

# Hung the Barbarian

*Larger Than Life  
Dumber Than Death*

by

## Celli The Happy Go Lucky Celaphopod

*Celli wrote this. So, don't believe what they say. Not everything he wrote is pure unadulterated crap. I mean, sure, this here might be crap. But it's the type of crap that has all the adultery and sexual innuendo you could possibly shake a, er, um, well, a well hung barbarian sized schlong at... all that and more.*

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*See, he's a barbarian and he's hung, um, I guess, what I'm saying is that the word 'Schlong' is sort of bandied about pretty liberally in the following vignettes, so, like, if you don't want to read about a barbarian who is really-really well-hung and who's sort of let that go to his head (blood flow problems and all that, mind you, he's none too smart), you just might want to stop reading right about...  
(wait for it)  
now.*

# 1 #

### Hung the Barbarian

It was a crowded night. The bar was full of the usual patrons. The dwarfs were singing a noisy song in the corner. A morose elf quenched his sorrows with a glass of beer at the bar. A gypsy dancer was on a table slowly removing an item of clothing every time someone placed silver in her bowl, and the buxom bar wench did an ill job of cleaning mugs with a soiled rag.

It was good times in the land. Another steamy night was getting ready to start.

Even before he burst through the doors, a silence swept over the bar. The dwarfs stopped singing and the elf stopped sobbing. Even the gypsy stopped dancing. All eyes turned to the door.

With a might crash the doors flew open. A cold breeze filled the room with snow from the blizzard. Then he entered, Hung the Barbarian, slayer of beasts, ravager of women. He paused at the entrance for all to behold. He surveyed the room. Noticing a

wizard his sword arm twitched, the wizard shook, but now was not the time. This was neutral ground, a meeting place.

He shook off the cold and mounds of snow settled at his feet. Striding to the bar, someone closed the door behind him. He gave his great shaggy head a shake and melted snow covered the elf.

“I,” he said to the bar wench, “am HUNG, slayer of beasts, ravager of women.” With studied indifference the bar wench ignored him. This was not going well Hung thought. He repeated himself, “I am Hung, slayer of beasts, ravager of women.”

“Yeah, Yeah. I heard you the first time honey,” the bar maid said hardly glancing up.

Surly wenches. The world was littered with them, a more cunning man might have thought. Thinking was for fools. Hung was a man of action. He slung the great beasts he had been carrying over his shoulders onto the bar, the skin of a great bear and that of an even greater lion. “I am Hung,” he said. “We trade.”

The bar wench eyed the bloodily, hacked up furs disdainfully. “What the hell are those?”

“They are the skins of mighty beasts. I am Hung, slayer...”

“I heard you the first time,” the barmaid cut him off. Hung was not good at thinking on his feet, and it always bothered him not to complete his full title. He mouthed the words slowly to himself, “slayer of beasts, ravager of women.” When he was done, and satisfied that is who he was. He explained the obviousness of the situation. “I slayed the beasts. These are their skins. We trade.”

Hung quickly realized the barmaid was not following along with his carefully laid out explanation when she said, “We don’t take skins? Beer is two silver, if you need to trade your skins try...” but Hung was no longer listening.

It was difficult to communicate with women. They would often go on long tangents, telling long stories about their girlfriends, mothers, or house cleaning secrets. Even worse they

would use confusing words like chivalry, when what they meant was “take out the trash.” It was best not to listen.

They could get riled if you interrupted them, though. So, Hung settled back waiting for her to finish. There was no indication that would be any time soon.

Having taken the furs off of his shoulders Hung was much more comfortable. He was a barbarian. Clothes, even if they were only raw animal pelts, were a hindrance. He enjoyed the sun on his back and the breeze between his legs. He was now clothed only in a modest jerkin. He did not require protection from the elements. He was Hung the Barbarian and all that. He laughed at the elements, danced with death, and cursed the gods. He liked the sound of that and thought about adding it to his name.

Usually in a story of this nature, once the hero enters the bar, the music resumes, the dwarves start singing, the elf continues to cry in his beer, and someone throws another coin into the gypsy dancer’s bowl, and she slowly takes off her top.

