

“Master?”

“Master?”

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Gird tried to outrun Xaerenthoulantismas, but the gargantuan titan had little trouble to keep up.

“Master?”

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Gird stopped and gazed up to the titan.

“Why are you so powerful yet so dumb?”

“Master?”

“Oh, shut up!” Gird yelled at the titan.

“Master?”

“I have to find out what his name is. He drives me crazy,” Gird mumbled to himself. Gird knew a magister in Lazzarroth, who would probably be able to find the name of the titan. Then he could tell the thing to fuck off. Gird’s life was ruined by the titan.

Gird had found a nice girl in an inn down the road just a couple of days ago. He played his tricks or just was lucky. Anyway, they ended up in his room and were just getting it on when she screamed: “I’m gonna fuck the life out of you!” At that moment the titan ripped the roof of the building and grabbed the girl. He crushed her head and threw her away. Her body probably landed some miles away. Gird had to run for his life, because the inn collapsed. Without a roof the building had lost all its stability. Luckily no one survived to blame him.

So now Gird made his way to Lazzarroth, the beautiful city on the shores of the Great East Bay. When one was a day's march away the hills would give way to a lovely valley and the tall towers of the city could be seen. The whole way through the valley the towers were visible and more and more the details of them would be discerned.

But today the valley was not tranquil. It was filled with soldiers, mages and priests.

Blunderbusses were put up and trebuchets were loaded. Gird rounded a corner and was immediately overpowered. “No, no, let me go. You need to let me go. You’ll die!”

The soldiers laughed and died. A giant hand crushed them, but Gird remained unharmed. And then all hell broke loose.

Gird started running, and the titan started to crush everything in his vicinity. The blunderbusses exploded and the trebuchets snapped. Every second death and destruction wiped out dozens of lives of loyal, but changeless people and always the giant hand of the titan was there to protect Gird.

After an hour it was all over. The entire army was destroyed and half the city was in ruins. The titan had to jump a number of times and the earthquakes as a result thereof devastated the city. Gird gazed at the handy work of his minion and then sat down dispiritedly.

An hour later some of the inhabitants of Lazzarroth came scuffling while waving a white flag. "O, Great Lord, we come to surrender," one of the men called with a pinched voice. "Please do not hurt us anymore. We pledge allegiance to you."

Gird stood up baffled and stammered: "What?"

"You have won."

"O, right, I have won. Of course."

Gird looked around at the wasteland which his minion had created.

"Yes, I have won apparently. You are defeated."

"Yes, o, Great Lord. You are our lord and master now. Please tell us in what way we can please your Greatness."

"Well, erm, bring me to your magister, if he's still alive."

The faces of the men lit up.

"Yes, yes, o Great Lord, his tower is indestructible. We will guide your greatness to him."

And so Gird finally found the man he had been looking for all along. Gird explained what he wanted from the man and the magister send the men away so he could facilitate his new Lord.

"Sooo, your Greatness needs to know the name of his titan so he will be able to give it orders. Mmhh, that is very interesting. I will try to find its name, my Lord."

The magister started to take all sorts of books from their shelves and sort through them while talking to Gird. Gird got bored quite quickly and took a position by the window. He gazed out of it and could see his titan sitting watching him.

"Master?"

After a while, the magister spoke.

"I know the name of the titan. I know what as to be done to take control."

Gird turned around. The magister had spoken with a grim voice. Gird had noticed. Now he was looking at a grim-looking magister with a knife in his right hand and a book in the other.

"What?" Gird stammered.

"You must die so I can..."

"Whoosh!!" A scourging heat ray flew past Gird, and the magister was burned to ashes within seconds.

"Ah crap," Gird cursed.

The book the magister had held fell to the ground burning. Gird tried to see what the magister had found, but Gird couldn't read. So what he saw meant nothing to him.

The men who were waiting outside entered the room alarmed by the smell of fire and quickly put out the flames. Then they looked in horror to the pile of ashes and helplessly to their Lord.

"O, just give me the cover of that book."

And so Gird had conquered a city and found the book in which the name of his titan stood, but would be quite unable to ask anyone to help him. Time to learn how to read. And so Gird left his city to go to Anmar-amar, the great university city, followed loyally by his minion.

“Master?”

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“Oh, shut up!”