

The Write Path To Sword Out The Truth! by Adam Stark

Chapter 1. A Long Weight!

A long time ago, back in the early age of human civilization, there lived a story. This story, lives more as an important lesson. A magnificent King ruled a large land overlooking many small hamlets. His name was King Norman, and he was defined by his brute strength, righteous attitude, and prosperous morals. He made incredible strides for a land previously occupied by scum. After he lost his wife, the Queen, to a deadly disease spread to her by a strange crop. 'Tis a mystery today how the crop was delivered to her, but it will remain unsolved. King Norman solved many conflicts with peace treaties, settled trade disputes with a diplomatic tongue, as well as prevented greed to form from taxation. The King's son was his closest ally, and a very important part of his gracious rule. Trent 'twas his name. He was also a fighter, strong like his father. But more than perhaps anyone known in that time period, a crafty writer. He used his quill to write many treaties, laws, battle strategies etc. for his father and the rest of the King's staff. Not to be done alone, his works of writing were helped by spreading out by the use of the press. He owns an unusual pet, a dark black wolf whom he rescued as a cub. Now I will take you to the time that the willpower of the land changed forever.

King Norman holds a meeting between his personal staff and family, important discoveries are coming! Trent is already there, having an early discussion with his father. "Father, I've grown to distrust that Marcus, our Crusher growls every time he comes around, and HE IS a smart wolf!" Trent exclaimed. "HA HA HA! Your buddy is probably hungry my son! Probably thinks Marcus would taste good! Now remember, we all have a job to do, a DUTY, we may not always get along or agree, but we need to have trust or we will lose our hope for the people." King Norman Preached. Suddenly, Marcus came to the meeting hall and made an interruption: "King! Sir! Our biggest prisoner offers you a freedom challenge!?" The King stands up and moves towards the middle of the room and takes out his long sword. "Bring him in and I'll explain the rules!" The King told the men holding the prisoner in chains. The prisoner wants to fight the King to death, as he knows that it is the only way to earn his freedom. The King begins to explain the rules: "Are you sure you want to risk your life? I am far more advanced with my technique..." The prisoner cuts in his speech: "LETS GO! YOU CAN'T BEAT ME! I AM MUCH STRONGER!" So the King gives the signal to let him go, and the prisoner pulls out a sword and a mace, which is against the rules of the freedom challenge. The guards try to hold him back and the King puts his sword on the floor while holding it with his right hand, and holds up his free hand: "'Tis okay, it shall not help him where he's going." So the King holds perfectly still like a statue while the prisoner is walking in circles around him swinging both weapons in the air! He walks closer to the King, one step at a time... closer... closer... closer... now he increases his speed and charges at the still King and... STAB! A fatal piercing through the prisoner's chest! The crowd, although relieved, are stunned at what they just witnessed. The prisoner was moving around so quickly, like he was dancing around the room, while the King was standing very still. In fact, the only thing moving was his eyes! As the prisoner lay there dead on the floor, the King decides to speak on it: "There's strong, and a heart full of malice, and there's trained with a heart full of life. He had no chance, all the fancy moves in the world can't kill someone who owns his strength, while this man's strength owned him. Be tighter on weapon barrack's security, this thievery could have been prevented in my estimation!! Now clean this mess up, and let's get to my meeting, please and thank you." The King's staff is still wallowing in astonishment over the quick '1 hit' kill that just occurred. It scared the men, but in a good way. It accidentally reminded them what a powerful leader can do, without brash decision making.

The meeting finally came to order. The most important members of the staff are in attendance. The King pulls out a golden cloth covering up something about a

foot long. The staff takes a bow and Trent stands by his father. The King starts: "Great news! I have an announcement to make, an invention! I will formally make this announcement public tomorrow. My son has created a new weapon! It takes a long time to make, and a lot of materials, but the plans are soon to be made the standard! It shoots a projectile out at a vast force, its similar to a cannon, but faster than an arrow! It puts a real dent in it's victim! You can carry it around in battle, or in the town for security. And I am going to give this first one to YOU my son! Tomorrow in front of everyone in town, and I'm going to make you a General! You have always written great battle strategies and I can begin to manufacture more and more of my new weapon for our soldiers!" A loud applause came right after he spoke. As the meeting adjourned and everyone left, Marcus walked to the adjacent room and quietly vented his frustration: "Ugh! I give the damn prisoner two weapons and he still can't kill that monster!! I can't take this, I can't keep living underneath that thing called the King! Not anymore! NOT ANYMORE I TELL YOU!" And Marcus sees one of the staff walking with the new weapon in the cloth and he tells him: "Excuse me, King Norman needs me to do some field testing with it before we announce it tomorrow!" He hands it to Marcus. Holding it upside down he finds the trigger mechanism and fires it at the other guy! *BANG! He dies instantly. Everyone hears the loud sound of the weapon firing, and they storm every room trying to locate where the King went off to, for he is the first priority of protection. The King turns around in his bedroom to find Marcus pointing the weapon at him! The King tries to plea: "Marcus! How do you see fit in your act? This won't help anyone, I'm sure we can work something out!" Marcus hoists the weapon to the King's chest and says: "I'll be sure to mention that in the next meeting! Now kiss the floor!" *BANG! The King falls down fast and part of his sword falls out of its sleeve. Trent enters the room next and takes his sword out, pointing it at Marcus! The weapon is thrown at Trent and he catches it while quickly holding it on it's side for confirmation that it is depleted of all ammunition. "TRAITOR! You will pay for this, greatly! By my father's will, you shall be slain!" Trent shouts. All of the sudden the guards come in the room and fill it up pretty quickly. Marcus yells while pointing at Trent: "Betrayer! He murdered the King!" The guards look perplexed, in shock and disbelief. Trent now decides to rebuttal: "Impossible! I wouldn't kill my dad! HE DID IT! I merely just arrived!" Then Trent notices the guards looking at the weapon in his hand, and panning their views over to the King's corpse. Marcus confidently makes a claim: "You see! He used his new weapon, none of us know how to even use that evil contraption! He wrote the instructions for making it, and knew that his father's swordsmanship was superior, so he cheated death by shooting him! Traitor! Traitor!" The guards are start to scream in anger! They all pull out their swords and run towards Trent! Trent knows he is no longer capable of reasoning with anyone so he starts to sprint towards the hallways! He takes a lit torch off of the wall and lights the drapes on fire and throws it on the floor of the entry way! He starts running a few feet and then stops, turns around and throws the weapon making instructions in the fire. He fears that if he dies, these plans would only help Marcus. Trent sees a guard by some battle horses and points to one of them. "This horse okay? I'm in a real hurry! There's been an emergency!" The guard is unaware of when just transpired in the King's room so he hands it over. Another guard pulls out a sword and charges Trent! Crusher jumps on the guard and bites him very hard in the left are, leaving him weak and bleeding all over the place. Trent sees another guard take Crusher and he takes off on the battle horse alone towards the forest.

