

## **Hunter monologue:**

Hunter: I fought in the sewers beneath New York with the great blind alligator-king. He was thirty feet long, fat from sewage and fierce in battle. I bested him, and I killed him. I fought the bear that stalked the city beneath Berlin. He had killed a thousand men, and his claws were stained brown and black from the dried blood of a hundred years, but he fell to me. He whispered words in a human tongue as he died. There was a black tiger in the undercity of Calcutta. A man-eater, brilliant, the size of a small elephant. A tiger is a worthy adversary. I took him with my bare hands. And I shall slay the Beast of London. They say his hide bristles with swords and spears and knives stuck in him by those who have tried and failed. His tusks are razors, and his hooves are thunderbolts. I will kill him and his blood shall baptize me as the Warrior, or I will die in the attempt. The Hunt is my purpose. It is my sole reason for being. Everything else...if we're going to the Black Friars, we'd better get moving. Which way shall we take, my lady?