

Macos

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A Gladiator must find his place in the heart of a fair maiden... of course he was slay a horde of relentless foes first.

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Macos: The Fearless Gladiator

“But I’d rather not...” sighed Macos.

“You’ve got to!” pleaded Smorkle. “This is your job, Sir!”

“No,” Macos lay down on his hard cot and closed his eyes. “I don’t want to.”

“You’re a gladiator!” Smorkle urged him to put on his armor. “You’ve got to fight!”

“Not really,” Macos said after a good yawn. “I don’t feel like it.”

“You’re on in five!” a gruff voice from beyond the wooden door reminded them.

“Five minutes!” Smorkle shook Macos roughly. “That’s just enough time to put your armor on. Hurry, man! Let’s go!”

“Nah!” Macos turned over in his cot burying his face in his pillow. “Maybe later...”

“Please,” Smorkle was out of ideas. “Pretty please?”

“Nope,” the gladiator continued to give stupid answers. “I’m tired of this whole thing, Smorkle. Why don’t *you* fight him?”

“No!” Smorkle shuddered at the thought. “This is what *you* do best! I can’t do it for you.”

“Sleeping is what *I* do best!” roared Macos rising out of bed. “And you can not do that for me! Now get out and take my place in the ring of honor!”

“No,” Smorkle put his foot down. “This is ridiculous. I’m just your assistant! I can’t fight!”

“True,” Macos thought it over. “Send someone else!”

“Never!” the guards rushed in. “This is madness! You cannot defy the emperor.”

“I just did,” Macos showed the guards to the door. “Let him know I’m busy...”

“Busy!” the guards erupted in unison. “You’re sleeping!”

“No,” Macos lay down in his cot. “I’m resting. I’m busy resting. Now, go tell the emperor: ‘Macos is really busy. He would love to come, but just doesn’t feel like it. Please find someone else to take his place...’”

“Just as long as *I* don’t have to do it...” injected Smorkle with a pitiful whimper.

“Smorkle!” Macos reached over and smacked him bitterly on the back of the head. “Don’t be such a pansy!”

“Pansy!” the guards had a habit of shouting things in unison. “You’re the one slacking off!”

“Well,” Macos got his sword and slew the fatter of the two guards. “That was just un-called for!” at that, he jumped back in to bed, closed his eyes and tried to doze off. The other guard was afraid to say anything more, but his greatest fear was the emperor himself.

“You must come!” the guard insisted.

“Why don’t you learn a lesson from you’re dead friend over there,” Macos retorted. “Go away!”

“I have to admit, though,” Smorkle patted the guard on the shoulder. “You guys were a great team... while he lasted.”

“Yeah,” said the guard. “Whatever. I actually hated that guy!”

The guard turned and walked away leaving his slain comrade behind.

“Those jerks!” Macos cleaned his bloody sword. “No manners! No decency! No individuality!” he shook his head in disgust. “I hate killing people like that! It makes me feel like I should be killing someone with more manners, decency and—”

“Ok,” Smorkle cut him off. “I get the idea.”

“You do?”

“Yes,” Smorkle tossed him a helmet. “Now why don’t you go out there and kill someone with more decency, manners and—“

“Ha!” Macos threw the helmet aside. “Nice try little friend!”

“Macos!” Smorkle tried to sound orderly. “You are being insane! Now go out there...”

“...and what? Fight?” Macos muttered half asleep. “Go tell him I’m busy!”

“Busy?” the emperor walked in to the room. “Too busy for me?”

“Yep, I’m pretty much defying—YAWN!—the emperor...” Macos’ voice drifted off in to a snore.

“Look at him!” cried the princess. “Like a tub of lard!”

“Princess!” Macos sprang to his feet and began kissing her hands in greeting. “Oh, Princess I felt your elegance as you came in the room... at least I would have, had your father not smothered it with his pompous demeanor.”

“Well said,” the princess admired Macos—barely—and thought he was an excellent fighter.

“I’ll fight for you, my dear,” he rose to a salute and demanded Smorkle to fetch his armor. “I shall show you how brave I can be!”