Chapter 2. Bank Corrupt

Trent is staying on the move. He spots a river and is trying to convince the horse to cross it. Unfortunately, the horse is being stubborn. Trent takes off the horse's armor to relieve it of some weight. Trent decides to cross the river slowly by swimming against the current coming from an irregular angle. To his surprise, the horse actually follows him. It is this escape path, that he hopes will make Marcus's cohorts believe that he went along the river and not through it.

Back at the castle, Marcus is rallying the people: "Citizens! We must not any longer be cut short of great virtues by these traitors! A man who would kill his own father deserves no such grace as to live! I will provide you all! I will feed you all! Soon, each and every one of you great folks will eat and live like Kings yourselves, under my guidance! There is no longer any worries, I AM the King! I AM the provider! I will get us all to a high state of wealth!" The crowd of the town erupts in cheer. They are emotionally taken for a ride to find that King Norman was killed and that Trent was behind it. Though it wasn't true, Marcus was sly enough to convince them. Marcus is now busy renovating the King's castle. The guards now take many shifts protecting him, which wasn't the case before but there is no real trust anymore. Unfortunately, Crusher is now behaving more like a sheep than a wolf because he is tied up by a chain all day everyday. King Marcus sends off a team to kill Trent, with promises of great rewards. Also, he writes a great big letter to the King of the next town over, King Kromsted of Nathleen. He writes a story in his distorted view of events that led to his new royalty status. He sends the letter through a mail carrier using one of the deceased King's favorite horses.

Trent is feeling overcome with fatigue, emotionally speaking. The loss of his father, the loss of his position of power, and being departed from his pet wolf is hurting him. He looks for a place to go for help. He remembers a town that he once made trade and treaties with through the leadership of his father. A town that can be seen underneath the mountains, Nathleen. They have been walking for hours, he gets off the horse to let it drink from some water and eat some grass. Trent sits on the ground and keeps drifting to sleep and tries to fight it, but fails. He sleeps for what must feel like a few minutes and the horse makes a loud shouting noise waking him up in a hurry! He pets the horse and looks over the distance to see a figure. It's someone on a horse, carrying a bag. Trent doesn't know what is going on but he fears that it is someone heading to Nathleen too. He gets on his horse and heads to Nathleen again. He lost track of the other horseman but he made it to the town. He greets the guard outside of the town gates: "Guard! 'Tis Trent, I come to warn your great King of something bad that happened! King Norman was assassinated!" The guard runs up the steps and goes inside of the King's tower. A few minutes pass by. The guard comes back with a bow and starts shooting arrows! "NO! I was framed! I would never kill my father! He did so much for your town..." Trent yells and gets interrupted when an arrow hits his horse. The horse is jumping in a panic and throws Trent off and runs away. Trent gets up and pulls out his sword. He runs up to the steps and stands underneath them. The guards come down the steps. Trent jumps out at the last guard to come down and slits his throat! He takes the guard's dagger out from his pocket and throws it at the next closest guard, piercing through his abdomen as he falls down slowly. The last guard there turns around and extends his sword out right where Trent's head was and he ducks! He puts his sword up clashing with the guard's sword and shoves his arm towards the right side! The guard uses his free arm to elbow Trent in the rib cage! Trent takes a leap backwards and thrusts his sword forward and the guard uses his sword to block it. Trent puts his sword all the way up high behind his own head, then thrusts his sword straight down and the guard tries to put his sword in the way and it forces his body down to a crouching position. Trent holds his sword out acting like he's going to strike on the left side and quickly changes the motion to attack on the right side. By the time the guard notices it was a trick to make him block the wrong side, it was too late! Trent has killed him, just as more arrows shot out! Trent fled in the opposite direction, feeling as though he was exiled again from another town.

