

The Greatest Weapon

Adam and Theor were adventurers who had decided to grab a drink in a nearby tavern. “Some say the greatest weapon is meant to kill, hurt, cause suffering and pain. But I'll tell you this: the greatest weapon of all is love.” said Adam as he guzzled down his beer.

“Huh?” replied Theor in a deep, gruff voice as he slugged down his beer also “That makes no sense! How are ya gonna smash a buncha enemies with love?”

“Well... they won't be expecting a nice response, so it'll catch them off guard.” said Adam. Both of them signaled to a passing waitress for a refill.

“But what if they're runnin' straight for ya with BLOODY MURDER in their eyes!?” Theor shouted. Many heads swiveled in their direction.

“Well then I suppose you shouldn't bet on love working. It would be okay to knock them out then.” said Adam.

“Then whaddabout that necromancer we fought? If all we did was knock him out, when he woke up he woulda cast that death spell on the whole city!” Theor said.

“Love would've worked best on him. See, most villains only know hate, and they think that hate is the greatest weapon. So when love is used on them, they'll be astounded! Why, they'll fall flat on their face!” said Adam.

“HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!” Theor laughed. “Well, I guess I see yer point.” said Theor. “Why don't we head back to the inn an' get a good night's sleep?”

“That's a great idea! Let's go!” replied Adam. The two adventurers paid for their drinks and headed off to the inn, wondering what their next adventure would be.