“Great...” she rolled her eyes and walked away shaking her head as if she had suddenly realized she had almost fallen for this lunatic.

“She’s crazy about me,” Macos told his assistant after the princess had disappeared. “Man,” he put on his helmet. “Wait until she sees me kill—What was it again?”

“A slobbering troll,” said Smorkle handing him a lance.

“A troll!” exclaimed Macos. “You never said anything about a troll! This is nuts!”

“Yeah,” Smorkle said helping put on Macos’ cape. “That’s why I didn’t want to tell you. I thought you might—“

“Panic?” Macos finished the sentence and fastened his cape. “Who? Me?” Macos laughed and began dreaming of his beloved. “Wait until she sees me—MACOS THE GREAT! Yes, Macos the Troll slayer! Sounds nice doesn’t it?”

“If you win,” said Smorkle handing him his armored boots. “Now quit talking and put these on.”

“No!” Macos refused the boots, “I will win! Hear that Smorkle! I’m going to win this fight with or without those boots—considering the great discomfort those boots offer—and would sooner go barefoot.”

“You’re insane, sir.”

“Thank you, Smorkle,” Macos had a second thought. “Why wear any of this stuff?” He threw his head gear and cape to the floor. “I’m going in style!”

“In *what*?” Smorkle gaped as the answer caught his eyes. “Are those—I mean are you wearing—Mother of mercy!”

“Yes!” Macos admired his own plaid boxer briefs. “This is the answer!”

“What?” Smorkle looked away in embarrassment. “Sir, you’re not wearing any pants? Can you even do that?”

Macos ignored the question. “Good-bye old friend! I will return! I shan’t be gone very long,” he whistled as he walked out on to the door in to the arena outside. It was a hot day and perfect for the attire Macos had chosen.

“Who is that—that hairy man?” the emperor slapped himself in the face. “Water! I need water! I’m beginning to hallucinate!”

“Father?” the princess stared wide-eyed (and somewhat affectionately). “I think that’s Macos!”

“Hello!” Macos waved to the silent audience. “I am Macos the Troll slayer!”

“He’s a mad man! A mad man!” the emperor cried in to his royal sleeve. “Make him stop! Please, put some pants on that—that person!”

“Show me my prey,” Macos said twirling his sword expertly. “I had a little troll doll as a boy... I remember ripping it to pieces one time! Things haven’t changed much since then, so watch out!”

“Wow,” said the princess. “That was actually really lame.”

“I didn’t even know he had a troll doll,” Smorkle muttered to himself after hearing the remark (he was watching from a great distance away). “I have a troll doll... I like to comb its hair!”

“Come out,” Macos called to the beast. “Fight me you monster! I will send your bones to starving children, so that that they can grind them in to bread!”

The troll came crashing threw a solid oak door. The sickening brute emerged slobbering and pounding its fists together, while dancing in crazed mimic of his favorite Godzilla character.

“Wow,” Macos yawned. “That’s ‘impressive’.” His tone of sarcasm angered the troll further.

“I hate you!” the troll roared as it lunged at Macos with a mighty leap. “Die, you fool!”

“What was that?” Macos stepped the one side allowing the beast to come crashing in to the wall of the arena. “Did you say something?”

“No,” the beast, not being very bright or honest, just decided to lie. “I didn’t... did you hear anything?”

“Yes,” Macos spoke in a stern and condescending voice. “You’re lying to me are you not?”

Moments of awkward silence passed before the troll muttered, “Um... yeah.”

“What is he doing?” the emperor watched in horror. “Why can’t he just kill the thing?”

“You see,” Macos allowed the troll to sit comfortably by his side. “When you tell a lie little baby demon is born.”

“It is?” the troll exclaimed clamping his hands over his mouth in shame. “I’m so sorry!”

“You should be,” said Macos. “You really should be...”

“Will this end soon?” the emperor buried his head in his hands and covered his ears. “I can’t take this!

This is really, really, really lame, OK. Why is Macos discussing honesty with a troll? Why?”

“I don’t know,” the princess was still admiring Macos’ muscular physique. “He’s so manly...”

“You see,” Macos continued his discussion with the monster. “That’s why we don’t tell lies.”