Chapter 3. Corn on the Cobwebs

Trent sits on the dirt by some trees, thinking. He wants to get revenge, but he knows that there is just no feasible way. He's cooking some deer meat on a fire. He's daydreaming about when he used to play with Crusher, he would throw some rocks

over the wall and into the water and Crusher would swim just to fetch them. Then he remembers a funny conversation he had with his dad when Crusher was still just a cub. His dad asked him: "Why that name? Crusher? Why not something scary and sinister like 'Killer' or Witch hound' or something?" And Trent remembers responding to him: "Remember what he used to do with those frogs that would sneak in our castle?" Then his dad inquired: "Well he'd kill them, of course!" And (at the time) Trent would laugh and tell him: "No but remember he would just calmly walk up to them and push his paws on them until they would squish! Goo would spill all over!" They would both laugh and then Trent's dad would suggest: "Oh right right! I say a good name would be squisher for him then!" And both of them would laugh together. The memories come and go every so often with Trent, and the worst ones would be his mother passing away. It's not that the memories of her were sad, it's BECAUSE the memories of her are of a wonderful mother that he hates the idea of her non being around anymore. She just became extremely ill and she warned everyone to stay away from a strange crop. It's unknown to this day what it was, but its effects are clear: death to any with such contact. Trent is currently finished eating and he is nodding in and out of consciousness. Trying his hardest to stay awake for he wants to see if there are hunters around or any more guards. Trent finds himself unwilling to keep his eyes open any longer and snores away sleeping. Now he feels a cold chilling sensation on his Adam's Apple... he opens his eyes and sees a man holding a sword to his throat! "TRAITOR!" Trent starts crawling backwards and puts his hands up as if to signal a surrender! Trent begins to beg: "Woah I can explain! Please don't do this, I was framed!" The man walks closer with his sword still extended straight forward and says: "Framed? By whom? Who else could have killed King Norman!" Trent takes a big breath and answers: "Marcus! He did it! He was mad that my father made me the next General and he also made a weapon for me to start distributing, I didn't do it! I would never!" And the man puts his sword away and quietly utters: "I believe you... King Marcus tried to hang me. I refused to follow his orders! He said some family was late on their mission and I told him there would be a delay with these damn storms! Wagons aren't perfect you know!? So he wanted to me arrest his family that was still home, I said how could you be such a monster! He put me in shackles the bastard! He has a whole new group of new knights who put the rope around my neck, and when they took my shackles off I noticed these new guys were amateurs, they didn't even finish making a complete knot so I quickly shook it off of me and just ran as fast as I could for the closest way out! Look I'm sorry I accused you, I had to make sure I could trust you. This new King Marcus is a horrible problem, he is!" Trent hears this and has a quiet sigh of relief. Trent asks the man: "Well you know my name, what's yours?" He answers: "I be Gorn, I was a knight in training under your father." Well, immediately after hearing this Trent's thought echoes out of his mouth simultaneously: "Are there any others? Others who are being mistreated under the new King who served my father?" Gorn closes his eyes and answers: "Unfortunately, yes and your not going to believe me but, they are all dead... DEAD! Died in vein, just like your father if I may so boldly declare. And when I say vein, I mean it, they died for something that couldn't have made any sense, to a REAL King! The faction of knights were on a mission to the Chapel at West Horn, and that was all it took to have them labels as traitors and killed." Trent immediately jumps up in the air after hearing this and becomes euphoric saying: "THATS ABSURD! Marcus KNOWS that my father has them go there! It's the place where there's the best water in all the land! We've had great business with them!" Gorn looks at the ground and quietly says: "I never knew that place was where we got the- but none the less he is betraying the people. It must be everything that your father did is what he is un-doing!" The men are enraged together, on the same wavelength. They start to walk down some grassy meadows.

After a long hour of traveling, they hear the trotting of some horsemen. Gorn pulls out his bow and climbs up a tree. Trent pulls out his sword and waits for the guards to get closer. The head horseman puts his hand up in a motion to signal the group to stop. The head horseman has on a big knight's helmet and pulls out a giant

spiked war hammer. He makes demands towards Trent: "Shall you surrender now, no one needs to get blood on their hands! If you don't put your sword away, I will shove it down your throat and cook you for dinner, wicked one! What shall it be?" Trent holds the sword with two hands tightly, and starts to walk slowly backwards. Gorn is setting up his arrow between the branches of the 'y' shaped tree and fires an arrow to the back of the group! It went straight in the side of the guard-archer's throat and he dies dropping his bow! The head guard uses his momentum to charge and fling the war hammer on Trent. Trent makes a quick leap to the side, the guard pulls the hammer to the side and it knocks Trent on the ground! The head guard picks up his war hammer all the way up getting ready to crush Trent all the way to hell... then as another guard with a sword comes next to him, Trent kicks that guard's knee and he falls forward slightly while Trent pulls on his arm with the sword and maneuvers him towards the motion of the war hammer... it hits the guard's sword and shatters it half way down! The war hammer is being picked up and Trent rolls over to the side and sees an arrow from Gorn strike the guard with the broken sword in the arm piercing his skin all the way through. That guard goes into shock and bleeds heavily falling on the ground. Meanwhile, Trent grabs the shards of broken sword pieces and chucks them at the head guard. Some pieces bounce off of his armor while some cause cuts on his arms. Trent finally has a chance and he stands up, taunting the guard: "You really think that thing is going to stop me?! This sword has fought for my father's battles many times and your too dumb and blind to see that I was framed! Shame on you, heathen!" The guard pushes the war hammer forward as if he was in a joust, but Trent circles around him and grabs the top part of the war hammer and spins it, forcing the head guard holding it snap his wrist and he drops it! He screams in agony briefly. Trent holds him arms from behind him and kicks him very hard which puts him on the ground face first. "Say your last words!" Trent demands. He gets no answer, pulls back his sword and says: "That last scream will do then!" And punctures his vertebrae from behind him killing him! He turns around to see Gorn is fighting a guard surrounded by a couple of dead ones. Trent runs over and Gorn peaks at the corner of his eye, their two swords clash in mid air. Gorn grabs the guard's hand and Trent tackles the guard to the ground subduing him. Trent throws the guard's sword and yells: "How many more are you? What is Marcus up to? Give me answers! Answers!" The guard can't look Trent in his eyes, he looks to the side and when Trent yells at him again he starts to speak: "I, have received more gold then I ever have working under your father! Go to hell and tell him I want back pay!" Trent harshly pulls of the guard's armor chest plate and throws it. Trent gets in position to stab him and yells: "I am going to rip your heart out and see how small it is!" The guard closes his eyes and Trent stabs him in the chest killing him. Gorn walks around collecting his arrows that had missed during combat. Trent tells Gorn: "Look, I found all of this gold in his pocket! He was telling the truth you know... yikes, this is worse than I thought! This means that Marcus IS paying his guards and knights way more than the budget could possibly allow! And with that bad water situation... Wow, the people have no idea what's coming, they won't be able to afford food, clothes, they'll get sick from the different water, they won't be able to buy better weapons and armor or to use the blacksmith's services... DAMN! This is a disaster! We MUST do something!" Gorn nods his head in agreement and they take all of the gold out of the dead guard's pockets. Now they jump up on their horses and head out for food.