This is not a usual story. This is the story of Hung the Barbarian. In the bar that night, the patrons knew they were witnessing history. Bards would tell of this night in the ages to come. For when Hung had taken off the animal pelts he had revealed himself in all his glory. A big huge beast slaying sword was strapped across his shoulder, while around his waist was only the merest strap of leather cloth. Dangling far, far below his jerkin, his schlong stopped mere inches from the floor. The gypsy did not need coins in her bowl, she started to shed clothes and caress herself spontaneously. The dwarfs considered the hydraulic requirements of such a wonder, and the elf discovered a newfound reason to cry in his beer.

Her view blocked by the bar, the wench yammered on. Hung was getting a headache. He rubbed his temples. His feet ached from walking, but that was not all. When he walked, if he was not careful, his mighty schlong would bump into rocks, branches, and other obstacles.

He tried to focus on what the barmaid was saying, "... and then Bettie said..." There was nothing to do but wait it out. It had been a long journey. He ached all over. In an effort to relax he draped his mighty schlong across the bar.

All through the bar there was an expectant silence. Hung, who had almost dozed off, realized the wench had stopped talking. He continued from where he was before, indicating the pelts on the bar he bellowed with a mighty authority, "I am HUNG! We will trade."

She was just a lowly barmaid and had never gone to the scullery academy, but she knew a good deal when she saw one.

Good he had her attention. "Beer!" he roared.

With a brace of frothy ale in each hand, the eager strumpet leaped across the bar and into Hung arms. "I go with the beer," she explained lustily.

Across the room the gypsy wasn't going to miss her chance. Forgetting her coins, she jumped into Hung's other arm, and chirped, "Me too."

The patrons watched in awe as Hung climbed the steps to the guest rooms with a lusty lass in either arm. It was history. The bards would sing of this.

He was Hung the Barbarian, slayer of beasts, ravager of women. It had been a long journey. He just wanted to sleep. He thought about shortening his name to Hung, slayer of beasts. Really, he thought, how much ravaging can a guy take?

No. Those are the thoughts of a lesser man. He banished them quickly. If not he, who would ravage these women? And, if that bar wench started talking again, he knew how to shut her up.

He was Hung the Barbarian, slayer of beasts, ravager of women, and this is his story.

Hung paused in the corridor. This was it. He was almost at the end of his quest.

Um? He should make sure he thought. Now where did he put that scrap of paper? He checked his chest. No he was bare chested, if well oiled. No pockets there. He checked his pants. Then he remembered he was a barbarian. Real barbarians don't wear pants. They wore little scraps of leather. He paused to reflect on the sensibleness of this and then he remembered he was Hung the Barbarian, slayer of beasts, ravager of women. Nowhere in there did it say reflector of thoughts, solver of riddles, or anything else really. It said what it said. It was simple, to the point, really.

Point? Maybe he put the scrap of paper on the end of his sword. Looking over his great broadsword, he couldn't help but reflect, even if it wasn't part of his name, sometimes the muses struck and he thought, "If I had put the paper on the end of my sword, then I would have already found it."

OK, he wasn't a great thinker. Even so, there was only one place left to look, his giant schloong. He grasped his mighty schloong in his hand and gave it a good shake. It had been a long time since he'd aired out his schloong. It felt good. He shook it again. He was about to shake it a third time when a little scrap of paper fluttered to the ground. It had been hidden.... Some things it is best not to delve to deeply into. The scrap of paper had been hidden. It had been discovered. Let us leave it at that.

The paper. Yes. He had been looking for the paper. Why? He squeezed his eyes. He grimaced. This thinking was hard work. Resting against the wall, under a hooded lantern, which cast a reddish hue, Hung considered the paper. On it were written the words

Stable	Clean	<i>Stan</i>
Medusa	Head	
Princess	Ravage	

It was a simple list really. Hung scratched his head. The bards sung of his prowess, his skill in battle, his ample schloong. They really went on about his schloong. He thought it would be handy to have one of those bards around right now and they could remind him what the list was about. He looked and there were none about, so he went back to the list.

“Princess, Ravage,” he said to himself. That seemed easy enough. He worked it through. “I am Hung the Barbarian, slayer of beasts, ravager of women.”

“I’ve got it,” he finally exclaiming. Remembering now that if he completed two simple tasks. “Really, hardly worth the effort,” the king had assured him. The king would give Hung his daughter to ravage.

It all seemed rather silly to hung. It was so much more straightforward to kill the king and then just ravage the princess. He had tried that before and all he had heard for the next three years was, “blah, blah, blah, you never take me anywhere, blah, blah, blah, you killed my father.” He was getting a headache just thinking about it. Then he started to think about how much he was getting headaches these days, but the pain was crippling and he quickly abandoned all rational thought.

