

Doit

Description: a one-handed hatchet of exotic metals and woods, exceptionally sharp and corrosion-resistant. The artifact takes its name from the “DOIT” inscribed on its head; esoteric examination of the item reveals that this is Doit’s True Name. Doit is throwable, and smells not unpleasantly of sun-baked steel and leather. Doit does normal damage for an axe of its type, with one exception: he doesn’t fumble or glance.

Technically, Doit is a weapon possessed by a death-spirit with telepathic abilities and an uncritical willingness to solve problems by splitting their skulls with an axe. This has to be conceded. It also has to be conceded that those who wield Doit must soon grow accustomed to his (Doit is definitely a ‘he’) polite, but inexorable commentary on the joys of chopping away one’s troubles. The axe never completely shuts about it, honestly.

But Doit isn’t actually **evil**. In fact, he would register as Good, if subjected to any kind of test along those lines. And not the ‘technical’ sort of Good, either. Doit’s not going to tell his user to get out of a parking ticket by killing a cop, or urge the removal of a romantic rival via a quick

decapitation. He's got quite a refined ethical sense along those lines. But when he's in a fight, Doit makes exquisitely sure that his wielder is aware of every active attacker within combat range, ranked according to the attacker's likely threat level and perceived awfulness. By now Doit's very, very good at assessing both. And Doit almost always assumes that he and his wielder are in a fight.

As you might imagine, Doit is typically wielded by canny, honorable fighters who live long enough to die in their beds -- after first passing Doit on to the **next** generation of canny, honorable fighters. Which is hardly a surprise, since having an early warning system like that is excellent for one's survival process. And the more powerful and Evil the opponent, the more warning Doit provides. He'd pick up on an actual demon coming with murderous intent when it was still miles away.

And Doit *loathes* demons.

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