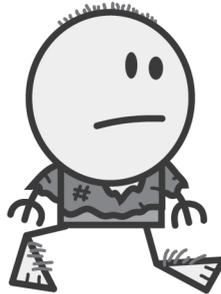


The
Order of the **Stick**™

presents

Uncivil Servant

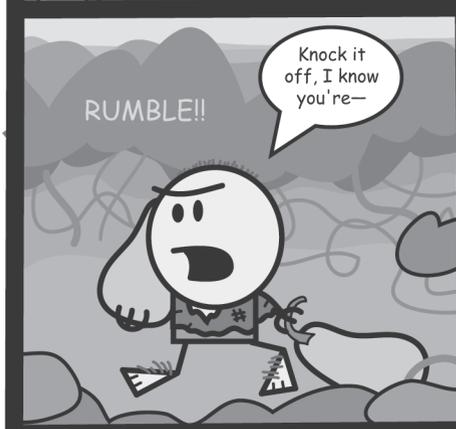
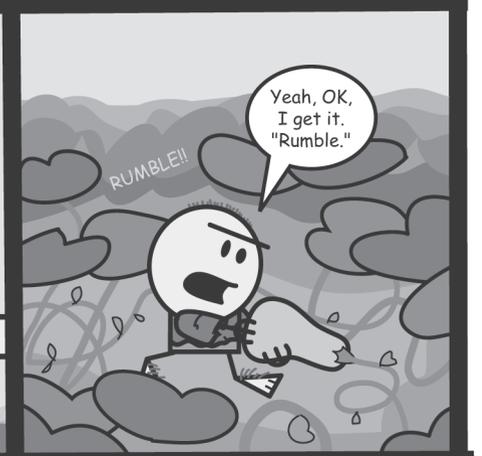
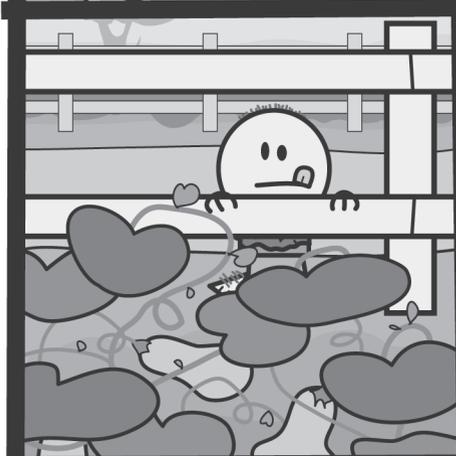
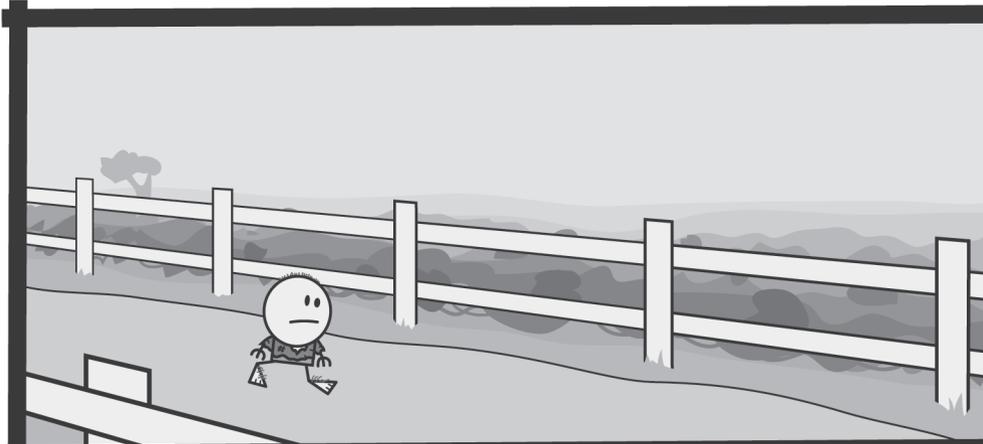
starring Belkar Bitterleaf™

