
DARK
REALMS
FORGOTTEN SON
FANTASY MICROFICTION

RICKY BROWNE

Dark Realms: Forgotten Son

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First edition

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To Hadric Matus.
7ft 1.
Fifty chickens.
A broad sword.
And not a single fuck to give.

"Never underestimate the power of a loud fart in a tense moment."

— Ancient Gallanthian Proverb
(possibly made up)

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Preface



This book isn't big.

It isn't clever.

And it certainly isn't refined.

It's forty pieces of fantasy micro-fiction by someone who rarely reads fiction and doesn't usually write it either. It came from an itch I needed to scratch, a strange urge to name things, invent dumb worlds, and take the piss out of fantasy tropes I half-remember from teenage D&D sessions.

I once made a character named Hadric Matess. He was a 7-foot-1 human fighter with a horse, a broadsword, and fifty chickens. That same chaotic energy lives in this book.

You'll find fart jokes, pointless quests, untrustworthy elves, and a suspicious number of objects called "The Something of Something." Most stories are under a page. Some barely deserve to be called stories. But they made me laugh, and maybe they'll

make you snort a little too.

If you feel shortchanged by the length or offended by the tone, I get it.

But hey, thanks for reading anyway.

Marauder Magazine - Volume 672



No one knew he had the Stone of Miracles and Fortune hidden away in his sock.

They thought he was mad going into the Jolly Jumbuck to play five-card shank with the marauders, but he knew they were no match for him as long as he had the Rock of Miracles and Fortune in his sock.

He had one of those socks with a little zipper on the ankle where you could stash medication or some type of rock like he was hiding.

But there was a big problem, his mum had washed the socks the day before.

She had discovered the small stone and put it on the shelf next to the washing machine.

Not that he knew that as he strode into the Jolly Jumbuck to face off with the marauders and their captain; Sea Captain O'Reilly Johnson Branagan, the meanest sea captain on the seven seas.

It was going to be epic.

Read more next week in Marauder Magazine Volume 673, where you get a replica of the rock we were talking about.

Sneeborn – The keys to the emergence of the key



Deep in the mountains of Gazeroth lay the keys to the emergence of the key to joining together of the five nations into one more powerful nation.

But for them to reach the depths of the lower levels of the caverns in the mountains of Gazeroth, they would need the five keys to unlock the five doors of Gazeroth.

"Don't worry about going on a mad quest to find the five keys, it's a death march. I am a lock picker and I'll just pick each of the locks. How hard can it be," said Sneeborn the lockpicker.

Davron the wise said, "You fool, these are not ordinary locks, they are magical locks made by the long-dead old order of red dwarves."

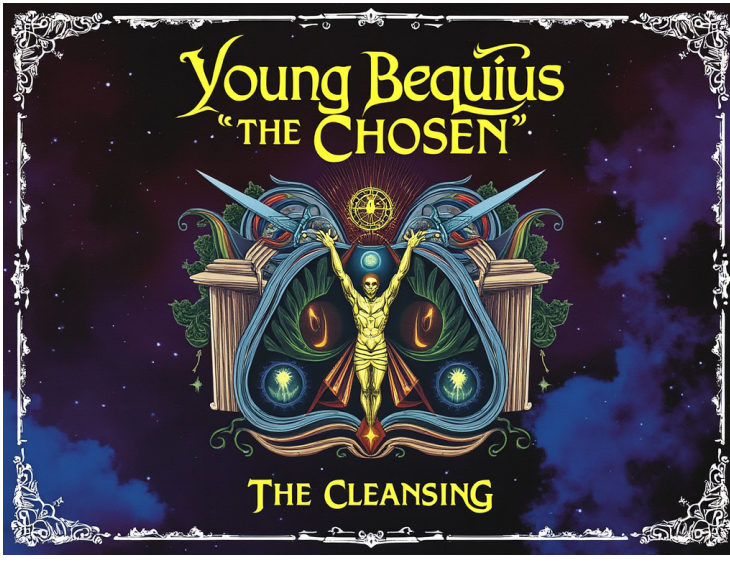
"That's alright. I'm a magical lock picker. I'm a descendant of those old-order red dwarves you speak of, on my mum's side, so it's all cool. Cool-cool!" said Sneeborn.

