

Food Fight!

It was a normal evening at the tavern until I stuck out my foot and tripped Olaff the Hairy. Being drunk and generally not sure of foot, he crashed into the table next to me. Plates, drinks, and food flew everywhere, and the table's occupants were not pleased.

"How are you going to make up for this, huh?" Silva stood up, her eyes narrowed in frustration. "You've ruined our dinner!"

Olaff glared at her and flung a mug of beer in her face. The entire tavern was silent for a moment, and then chaos erupted.

Silva launched the remains of her chicken, but it missed Olaff and landed on another patron's nose. Furious, he started using his boiled potatoes as weapons and hit Silva in the forehead.

Meanwhile, another group had joined the fray and bread started flying out of nowhere. By this time, almost everyone in the tavern had been affected by this curious mood, and a rainbow of food arced across the room.

I had prepared some slimy carrots beforehand, and I used them now. With some careful aim, I succeeded in placing orange mush in both Silva's hair and Olaff's generous beard. Silva whipped around to try and catch the carrot culprit, but I had already ducked out of sight. What she did see was the hapless Roland, holding a carrot as a ridiculous makeshift shield. Her face turned an ugly shade of purple, and in three strides she had ripped the carrot from his hand and shoved it into his gaping mouth. He slumped to the floor and coughed as he struggled to breathe. Roland was out of the fight.

I crawled to a different area of the tavern to use the rest of my carrots. This food fight was turning out better than I had hoped, but I still had two more targets to take down.

The large group of mercenaries decided their hot soup was the ultimate weapon and poured it onto several brawlers' heads. As the hot soup streamed down between his eyes, one red-haired man howled and scooped up some discarded mashed potatoes. He grabbed a mercenary by the throat and smeared the potatoes onto his face. Another mercenary helped his friend by slapping the red-haired man with a leek. With a wordless cry, the red-haired man fell backwards, knocking over an angry woman holding a piece of beef. She bumped into a carafe of wine and lost her grip on the beefy weapon. The wine spilled

all over Olaff, and the beef slid down the front of Silva's dress, which left behind an unattractive reddish stain.

"You wench!" Silva screamed and threw beer in her face. The wench retaliated with another slice of beef, but Silva dodged to the left.

Olaff started to laugh. "Cat fight!"

And that was my cue to strike. Two pieces of bread sailed from the right and struck Silva. As she spun around, she caught sight of Olaf's broad grin and drew the obvious conclusion. Two apples, four mugs of beer, three sausages, and one pig later, they were both laid out on the ground, panting heavily. Food stains caked their features, and the other tavern patrons hadn't yet stopped fighting.

After using all of my ammunition, I backed into a corner and sat down to watch the rest of the show. Someone had broken into the back room and found more vegetables to use. The fight had definitely alleviated my boredom, and I found myself cheering as another person took a tomato to the stomach. A mostly full glass of mead had been left on the table, and I took a sip and let the warmth run through me. I had learned two lessons tonight. First, never play cards with Silva, Olaff, or Roland. They were cheaters. Worse than that, they were bad cheaters. I'd caught them within two minutes of playing.

The second thing I had learned was to give into my impulses more often. I had started the fight on a whim, because I wanted to see what would happen, and I felt a unique sense of satisfaction as I surveyed the scene around me. The barkeeper and servers cowering behind a barrel of wine. The tomatoes dripping from the ceiling rafters. Thirty people barely conscious on the floor, covered in slop. I had created this masterpiece.

The last two people standing collapsed after a battle involving onions and eyes. I downed my mead and stood up. On my way out of the tavern, I slapped a coin onto the counter. "For the trouble," I told the exhausted barkeeper.

And that is the truth of what happened during the Great Food Fight of 1127.