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# Australian Realms

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# Hell Hath No Fury

*Written & Illustrated by Karen Ogden*

*The beleaguered old man slashed his knife at the robber's face. It sliced along the left cheek up to the eye. Ranald winced and wiped away the blood that trickled down to his mouth. The old man was not as slow as he thought. He thought that such an ancient man would be easy to overpower. Ranald pushed the old man to the ground and sank a metal studded boot into his stomach.*

*Snatching the well-laden money pouch, he laughed. The old man's hand grabbed at his ankle, almost overbalancing him. Surprisingly the grip was strong and Ranald couldn't shake himself loose. The old man cried out for help.*

*"Shut up, old man!" Ranald hissed.*

*He pulled his sword from its hilt and drove it into the old man's heart.*

*Rhiannon looked down at her father's freshly-covered grave. A lone tear rolled down her cheek and fell onto the blood red rose that she held tightly. Her father was such a sweet old man. Who would want to kill him? She gently kissed the rose and let it fall onto the grave.*

*"I will find the man who did this and make him pay," she whispered.*



Fury and revenge; two very strong driving forces. My favourite definitions of the two are: Fury - an avenging spirit or wild anger, and, revenge - to exact retribution or the desire for vengeance. It reminds me of a nursery rhyme learnt as a child.

There was a little girl,  
Who had a little curl,  
Right in the middle of her forehead.  
When she was good,  
She was very, very good.  
When she was bad,  
She was horrid.

The trick is that when you saw the good little girl you had no idea how nasty and

cunning she could be. This is the type of revenge I prefer. The unexpected type. The ones you don't suspect are usually the worse. If you know it is coming, you're prepared. If you don't, it's more devastating for the victim and all the more pleasurable for the revenger.

Over ten years of gaming, mostly with males I have come to the conclusion that men have little imagination when it comes to the art of revenge. Let's face it. Generally, men tend to take the most direct route. Subtlety and subterfuge is not usually in their repertoire when they are dealing with revenge. "Mess with me and I'll smash your kneecaps..." is more their style. Direct, yes. Painful, yes. Satisfying, usually so. Imaginative, no.

Besides the guy with no kneecaps now knows who you are, can usually prove it (the GM always has no end of convenient witnesses) and can get back at you in due course, usually by smashing your kneecaps!

More satisfying is the use of imagination and patience. Patience is usually the hardest.

In our AD&D<sub>2</sub> campaign I once played a female, half-elven Magic User/Thief, named Rail of only second level. She wasn't very strong. She wasn't very tough. You could kill her just by tripping her up. But she had a great imagination and with a simple colour cantrip (in the early editions they used to last one month) she exacted a most satisfying revenge