"It's settled then, the seven of us will head into the mountain and do what needs to be done to fulfil the prophecy." Proclaimed Davron.

"Yay," said everyone except for Girlzly.

"I and my father before me have spent our lives mapping the locations of the five keys, and only now the family of Sneeborn tells us the keys are unnecessary for opening the locks on the five doors of Gazeroth. Gotta say, I'm a little cranky." Girlzly the map maker grumbled.

Young Bequius the Chosen – The Cleansing



I was three when the Emperor of the Shadowlands summoned me to the palace to check the markings on my body.

To see if I was the chosen.

My parents were in fear for my life.

What if the emperor rejected my right to rule?

Or worse what if he killed me?

They had a plan.

They were to be extra nice and act like it wasn't such a big deal.

To treat the emperor like he would be the one really in charge and I, young Bequius was no-threat to his standing.

It had worked for now. But there were words in the wind of an uprising in the south.

The South wanted blood because of the blood curses the emperor dolled out to them from time to time just to keep the unruly South in line.

But the South were sick of it, they were fed up with the blood curses and knew that the ancients had birthed another chosen into the world, and that made them cocky.

They would chant stuff like, 'The emperor is a big old douche bag!' Either way, shit was going down and I was too young to

do anything about it.

It would be up to my parents to make the plays and keep me alive long enough to restore order to the Shadowlands with peace and light.

Blindness of Algoran - Eye opening events



The darkness was blinding.

It was like the two suns of Ashgoff had suddenly been extinguished.

Bern the Meek asked the rest of the party what they could see.

For them it was everything, but for Bern, it was nothing, just blackness.

"The blindness of Algoran has taken me," he screamed.

But he wasn't blind, the blindness of Algoran had in fact not taken him, he had just closed his eyes and forgotten to open them again.

This was the third time this week this story had played out and the guys were getting sick of it.

Bogsnorts & Barry Snotter – Dondledoors Back Passage – Book III



"Barry Snotter you will find the fourth whore cucks shoved up Dongledoors back passage, the crystal butt plug of Hufflepuffle."

"Is this a trick Snipe, is this one of your life chewer tricks you big tricker?"

"Does Dongledoor know it's a whore cucks?"

"Do you think it would be shoved up his back passage if he knew it was one of the whore cuckses?"

"You need to cast a timeous frozeus spell next time he's taking a dump and replace the crystal butt plug with this butt plug I made out of a heap of smaller crystals, he won't notice the difference."

"He is never to know the present I gifted him on his 75th birthday was actually one of Bouldermorts whore cuckses."

"Snotter I'm really on your side, shh, don't tell no one, I'm in love with your mother, run Snotter before they find us chatting in the halls like we are chummy and shit."

"Be away with you boy."

Powersword of the Man of He – Grandlr of Cavanar



"Fafifi would you be so kind as to spin the dial of time?"

"Grandlr, you have no idea what this will unleash unto the world, the dial of time has not been spun in a hundred millennia…"

"How would you know Fafifi the Timekeeper?"

"You've only been around for what 600, 700 years?"

"The records are clear Grandlr of Cavanar, if I spin the wheel it will open the gates to the dark epoch and let in god only knows what type of evil."

"We have had 400 years of peace in the Nether Realm and you wish to risk it for what exactly?"

"I've just got to grab something I read in a scroll."

"I'll only be four to five weeks, then you can spin it back. No one is going to notice the gate."

"Notice the gate, everyone will notice the gate, you are opening pandora's box."

"What exactly do you want?"

"I want the Power Sword of the Man of He."

"The sword is a myth Fafifi, a kid's cartoon from the eighties, you risk our peace and lives for a fairy tale."

"Just spin it dickhead."

Red Mage – Forbidden Love



She was a woman with no legs and bad teeth, and he was a level 42 mage.

Their love was forbidden by the council of supreme mages, but he was real heaps into amputees and thought she was worth being banished from the citadel.

With little money, no adequate accommodation, and with her having no legs; it meant they did it tough, and he soon came to resent her lack of mobility and how much black liquor she'd consume while he was out foraging for berries.