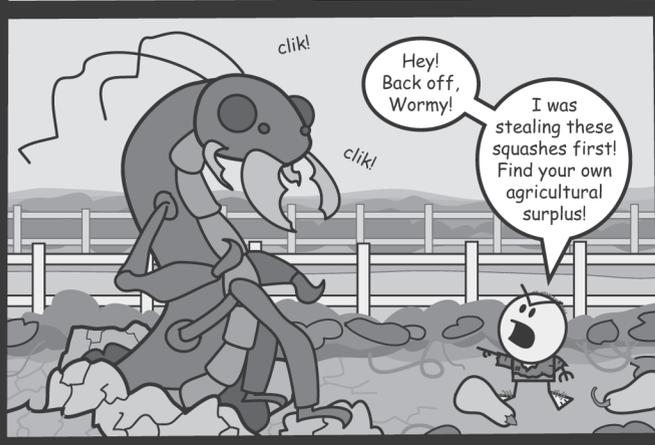


by Rich Burlew

GIANT in
the
PLAYGROUND™

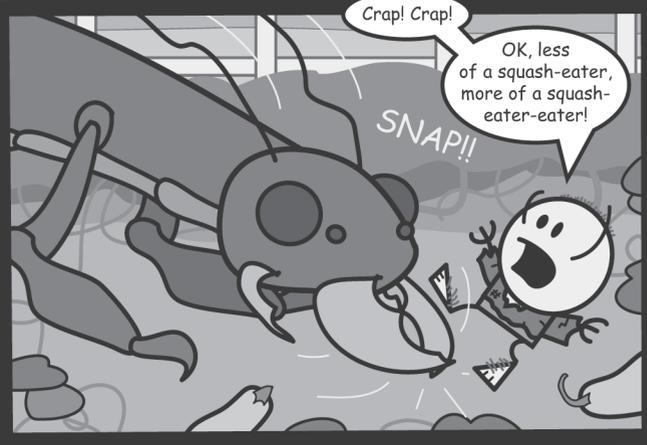
©2013 Giant in the Playground. All rights reserved. THE ORDER OF THE STICK, OOTS, BELKAR BITTERLEAF, GIANT IN THE PLAYGROUND, as well as all characters featured in this work, the distinctive likenesses thereof and related elements, are trademarks of Giant in the Playground. Thanks to all the Kickstarter backers who made this possible, and special thanks to the backer who requested this story. Please don't distribute this file, OK? Thanks.





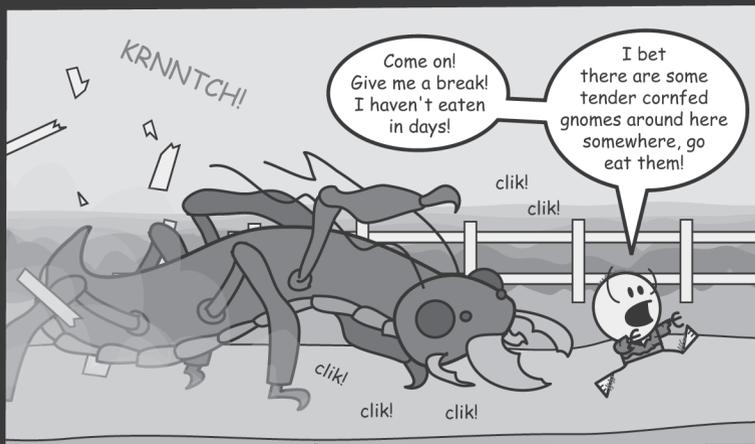
Hey! Back off, Wormy!

I was stealing these squashes first! Find your own agricultural surplus!



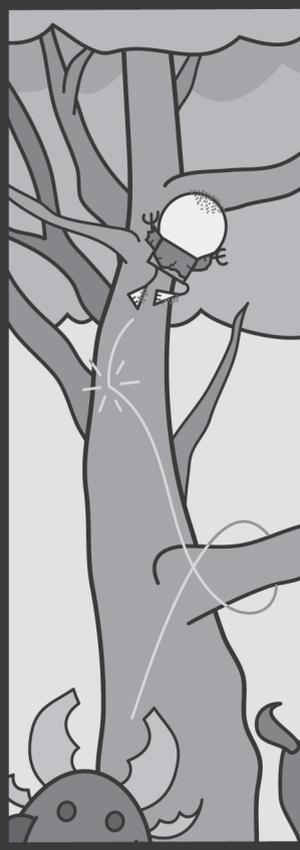
Crap! Crap!

OK, less of a squash-eater, more of a squash-eater-eater!



Come on! Give me a break! I haven't eaten in days!

I bet there are some tender cornfed gnomes around here somewhere, go eat them!

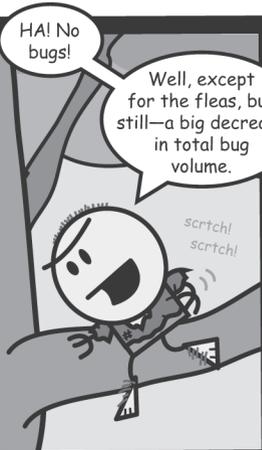


Suck my butternuts, klik-face! This short loin is off the menu!!



Now I just need to wait here until he gets bored and decides to leave.





HA! No bugs!

Well, except for the fleas, but still—a big decrease in total bug volume.

scratch!
scratch!



I think maybe I should stay away from the squash fields, though.

That's OK, I can use my elite ranger survival skills to scavenge for food.



Uggh! They call that a blueberry muffin in this town?

I might as well just throw that directly in the crapper and save my digestive system the grief.



Who taught this guy to bake? A troglodyte?



Baking is a complex chemical process, you know. You can't just throw a bunch of ingredients in a pan.



Hmmm. Maybe I'll do a few loaves of bread for the road...



Shouldn't you have started by now?

Shhhhhhh! There's an enchanted leprechaun doing my work for me!