“I see,” said the troll. “And you aren’t going to kill me, right?”

“No, of course not!” said Macos as he sliced off the troll’s oversized head.

“Wow,” said the princess once again transfixed by Macos’ gladiator ways. “He’s so...”

“Annoying!” His Majesty pounded his armrests like a little child in the back seat of a moving car. “I hate him! I hate him! I hate him!”

Macos waved at the crowd, smiled at his beloved princess and began doing a little jig he had picked up in northern Scotland.

“Yeah,” said the princess avoiding Macos’ victorious dance. “I guess he is pretty annoying.”

“Ah!” the emperor rose from his thrown and called out to Macos. “So, you think you can have my daughter? Do you? DOU YOU?”

“Uh,” Macos yelled back. “Yes, actually, I was about to ask you!”

“Go ahead,” the royal monarch folded his arms. “Ask me...”

“Can I, you know, date...” Macos was cut off before he could finish.

“No!” bellowed the imperial father. “Never!”

“Please...”

“No!”

“Come on Daddy,” the princess rushed to her old man. “Let him ask me! Let me give my own answer!”

“Fine,” agreed the ruler. “Go ahead! I’m tired of your useless whining!”

“OK,” she kissed her father on the cheek with gratitude and faced the victorious Macos.

“Hey!” cried Macos waving at his beloved. “Wan to go out sometime?”

“No,” said the ignorant princess with a smile. “I won’t.”

At that she snapped her fingers and a raging horde entered the arena and attacked Macos.

“Hey,” said Macos killing a handful of his attackers with a mighty sweep of his blade. “What kind of phony answer is that?”

“Come on,” jeered the princess. “You need a more tactful approach.”

“I see,” said Macos killing a couple of guys with a swift stroke. “So, what do you want me to do?”

“Well,” the princess began. “It’d be fun if you killed all the horde and then came to me and took me in your massive arms and told me how much you love me...”

“I get it now!” Macos took the life of a man by kicking his face. “No problem; Just let me take care of this old horde...”

Minutes later the princess was in Macos’ arms. The horde was defeated and the king dangled lifelessly, by his neck, from a balcony window.

“Now,” said Macos. “Will you marry me?”

“Marry you?” asked the princess in utter astonishment. “What about the date?”

“Skip that,” said Macos. “I’m tired of asking you out! I just want to marry you!”

“You’re a freak!” she slapped him bitterly and ran away crying.

“That went well,” Smorkle said coming to his master’s aid. “I mean, come on! It could have been worse...”

“Yeah, right,” Macos looked down at his torn sandals. “I blew it, dude!”

“Your sandals?” Smorkle looked down at the tattered thongs.

“No,” Macos slapped him effortlessly. “The girl, man!”

“I see,” said Smorkle trying to comfort him. “I guess that stuff happens sometimes.”

“Not to me,” Macos sobbed. “Why me? WHY ME?” he jumped up and down yelling and complaining that the world just was not fair.

“Take it easy,” Smorkle reassured him. “We’ll get her back!”

At three o’clock in the morning the princess was up late, staring at the stars and mourning the loss of suicidal father. She sighed and began to cry softly, though she did not venture in to the realm of complete unhappiness. She still had a hope, a lover, a dream... a rock?

“Ow!” the princess yelped in agony. “Who threw that?”

“Sorry, Princess!” Macos was just outside her balcony. “I just wanted to apologize...”

“You pig!” she through the rock back—hard—and nailed him in the right hip.

“Oh! Oh! Oh!” he staggered as he soothed his wound. “My right hip!”

“Jerk!” the princess smiled to herself as she disappeared from sight in to her dark room.

“Wait!” Macos urged her. “I didn’t mean to hit you!”

“What are you waiting for?” Smorkle said coming to his master’s side. “Don’t just stand there and let her treat you like that! Climb those vines, fool! Climb to her balcony and ask her out!”

“Ok,” said Macos who was greatly encouraged by Smorkle’s greatly encouraging words. “Let’s do this! You go first!”

“Never,” said Smorkle backing up and showing indication of betraying his mentor. “I’ll... you know—I’ll just watch!” he sprinted away in to the night.