Then he stumbled across an easy-peasy mobility spell he found in his book on spells.

Everything worked out.

Trust me.

Armies of Darkverness – The Magic Whistle



"I am but one man Sjourn, how am I alone supposed to defeat the Armies of Darkverness?"

"With your magic whistle, Velderbrin. They hate that sound, now get out there and blow that whistle like our lives depended on it, because it does."

"But the whistle makes no sound."

"Maybe not to our ears boy, but to them it's like fire in their minds, now get out there and blow before they reach the gates."

Norweigan Dirt Dragon Anthology - Bregarian - Book IV



Bregarian lived deep underground.

He was a Norwegian Dirt Dragon.

He would rise to the surface in six days to mate with his partner Egnog.

Egnog was a slut dragon like all female Norwegian dirt dragons.

Sort of like in Rick & Morty.

She would mate every twenty-eight days to one of 24 of her partners, who would only come up from underground every two years.

It was Bregarians turn soon and he could not wait to get his nasty on.

He had been keeping his sack full for the occasion.

He loved Egnog and wanted her for himself, but it wasn't the Norwegian dirt dragon way.

Smoke & Mirrors – Beldon the Magnificent



"Beldon the Magnificent is just smoke and mirrors, he's all parlour tricks and tall stories. Don't be fooled he is a dangerous man who will get us all killed with his bravado."

"But did you see how he cut that maiden in half?"

"That is powerful magic!"

"With his power, we can defeat the Nilgan Terrorguards."

"As I said he's gonna get us all killed!"

Bartholemu Bonstock - The Castle of Bircutt Bircutt



"Bartholemu Bonstock if I catch you outside the keep at night when the Gersens roam, I'll tie you to a tree and leave you there so they'll have no trouble devouring you. "

"The wizard comes in four days and if you can't conjure the weezle you will not be selected."

"Get your head in the game boy."

Changlings – The new king for a night

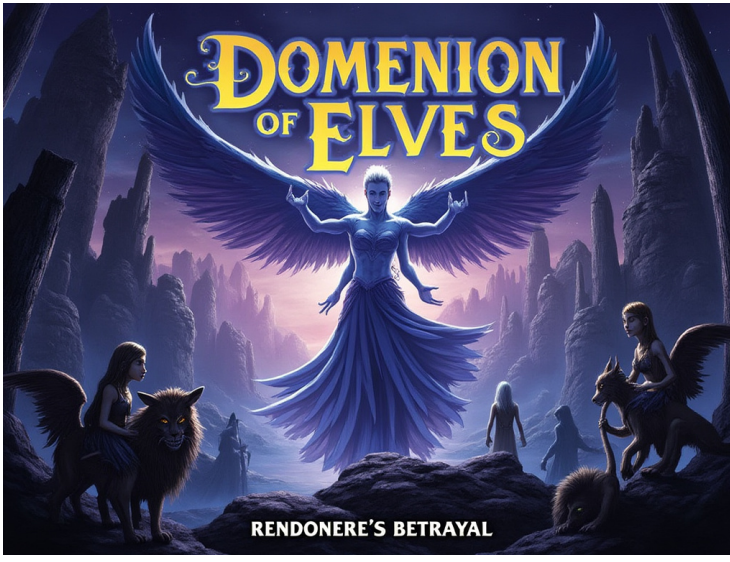


It was a long-standing tradition in Benson Hollow that the firstborn girls of the family would be gifted to the king for a night, before they were to wed.

But changes were blowing through the Hollow and many believed that the king was a gross old perve that shouldn't be allowed within a ten feet proximity of their young virginal daughters.

So a plot was hatched by three of the twelve elders.

Dominion of Elves – Rendonere's Betrayal



"You wish to brave the Shadowlands, and for what?"

"A girl."

"That is the dominion of the elves."

"But Claremont she is an elf."

"Once I find her, I will be safe."

"She left directions which are quite clear."

"It's a trap Rendonere, she wants the Simanic crystal, boy."

"I know I'm giving it to her."

The Lilapett Riddles – Nathan's Burden



When I was a kid I had a magical wand named Gleeson.