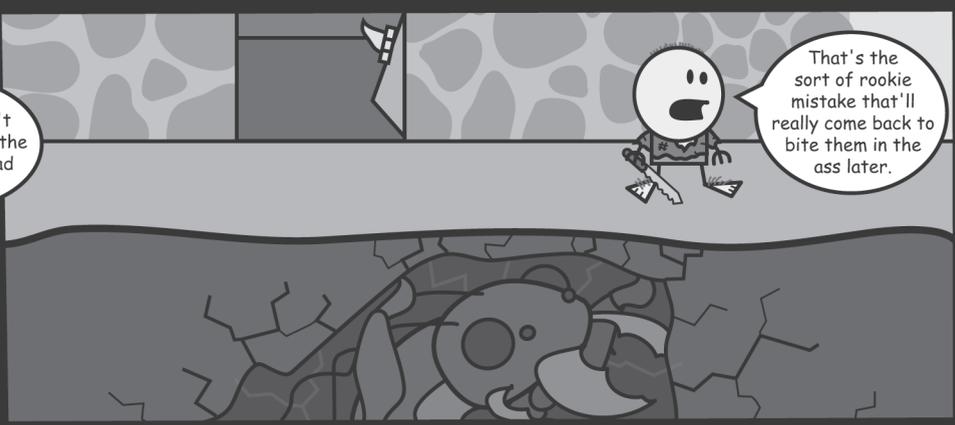
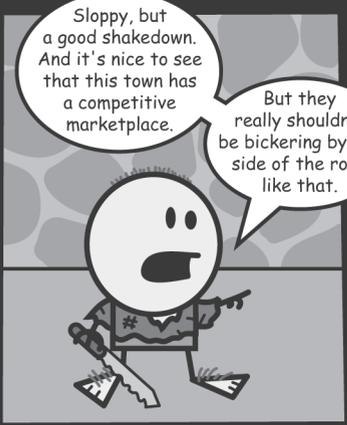


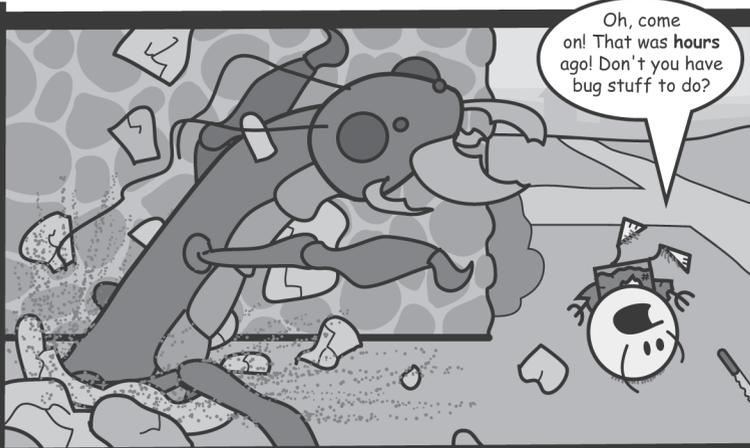
I can finally rub this in the face of that smug cobbler and his magical shoe-making elves!



I don't know how many of my regular customers will want 90,000 gp Boots of Eldritch Supremacy.

... We could make them into sandals?





Oh, come on! That was hours ago! Don't you have bug stuff to do?

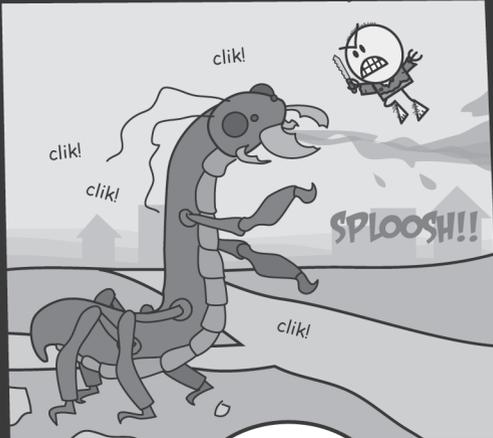


What the—?

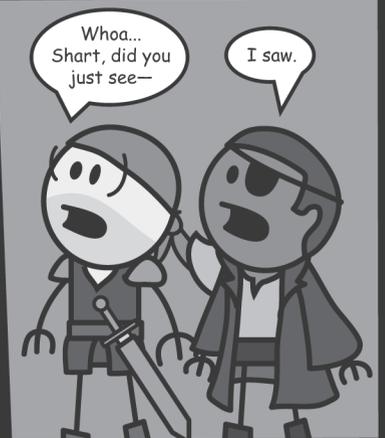
Damn it! The ankheg!



Fine, fine! You want a piece of me?



SPLOOSH!!



Whoa... Shart, did you just see—

I saw.



HA! In your face!

Literally, because the knife is actually in your face.



See? Monsters with skin like a bageutte shouldn't mess with a man holding a bread knife!



Hey, that was pretty impressive.

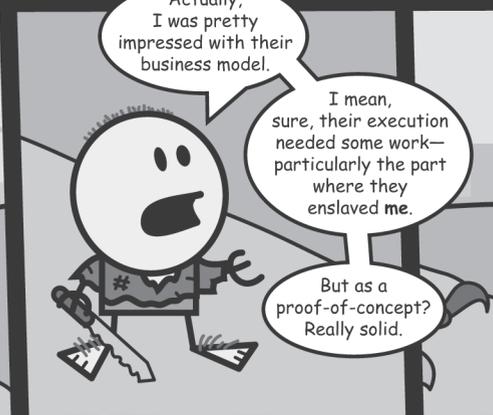
Looks like you've fallen on hard times, friend.

Eh. It'd be more impressive if I didn't have to wash the knife before I could finish my breakfast.



Oh, the rags? Yeah, I just escaped from like seven months of slavery, so...

Geez, that sounds terrible!



Actually, I was pretty impressed with their business model.

