

Mad King Thorn Barks

*Mad King Thorn ruled the land of Kryta five centuries ago with lunacy, bloodshed, and terrible jokes.*

*Deposed by his subjects, he lingers in the Underworld, only coming out every Halloween and engaging the modern world in a cavalcade of strange, dangerous games.*

MAD KING THORN

What? Another uprising?

*Something got his attention. Surprised, a touch paranoid. He was originally killed in an uprising.*

MAD KING THORN

They're trying to overthrow me here.

Help!

*Calling for help. Growing in manic urgency*

MAD KING THORN

What's you and about to be dead?

Answer: you! (laughter)

*Entering a fight. Playful. End with sinister laugh*

MAD KING THORN

Not the best party I've been to.

*Finishes a fight. Be dismissive*

MAD KING THORN

Oh, not again. How droll.

*Dying. Annoyed. He's been killed before.*

MAD KING THORN

Don't worry. That one's just, uh, sleeping. (giggle)

*He just kills someone. Playing coy. End with a slight giggle.*

MAD KING THORN

Another execution coming up.

*Unleashing a brutal attack. He loves executions.*

*Rising mania*

MAD KING THORN

Why can't I ever hold on to a  
relationship? Oh, right. (giggle)  
The murders.

*Despondent and soul searching for first line. Then  
jovial.*

MAD KING THORN

Hmm. I wonder if...no, I left that in  
my other pants. But where are those  
pants? Hmm...

*Thinking to himself.*

MAD KING THORN

I miss my old Lunatic Court.  
Especially Harold. He made this  
delightful Canthan chicken dish.

*Thinking to himself. Wistful*

MAD KING THORN

Oh, most definitely.

*Agreeing to something.*

MAD KING THORN

Bah. Bah, I say. And I said it.

*Disagreeing to something*

MAD KING THORN

This is the best day since my third  
wife's rather spectacular death.

*Feeling wonderful after a great success.*

MAD KING THORN

Ah, children. No, what's the word?  
Ah, murderers!

*Just got ambushed. Scared. Then confused, then  
scared.*

MAD KING THORN

I'll treat you like I treated my ex-  
wives.

*Launching an attack. Snarling.*

MAD KING THORN

Let's protect this locale for a  
while. And by that, I mean you do  
it.

*This is a valuable location. Be jovial about passing  
the buck.*