It would turn ice cream into better-tasting ice cream.

It could make me run 14.253% faster over a distance of 0.635 miles.

My wand was my advantage.

Then my sister broke it out of spite.

Fuck her.

Now I'm just ordinary.

Fucking bitch…

I'll never forgive her.

Gnome Land - Spinny Portal



She turned around three times and they were back in Gnome Land, just like Sangee the Gnome told her.

Did she have this ability all along?

Or did Sangee cast some sort of spell?

Either way, here she was standing in Gnome Land.

"But how to get back to her world?"

"Maybe spin around in the opposite direction the same number of times."

"Yes, I'm back."

"But can I go back to Gnome Land or was it a one-time thing?"

She hadn't even had a look around.

"Maybe spin again and find out."

It worked.

"I'm back in Gnome Land."

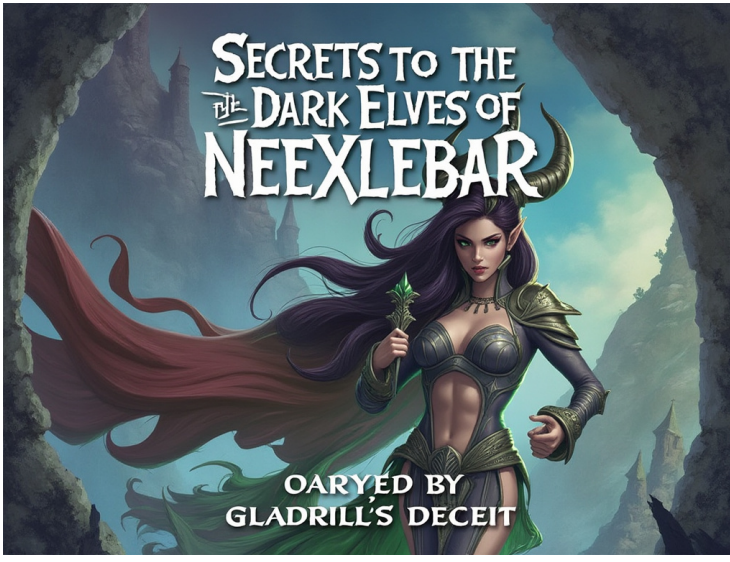
"But what if it was like wishes and I only get three of them?"

"Time to spin around and find out."

"Yes back home."

"But what if…"

Secrets to the Dark Elves of Neexlebar – Gladrill's deceit – Dellr diaries



"Gladrill, to use the runes properly you need to do the training."

"So stop wasting your time trying to catch Carpeezian toads and start studying your runic parabellum."

"And don't think I don't know that licking those toads gets you high."

"They also block your ability to harness runic magic."

"You have been chosen by the five elders of Gloib because you passed the three tests of Narthee."

"In three years you'll have three more even harder tests, and if you haven't studied you will fail and won't get to learn the ten sacred runic cones which will give you access to the higher realm and allow you to sit on the mages council and learn about the ways of light."

"Only then can we steal the secrets and make ourselves rich by said secrets to the dark elves of Neexlebar."

"We will be rich and swimming in pussy so stick to the plan boy!"

Trollborn Chronicles – Trolls in the Tribe of Get



Margulas had the largest testicles of all the trolls in the tribe of Get, which meant he led the procession on naming day, when the juvenile trolls would be given their adult names by the oldest Kaleith in the tribe.

The Kaleith was a troll that could read the wind and could tell the farmers when to plant their crops and when to take up arms against outsiders.

But the lore of Get was soon to be changed forever when the women of the tribe suddenly all were struck down by an unknown blight.

The Kaleith read nothing in the wind and had no cure. But something interesting happened.

Moments from Mavregon – The Archane



"Many eons before this moment there was one who thought he was wise enough to decipher the Archane riddle and sent the world into two millennia of darkness."

"But he wasn't half as wise as you Sypholius, you can do it, have a stab. What have you got to lose, you only live once."

Unforgiving Jungles – Crown of Shibberness



Deep in the unforgiving jungles known as the Crown of Shibberness, there is said to be hidden a cave that contains the final moonstone.

"We have three of the four moonstones, known as the Moons of Celesteock."

