

## Quest for the Crown of Trent Chapter 9

By MIKE MACKINNON

(Summary: Against the wishes of the wizard Drak, Jar and his companions entered the Worm Ravine. There a battle ensues between them and Drathane, the Great Dragon of the Ravine. After defeating it the three men find that they have no reason for celebration. Drak, their supposed ally, has now turned against them.)

Jar stared at the wizard. He knew that even though there were three of them they did not stand a chance against Drak. Tran was wounded from the fight with the dragon and both Jar and Althar were exhausted. Add to that the powers of the wizard and the odds were definitely stacked against them.

Suddenly, the green aura around Drak diminished in brightness and twin green flames shot from the wizard's fists. Jar jumped aside and pushed Althar to the ground. With a crack the flame smashed into the wall of the ravine, ripping apart the covering over the cleft. Jar rose to his feet and drew his sword. Behind him, Althar and Tran drew their weapons. Drak was going to have to fight before he destroyed them.

The wizard raised his arms and once again flame woshed from his fists. Jar ducked and heard a groan from Tran as the ground exploded. Turning, he saw that the dwarf had been caught in the explosion and hurled against the ravine wall. He lay there stunned.

Jar motioned for Althar to move over to the right. He wanted to take Drak's focus of attention away from the dwarf until Tran had a chance to recover from the blow. Drak circled with them until his back was to Tran. He appeared to have forgotten about the dwarf. With one quick motion he brought his arms up over his head and clapped his hands together. A loud explosion shook the ravine, smashing Jar and Althar to the ground and causing the wall near Tran to crumble. The dwarf tried to avoid the falling rock but was too weak. The crumbling wall buried him.

Jar cursed, blaming himself for the fate of the dwarf. His anger was cut short as the wizard hurled a bolt of blue lightning at him. There was no time to duck so Jar brought his sword up to deflect the bolt. It hit the blade and exploded. A thin blue flame traced its way down the blade to the hilt of the sword. Upon reaching the hilt it jumped to the dead amulet hanging around his neck. Suddenly Jar

felt energy course through his tired limbs. He faced the wizard and saw not Drak, but a dark, cloaked figure, with a skull grinning at him from out of the hood. Jar realized that he was seeing the real Drak.

Drak seemed to sense that Jar had discovered his true identity and now attacked with urgency. He hurled another bolt at him but Jar was able to avoid it easily. He moved in for the attack. The wizard held his right hand out towards Jar and a silver sword materialized in it. He swung at Jar. Jar met the blow with his sword and the ravine rang with the clash of the two metals.

Jar thrust and jabbed but each time was met with a parry from the wizard. It was obvious, that despite the years of training at his father's court, he was no match for the wizard's skill. Jar wondered where Drak had learned to fight so skillfully. A quick fake to the right fooled him and Drak's sword bit into his left arm. Jar winced. Just as he was about to thrust at Drak's chest, Jar saw the wizard's face go white. His jab was just met by Drak and the sword managed to slice into the wizard's leg. A voice from behind caused Jar to cut off his attack.

"At long last Drak, we meet."

This caused Jar to turn. He saw a man that stood as tall as Drak and garbed in silvery blue. The robe was tattered and streaked with dirt. His hair was long and white where it was not covered with dirt. His face was gaunt and smudged. The strength of his voice was in direct contrast to his frail looking appearance.

"Valton," Drak whispered. "How did you get free?"

The older wizard laughed a dry cackle. "You freed me, inadvertently. Your first blast destroyed the shield over the opening. When you smashed the wall of the ravine you also broke the wall of my prison."

Drak had been backing up while Valton had been talking. It was obvious that he feared the frail man who now confronted him, even though he appeared to be much stronger. Through the power of the amulet Jar could now see him as a cowering old man. The skull had been replaced by a whimpering, toothless face; the dark cloak by a rotting, dirty robe. The sword that he held loosely was made to appear as a crooked cane.

"For two thousand years I have waited behind that wall to repay you for your rotten deeds. Now I have my chance." Valton said

vehemently. "Your imprisonment of me was very effective. I was unable to discern anything of the events of the world. As a result your actions have been known to me."

At this Drak drew himself up. Jar could see the skull beginning to reappear and the clothes changing. The wizard seemed to have found some chance for saving himself. Quickly he raised one arm and as he clenched his fist a bolt flew towards Valton. The older wizard merely raised his hand and a thin gold line snaked out to meet the bolt. When they collided Drak was thrown against the far wall of rock. As Valton raised both clenched fists to point at him, Drak scrambled about in the dirt to escape. The flame blasted the rock over his head sending down a shower of fine stones.

A thin blue line flew out of the falling debris and caught Valton on his left shoulder. Clutching his shoulder the wizard collapsed to the ground. Drak rose and ran towards the opening of the ravine. He stopped and turned, pointing one finger at the prone figure of Valton. A final blue bolt hurled itself at him. Just as it was about to hit him

Valton rolled away. The flame exploded harmlessly against the ground, leaving a large scorch mark. Valton raised himself on one hand.

Drak saw that he had missed and turned to flee. Valton muttered something in the scorcere language and a ball of flame materialized in his right hand. He threw it at the fleeing Drak. Wizard and flame met. Drak was enveloped in a wall of flame. The fire turned to smoke and dissipated in the air. There was no sign of Drak.

Jar went over to Valton and helped him to his feet. The wound was already beginning to heal. As he helped him, Jar could feel the strength in the wizard's gaunt frame. It was apparent that the scorcere's strength was more than just physical.

There were a number of questions that Jar wanted to ask Valton but his immediate concern was with Tran. The dwarf lay buried under a pile of rubble and was in all likelihood dead. His questions would have to wait. Althar had already started on the task of removing the fallen rocks. Jar joined him.

It did not take long for the

two of them to uncover the dwarf. His face was bruised beyond recognition and his left arm appeared to be broken. It was bent at a strange angle. Jar checked for a pulse and was overjoyed when he found it. Tran was alive, if somewhat injured. Time would heal that though.

During their work Valton had come over.

"I want to thank you for bringing about my freedom," he stated. "My power was strong enough that you felt my call."


"So you did call me," Jar said. The wizard nodded. "I have a lot of questions to ask you. First though I would like to ask you if we have seen the end of Drak?"

Valton shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know. It is possible that I destroyed him but I don't think my powers were strong enough. He is probably trapped in another dimension. If he is he will return."

Jar covered his face. He knew that he would encounter Drak again. No one else had seen the look of pure evil cast at him before the wizard had fled.

(continued next issue)


# Wizards clash



COLLEGE HILL  
SOCIAL  
CLUB

Tuesday, November 23

**PHYS. ED  
NITE**




-all phys. eders welcome to the Club  
-no membership needed, but please bring I.D.  
with proof of age

**SPECIAL HOUR 8-10 PM**

**GREY CUP PARTY**


**WEST**



Sunday, November 28

*Come and cheer for East or West. Watch the pre-game and game activities on our new 4 foot screen*

**EAST**



-Warm Up Hour 12-2:00 pm  
-Chili & bread available 2 pm on  
-1/2 time Moosehead draw!