A few hours pass by and Gorn makes his horse trot slowly. He spots some wildlife! He puts two arrows on his bow and pulls it back for about ten seconds... *Fling! Direct hit on the backside of a big deer! It starts to run off and the men make their horses hurry up. They sprint on the trail of the dying deer. Once they get there, Trent starts to make a fire and Gorn starts to skin the deer. The men begin to reminisce: "I really miss that corn your father used to serve us, oh my.... I also miss the way he would always seem to catch the biggest fish, remember that?! I could come up with a good catch 'bout the size of my bow and I'd get everyone to cheer for me, then in a few moments later your father would stun us all with a very big behemoth! Very delicious. I wish Marcus would be sleeping with

those fish!" Gorn said. Trent looks at the fire long and hard as he speaks: "My dad wasn't just a King, or some guy, he was a fighter, a cook, a hunter, a blacksmith, I mean he was a whatever, anything! I have never seen a better fighter in my life... He used to train me when I was small and he would let me win once in awhile but, hell I knew better once I saw him engage in serious combat. He was so fast, so good at defense, I would watch him fight and get a cold rush down my arms and my spine being thankful that he is on my side. So fast! He knew he would only have to strike a few times to come up with a kill! He didn't believe in 'keep swinging until someone is down' or just keep clashing swords together, no no no! None of that, he truly was a one or two thrust- per battle believer! I've seen it! I've never seen anything like it." Trent said. Trent loves to look back but he gets upset with the situation of him being assassinated and he throws some rocks at the fire. Gorn takes a bite of the deer meat and says: "You know, he wasn't just a good fighter he could tell his opponent what mistake they were making. It's actually scary to me if I'm being honest. There was a battle going on right outside of the Eastern farms where these cattle farmers asked your father for their protection and he gladly insisted, didn't even ask them for gold or for goods or anything, he just helped them because he felt it was right! Anyways so he went with about ten of us or so and we had these cattle poachers surrounded and we could've just slaughtered them, then your dad asked for their leader, he came out with a heavy spiked-mace set, and then I couldn't believe what your father said! He pulled out a bag of gold and said 'fight me in a one on one duel, and if you kill me keep the bag, if you don't want to fight, I'll give you half and you are forever exiled from this land' and the guy started circling his mace around and around and your dad looked at him with full concentration only moving his head really... and as soon as the guy flung his mace your dad took a crazy fast side step, and rolled a few feet and stabbed him to death in one quick stroke! I was so amazed, then he made the other poachers be workers on those farms in exchange for not being locked up in the castle's prisons." Trent gets excited and says in return: "See, and that's what I mean, no other kings would have helped those farmers! It would've been a job that would only get done from a king's knights if those farmers gave him a lot of gold! Ugh! It sickens me! My dad was all about setting an example for the land of nothing less than good natured acts. I can only imagine what Marcus is doing... oh this is a horrible change for the world!" The men eat the rest of the deer and go to sleep on opposite sides of the fire.

They wake up and find their horses drinking water from a puddle. The men saddle up on the horses carrying their weapons and gold. As they head out to the town of Jurden, they soon find themselves on a water transport dock. They want to use it to get to the town of Jurden, but Gorn warns Trent that it may be better to save all of their gold for later. So the men jump in the lake and swim over to the boat! They brush up against it on the side. Gorn starts to climb slowly and he sees that there is a hole in the boat for storing large cannon balls. He points to Trent signaling him to move over as far as he can. Gorn waits for all of the passengers to get aboard and for it to launch. A few minutes later they feel the vibrations of the boat starting up! The boat starts and the anchor was pulled in by the crew. Once it just started to float away for just a few feet, Gorn opened up the hatch over the hole and it opens up. All of the cannon balls inside of it fall out and splash in the water below! They both are thinking the same thing: "I hope the timing was just right... so that no one on the boat noticed since it was a bumpy launch..." They eventually, slowly but surely, climb their way up and get inside the storage hole. Several hours pass and at last, they arrived at Jurden. They jump back in the water and swim for awhile to the side so they don't look suspicious as being the only passengers that are soaking wet. As they swim, Gorn becomes more and more nervous about being near King Cramshaw. The thought of being recognized is a scary thought.

Chapter 4. Twelve Inches in the Grave

Trent and Gorn grab on to the side of the grassland and pull themselves up on the ground. They start walking to the castle. Trent asks Gorn: "Have you been to this castle before?" Gorn shakes his head and replies: "No, not inside." Trent tells him: "Well we must be sure to keep our weapons sheathed. This King is one who is a good man but he is ALWAYS on edge. We'll be careful and have our gold ready." The sun is starting to set, and the breeze is slowly increasing. The castle appears ahead. There is guards standing by the outside of the castle gates. The men walk up to them and the guards say: "State your business! Do not come any closer!" So the men stop and pull out the bag of gold as Trent says: "We've come to give King Cramshaw an offering." The guards look at each other at a glance and walk up to the men. "Your weapons, on the ground, NOW!" The guards demand. So the men put their weapons down and take a few steps back. The guards quickly confiscate the weapons and then open up the gate. They have one guard in front and one in the back as they lead them through the castle. Once they make it downstairs, the guards point to the cell and tell them: "Get in." Trent quickly rejects and says: "I beg your pardon? A CELL? We have an offering and I am Trent, King Norman's son and-" (Trent gets interrupted by the guard holding the cell door) "Ah this doesn't matter to me, your story will wait. The King is in a meeting and he will not be changing his plans to service YOUR needs. You will wait HERE until he comes!" The guard blurts. So the men get inside of the cell, still holding their bag of gold and the guards shut the cell door and walk upstairs. Gorn looks at Trent, as if he was going to say something but never actually does. Trent looks outside of the cell and says quietly: "This is where Marcus belongs. And, dead or alive."