"With the final moonstone in our possession we could essentially sell them as a complete set, increasing their value," said Telladoor as he took another big puff on his windstick.

"Why would we want to sell the moonstone when we can use their ancient magic for ourselves?" Said Glive of the Twillos.

"You fool, you need to be a moonblood to control the stones," said Telladoor before taking another big hit of his windstick.

Then he added, "None of us are Moonblood's, we don't have the mark."

"So how much would we get for the set?" Said Tepply, the youngest of their posse of thieves and shysters.

"About 6000 crepples!" Said Telladoor, before taking another big hit of his windstick.

"This is some good shit!" He said before falling completely off the stump he was perched on.

"It's settled then, when Telladoor wakes up we head west towards the Crown of Shibberness," said Glive of the Twillos.

Golfreed, the newest member of the group leans forward and whispers into Glives ear, "He won't be waking up."

"I have the mark, I am Moonblood."

"I can control the moonstones, boiii!"

Glive laugh's, before whispering, "You sly bastard!"

Taking a puff of his windstick, Glive passess out too.

The Gelga Riddle - Part II



I noticed that some of the mysterious markings in this mysterious book translated to the mysterious marking on the

mysterious box.

It was some kind of incantation.

Today I spoke the incantation, and that's when it happened, everything got trippy and mysterious like you wouldn't believe.

I'm talking powerful magic like has not been seen in these parts in more than three quinteons.

Where I go from here, I am not sure.

What I'll do, well, I'm not sure of that either.

All I know is that the mystery of the box has been revealed, and I must act before it's too late.

Kalico's Lair and the magical rock of Figonleah



It was dark in the mountains as night had fallen over Carbeezian.

A long night like the one in the JRR Martin books.

And there was green fire, but no one used it because it was too dangerous and burny.

And there was a dragon named Kalico, who was friends with the main person in the story named Brett Cardone.

He owned three motorbikes, but they were antiques, so nobody was allowed to ride them.

Then there was something stirring behind the trees in the magical wood.

Brett and his best friend Dradco Marley were really scared.

It could be the killer wind monsters that floated in through the night when the Star of Galesh was high in the sky of night.

They had decided to go to Kalico's lair and take it up with him personally.

But first, they would have a round of Gerbrish ale from the Lion's Pride, down Sepatrosa Avenue.

A place they would visit regularly on account of their drinking problems after the Fein wasps took their mothers to enslave.

Anyway after a drink they set out towards Kalico where they stumbled upon the magical rock of Figonleah.

Worth at least $600 from trader Cradgel's.

They were chuffed.

But there was still the matter of the stirring behind the trees.

Kalico wasn't home, so they went to bed and decided it was just some Gerbish elk rustling around in the bushes.

Banished Gnome Trilogy – Into the deep dark forest



Deep in the deep dark forest, there lived a cranky Gnome named Wensil.

He was estranged from his family and banished from the village of Gnomes for using elven magic.

But he had made a life for himself on his own in the deep dark forest.

He had a pet slug named Boris Johnstan, who he so named after his best friend back in the village.

The deep dark forest didn't seem all that bad to Wensil.

Sure it was deep, and sure it was dark, and sure he was lonely, real lonely, but he had Boris Johnstan.

Then one day something magical happened.

Boris turned into a handsome prince.

Turns out the slug was the victim of a cranky witch.

Through the Sooking Glass – Brian's Story



My mission is to find the person who killed my pet turtle, Brian.

Brian didn't deserve to go out like that and I will avenge his death even to my last gasp.

Because he was the only one who understood me.

For fuck's sake, the guy saw me naked.

To say we were close would be an understatement.

He loved cherries.

Boy, oh boy, did that turtle love cherries.