It’s just the way it was. Before a king would give you his daughter to ravage you had to do a quest or two. He had heard stories of some heroes doing upwards of a dozen quests for one princess.

What was the point? He’d been working on two quests for the last five years. By the time he got done the princess would be an old maid. He tried to do the math but he failed. Five years older, that’s what she would be. Let the sages figure it out.

He looked at the first items on the list. “Stable, Clean, stan.” He chuckled to himself. Maybe he should add solver of riddles to his name. He remembered those five years well.

The king had wanted him to clean out some stables. And so he did. He went in with a mighty wheelbarrow, filled it up with horse manure, and wheeled it out. He did this over and over for

five years. Then one day when he was wheeling a wheelbarrow of crap out of a stall he'd just cleaned, he watched as the horse took a mighty poop. "That's pretty damn impressive," he said to himself. A week later he realized that meant the horses were filling the stable up with crap as fast as he was taking it out. If that kept up, it would take him another five years to clean out the stable.

The horse, whose stall he was currently cleaning, then dropped a particularly foul load. It splattered all over Hung. "Foul beast," he exclaimed. The wheels turned slowly in his head. "I am Hung the Barbarian," he mouthed, "slayer of beasts, ravager of women." There was no denying it. The horse was a beast. Even if one were to deny it, Hung would simply cut the denier in half with his great sword. So, there really was no point in denying it. It was settled. The horses were beasts and he, Hung, slew beasts.

He was going to get this quest out of the way in no time. Going from pen to pen and stall to stall, he slashed and slayed the horses. Great piles of horses were piled up. They ran to and fro. But ever the diligent one, Hung hunted them down and sliced them in half.

He paused in his work. He wiped the sweat and blood from his brow. This was working out great. Then he heard Stan, the stable boy, raising a racket. He was yelling and screaming and sobbing. Hung found him.

"The horses. The horses." Stan sobbed.

Hung made his presence known, "I am Hung..." Hung continued, but Stan wasn't listening. He was blabbering on about how all the horses were dead.

Hung thought. If Stan would only listen he would understand. Hung liked Stan. Stan had always let Hung know where there was crap to be cleaned. So, Hung was more patient with Stan than he might have been with another. "Horses crap no more," Hung wisely explained.

"No. No. You dumb..." Stan cut himself off.

Hung readied his sword.

“Dumb Horses,” Stan corrected himself. “Dumb, stupid, horses crapping everywhere.”

Hung saw that he understood. A horse neighed, reminding Hung that there were plenty more horses to go. Hefting his sword he, he smiled at Stan, and said, “Off to work.”

Concern for the horses, overtook Stan’s sense of safety. “You’re not supposed to kill the horses.” He called out after Hung.

Hung narrowed his eyes at Stan. Was Stan going to try and stop him?

“Water,” Stan said quickly, in an effort to save his life. “Like Hercules, and every other hero. You’re supposed to redirect the flow of a river.”

Hung considered this and said, “Sounds hard.”

“But you’re a hero.”

Hung shrugged and hefted his sword again. “Killing them is easier.”

Stan thought quickly. If Hung killed all the horses, then he’d be out of a job. There really wasn’t much of a future for a stable boy if there weren’t any horses left. “You want to kill the horses because they keep on crapping.”

This was getting Hung nowhere. He swung his great sword slicing through two horses at once. Now that was the way to solve a problem.

“Wait. Wait.” Stan screamed. “Suppose for a second the stable was clean.”

Hung ignored him and swung again.

“Butter Cup?” cried a horrified Stan. He continued, “If the stable was clean, it would only get dirty again.”

“Horses crap,” Hung responded as he thrust his sword through another horse. Slayer of beasts, he wasn’t kidding, he was really good at this.

“Right. Right. Because horses crap. So couldn’t we just say you cleaned the stable, and that the horses just crapped again.”

Hung reflected on this. He remembered that he thought better while swinging his sword, so he killed a few more of the



braying beasts before he responded, “How would the king know I cleaned it.”

“I could write a note,” Stan said throwing out the first thing that came into his mind.

So Hung got out his paper where he had written down the king's quest and right next to “Stable Clean” Stan signed his name as confirmation Hung had cleaned the stable.