A long wait passed by. Trent is still standing up, leaning against the cell door, while Gorn is sitting on the floor. Gorn decides to start up a conversation to make the time go by faster (in his hopes.) "Hey I wonder if you've heard all of your father's stories!" Trent looks over and replies: "Oh? A challenge?" Gorn laughs and asks: "Did you know about the time he threw the corrupt trade manufacturers in the water?!" Trent smiles and says: "Yeah! It was before my time but yes." Gorn thinks long and hard... he snaps his fingers and says: "Oh okay what about the time your father made a bet with the horse trader that he could shoot arrows better and he made the target with his first shot and the horse trader made the shot in six tries and got really mad?!" Trent thinks for a moment and says: "Wait, was he the one who was stealing the animal skins from people and selling it back to them? Haha then my dad caught him doing it to my mom or something?" Gorn laughs really loud and answers him saying: "Oh my that was some venture! He went to prison for that. It might've been your mother but I'm not entirely sure of that. I know one thing, no other King would have made a gamble or a challenge before locking up a scoundrel like that! Most kings, if not ALL of them, would just order his knights to kill em' or lock them up. Hey what about the time that creepy man with the beard went around town handing out papers asking if they would help him kill the King? Do you know that story?" Trent loses his smile and quickly shouts out: "Huh?! What?! Pray-tell!" So Gorn clears his throat and tells him the story: "So this man was walking around the castle, oh did I mention he had a long beard? Anyway, he was handing out papers saying 'help me kill the King!' and on it, it had his location. How dumb! Stupid! What a fool, and he went around talking about his so called plan so much that one of the guards on patrol eventually heard about it and they immediately told your father! SO! He simply asked for his looks so he would know what he looked like, and luck would have it for him, no one else knew of anyone with a bigger beard so it was easy to spot him! So your father actually took off his armor, and put on a peasant's clothes and headed outside! He walked by the man with the beard and he told him he wanted to help 'kill the King' with him haha! So then he followed him to the spot written on his paper for the plot to be planned out I guess, and luck would have it, it paid off for that crazy blood mashing father of yours... there was ONE OF HIS OWN GUARDS at the meeting! I couldn't believe it when he told me that! So as soon as the bearded man started saying the plan out loud, your father took his disguise off and knocked the man out, and whistled for a horse guard to carry him off to prison. But that's not all! The

funniest part happened next! The guard that was there who was to betray your father tried to tell him that he was only there to see who else would show up! Your father said he believed him, then that guard turned around and your father knocked him out too and had him put in prison as well!" Both men laugh hysterically.

Their bones as well as their spirits are getting more and more weak from the hard floor with the cold air. But, at long last, King Cramshaw arrives! The men both stand up and bow to him with the bag being held up in front. The King speaks: "Men! An offering? Offering you say? What's the meaning of this? Oh... wait a minute now, AHA! Trent! 'Tis you traitor! I need not hear one word from these heathens, hang them in the dungeon at once!" The guards open up the door and grab Trent and Gorn putting their hands behind their back! Trent and Gorn yell while slightly jumping in desperation: "Wait! No please help! That isn't true!" And as soon as they start yelling, the King's son comes in and stares at Trent for a few seconds. He calls out to Trent saying: "Trent? King Norman's son? What is the matter of his death sentence father?!" The King looks at his son while waving his index finger in annoyance shouting: "Boy! He has slain his father! Betrayal! Murder! The devil is in this boy! He should be ashamed to have served such a great man and he had to die in vein!" Trent starts to tear up and yells in the King's son's direction: "No! No I would never do that! I was framed by Marcus you have to believe me! My dad was everything to me!" The King's son is drawn to Trent's story when he sees his tears. He looks at the King and says: "Father, he has to be telling the truth. I would never betray you and neither would he betray his father! He brought offerings, we owe him a chance at the very least!" The King grunts an angry sound. He tells his guards: "Let them go... and give me my gold. We will get to the bottom of this... if you are lying to me... I will place your bones on my stairs as my new railing!" Trent and Gorn are holding their arms where they are sore while nodding their heads in agreement. The King leads them inside of one of his libraries. He pulls out some paper and a quill. He writes something, while the whole room is completely silent... The King holds up the paper and breaks the silence saying: "Here is the deal. You see, I've already collected letters from Marcus before, so I will have them here to make sure it is his handwriting! Now, I'm sending him this letter, asking for the truth. I will wait three sun downs and if I don't get a letter back I will destroy you both with my bare hands! And if you lied to me, same thing! You may stay in my captain's quarters. No weapons allowed, good DAY!" And the men are rushed and hurried away from the library.