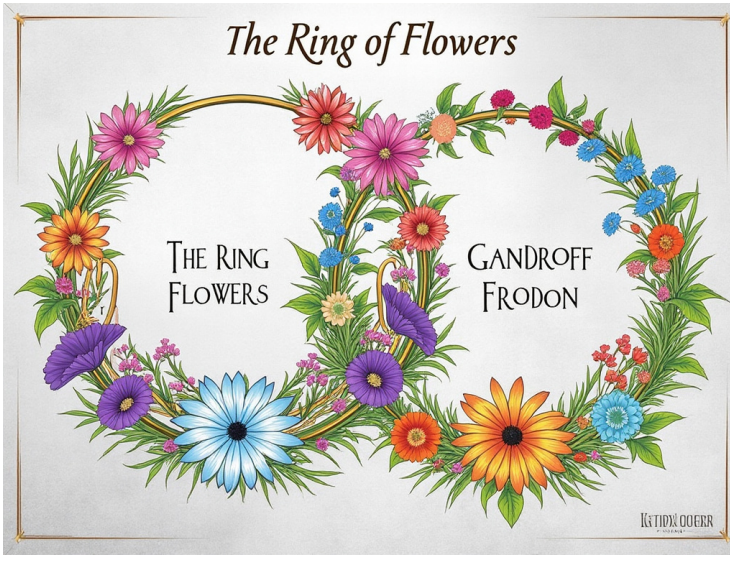
Scratch that, he loved strawberries.

That turtle loved strawberries.

It was my brother Michael who loved the cherries, before his untimely death for which I will also avenge, even in death.

I am the Rectifier and I will set right the wrong inferred upon both my turtle and my brother.

The Ring of Flowers – Gandroff & Frodon



Frodon noticed something special on the ring left by Gandroff. It had an engraving.

It said, "Gandroff + Frodon 4 Ever!"

How sweet! He thought.

Elven Ways – High Elf Policy



Andron was a young elf from the Once Forgotten Forest.

They say he differed from the other elves.

He preached peace between the humans, dwarves, and elves.

He talked of a world where they could all live together without the needless slaughters of the past.

The high elves locked him up for blaspheming against his tribe.

They let him out of the cells when he was older and much wiser because the highest of high elves said he had learnt his lesson.

But when he got out, he once again started banging on about uniting the world in peace.

So they hanged the traitor as a lesson to those who would dare question official high elf policy.

Bogsnorts before Barry Trotter - Brent Blowers - Book II



Long before the land of wizards and magic knew the name of Barry Trotter.

There was one even more powerful and slightly more handsome.

His name was Brent, Brent Blowers!

He also had a scar on his head, but he got his when he ran head-first into a wall completely by accident.

But everyone suspected that he ran into the wall that you use to hop on the train to go to Bogsnorts.

Brent was such a special guy.

But everyone just wants to talk about Barry Trotter.

And they have all forgotten about Brent who also had a hard life.

But used his power to save us all from a Wizard who was way worse than Boldersnort and his whore crushes.

Old Malcardigan the Younger



There were once five magical seagulls who had strong magic deep in their bones.

They could enchant other chip eaters which would allow them to eat as many chips as they wanted.

As they grew in power, they developed a magical bond that one day was broken as they all fought over a discarded Chiko Roll.

From that day forth, no single seagull would possess magic, which was fine.

Old Malcardigan knew the day would come when the magic would return.

The Herpation Knight



“The Petrosyan divers will take our depression crystals and use them to open up the Clancy Gateway, if we do not defend the

outer lands, and the Miditarian mines contained within."

"Our only hope is for the Herpation to find the Rod of Darpin, in the order of Steph, and for the Herpation to become The Majestic."

"He is our only hope, all others have failed the Three Deuce Incantations."

"You and ten of our best men must leave at once, it is our only hope."

"I will stay here and eat lunch because there's no good in wasting it, go now!"

"The hour is upon us."

The Galactiants seize Blenthe



“We will stand together in this union of making ties and not finding fault.”

"We move to be freed from the tyranny of the Galactiants and their weird-shaped heads and our women will not be moved, or be overcome by their incredibly large genitalia of which there are two rather than one, not like it should be, one small to medium peni, as God made it."

Young Tentrin, Gallanthian captive



Deep in the jungles of Tartaria.

There are said to be hidden, the three crystals of Magellan.

Once these three crystals are attached to a Gallanthians body through their huge pores, they will be able to see the future.

Most people think this is a fairy story made up by the Gallanthians to make them feel special.

But that doesn't stop the Gallanthians from banging on about it.