His reverie over, under the lantern, Hung considered the paper.

Stable	Clean	<i>Stan</i>
Medusa	Head	
Princess	Ravage	

There were a lot of words there, and Hung wasn't really sure, but there was no one around so he chanced it saying, “Two down, one to go.”

“Medusa, Head,” he put the paper back from where it had come. Relying on his sword he eyed the large iron clad door in front of him, and then he kicked it in.

Hung paused a moment before entering. He liked to keep his entrances dramatic and he found that breaking down a door and then waiting a second or two before leisurely strolling in added to the suspense. He was feeling a bit theatrical and this one finger nail had been bothering him, so he paused a moment to trim his nails with his mighty sword. Giving the nails a final inspection and being pleased with his manicure, he strode boldly into the lair of the Medusa.

This place is a dump, he thought. And when you thought about it, for a guy who doesn't like to think, Hung was doing a lot of thinking. He made a mental note to stop thinking so much without realizing the irony.

Didn't she ever clean this place? They had services, Merry Wenches or Scullery Express. It just wasn't that hard. What it did was indicate a lack of pride in one's lair.

The place was littered with stone statues. It was as if some sculpting genius had gone on a rampage and destroyed their entire life's work. Only a few of the statues were still standing. Most were lying down. Some had been stacked in a haphazard pile against a wall. In between them all would be a shattered head or broken leg. Off in the corner, there was a pile of arms. Hung was pleased to see that. It was a sign that someone had attempted to clean the place a little.

Hung bent down and picked up a sculpted head. The detail was amazing. To bad this Medusa was a beast otherwise she would have had a future as an artist. No matter, he dropped the head and it shattered into a million pieces.

Hung had already forgotten why he was here so he found the paper again and studied it. "Medusa, Head," he said to himself. He was Hung. He was a slayer of beasts, but some of these beasts were tricky. They could be immune to some attacks. Though he had yet to meet the beast that was immune to a well-aimed sword thrust, so usually the trick was in what the beasts could do to you; dragons could breathe fire, demons could steal your soul, lawyers could write a court summons, and accountants could pad an expense account. And editors, he shuddered, he didn't even want to think about editors.

This Medusa what was her power? Hung was at a loss. He looked around. "It's definitely not housekeeping," he said to himself. His voice echoed through the chamber.

"What was that? Is someone there?" the sultry voice of the foul beast sounded behind a curtained podium at the end of the hall.

The hairs stood up on the back of Hung's neck. This could be bad. Most of the female beasts had special vocal powers. Even a regular bar wench could yammer on for hours. He remembered poor Ulysses, or was it his cousin, Odysseus. No matter, it was one of them. Ulysses had spent seven years listening to this witch before he could get a word in edgewise and ask for directions. He didn't have seven years. The princess was already... five years

older. Add another seven and she'd be... even older. He might be old fashioned, but it was the young princess's he liked. After a while they became queens. Hung didn't swing that way. He wasn't making judgments. To each his own, but he was a princess ravaging type barbarian, through and through.

The vile creature was coming closer. It was trying to find the break in the curtains. Soon it would show itself.

Hung wasn't good at the whole waiting thing. Once a therapist had said he had, "ADH...ARGHH." Hung had decided it sounded like it would be bad news so he sliced the therapist in half. He sometimes thought it would be helpful to know what he could do to treat "ADH...ARGHH," but word had gotten around of his malady and none of the other therapist wanted to treat someone with *that*.

Hung had to focus. This vile creature was about to come into sight and he didn't have a plan yet. OK. He did have a plan. He'd slice the vile creature in half, but ever since he'd seen that therapist he had wanted to "grow as a person." He really didn't know what that meant. It sounded like it would mean bigger muscles, and in the hero game, bigger is better.

Focus. He only had moments. Vile beast. She-devil. That was the other thing. He was Hung the Barbarian, slayer of beasts, ravager of women. When you give yourself a moniker, you don't always realize the full implications. If the beast is a woman, what do you do? Do you ravage her? Slay her? Ravage and then slay her? Or slay her and then ravage her? It is mental quandaries like this, which make being a barbarian harder than it would at first blush appear.

He remembered once in Sodom. The reason they had gotten started with that whole business in Sodom was that the women there were truly ugly; not your run of the mill ugly. We are talking horridly, hideously ugly; in a word, beastly. Hung had killed several dozen of the town's women folk before they could explain the situation to him. It was all so confusing.

