

Arthur's Legendary Quest



ARTHUR'S LEGENDARY QUEST

by Duncan

Once upon a time there was a boy named Arthur. He lived in a village named Nottingham. It was a small village. There were sometimes traders and travelers that would pass through. They would stop to gather some supplies and then move on. Arthur went to school with several other students. Arthur's best friend was named Luke. He was just like Arthur. They both liked stories about dragons and wizards. Both loved training. They were trained to fight if someone or something attacked. Arthur's favorite weapon was a sword, while Luke's was a bow.

One day a wizard named Zarthon destroyed several houses and many lives were lost. The villagers were defenseless. They were also not ready to fight him if they could. They had to send out someone to stop him somehow. They sent out the

bravest people in the village. Arthur was ready to face the challenge, so was Luke.

They had to get weapons. They went to the Amory and got their weapons. Luke found a rickety bow and Arthur found a dented old sword. They would do, but they would need better weapons soon. They ran out ready to fight Zarthon. But somehow, Zarthon had vanished as mysteriously as he had appeared.

They could not let him get with away with his crimes. They needed to find out what to do next. They went to Zaxtar, the town elder. He would tell them what to do first. They entered the tattered tent. Zaxtar was sitting in the middle of it.

He asked them, "Why are you here?"

Arthur replied, "We are here to stop Zarthon. But we do not know what to do."

Zaxtar said, "You should get lots of food and water. It will be a very long and hard journey. First you should try to find where his base could be. I think I saw him go towards the mountain of the Forgotten.

The forgotten are deadly native savages that scavenge and are very powerful . Be very careful and have good luck. Oh and one more thing you might need some help. There is a mage that lives in a hut near here. Her name is Emily. You can get her to help.”

They were off just like that. They would get help from Emily and then they would go to the mountain of the forgotten.

Chapter Two Emily the Mage

They walked by foot several miles outside the village and to the Slimy Swamp. A glow of fire flickered out of the window of a tiny wooden run down hut. Luke and Arthur were exhausted. They knocked on the door of the small hut to ask Emily for help.

“Hello,” said Emily. “What brings you here?”

“We are here to seek help to stop the evil wizard Zarthon,” replied Luke.

Luke was surprised that she appeared nothing like an ugly hag. Emily had long brown hair and looked like she was in her twenties. She wore a dark black cloak.

“I think I can help,” exclaimed Emily. “I have some freshly brewed potions that I could give you. Actually, I think I can just come with you.”

“Really?” Arthur yelled happily.

“Absolutely,” said Emily.

“Why?” asked Arthur.

“I remember that name. He was a disgrace to wizards. He was the most powerful dark sorcerer in the land. There is a prophesy that one day he will be brought to justice. His crimes have gotten worse. I can no longer stand by and do nothing. We must defeat him. Come, I know how to get to the mountain.”

A few dozen miles later they had arrived at the Mountain Of Forgotten.

“I hope we don’t run into any forgotten,” exclaimed Luke.

“Wait what’s that sound?” asked Emily nervously.

All of a sudden a bloodthirsty hellhound came out and pounced on Arthur. Blood curdled strands of dregel hung from its savage face.

“Get it off!” He screamed

Arthur was waving his sword frantically.

He stabbed it in the chest. It tried to run, but Luke shot it with an arrow. It stumbled and fell dead.

“Well at least we got some food to cook,” said Luke. “But still that was a close call!”

Arthur wrinkled his face in disgust. “If that is what you call food. We need to be quiet there are much more dangerous animals than a dog. We need shelter. I will get some stones and make an axe. We can use the axe to chop down trees to make poles for a tent. We won’t be able to make a tent in one day, so tonight we need a fire and at least a sheet for each of us. So

we will need some wool and porcupine quill to sew the wool together.

Some hours later they had successfully hunted some mountain goats and collected some porcupine quills. They had a small shelter that they could barely fit in at the same time. It would hold, but not for long. But then they heard some cracking of leaves and sticks. A Forgotten came out. Then in a matter of seconds they were surrounded. They charged at one of the creatures and knocked it down, creating an opening. They started to run while the Forgotten stole their food.

When they came back after the racket died down and the Forgotten had headed off back up the mountain, all of their supplies were gone and everything was destroyed! They would have to gather new supplies. That would take a while. They had to build a shelter before anybody could attack them again. They would also have to put some barriers around their base too.

Chapter Three

The Cave of Stench

The next morning as they started down the trail, they found a cave with an incredibly horrible stench coming out of it.

“What is that terrible stench?” Arthur asked.
“Luke it is terrible. It smells like rotting flesh and tissue.”

“It is,” Emily replied. “Unfortunately, we need to go in there. The Forgotten are hoarders and store all their belongings deep in the cave, including food, water, and treasure.”

Luke said, “I don’t care what they store down there. I don’t think it is a good idea to voluntarily go into a ton of sleeping Forgotten.”

“Do you want destroy Zarthon?” Emily asked.

Arthur said, “Well, yeah.”

Emily said, "There are enough weapons and armor there to help destroy Zarthon. The Forgotten went north last night and won't be back by the time we slip out with what we need."

"I guess," Luke muttered.

They entered the cave and saw tons of bones and rotting meat. The stench was stronger now. They started down into the cave and heard a strange grunting noise.

"What's that noise? I thought the Forgotten were gone." Arthur said.

"No idea," Luke said curiously.

"Quiet," Emile snapped.

Luke and Arthur peered around the corner and squealed.

"Hush," Emile whispered. "You'll wake it up."

There was a gigantic cave troll in a large chamber of the cave. Fortunately, he was asleep and they could sneak past him. They all snuck past the troll. What they saw was magnificent. There were

piles of gold everywhere. There were crystals and gems too.

“Wow look at that sword,” exclaimed Arthur quietly.

It was encrusted with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds on the blade, with opals and amethysts on the handle. It also seemed to be glowing. He picked it up. They all took some gems and gold too. Suddenly a loud clicking sound activated and a hidden pressure plate started blaring a wailing noise. The giant org woke up!

“Run!” yelled Luke.

“No,” said Arthur. “We must fight back!”

He slashed the org’s hand with his newly found sword. You could hear the flesh chop as the org’s hand fell to the ground. Blood was spurting out as the org screamed in agony.

“Get behind him!” yelled Arthur.

He ran behind the giant org and jumped on its back. He slit its neck and it fell over. A giant pool of blood spurted out of his corpse.

“Everyone get some coins and let’s get out of here before the Forgotten return and find their org dead,” Arthur said.

They sprinted out of the cave. There was a village in the distance that they decided to visit. A few hours later they arrived at the village. They traded with some of the villagers to get food and water. They told the villagers their story.

One villager said, “I saw something, it looked like a man riding a dragon. He went to the hero’s graveyard. You should go there next.” He pointed in the distance.

Arthur looked where the villager pointed and squinted. Then he noticed something moving out the corner of his eye. An enormous mob of Forgotten were marching down the mountain toward the village carrying all sorts of barbaric spiked weapons.

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