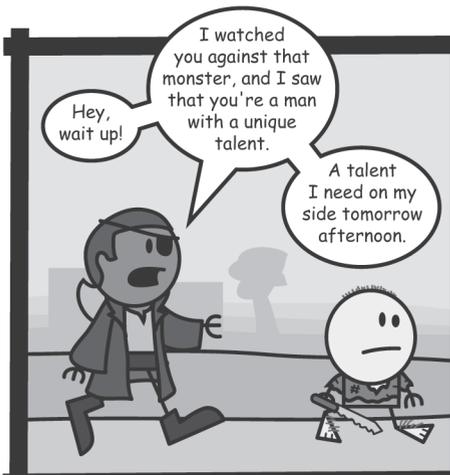
I mean, sure, their execution needed some work—particularly the part where they enslaved me.

But as a proof-of-concept? Really solid.



And, uh, what happened to the slavers?

I helped them with their executions.



Hey, wait up!

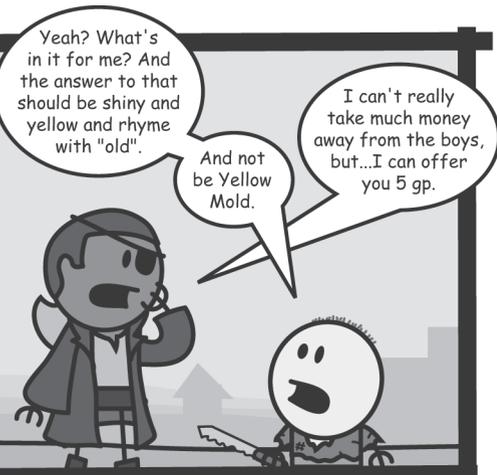
I watched you against that monster, and I saw that you're a man with a unique talent.

A talent I need on my side tomorrow afternoon.



I've gotten a squad together to take down this loser Brint.

I think my chances are pretty good, but with you on my team, it'll be a sure thing.



Yeah? What's in it for me? And the answer to that should be shiny and yellow and rhyme with "old".

And not be Yellow Mold.

I can't really take much money away from the boys, but...I can offer you 5 gp.



I can offer you 10 gp to be on my side instead.

Back off, Brint! I got to him first!

Gentlemen, I'm sure we can come to some sort of arrangement.



Hmmm.

Normally, I would suggest pitting you against one another in a bloody deathmatch, but that seems sorta redundant in this case.



What do you—

Damn, Shart! It's the deputy mayor!



I can't get caught talking to you. I'll be in touch.

Me too.

Hey, you! Halfing!

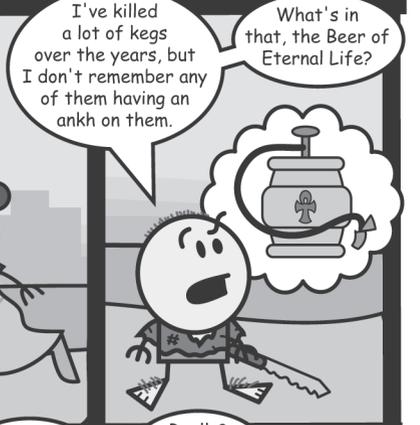
Hey, wait! Goddamn it!



Thanks for chasing away two perfectly good offers. I thought local government was supposed to support small business.

huff! *huff!*

Did you kill the ankheg?



I've killed a lot of kegs over the years, but I don't remember any of them having an ank on them.

What's in that, the Beer of Eternal Life?



No, the ankheg is that big acid-spitting bug laying dead over there.

Because sadly, that's not specific enough for this region.

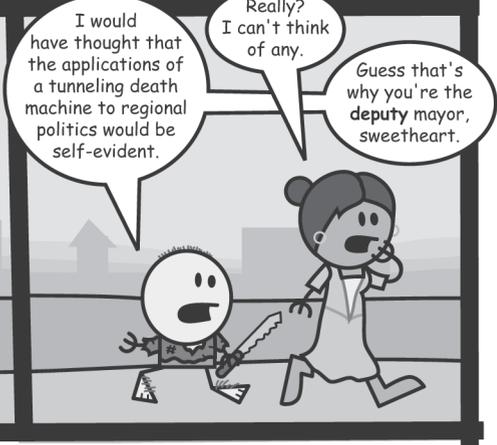
Why don't you just call it Big Acid-Spitting Bug, then?



If you killed it, I'm going to need you to come see the mayor.

Crap, was it his pet or something?