“Ok,” said Macos. “I’ll do this alone. He scaled the gnarly vines while making a valiant effort not to squash any of the grapes and he climbed. Five long floors later, he reached the Princess balcony and found her waiting for him.

“What is this?” she asked him. “I though you would be furious at me after I called you those things!”

“Not really,” he said. “I probably would say the same to you...”

“What?” the princess screeched in shock.

"Never mind," Macos bit his tongue. "I'm sorry... for everything."

"No you're not," she retorted and disappeared in to her room again.

"Come back," Macos followed her in to her bedroom. "I mean, I love you."

"Why are you in my bedroom?" she asked him.

This had never occurred to Macos. He had never been in a woman's room before and the realization stunned him. He took a few steps back and stood at the balcony.

"My bad," he tried to act normal under the awkward circumstances, but he just made it worse. "I'll just wait out here!"

"No," the princess motioned to him. "You can stay and talk—just a few minutes of conversation of course."

"Yes," Macos agreed wondering what else he would do besides talk if he had the choice. "That's exactly what I was thinking..."

He plopped down on a plush armchair and tried to relax as much as possible, while the princess got him something to drink.

"This is really rude of me," said Macos after accepting the cup of tea she offered. "I just feel..."

"Take it easy," she told him. "It's all right." She sat down on the foot of her bed and began sipping her coffee. "You need to leave soon, though."

"I shall," Macos said trying to think of something romantic to say. "You know, I've always found you very... I mean—you are amazing!"

"Thank you," she rolled her eyes. "I get that a lot."

"I see," said Macos. "Now tell me, Princess, do you want to go out with me sometime?"

"Sure," she thought for a moment. "I guess."

"Seriously?"

"Yes," her eyes drifted to her coffee. "I already said 'yes'."

"So you did!" Macos jumped to his feet. "Let us waste no more time..."

"Excuse me," a tall man with a large sword said as he burst in to the bedroom. "Princess! Your father is..."

"Dead," the princess shivered. "I heard..."

"No! He's alive," the guard jumped up and down with glee. "He's just fine! In fact—What is he doing here?" The man noticed Macos. "Aren't you scheduled for execution or something?"

"Me?" asked Macos. "No, I wasn't told about that!"

"I think it was supposed to be a surprise," said the princess. "Unfortunately, you know now..."

"You knew?" Macos looked around the room to find it was crawling with rather attractive female archers. "This is an ambush?"

"Yes," admitted the princess. "I had to lure you up here so we could capture you."

"I see," said Macos. "I guess our love was just a lie."

"Love? Oh yes!" the princess remembered. "No, that actually wasn't a lie. It's too bad that there's such a fine line between bitter hatred and passionate desire."

"Yeah," Macos said as he put his hands on his head. "How about that! One minute she's all smiley and now..."

"Shut up!" a hot female archer kicked him bitterly. "Keep your hands on your head where I can see them!"

"They are on my head," Macos protested.

"I can't see them" said the female archer.

"That's ridiculous!" the gladiator protested. "What do you mean?"

"Take you hands out of your hair," she barked.

"If you insist," Macos pulled out a huge sword and killed the annoying archer woman.

“What was that?” asked the princess. “I always keep a nice big sword tucked away in my hair... for emergencies!” he killed the rest of the archers with a few bold hacks and slashes.

“Put your sword away!” the emperor entered the room wearing a neck brace.

“Sir!” Macos threw the sword down. “I just want to know...”

There was a loud crashing sound.

“Macos!” the princess rushed over to his limb body. “Someone dropped a huge boulder on him!”

“Yes,” said the king pointing to a hole in the ceiling. “my assassin’s have done well!”

“I’m not dead,” said Macos in a muffled voice. “I’ve just critically wounded...”

“I know,” said the king. “Tomorrow, Mr. Critically Wounded will face his arch enemy...”

“He can’t fight if he’s all beat up!” cried the princess, who had a habit of changing her mind constantly.”

“Ha!” the emperor walked out of the room. “Get that buffoon a body cast! Tomorrow will be his last fight!”