I have lived with the Gallanthians ever since I was stolen from my tribe, and they constantly try to tell me that it's true.

But there is no evidence and the people I was stolen from have minds which are very logical and we can smell bullshit a mile off.

The Gallanthian are going on a yearly pilgrimage into the jungle to find one of these so-called crystals, and they are making me come as penance for questioning their lore.

Everyone keeps saying, "You'll see!", but the results will be the same as last year, and all the years before that.

Gallanthians are fucking insane.

Terb of the Descerwilles



There was a screeching coming from the lobby. Little lord Fonteroy rose to his feet and screamed "Stop it, you're scaring

Samantha Jessica Parker".

But Samantha was not scared at all, it was the little Fonteroy boy who had shit his dacks in fear.

The Elves of Meeandoor



They came in like thieves in the night, except they weren't thieves, they were bearers of gifts.

They were the elves of Meeandoor who orchestrated the charade known as Christmas.

There's no Santa, there never was, only the elves and their presents.

They didn't make the presents, another lie.

They bought them online.

How do they pay for all these gifts?

Large amounts of narcotics, that's how.

It was never the Mexicans, that was just a front.

But why?

Because happy kids make tender meat!"

Political wizards chronicles – The two that stand above



Wizards like Gareth Evans were rare in these parts of Negrith.

They'd generally die from the gloit.

A disease prone to take hold when practising magic.

But Gareth was spared because he followed the policies driven by the council of mages that protect such events from happening.

Most young wizards that experience power for the first time can't help but dabble in unclean magic, there was an internal pull that drove them towards it.

But Gareth was a safety-first kind of guy and now he was on level 64.

There was only one mage more experienced in Negrith.

Darrel Odwire, the one-armed prince of magic.

He lost his arm in the great troll battle.

But as long as he could hold his staff his magic remained intact.

There was a darkness consuming the west of Negrith and it was spreading east and these two magical beings were to face the darkness sooner than they would have imagined.

Beyond Misty Mountain – The Sword of Light & Love



He plunged the Sword of Light and Love deep into the frost dragon's huge beating heart.

Women from the four tribes gathered around the frost dragon and started chanting the Prayer of the Sacrifice of Sword and Scale.

Bolfreed the wise half-troll gave the order to remove the three Dimeriam crystals from the dragon's head.

The misty mountain caves grew cold as the life left the frost dragon's body.

The love potion of Gravelia, given to the tribes of women from the dirty fawns of the east had worked and the dragon gave of itself to his female captors.

The bards of Meadsdale sang outside the cave while Belcroft had finally acquired all three enchanted crystals.

Quadrants - The Rule of Four



The four generals of the four tribes of the fourth quarter of the forty-fourth realm of the under-territory sat around the

table to decide what way was the best for splitting the spoils of conquering the Cellemite trolls.

"It's agreed then, we go quarters!"

Tumer's reckoning - Magical forest of Magic III



Deep in the Magical Forest of Magic lived a fawn named Glibbish Stevenson.

He was an inventor of things.

He once turned to his friend Tumer Debt for help, but of course, Tumer was busy on other projects so he had to figure things out for himself.

Throne Games - The Mad King



He was first in line to the throne, but he was second in line to her heart.

It belonged to his little brother because his brother was way cooler and better looking.

He imagined that when he became king of Andoff he would throw her brother in the dungeon on trumped-up charges.

Then order her to marry him, only to treat her like she was his second favourite wife.

"They will both learn, ha ha ha. I will be the best king since Bozitar the Fantastic. I will be all-powerful," he screamed, then looked around the palace library at all the staring faces.

Did I say that out loud?

Dargans v Midyons - Marked IV



“Hold out your hand boy!”

"The other side…"

"Hmmmm, you have the mark."

"He who possesses this mark are claimed by the Dargans as the 'unchosen' which means for us, the Midyons, you have been chosen."

"You will be able to control one of our raptors in time."

"Quick, we must make our way into the forest before the Mercs catch us!"

"Run boy, run!"

Forgotten Son - Kaysil the Great



King Kaysil was seen as a buffoon and a drunk, by the people of Kaysan.

The four tribes which he ruled over were planning war between themselves.

