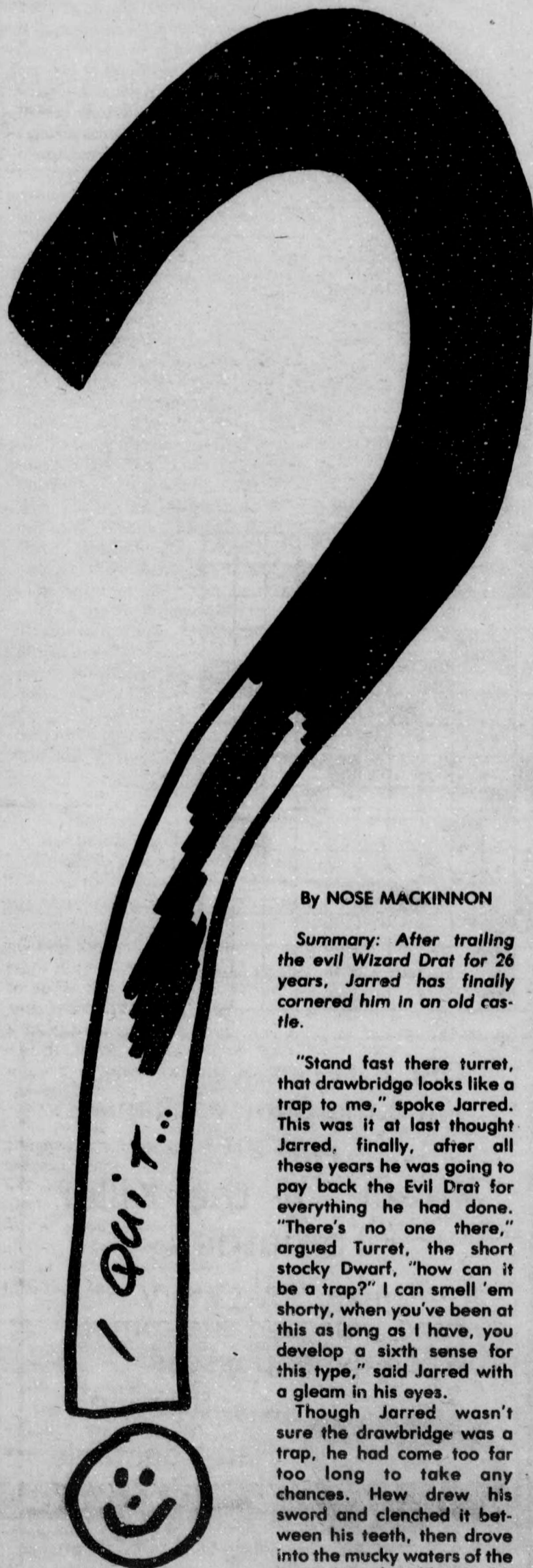


The beginning, middle and end

Quest for the Gown of Kent



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Summary: After trailing the evil Wizard Drat for 26 years, Jarred has finally cornered him in an old castle.

"Stand fast there turret, that drawbridge looks like a trap to me," spoke Jarred. This was it at last thought Jarred, finally, after all these years he was going to pay back the Evil Drat for everything he had done. "There's no one there," argued Turret, the short stocky Dwarf, "how can it be a trap?" I can smell 'em shorty, when you've been at this as long as I have, you develop a sixth sense for this type," said Jarred with a gleam in his eyes.

Though Jarred wasn't sure the drawbridge was a trap, he had come too far too long to take any chances. Hew drew his sword and clenched it between his teeth, then drove into the mucky waters of the moat. Jarred could taste the

rancid water leaking into his mouth between his clenched teeth. It reminded him of a bitter ale his mother used to make him when he was a child. Then he touched bottom, Jarred was at the other side. Triumphant he emerged from the water, covered in slime with his gleaming sword raised before him. He was ready for anything Drat would throw at him. "A Towel sir," spoke the Dwarf who obviously had taken the easy way across.

After drying himself off, Jarred set out to scout the interior of the castle. Stealthfully he crept up to the first door he could find. Listening to the door he could hear groaning on the other side. Mustering his strength he kicked the door down and rushed into the room wildly swinging his huge sword.