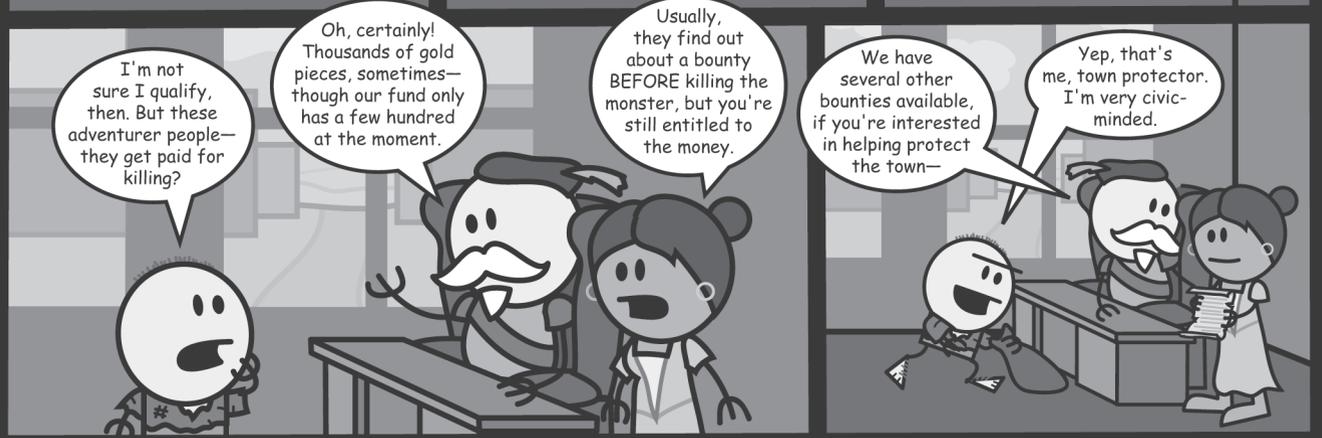
What? No. Why would the mayor of a small town have a giant bug as a pet?

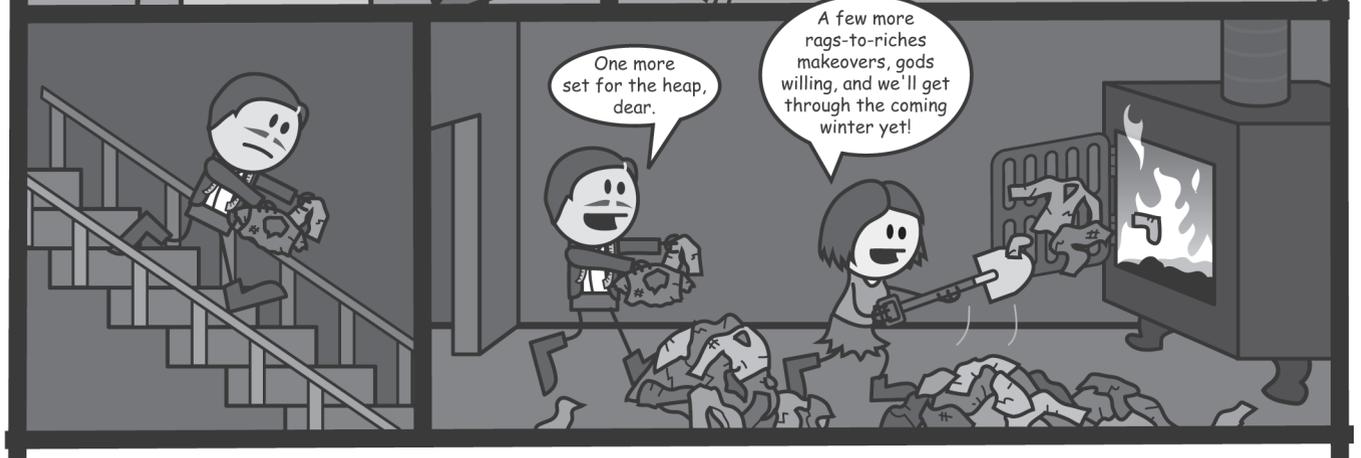
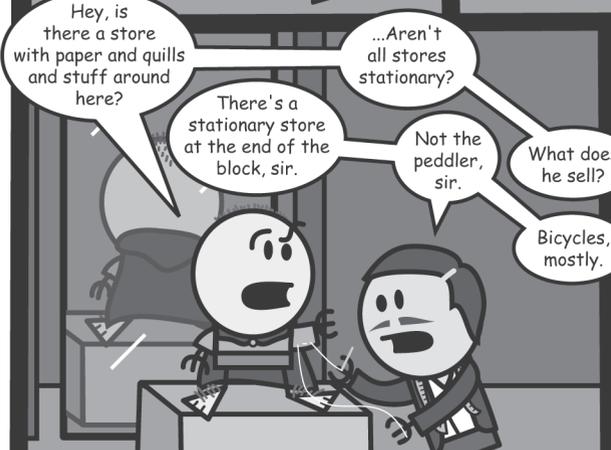
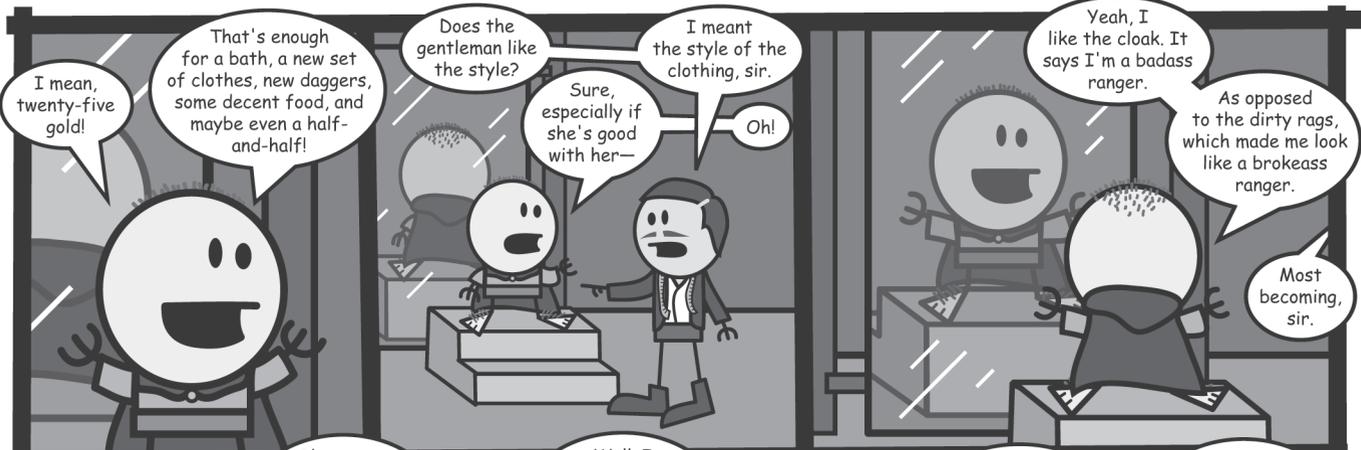