Chapter. 5 A Knight to Remember

Waiting becomes a painful task. The men are being served some very fine chicken that the King's son snuck in for them. The door to the captain's quarters opens up and slams against the wall! The King makes an announcement as he sweats very badly. King Cramshaw shakily announces: "WELL! Well well well! I don't know how to say this but, I am forced to believe you are correct. In this letter, Marcus changed some of the details in his story and I honestly can not believe him! It's not hard to remember how things happen when it's fresh in your mind, nonsense! That damn brute. So, I won't have to kill you 2." Trent looks at Gorn very quickly and now he looks back at King Cramshaw. He calmly asks: "Does this mean you will help us fight? And take by my father's town and, and and restore peace?!" The King takes another step closer to Trent and doesn't even blink while taking a deep breath. He tells Trent: "If you think... for one dull blade of a moment... that I would risk having war with your King Marcus then you must be as rotten on the inside as your father's corpse boy! I would never put my men or my town of wonderful citizens in harm's way!" Gorn decides to cut into the conversation and says: "We need help, we need to take back our town... think of the effect it could have if his evil thoughts spawn an evil army and they March in Jurden's direction!" The King turns his head and clears his throat. He moved his head back and forth facing both men. He tells them: "This battle is personal. I will not help you fight. I will give you the tools you need to win the battle for yourselves. Trent! Here is some quills and

parchment papers, your father always gave you credit as being the best at writing battle strategies. And now go outside, I'll have my men bring you some weapons and armor. And don't open your holes with any complaints either! The equipment I'm giving you guys is worth more than the gold you guys gave me." Trent quickly rebuttals saying: "But, but wait by now Marcus has all of my strategies! I can't just..." King Cramshaw yells: "Yes you CAN boy! You can and you will, take this quill and these papers." The men start to leave and Trent turns around and hesitates to say: "Wait... may I please have those letters from Marcus? The old one and the new one?" The King looks confused but he hands them over to Trent. The men are outside now. The equipment is given to them with a satchel and two horses. Trent puts his papers and his quill carefully into the bag as well. Trent and Gorn get on their new horses and they are being escorted to the big boat by a guard whom lets them use it free of charge. When they are on the boat they both stay very quiet and focused. Trent is thinking about what he should do to kill Marcus, and how. Gorn is thinking about what in the world can Trent come up with for a battle strategy that is going to work. He has doubts in Trent because they both realize that Marcus has all of Trent's known battle strategies. Once the boat arrives to the dock, the men get back on their horses and ride off. Gorn looks at Trent and yells: "Where are we going?" Trent whips his neck around and yells back: "The Chapel at West Horn, we must return there and find out what happened to the agreement that became purged!" Gorn nods his head in agreement. They are riding for a long time going straight, and at one point Trent thinks to himself: "Should we stop and give the horses a rest?! Oh no I suppose not, if we did it may be a very tough struggle to get them to run for us again... I feel horrible to do this but, we seriously should just keep going! There is a lot at stake!" So they just keep going and going. Once in awhile Gorn would switch his hands around on the saddle. Trent would occasionally look up at the clouds.

At last, they arrive at West Horn and they see the Chapel. They let their horses rest and put some food down for them. They both quickly run up the stairs and head inside. They look around briefly and don't see anyone. They walk to the back hall of the Chapel and finally they see someone. Gorn says his greetings: "Hello, we came from afar! We were trying to see what help you may be able to give us!" The man in the hall turns around. His name is Bertram, he has seen Trent many times in his life for they used to do good trade services under the guidance of King Norman. King Norman knew that the best and most clean water was at this town of West Horn, and it was disheartening to learn that Marcus cut off all trade with them. Trent can only imagine what water has been the substitute... So Bertram looks at Trent and gleefully says: "Trent! My boy! It has been a long time! And oh nice to meet you too my new friend! I must say I am surprised to see you here... your father told me how angry he was with me when he felt swindled..." Trent now emotionally bursts out saying: "Woah! WOA! What in the world do you mean? My father, loves, or ugh loved your trade services! Marcus was here wasn't he?!" Bertram looks puzzled and says: "Marcus? I don't know who that is? But your father sent me this letter, come I'll show you... and dear oh dear it has taken a toll on our town! We have been struggling so much ever since." He shows them the letter and Trent decides to ask: "Where is another letter from my father? Do you have another one? Marcus MURDERED my father! He's the one who killed him and became the new King and stopped the trade with you!" Bertram hands over the letters and Trent looks over them. Bertram sits down and looks at the floor. He sighs and says: "I... did not even, even know that King Norman was dead. I am at a loss for words! I do not know this Marcus person but-" And as Bertram is talking, Trent cuts him off and while holding the letters saying: "Look! This is more treacherous behavior! These letters have completely different handwriting on them! The one you got recently was a lie! A sham! My father always loved having your town's water supply, Marcus did this! DAMN HIM!" Trent starts walking back and forth with anger. Bertram puts his arm on Trent's back and tells him: "I'm very sorry, I wish I could help, also I wish I could've seen this coming..." Gorn watches as Trent goes into his satchel and he has a confused look on his face. Trent pulls out a quill and some parchment

paper. He hands them to Bertram and asks him nicely: "Can you please do me something? Somewhat, ugh, bit of Justice! May you write down your story from your understanding?" Bertram hesitates for a moment and then grabs the stuff. He doesn't say a word out loud, he just does what Trent asks him to do. A few minutes later and it is complete. Bertram hands them over to Trent and he puts them away in his satchel. Bertram watches as Gorn and Trent walk away. Bertram says one last thing: "Good luck, God be with you!" Trent turns his head while walking and gives Bertram a head nod.

They head out to Nathleen. Trent looks over to Gorn as they are riding on their horses. Trent starts thinking out loud: "Well... last time I was at Nathleen I didn't receive such a warm welcome! So whatever lies and propaganda that Marcus sent to King Kromsted, worked. I was to be killed on site, I couldn't convince anyone to listen to my side of the story there. What are your thoughts?" Gorn looks over, clears his throat and responds: "I don't know if Marcus got my name out there... it is worth a shot to send me in there and see what I can find out. This is different armor that I'm wearing, so this should help my disguise! If it doesn't help, than I'll help myself get involved in a blood bath!" Trent signals to Gorn that he agrees.

