

“A man named Stephan-Sept started hunting with us four weeks ago,” the largest of the hunters said. “He presented many good ideas. When Mordon-tan and Alex-tan died from hippo attacks, Stephan-Sept vanished for two days. He came back to our hunting lodges with four of these weapons he called heavy crossbows. They really aren’t that heavy.”

“Its weight doesn’t matter. What did he tell you about them and where is he now?”

One hunter looked to the others with a confused look on his face. “Well, err; he left our group several weeks ago. He said something about needing to make some type of armor, but he didn’t have the materials needed. I know he worked with the Pharaoh’s weapon smith to make these weapons. I’m sorry we don’t know more.”

“Think nothing of it,” Cam-Thoth-A said to the group. “What you have was given to you by the gods for this battle and this battle alone. Give me one of them and take the rest and present them for sacrifice on the altar of Sebek. You will be greatly rewarded for your efforts here. Now go.”

The streets of Thebes filled with citizens in wild rejoicing mode. Hundreds of the bodies of the Waspians moved into the city for butchering. The eyes and antenna of the monsters were especially delicious parts. The city would eat very well for weeks.

Through contacting the android network, Cam-Thoth-A advised all of them to be on the look out for the weapon smith of the Pharaoh. He asked the network to send him back to his forges.

The entire citizenry of Thebes filled the city lanes rejoicing in the great victory. The Pharaoh in his golden chariot rode through the streets to the shouts of praise and joy from his people. Needless to say it took a bit longer than Cam-Thoth-A thought than it should to reach the Mansion/temple of the Pharaoh and the forges of the Pharaoh’s weapon smith.

The weapon smith stood outside his workplace. He drank and cheered with the rest of the citizens of Thebes. A drunken smirk covered his face.

Cam-Thoth-A threw the crossbow down at the man’s feet. “Who helped you make these and where can I find the man?”

“I thinks his name was Stephan-Sept,” the drunken smith said slurring his words. “We made five of these for. . .”

“Wait, you made five of these? I only saw four on the walls. What happened to the last one?”

The weapon smith took a long drink from a wine jug and a bit of it dribbled down his white cotton shirt. Cam-Thoth-A slapped the jug away and it broke into a hundred pieces.

“Hey, that wasn’t. . .” Cam-Thoth-A lifted the drunk up using one hand. “You listen to me idiot. Those weapons were gifts of the gods for this battle and this battle alone.”

A look of fear cleared up some of the drunken confusion on the face of the weapon smith .