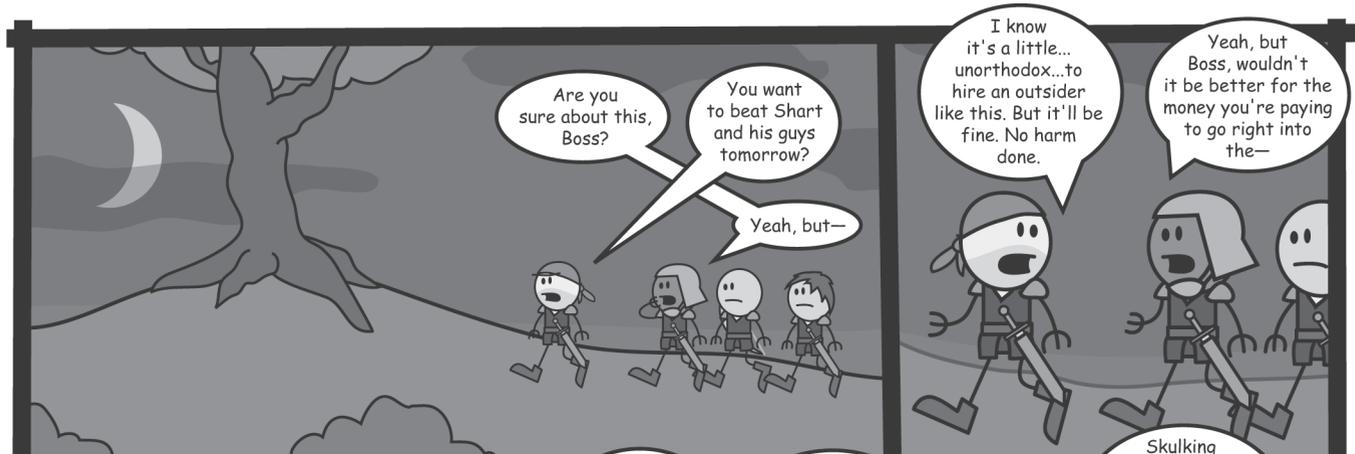
I would have thought that the applications of a tunneling death machine to regional politics would be self-evident.

Really? I can't think of any.

Guess that's why you're the deputy mayor, sweetheart.



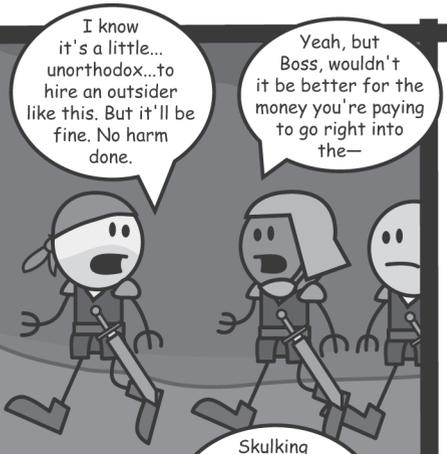




Are you sure about this, Boss?

You want to beat Shart and his guys tomorrow?

Yeah, but—



I know it's a little... unorthodox...to hire an outsider like this. But it'll be fine. No harm done.

Yeah, but Boss, wouldn't it be better for the money you're paying to go right into the—



You! What are you doing here?!? Did you follow us?

Me? What are YOU doing here?



A messenger showed up with a note from that halfling, saying to meet him here and he'd join my team.

What? He sent me one too, saying the exact same thing.

...I don't get it.



You know, Brint...this is ridiculous. What are we doing?

Skulking around in a field trying to hire a random halfling just so we can beat the other guy?

Now that you mention it, it is pretty silly.



I think this whole "feud" has gotten way out of hand. This isn't why I got into this job.

I think you're right. I've been so busy thinking about this, the rest of my work has been suffering.



Huh. I was really hoping luring both sides here would end with you killing each other.

I guess I'm no Toshiro Mifune after all.



Looks like it's up to me, then!

BRINT!!!

SHTHNKI SHTHNKI



What are you doing?!?

Killing you both, obviously. Well, the "both" part will be more apparent in a moment.



You stupid bastard!!

Geez, you think you'd be more grateful. I made you top thief in this town for 30 seconds.