But plan is all they did.

The Mage Siphilus was enough to stop a coup from happening.

He had powerful magic and could wipe out whole battalions with a waving of the Staff of Clamidian.

Siphilus had seen many kings come and go as leader of the high council.

Most of them were bloodthirsty tyrants, so Siphilus had a soft spot for the King.

He had a good heart.

He once saved a bird from drowning in the rivers of Tybe, he took it home and cared for it for three days before it died in his hands.

He mourned for the bird for a month and a half before trying to take his own life.

Only to be saved by the high mage who talked to him about the problems the King had had with his parents who were both absent emotionally in his life.

When they died of Biscuit fever, the king and the mage developed a strong relationship.

Real strong!

Like they could be naked together without making it weird.

The Dirty Boggards - Abandoning Reason



Boggards were creatures that lived in Centre Earth and were known for their parties where they would all get sloshed on alcohol made from their own urine, then they'd have orgies and suck each other off.

They were pretty disgusting when it came to all getting together and sucking each other off. That's why the high church slaughtered their fifteen tribes.

They'd all get together from time to time to suck each other off while all drunk on their own piss wine.

That's when the army of the high church slaughtered them.

For no other reason then because they had a penchant for sucking each other off while drunk on piss wine.

Some say, some of them escaped into the hidden valley, where they plot revenge while getting drunk on piss wine and having orgies where they'd all suck each other off.

Fucking Boggards!

The Archentreosen Link – Rise of Neoliberalism



The Archentreosen bridge is the longest bridge in Gladreo, spanning six-hundred and fifty-seven scribbs, give or take a few kretts.

It links the two lands of Burlingterias and Boolthoy.

It has stood for fourteen millennia and is protected by targian magic, against the Sea Drogans.

No one dare crosses the sea of Mank, and if they do they will most certainly be taken by the Drogans.

All trade between the two lands does so through the bridge crossing.

But the Boolthoy leaders want to privatise their end of the bridge as free market neoliberal capitalism has taken hold in Boolthoy.

Everything owned by the state is being sold off to wealthy donors of the leadership.

Corruption is rife.

Their plan is to set up tolls along their side of the Archentreosen bridge.

But the freely elected leaders of Burlingteriasian feel that this will break the spells that protect the bridge from the Drogans.

They have a plan and it isn't pretty, not like the Burlingteri-

asian's last plan which was way prettier but didn't work.

Mythius – The Dark Vampires



"We can be extra-powerful while the moonlight is strongest," said the dark vampire, but the other more powerful vampire

said, “Shut-up!”

Forgotten Son - Gomly & Faldrian



Beware the fool who tries to fool the fool into thinking he's not a fool." Said Gomly.

"Does that mean we're both fools Gomly?" Said Faldrian, chuckling to himself.

"No, you're the fool for thinking I'm a fool."

Faldrian lifts his leg and does a loud stinking fart. "I'm a Windwalker, I can harness the wind, and that fart proves it."

"Stop pissing about. The coming half-elf says he will take us through the valley of Terranobly. But it's a trick. But I think we should play along, we have to keep our wits about us."

Faldron lifted his leg again and let out a corker. "Definitely a Windwalker, I just need someone to teach me the cones and I'll pretty much be able to fly us over the valley."

"Stop fucking about! If we want to reach Tarnith before the red moon we have to take our chances with the half-elf."

Faldron lifts his leg again to let out another loud fart, but before he can Gomly knocks him off his chair and tells him it's time to go.

Faldron looked up to see the half-elf walking through the tavern doors, Faldron yells to the half-elf, "Do you know the cones of the Windwalker?"

Before letting out another loud fart.



About the Author

Ricky Browne doesn't usually write fantasy. He also doesn't take himself too seriously. Most of his work focuses on self-development, mental health, and living a meaningful life. But sometimes… you've just got to name a fawn "Glibbish Stevenson" and run with it.

He lives in Australia, makes apps and books, and once built a D&D character so detailed he probably cared more about him than some of his real-world problems.

This book was his tribute to the forgotten, the absurd, and the gloriously stupid side of fantasy.

You can connect with me on:

https://rickybrowne.com