Spying on the man and woman on the bed he immediately jumped into the midst of the two and while weaving a complicated figure eight patters with his sword, cut off their heads. Jarred stood there amongst the spasmodically jerking bodies and yelled his battle cry while he was covered with their spurting life fluid. There was no stopping Jarred now. He ran out of the building and attacked the nearest living thing he could find, a cow. After the cow chewed her last cud, Jarred was pounced upon by four of Drats men. Borne down by the weight of his assailants, Jarred had to let go of his sword, but he would not give in. Gathering the last of his strength, Jarred raised himself from the earth and shook his assailants from him. Then, lashing out with hand and foot, he began to slowly but surely destroy his opponents. Suddenly, he was alone, panting, but alone. "Good fight m'lord, I especially liked the part where you made that one swallow his arm up to his elbow," muttered the dwarf who was busy smacking on a chicken he had found somewhere.

"Aye Turret, but now we must push on if we are to find the evil wizard Drat," exclaimed Jarred as he fingered the Amulet about

his neck. Ah, the amulet, he had gotten it so long ago, it felt like it was a part of him. He remembered that day long ago when Drat was buried beneath a volcano, but he had returned. So many times has Drat died and returned, but Jarred was positive that this was the last time.

They pushed on, but then, Jarred heard a whistling noise. He whirled, just in time to pluck a spear from the air. Twirling it like a baton he took aim and let fly the spear. Unfortunately Jarred had not thrown a spear in 20 years and his aim was a wee bit off. He did though hit a peasant girl squarely in the back, killing her instantly. After muttering a short prayer, the party went on.

Having reached the inner keep, Jarred could feel his heart pounding, his blood boiling, he wanted battle. Breaking down the set of double doors, Jarred pushed his way into the keeps interior and was met by a creature, a grizzly bear. Unfortunately, for Jarred, he neglected to have his sword out and was grappled by 1800 lbs of fighting mad bear. Gritting his teeth, Jarred stood his ground and gave the bear a two fisted, double handed, uppercut that staggered the bear and shook the room. Again, summoning his strength, Jarred utilized an ancient art form he had learned years before while he was chasing Drat in the Far East. Painting his hand like a knife he plunged it deep into the Bears body. Groping for the bears heart, he found it and tore it, still pulsating, from the massive creature. "VICTORY IS MINE" yelled Jarred as he was covered in blood.

Enfreshed and invigorated, Jarred pushed on, he had a meeting with destiny.

Meanwhile, upstairs, Drat was getting worried. His minions were not doing a good job of stopping Jarred and his companions. Drat! He was almost done, just a few more hours and he would have the fabled Gown of Kent out of its protective casing and into his hot little hands. With the gown he would be all powerful and

would crush his opponents into dust.

Jarred was still pushing forward. He was ready slowly, they walked up the steps ready, waiting for anything to happen. They reached the top of the winding staircase. Carefully they touched the door, it swung open. Apparently Drat was expecting them. They stepped into the room. Drat was sitting there, smiling. "Hello, boys, long time no see. Care for a drink?"

"We have you now you skum-sucking worm" shouted Jarred at the top of his lungs and attacked. Drat rose from his chair and from no where drew a blade and parried Jarred's lung. "I've been practising oh soon to be toad," muttered Drat under his breath.

The two stood toe to toe each just barely able to stop the other blows.

Then, the unexpected happened. Jarred's blade broke. Drat, seizing upon the moment placed his sword in Jarred's chest.

"I've done it, finally after all these years, I've killed Jarred. Never again will I have to worry about..."

"For Taylor", said the dwarf as he pulled his sword from Drat's back. He then cut off Drat's head and placed it in his dying companions hands. "The evil one is now truly dead", the dwarf told Jarred.

With that, the Dwarf swung his broad sword and neatly cut off Jarred's head. There was a sucking sound as the veins tried to take in air to replace the rapidly diminishing supply of blood.

"Now for a little loot", said the dwarf and began to roam about the room. Quickly the stocky dwarf began stuffing all the valuables he could find into his knapsack. But then, he came across a chest. Well, it didn't stay locked for long in the force of a determined dwarf. Turret gasped when he saw what was in the chest. The fabled gown of kent. Bright blue with red boots and a red cape with a little stylized S. He tried to put his grubby little hands on the cloth but there was some sort of invisible shield around it.

"Oh well, easy come, easy go," said Turret as he walked out of the castle.