The upshot was, female beasts were the worst. He needed every advantage he could get. He gathered his wits about him and carefully stuffed them in his jerkin where they wouldn't get in the way. Then he focused all his attention on parting the curtains.

The Medusa stepped into view. She was a luscious vision to behold. Ample curves that curved where a curve should curve; and much to Hung's delight, things jiggled where they should jiggle, which wasn't always the case with your vile seductouresses. To make matters worse -- or better, I suppose it depends on you point of view, Hung mused -- the vile seductouress wore a long gauze dress, which might as well not have been there as she smiled seductively at Hung as only a vile seductouress can.

Hung looked at her. She was a healthy, good-looking girl. If it wasn't for the snakes coming out of her head, she would definitely need ravaging. He remembered he was supposed to do something. He got out his list. He consulted it briefly and put it away. He readied his sword. He stepped forward to kill the foul beast and/or vile seductouress, whichever the case might have been.

Only, she put up her hand to stop him.

"What manner of evil is this?" he thought.

"My that is a big sword," she said with what she hoped was obvious innuendo. She noticed the big guy wasn't getting it. "Hero's" she thought, "they aren't what they used to be." Not that Perseus was a stroll in the park. Now there was a guy who held a grudge.

Hung started to advance again.

She pointed towards his jerkin and said, "Won't that get in the way?"

It could be a trick. Hung took a half a step back and looked where she indicated. His schloong was fully erect. He usually had to page through a couple of issues of princess' X eXposed or Wild Wenches Weekly before his schloong would get that hard.

She stepped forward and flicked his hardened manhood.

"Hard as a rock," she said with obvious satisfaction.

Vile, er, Beast? Uncertain, Hung raised his sword and prepared to swing.

“You’re not worried,” the Medusa continued unfazed.

Ohh, she was a crafty woman. She was going to start talking. Seven years from now Hung still wouldn’t know the way to the nearest...whatever. He didn’t need directions.

Exasperated, hero’s the Medusa thought. “Your big schloong is in the way,” she said as if explaining it to a simpleton with a third grade education. This of course was way over Hung’s head, but, being who he was, he made a heroic effort and followed along. “If you swing the sword, you’ll cut it off.”

Hung saw that she was right. He stuck his sword in the ground and got ready to choke the vile creature.

“What is it with you anyhow?,” the Medusa complained. “Why do you want to kill me? What did I ever do to you?”

Hung thought about it for a minute. He knew it had something to do with her being a beast. Looking at her voluptuous body again he had second thoughts. He thought these thoughts might be emanating from near his schloong. He remembered something about putting his wits nearby. “The paper,” that was it. He got out the paper and showed it to the Medusa. She looked pretty smart, if you judged by cup size anyhow.

“So, Medusa, Head. That’s what this is all about?” The Medusa, ‘Dussi to her friends, said a little curtly.

Hung nodded. He always felt a little better when his motivations were understood completely.

Flicking his schloong again to test the waters, the Medusa, ‘Dussi to her close friends and business associates, proposed an amiable solution. “So, if I give you my head, everything will be kosher?”

Hung nodded. He wasn’t really sure why the Medusa, Dussi to her friends, business associates, and traveling folk heroes would voluntarily give up her head, but who could understand the ways of foul beasts or sultry women.

‘Dussi laid an exploratory hand on Hung’s mighty Schloong and caressed it. She bent over an inch or so and gave it a kiss. With pouty eyes she looked into Hung’s eyes and asked, “Friends?”

Hung’s mighty schloong twitched. It was clear his wits were giving him the thumbs up, so Hung nodded in agreement. ‘Dussi then proceeded to kiss his mighty schloong. A thousand and one serpents entwined his manhood, flickering their tongues in delight.

Hung wasn’t entirely sure what the king was getting out of this quest. Usually they wanted a goose that laid golden eggs. The value of that was obvious even to Hung. In the end he decided it was the king’s way of throwing him a bachelor party before Hung ravaged his daughter.

“The king’s really not such a bad guy,” thought Hung the Barbarian, slayer of beasts, and ravager of women.

“Mmmmmmm,” said the Medussa as a thousand and one snakes flickered their tongues in delight.

*Eh, maybe someday I’ll write more of these.*

*Maybe.*

*Someday.*