Well, like 18, but still.

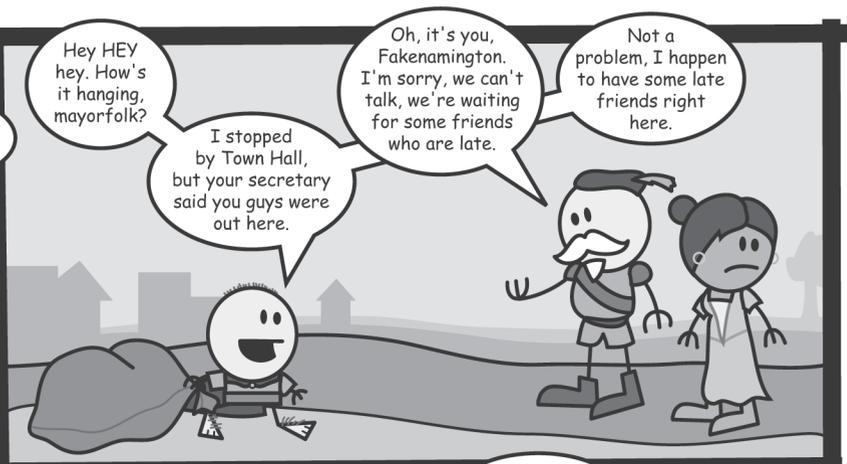
Well, like 18, but still.



Where are they? This is supposed to begin in a few minutes!

I don't know, sir. We can't find either of them anywhere.

Well, send someone to look again!



Hey HEY hey. How's it hanging, mayorfolk?

I stopped by Town Hall, but your secretary said you guys were out here.

Oh, it's you, Fakenamington. I'm sorry, we can't talk, we're waiting for some friends who are late.

Not a problem, I happen to have some late friends right here.



"Hey there, Mr. Mayor! It's me, Lowlife Thug #1!"

AHHH!!!

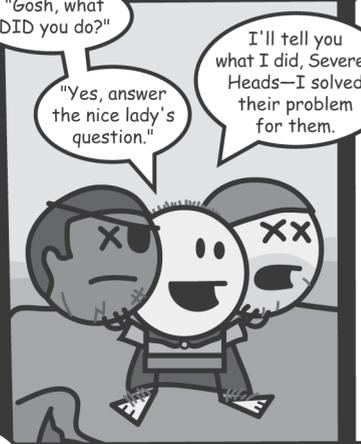
Oh my gods! Brint!



"Don't forget about me back here—Lowlife Thug #2!"

Shart?!? What—what is happening?

What did you do??



"Gosh, what DID you do?"

"Yes, answer the nice lady's question."

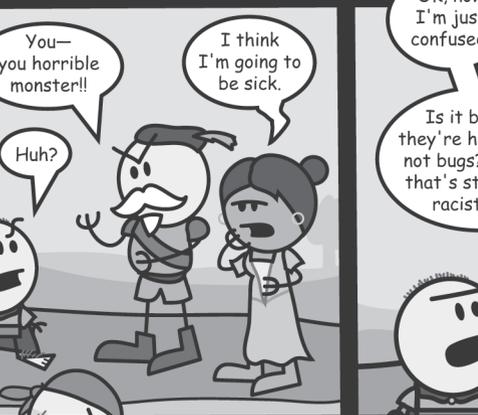
I'll tell you what I did, Severed Heads—I solved their problem for them.



The way I saw it, these two suzzbuckets shaking down your townspeople in broad daylight was more of a problem than an insect, right?

So, as an adventurer, I killed them both for you. Problem solved.

I think 50 gp each sounds like a reasonable price to me.



You— you horrible monster!!

Huh?

I think I'm going to be sick.



OK, now I'm just confused.

Is it because they're humans and not bugs? Because that's straight up racist, man.

No, it's not— just stop talking, you vile little psychopath!

Hllrrrrkkk!



Geez, I take it upon myself to clean up your mean streets for you, and this is the thanks I get?

Just for that, I'm going to have to charge you 75 gp a head.



Clean up our streets? Do you have any idea who they were??