The look of Nathleen, beautiful on the outside, torturous on the inside. As they get close, they split up and ride in different routes towards the walls. Trent is trying to scale the sides of the walls of Nathleen that aren't held up by doors. Gorn rides straight to the entrance. He looks through the hole in the door and sees a narrow view. In his view, there is some homes, some food gardens, and a stairway leading up somewhere. 'Where could that lead to?' Gorn thought. So he watches as there is a horse coming up to the door entrance. It is a man holding a bag, and he's making a lot of commotion. He watches as another horseman comes traveling down the outside stairway holding another bag, and Gorn comes to a conclusion: it's the mail! That is where the mail comes from at Nathleen! So the door opens up slowly and loudly. Gorn runs off to the side and hides. The horseman holding the mail rides off, Gorn carefully glances over at the door as it starts closing... and quickly loads a sharp arrow on his bow! *fling!

The arrow goes through the side of the bag of mail and directly into the guard's side! The guard screams in agony! He rolls off of his horse aggressively, stands up and pulls out his sword! He yells out: "Come out you coward!" He turns around and at that very moment receives an arrow to his throat! It slices it's way through his Adam's Apple. Gorn runs to the newly deceased body and in a rush, takes his armor off and trades it with the dead guard. He is proud of himself, he thinks of a very smart idea, be the mail carrying guard in disguise and use the mail bag that was ripped as an excuse to go back to Nathleen's mail building. He pets the horse and feeds it some of his rations to gain it's trust. After a few minutes, Gorn rides back to Nathleen's entrance door. When he gets there Trent crawls out of a bush. Gorn goes over to Trent before he alerts the Nathleen guards that he needs to enter. He conveys his plan to Trent: "I'm gonna make it in, and steal our important papers! I can do this, his voice was bulky like mine anyhow. Watch for me Trent!" Trent nods his head up and down then quickly crawls back into the bush. Gorn walks the horse over to the door and knocks on it with the dead guard's sword. *knock! *knock! *knock! The door's slot slowly slides open. The guard inside wipes his eyes in disbelief and says: "Where do you think your going? Are you lost? Hath you drink Ale?" Gorn tries to muffle his voice deeper and responds: "Look at my bag! A hole came about, I need a new one, hurry up and let me in!" The guard snarls and shuts the door's slot. In a flash, the door opens up very loudly. Gorn rides up the stairway very rapidly! He gets inside of the building and sees there is a lot of piles of papers! He briefly looks at the top of the first pile and it is a recipe; he moves to the next pile and it is a trade agreement with another town; he moves to another pile and it is a story about how a horse jumped on a rock and broke it's leg... Gorn can't help but say "Stupid!" out loud. He moves onto the

next pile and sees some letters from King Norman, his curiosity is rising and his eyes are perking up. He looks at the papers underneath and keeps going as he looks at the bottom of each paper letter he is scrolling through. So far they all say 'King Norman' at the bottom. Ah! Finally Gorn finds a letter from Marcus! He grabs all of the King Norman letters and the letters from Marcus. He folds them up and shoves them in his clothes. Trent watches as guards run outside of Nathleen and find the dead body of the guard that a small blood trail led them to! Trent freaks out as they all hurry back to Nathleen! Gorn tries to jump back on top of the horse, but he's quickly being restrained by some guards! With his arms being held back behind him he looks around as he is being dragged towards the King's Castle. He pans his view left for a few seconds... now right for a few seconds... now back for a few seconds and he actually sees Trent hiding behind some horses. Trent watches as Gorn is being pulled by his arms. Trent slowly scales the side of the King's Castle, one carefully planned footstep at a time. There is a bunch of openings on the side of the Castle that Trent is on, but one side has something different: lit candles. So he puts his ears by that opening and decides to wait patiently. He thinks about just jumping in quickly, he also thinks about slowly and quietly jumping in to see where about he is. In the midst of waiting, he hears Gorn yelling at the guard dragging him! He listens as the prison door closes and the guard walks away. Trent climbs in quietly and walks slowly towards the prison doors. The first thing he notices is that Gorn is now completely disarmed! He looks at Gorn and before he even says anything, Gorn extends his hand holding the letters out! Trent grabs them and whispers: "I have GOT to get you out of here! I just have to!" Gorn looks down the hallway and quietly responds: "You have what you need, I don't know what your battle plan is but I trust you, just as King Norman would have! Take back our damned city!" Trent starts becoming emotional. He looks at Gorn and says: "I can not thank you enough my friend, this was a true act of kindness and you should truly be honored and rewarded as a knight of the highest honor, shall I set you free!" Gorn shakes his head and raises his eye brows up as high as possible. He looks at Trent again and says: "Wait! Give me a dagger! I'm sure I can fit that through this small open area here!" So Trent reaches behind his back and hands over the dagger. Trent feels dizzy, he asks Gorn: "So what are you going to use it for? I don't know how the locks here work exactly... I will look for the proper key." Gorn holds the dagger and tells Trent: "I'm, going, to need this for where I'm headed..." Trent quietly walks away towards the closet and searches for a key or some kind of small metal material to open up the lock. In his head he figures that Gorn will wait until the next guard comes to see him and he will kill him with his dagger. The walls begin to shake, the candle's light's begin to dwindle, there is a convoy of guards coming with King Kromsted! The King speaks to Gorn while Trent hides under a bunch of worn out helmets stashed in a corner. King Kromsted clears his throat and announces: "Prisoner! Thievery will not be tolerated! I sentence you to ten seasons of lockdown! After which you will be exiled from Nathleen forever! Good day, wicked one!" Gorn is hiding his dagger under his foot and he calmly asks King Kromsted: "Well, I'm willing to abide by the rules, gracious King. I've made a mistake in which I have earned a reasonable punishment for. I won't beg you for your sorrows, but I will beg you everyday for my freedom. I challenge to a standard prisoner release duel." The King looks at his guards and bursts out laughing. He turns back around and looks at Gorn to tell him: "Ha! You really think I am going to do away with your luxurious living situation by putting you in a dirt pile? I should think not!" Gorn gets angry and yells: "But King, these are the rules! Every town has this rule! If your scared, so be it, but don't ruin your reputation and rank by cancelling royal tradition!" The King looks at the guards and can't stop laughing with arrogance. He looks at Gorn as he's walking away and says: "Prisoner! Rot in hell! Ha, after I heard a prisoner used illegal weapons against King Norman do you really think I would trust one of you peasants ever again? No! No means no! You die now, next stop now, guards a grow tiresome, let's get to the dining hall for some delicacy before bed..." Gorn is stark mad with anger. He watches them walk away and he can't believe with all of his willpower that he doesn't have a chance to duel for his freedom just like he

