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A Pint at Penny's Foot Tavern

It was a tavern just like any other in the fair city-state of Plathera. In a time where the wars of differing races had finally quelled and peaceful adventuring started to dawn on Fregorian shores, the tavern dubbed, Penny's Foot, cropped up from the efforts of all races: humans, elves, gnomes, dwarfs, orcs, and everyone in between. Meant as a spot for a light rest and a topper of good ale, Penny's Foot was a safe haven and neutral territory ground to all.

"Yeh better shut yeh fat mouth, yeh slandering hogwash of a toe! I'll smush you with just my thumb," growled the drunk orc.

"Come now, Ragath," said the human slowly. "Not in here."

Ragath downed the rest of his liter of ale, wiping the froth from his snaggletooth mouth. "He's lookin' to go, Patrick. Dun try to stop me, else yeh find yehself on the floor too."

In the highest of nearly screeching tones, the goblin nursing his glass sauntered over to the barkeep's counter, with a quite frightened halfling behind it. "Looks like ya mummy's never told ya how to keep yer temper. She was as ugly as you?" He grabbed the pint of glittering silver ale sitting on the counter. "Can't have ya doin' somethin' stupid like...startin' a fight here of all places." He lifted the cup to take a swig.

"How about respecting the customs of this establishment for one?" said the elf. The pint was in her hands as she sipped. "The likes of you wouldn't be able to handle Elven spirits anyways."

The goblin blinked dumbly, slightly taken aback that the pint was missing from his hand. "Ey! What's the—!" he cut himself off. "You, are one—" he dragged his eyes sleazily up her body. "—taaaaall drink o' wa'er."

"And you—" She flicked one eye open to his flushed face. "—must be the bottom of a sewage puddle on a rainy day."

The faint cry of an *oh, snap* echoed behind them.

"Aluua," Patrick called out. "You too?"

"I don't see the issue here," she calmly said back. "This toad thinks he can push around his weight at the expense of others too polite to argue back."

"Yes, but—"

"He's insulted our traveling companion, when you know that he has trouble keeping civil."

"You do remember the last time, right?" Patrick whispered.

"What of it? You were inebriated and destroyed the owner's stockade of ales. I took no part in that," Aluua responded in full-volume.

"Shh! They're still looking to fine me...I'm saying that if *you* get involved, ales aren't the only thing getting broken."

"Then he would do better to—"

The goblin took this opportunity to snatch a dwarf's half-full beer from the table behind him

and threw it onto the ground, shattering the chatter about the tavern and splashing Aluua's shoes. "Ay! Some prudish, gangly-lookin' elf, thinks she's too high and mighty fer me?!"

Silence hit the tavern. Someone gasped in the back.

Patrick rubbed the fatigue off his face and started to rise. The slit of his cloak revealed a hand on the sheath of his blades. "You've messed up now," he said, half-excited and half-annoyed.

"And now he dares to direct his insults towards me." Aluua's eyes spell a calm murder, her pale hand tightening around the pint, slowly frosting the glass. As if a sudden cold snap entered the tavern, she radiated the start of a blizzard.

Patrick turned to the frightened barkeep and placed a small sack of gold coins on the counter. "Sorry. Hopefully, this will cover most of the damages. We were paid today too, so we were hoping to celebrate." He turned back to the crowd of riled onlookers and the angry goblin. "Never insult a high elf." He shrugged.

"An' never anger an orc!" Ragath roared, cracking his large knuckles into fists.

The goblin, not knowing when to back down, rallied up his band of thugs. "Let's show 'em how we bury the dead!" he hollered.

"Your words are cheap," snapped Aluua.

"This may be the best stress-reliever we've had yet," laughed Patrick.

The faint cry returned and this time, it yelled, *BAR FIGHT!!*

Despite Penny's Foot being called one of the safest bars in Plathera, it didn't lessen the fact that even the safest bar was prone to bar brawls.