

That night, the two senior guards laughed evilly to themselves as they waited for the junior member to prepare Magarius's house for demolition. The Junior Guard laid straw, pocket lint, and any other easily flammable materials he could find in a pile outside the wizard's wooden home. He knew that he was only being used for this job because the other two guards didn't want to risk the wizard casting a fireball at *them*, but the Junior Guard was just as glad that the two senior guards were not responsible for laying the tinder or kindling. How they'd survived to be senior guards, the Junior Guard never knew. The two others were quite incompetent at anything involving thought.

*Maybe that's how they were promoted!*

The junior guard found the two senior guards, and retrieved the lighter fluid. It was technically illegal material, but only to people who weren't Official King's Men. The fluid would burn *anything*- even magic. Even surfaces spelled against fire had no chance.

The junior guard returned to the stack of tinder up against the house and gingerly poured the fluid on the pile. One of the senior guards shot a flaming arrow at the pile. The young guard almost didn't jump quickly enough. As he leapt out of the way, he thought he felt a searing heat immediately in front of him, almost on him, even, but he didn't see anything as he sprinted away from the house.

The three guards watched as the house caught fire with a loud *whoosh*. The two senior guards turned and laughed to each other. The junior guard kept his gaze on the house. This was not exactly justice, but it would uphold the King's Peace. Order must be kept, and examples must be made of those who would break it. If he was lucky, the wizard would make an appearance and could then be arrested. If he was not, well, it could be a long night as they waited for the flames to die down. The fire of the burning house was reflected in his eyes.