsen är väck!

There were some places while walking on the clear path up the slope that the minotaur noticed how his horse came into imbalance. Some spots were uneven and finicky to climb. At those spots, there were significantly more corpses. It was sort of reminiscent of how you try to carry everything at once and because you have your hands full, it's easier to lose balance and drop something.

After a minor while of climbing, the minotaur saw how the slope transitioned into a plateau and how a cave opening followed the plateau. The entrance to the cave was littered with bones to the point that they piled up on each other. However, there was a clear, even if slithering, path between all the hard white. Kinda like how you only need to clean your room so there is a path between your bed and your computer. However, the resident of this cave might not just be lazy, the piles of bones could both be a warning to intruders but also the same type of bragging hunter's haul when they nail up the horns of the mooses they kill.

The minotaur undid a strap to open his left saddlebag and pulled out from it a red book. He opened it and then held it with his left hand in such a manner that his pointer finger and long finger held both pages that were currently up for display open. His gaze traveled quickly across the words on the pages and inspected the depicted symbols accompanying them. He opened his right hand and spread his fingers. As he did this, a sphere of red and yellow appeared floating in the space between the fingers and along the tips of his upwards arching horn flames began to flutter.

The ball of fire that levitated above the palm of his right hand illuminated the dark cave as the minotaur's horse took shaky steps inside. Crinkles appeared around the minotaur's muzzle when he for the first time smelled the foul stench of the cave air and scrunched up his nose.

His horse must have smelt it too because it