

In a great hall the massive Helluva sits on a throne and picks her teeth while her minions feast around her, she is confused because she killed her waterboy and now there is no water to drink. All this thinking annoys her though so she beats a servant into a soup and drinks him instead.

Helluva steht undt denken an hvordan hun kan finne ney undersåtter som kan hente vann.

The last one that she had died in a freakish accident, sie setz en sich an er wenn er fragt "Wo ist deine fornuft?".

Jævelen han våget å insinuere frekt at hun var for stor for sin egen dør og aldri kunne dra vekk.

Den frekke faen foreslo å spise nibdre mat, she flattened him and ate him fikk han servert på ett fat

Goddamn und ficken skitt she is still pissed off!

Om hun kunne kill him again she would live it in her heart.

She will töten er o igjen in fact she found him tasty.

Hun grynter mens hun tenker fordi hun syns det er stress, when she can stick to hitting things da er hun i sitt ess.

Sie will töten alt og alle in fact she will eat everyone.

Rasende og sinna setter Helluva i et brøl, all denne tankevirksomhet nå skal hun lage søl.

With her club in her hand, she strikes out towards the nearest servant.

Slaget lander fint og flott på tjeneren sin topp, instant soup it makes of hi og Helluva slurper opp. Happy for some soup she briefly forgets to be angry.