

The Quest

Dalbec was no ordinary fighter. He possessed exceptional strength, keen wisdom, high intelligence, great dexterity, strong constitution, and irresistible charisma. He was brave, loyal, and honest. He served a great king, Archmid, the King of Borlea. The King was also a wise man, and he ruled his kingdom justly and fairly.

However, all was not happy in Borlea. An evil wizard had kidnapped the King's daughter, Robyn. He had taken her away to his dark tower in the north. The evil sorcerer, Draco, had hated King Archmid since the King had taken the throne. Draco was really Archmid's younger brother, and all of his attempts to kill Archmid in their younger years had failed. Draco wanted the kingdom in exchange for Robyn.

Dalbec, being the brave knight that he was, approached the King and said, "Sire, let your faithful servant take on this quest, for I will bring back your beautiful daughter, or die trying."

The King was so relieved at this news. He said, "I am so relieved at this news. Thank you, Dalbec. You are doing this great task for me – tell me, what can I do for you?"

"I do not wish to impose on his royal highness, but *when* I bring your daughter back, I would like her hand in marriage."

The King thought for a moment and, realizing that Dalbec did have noble blood in his veins, his Majesty agreed to the marriage. Dalbec thanked the King, and set off.



He gathered all the supplies he would need and put on his chainmail armor. He mounted his horse at the crack of dawn and started north. The trail he followed wound down from the hill on which the castle sat. The trail made its way into a dark forest – the Forest of Eldebrad. This was not a nice place. It was full of spiders, and insects, and creepy-crawly things! There were even some nasty monsters too.

Dalbec entered the dark forest, full of apprehension. His horse trotted slowly, neighing nervously. He rode on for a few more hours and then set camp for the night. He tied the horse to a tree. He broke out his supplies. He gathered kindling. He put the kindling in a pile. He lit the pile with his flint box. He fed the horse. He fed himself. He stretched out beside the fire. He tried to sleep. He could not sleep.

Dalbec was worried about all the icky little critters in the forest. He was a brave man, but he just didn't like bugs. And there was rumored to be a very large breed of spiders in this forest. This very large breed was also very mean and very intelligent. They were so mean that they would capture men, tie them up, and make them watch endless Boy George videos (a yet unheard-of, but still widely dreaded, phenomenon). And if they were in an especially bad mood, the spiders would make the captives watch reruns of Monday Knight Football with Howard Cosell. By this point, the poor souls have usually slit their wrists with knives carved from soap.

Dalbec fell asleep after a few hours and after a few hours more he awoke. The first thing he thought was that it was a Monday and he'd better be careful because Monday's often sneak up behind you and hit you in the back of the head, in much the same way as a brick would if hurled from the irate husband of some wench. Dalbec started the day off by getting up on the wrong side of the bed – that is, the glowing embers left from the fire. After he doused the fire on his ass, he began to break camp.



The brave knight continued northward on his quest for the beautiful princess. He left the forest after a few hours of riding (ever notice that everything happens to this guy in spans of “a few hours”?) and soon entered a wide valley with a long field. There was a sign at the end of the field which read “Mine-Field”. Despite the bad grammar, Dalbec realized that some completely selfish person was claiming this entire field to be his. “My field, my ass,” grumbled Dalbec.

The knight was determined to stomp across the entire field, disproving the claim. He had hardly taken more than a couple steps when a man appeared came running up to him and said, “Wait right there! I’ll get you out of there, no problem.” Dalbec had no idea what the man was talking about, and he never found out either because the man took two steps and exploded, adding a layer of flesh on top of Dalbec’s armor.

Crossing the field, the lucky knight thought, “That should teach that man who thinks he owns that field. Well, I sure showed him. Humph!” he humped triumphantly.

At the end of the valley, there was a sign. Dalbec read it. “The evil wizard Draco’s dark tower to the north ... 3 miles.” Well, that sure is convenient, thought the wise knight. He followed the foothills of a mountain range. Dalbec did not know the mountains were there because he could not see them. A long time ago, a space traveler, from somewhere near the vicinity of Betelgeuse V bet a native lifeform that he could make these mountains disappear. He proceeded to paint the mountains pink on the basis that a pink mountain range would be viewed as a Somebody Else’s Problem, and would be ignored entirely. This causes the mountains to effectively disappear.

Therefore, Dalbec was quite baffled when another man who came running up behind him, yelling, “Watch out for falling – ” was felled by several pink boulders which just came out of the sky. Unable to figure this out, along with other problems, such as The Ultimate Answer to Life, the Universe, and Everything (which is simply “42”; the answer is actually easy, finding the *true* question is the hard part), Dalbec plowed onward.

All of these puzzling events reminded Dalbec of a song which had not yet been recorded but will have been played so many times that it will create a wormhole in the space/time continuum. One day this song had floated down out of the sky to Dalbec, in much the same way as God’s voice does (or so Dalbec thought, or so he thought people said they thought). The song is now Dalbec’s personal philosophy – simply stated, “I’d rather have a bottle in front of me...than a frontal lobotomy.” If and when he ever finished this quest, Dalbec pledged to go in search of the great god T-Bone so he could live a life of existential blues.

Anyway, Dalbec reached a hillcrest and saw another field (this time full of flowers) between him and the evil wizard Draco’s dark tower in the north. He entered the field, took a deep breath, and began to feel a little light-headed. He thought, “The old wizard’s just gonna hafta wait, because I’m just gonna stretch out here in this field of poppies.” Poppies, poppies, poppies. Everything began to echo. “Oh, god.” Oh, god. He began to hear voices: Dorothy...Dorothy... (Dorothy?)

After a few hours (see, there it is again!), Dalbec’s head cleared and he now had a new perspective on life (mostly, screwed-up). He finally decided to fuck the princess (figuratively, not literally, unfortunately) and go off to live a cloistered life, taking care of Numero Uno. He became one of those dirty hermits who rape helpless fair maidens as they pass by, and he lived a happy life.