

## Dragonslayers

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that is very old, older even than our grandfathers. It was given to me by the Pope himself for the particular purpose of killing the horrible fiend that lurks within this very cave. His Holiness said that it is the spear that pierced our Savior's side as He died on the cross. If this is true, and I believe that it is, we have quite a weapon. Blessed with the true Blood of Christ, this spear truly has the power to vanquish any enemy of God."

"That is exciting, Rangard, very exciting. It raises my hopes! Now we only need to find the Creature, and we will make him pay the ultimate price for his evil!"

Right on cue, Axaron began to laugh hysterically.

Rangard and Marathas, startled, looked over to see what had caused such an outburst. As they did, they noticed that a large wooden door with a gold handle had appeared in the stone of the cave wall.

"You are successful, Axaron!" they declared simultaneously. "How did you do it?"

Axaron continued to laugh, even louder now than before. "My friends, what a fool I was!" he managed to say. "The tablet said to say the words, and I chanted all the ancient words that would come to my mind. When none were successful, I jokingly said *Chaz-huh-ra ba-ra*. That, in the ancient language, means "the words". I simply said "the words", just as the tablet instructed, and the hidden door opened."

"Excellent, Axaron. You have done very well indeed." Rangard said.

"Let us go forth and slay the beast!" exclaimed Marathas.

The three took a minute more to rest, and Axaron quickly prepared a few spells. Then they went through the secret opening in the same order as they entered the cave. Just as Rangard passed through the door it closed suddenly behind him.

"It looks as if there is no turning back now, my courageous friends." Axaron said as he recalled the words to a powerful fireball spell.

With Axaron's staff continuing to provide light, the trio continued down the hallway. Marathas noticed an inscription on the wall ahead of them, and Axaron hurried to read it. "It reads: *Any man who hears these words should make peace with his god, for he will not live to see another day on this Earth.*"

"We shall see about that." Rangard said with determination.

The adventurers walked a few more steps forward, and saw a huge chamber of stone. It seemed to be lit by torches, so they would no longer need the staff. "*Tazrapeda-Chitri*", Axaron hissed as they entered the chamber, and the light went out. The battle had begun.

"Who dares to enter my chamber? I am Beelzebub and Baal; I am evil incarnate! Enjoy this moment, for it will be your last!" a powerful voice filled with malice and hate exclaimed.

Rangard stepped proudly forward, and at that instant it seemed that the majesty and authority of all the kings of history had been given to him. "I am Rangard, champion archer, enemy of evil! To my right is Axaron, sorcerer of great mystery and skill! To my left is Marathas, heir of Sampson the Philistine killer! You will be slain today, Snake of Sodom and Bearer of Evil! In the name of God, I will destroy you! Prepare to die!"

Marathas drew his shining sword and Axaron weaved his fingers in an intricate pattern while speaking ancient words. The three charged the monster together. Axaron struck first, hitting the creature with a raging fireball. The enemy, however, was very old and strong, so even a spell as powerful as Axaron's had little effect. The monster then rose to its full height, towering over the men. A forked tongue leapt out at them from its evil mouth as it roared loudly enough to shake the chamber walls. The torches ignited fiercely, as if gasoline had been thrown on them, as the beast prepared to strike.

With its glowing red eyes it saw Marathas charging him from the left as Rangard repeatedly fired stinging arrows from the right. It



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He has fun while playing baseball and golf for the high school. In addition to these sports, after school he enjoys reading, writing, playing games on his new computer, lifting weights, and spending time with his girlfriend. He is also strong academically, with a 4.0 GPA and a 1530 SAT score.

Jason's future plans are still largely undecided, but he knows that he will definitely attend a four-year university next fall. He will probably major in engineering, but is still considering other options. As far as career plans go, he is torn between becoming an electrical engineer, a lawyer, a journalist, a writer, and many other things. It is obvious that he still has a lot of decisions to make, but he's in no hurry. In the meantime, he will continue to write stories like "The Dragonslayers," which he hopes that you enjoyed reading.

lashed its spiked tail out at Marathas' head, but the warrior ducked under the blow. He raised his sword over his head and jumped into the air to drive the blade deep into the dragon's stomach. Before he could do so, however, it batted him away with its large, sharply clawed hand.

As this was going on, Rangard was reaching into his pack for the Holy Spear. He found it and shouted, "Prince of Lucifer, you will now die!" He ran to the beast courageously. Axaron had recovered, and cast a spell of protection on him as he charged. The beast tried to hit Rangard countless times as he got closer; it even breathed Hell's fire in his direction, but he was not harmed. When he was close enough to feel the beast's ancient breath as the tablet had said, he raised the Spear to throwing position. "By the power of Christ, I send you back to Hell!" he proclaimed as he threw the Holy weapon. To the creature's great surprise, it found its mark. Its whole body began to burn as it screamed in rage and frustration. The internal fire grew more intense and the Spear began to shine the brightest gold the men had ever seen. The creature finally collapsed to the ground with a painful cry. The adventurers shouted and danced joyfully, for they had accomplished their goal. The ancient and terrible dragon was slain.

## The McDonald's Trial

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is up-in-arms about this crisis.

McDonald's is co-owned by Sean E. Mac and Patricia Marie Sue Pocahontas Donald. For the sake of time, we'll just call her Patti. Put the last names together, and you have MacDonald's. That doesn't really look or sound right, so they dropped the first vowel to just have McDonald's.

Anyway, it was a brisk fall night, and Patti was driving around in her brand new Sports Utility Vehicle, minding her own business, with not a care in the world. She was going through town, and she happened to glance over to her left only to see what looked like Big Bird signing autographs in Wendy's. Patti recognized the costume from somewhere, but she couldn't recall from where. Chicken man wasn't signing autographs at all, and he was not Big Bird. Patti thought nothing of the ordeal though, and just kept living her life.

Months passed, and Patti thought the bird was nothing more than a large chicken promoting Wendy's new fish-flavored chicken sandwich. She did not know how mistaken she was. Sean had not been home much in the past few weeks. Patti had no clue as to his whereabouts, but she didn't really care. As long as McDonald's was selling more and making more money than their adversaries, she was happy.

One night while driving home, Patti could not take it anymore. The chicken promotion was over, so she just had to know what or who that big, yellow birdman was. When she found out, she was more shocked

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