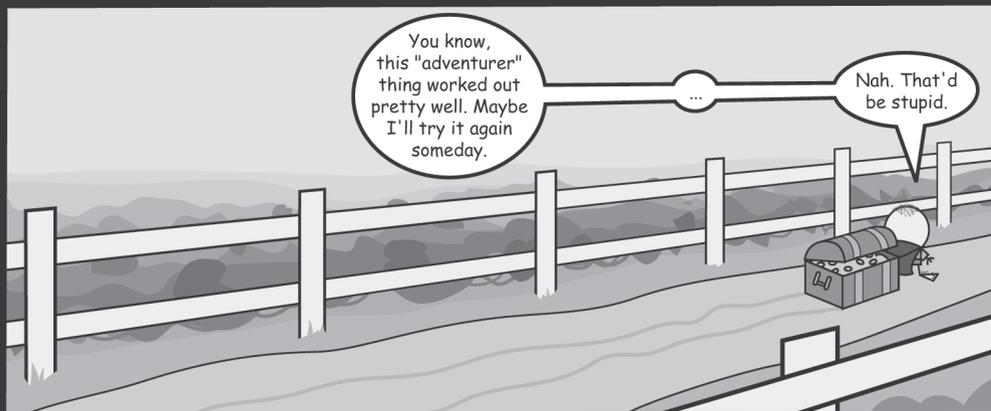
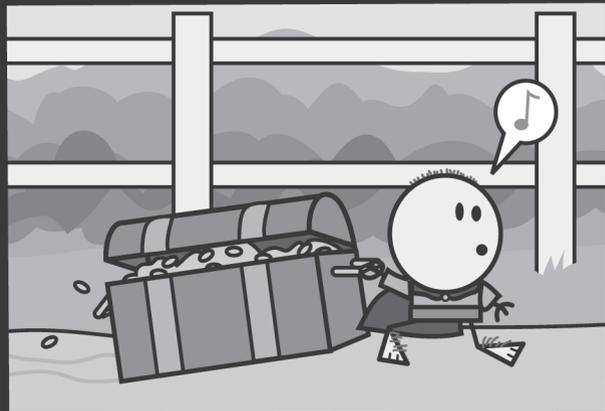
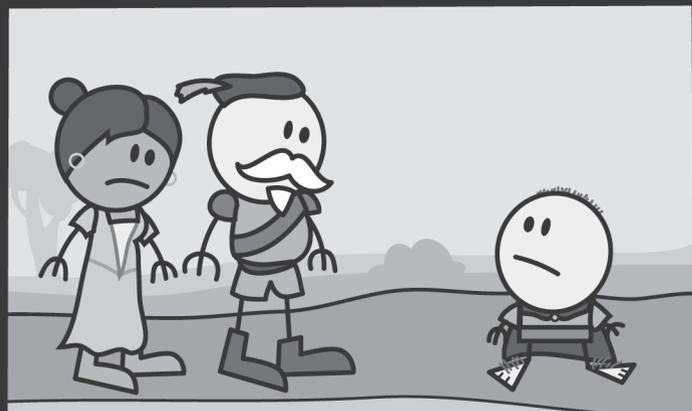
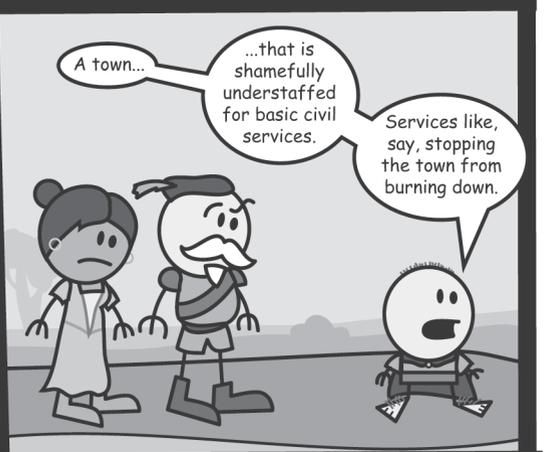
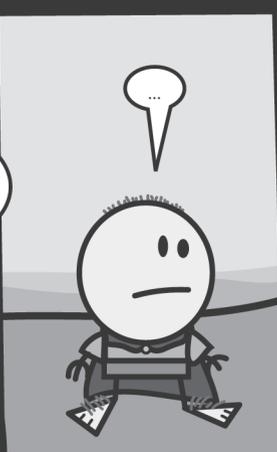
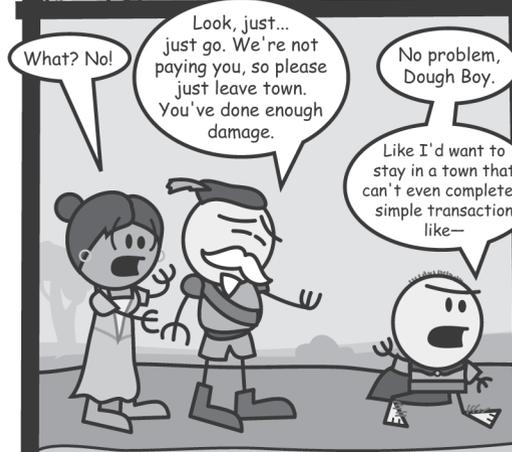
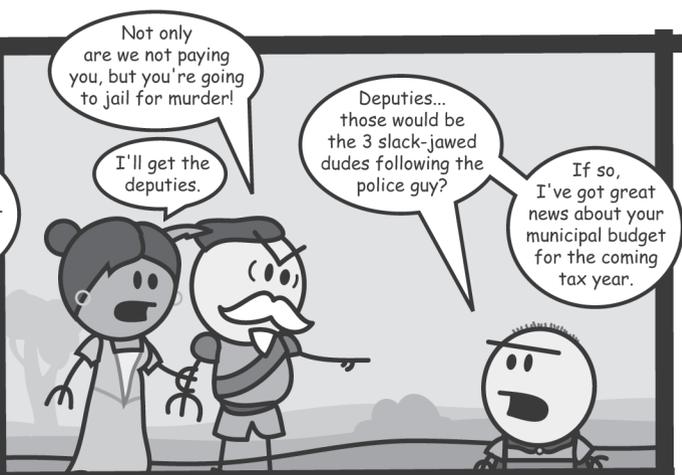
Yeah, a couple of lowdown extortionists who each tried to recruit me into their gang of thugs.



They weren't— they don't—

LOOK!!





The End