

Strongest Hammer God

Chapter 12: Chapter 12 – Prison

Kyle woke up in confusion.

'Food time?' he thought.

The hunger had returned, and it was pretty strong.

As he looked around, Kyle realized that his surroundings looked unfamiliar.

He immediately shot up.

'What the fuck? Where am I?!' he thought.

Kyle was in a barren room with a metallic bed and a bucket in the corner.

There were no windows, but one of the walls was made of something that looked like glass.

However, it didn't completely look like glass.

It was giving off a slight blue shimmer, and it seemed to vibrate ever so slightly.

Despite the strangeness of the glass, Kyle could immediately tell where he was.

'I'm in fucking prison!'

Kyle ran to-

BANG!

"FUCK!" Kyle shouted as he fell on his ass before holding his head in pain.

He just wanted to run over to the glass, but he was much faster than expected and ran headfirst into it.

After calming down a bit, Kyle just looked at the glass in confusion.

'Did it move? No, right?'

Kyle pushed himself up with a hand and noticed that the slight push had essentially put him into a full stand.

He blinked a couple of times and looked at his hand.

'That was easy,' he thought. 'Am I really that strong?'

Kyle looked down at his feet and jumped just a slight bit.

BANG!

"Fucking!" he shouted as he held his head again.

His head had hit the ceiling.

'Why am I so retarded?!'

Knock knock!

Kyle's head shot up as he heard knocking coming from the glass.

There, he saw a man dressed in some basic iron armor with a halberd on his back.

"Seluvium-et-allea, mart salvian Spaget-inum," the guy said with annoyance.

'Spaghetti?' Kyle thought.

"I didn't do nothin' wrong!" Kyle shouted in protest. "I'm innocent! Let me see the judge!"

The man scrunched up his face in annoyed confusion.

"Malveria sum car! Spaget-inum," the guy said.

"I don't want any spaghetti!" Kyle shouted back. "I want to talk to the judge!"

The man raised an eyebrow and scratched the back of his iron helmet.

"Hul man Skeet?" the guard asked.

'Skeet totally sounds like a slur,' Kyle thought. 'But I think we are just speaking different languages.'

Kyle sighed in annoyance.

'Of course they don't speak American here! This is fantasy land!' he thought in exasperation.

'I don't wanna learn another language...'

Kyle stood up and pointed at himself.

"Me," he said before shaking his head and showing that he didn't do nothing wrong. "Innocent!"

Next, Kyle pointed at himself before making a little walking animation with his fingers. "Me go!"

The guard had been in contact with hundreds of prisoners, and he knew exactly what Kyle wanted to convey.

He shook his head.

"Why?!" Kyle shouted, showing his exasperation and confusion by opening his arms.

"Mer," the guard said before pointing at Kyle.

"Marta," he said before making a gesture of slitting his throat.

"Narvoni Geno," he finished, putting his arms together and mimicking a long thing that kept opening and closing its mouth.

Finally, he showed the universal symbol of money by running his thumb and index finger together. "Hel."

Kyle mimicked the gesture of the long thing with the snapping mouth. "The turtle worm? Big thing? Scary monster?"

Kyle made several more gestures, indicating a big and scary monster.

The guard nodded. "Narvoni Geno," he repeated.

"Marta, right?" Kyle asked, showing several gestures that indicated killing something.

"Marta, en," the guard said with a nod.

"I," Kyle said, pointing at himself, "Marta Narvoni Geno?"

Then, he pointed at himself and the room he was in.

"En. Mer Marta Narvoni Geno. Il selencia di Hel."

"Hel," Kyle repeated, showing the universal symbol for money.

"Hel," the guard confirmed.

Kyle blinked a couple of times.

'I think he's saying that I am in prison because I killed the big turtle thing, and I think he wants money as payment.'

'Or he's just asking for a bribe.'

'Did I accidentally kill a domestic cow or something? Was that thing a pet?!'

'That's a terrifying cow!'

Kyle smiled sheepishly as he mimicked emptying his pocket. "Hel, no," he said, shaking his hand.

"I have nothing," Kyle said, gesturing at his clothing.

Yet, when he looked down, he only saw his abs and penis.

"Ah!" he shouted, quickly hiding his dick and balls with his hands.

He had been so used to being naked that he hadn't even noticed it.

The guard rolled his eyes and said some more gibberish.

Finally, the guard sighed and said some more gibberish while indicating that Kyle didn't have any money.

Kyle nodded several times.

The guard shrugged before saying more gibberish.

Then, he indicated the motion of hammering something or mining something with a pickaxe. It was difficult to discern.

'Ah fuck. He wants to send me to a labor camp!' Kyle thought in a bit of a panic.

Kyle didn't know how to answer.

So, he just looked awkwardly at the guard.

The guard furrowed his brows before scratching his little beard.

Finally, he pointed at Kyle. "Mer Marta Narvoni Geno?" he repeated but phrased as a question.

'Well, I can't deny that I killed the turtle thing,' he thought before nodding.

"Mer, Spartam!" the guard spoke louder, showing his muscles.

'I think he's asking if I'm strong,' Kyle thought.

'Dude, the last fight I had was against someone in middle school, and he whooped my ass. I'm not a fighter!'

The image of the guard indicating manual work shot through Kyle's mind at that point.

'I don't like blue-collar work.'

'Although, I did kill that turtle thing. I don't think that kid that beat me up could kill that thing.'

'Also, my body is really strong. The two bumps on my head are proof!'

'But I only won due to stupid luck and pure stupid.'

"Eeeehhhh," Kyle kept droning as he thought.

The guard raised an eyebrow as he waited for Kyle's answer.

After several seconds, Kyle showed his answer.

He just shrugged while tilting his head and torso slightly left and right, showing an evaluating and uncertain gesture.

"I have no idea if I'm strong or not."

The guard scratched his helmet again.