has seen prisoners do many times in his life. Trent waits quietly as the guards escort King Kromsted away. Once he can no longer hear them he goes over to Gorn's cell and looks all around the room for him, but has no luck! Trent wonders how he has escaped? He puts as much of his head through the door opening that he can fit through and he looks down to find a gruesome discovery... Gorn is dead! He has killed himself with Trent's dagger! Trent tries to speak as he starts crying, a few tries of getting the words to come out have been failing. He finally is able to speak, but only briefly, Trent's last words to Gorn is: "You shall not die in vein! My friend, you shall not die in vein!" He wipes his tears off of his face and goes back outside of the castle through the opening. Trent looks over the walls of the town to see that his horse is nowhere in sight! So he watches for the last horse available is tied to the guard's barracks. He crouches down and watches... the guard comes up to untie the horse. Trent rushes up to him with a sword and an excess of rage built up! He grabs the guard and throws him on the ground, pummels him with punches and puts the tip of his sword up to his throat! He is about to slit his throat and murder him and all of the sudden he has a change of heart. He decides to hit the guard on his head with the back blunt part of the sword handle to knock him out, and he takes the horse and rides off! He can't explain why, or make sense of the situation, especially considering all of his anger. But he feels like for some strange reason, his father was watching him at that very moment and he couldn't kill him. He rides out of the city back towards his old home...

Chapter 6. Write Out of the Gate

Trent rides while thinking of a good battle strategy for the revenge he so desperately wants. He also stops thinking about fighting and bloodshed to daydream about the horrors of his pet wolf Crusher's life. He could only imagine what horrible life he lives since he was taken over by Marcus. He hopes that Crusher would remember him, but he's pretty sure that he is no longer alive... that his big black furry head is on Marcus's wall somewhere! It's a horrible thought, but the pain associated with those kind of thoughts are very real to Trent. He finds his way home and jumps off of his stolen horse. He feeds the horse some rations and he waits for someone to leave and to watch the gate open. Trent sits down on takes a nap on the grass. A few hours pass and Trent is being awakened suddenly by a loud noise! The gate opening up did the trick of opening his eyes! He feels dizzy and lightheaded. He watches as the mail carrying horseman is leaving, he wants to chase after him right now, but he knows he can't because the guard's at the gate will see him and than the element of surprise is completely ruined! The mail carrying horseman is getting farther, and farther away... the gate is slowly closing. As the gate is just a few feet short of being fully closed, Trent decides to go for it and books it full speed ahead on the horse! He follows as the other horseman is going towards a valley. Trent pulls up on the side of him and swings his sword! It knocks the knight off of his horse and onto his side. Trent jumps off of his horse and runs to the knight. The knight stands up and picks up his spear that Trent didn't notice before! Trent keeps his focus on the tip of the spear. He's holding his sword with a very tight grip with both hands. The knight thrusts the spear forward! Trent makes a side-step away from it! He swings his sword at the knight with a quick slash, he mangles the spear over to that side where the sword is coming and pushes it away. Trent spins and tries to make a gash into the knights left leg but he lifts it up and kicks Trent back a few feet. The knight pushes his spear towards Trent's midsection and he maneuvers his sword sideways to push it down to the ground! The knight instantly pulls his spear back and does it AGAIN! Trent gets hit in his armor and then pushes the spear away with his sword. Trent starts to feel over-fatigued and starts thinking that this is a battle bound for defeat... he thinks of something risky and scary! He pretends to hold his sword with both hands again, but he is really only holding it with his left hand now... his right hand is free in reality. He places his sword straight up in the left side of his body in the hopes that the knight will try and strike on Trent's right side. The knight thrusts his spear towards Trent's right side (like he had hoped for) and he

scarcely extends his free hand on the right side. He uses it to grab onto the spear under the sharp tip and when he does this, the Knight pulls it back to him with Trent attached! It knocks the them both down to the ground, but the knight is on his back now and Trend is on his knees, he has his sword in his left hand still. He stabs the knight with it right through the top of his armor and in his chest. He turns around and goes to the knight's horse to look in his bag. He sees the contents of the letters inside of it... it is an interesting time in the world it seems! Tomorrow is King Marcus's birthday, according to a few of the letters obtained. They are addressed to a few of the neighboring towns, which strikes Trent as bizarre. King Norman never wasted any time on his birthday, it was a normal day of labor, and a quiet dinner celebration at home with the family. Something about this new information gives Trent a bad feeling!

He makes his way home and to his surprise, there is something different about the gate... very little security?! Trent is in complete and utter shock, mystified! He walks up to it and takes a peak inside of his hometown. There is disturbing views of people puking, laying on the hard ground, and people just visually looking like they're ill! Trent goes in and sees a convoy of guards walking around and they start harassing the people INSIDE of their homes! Trent thinks to himself: "This is something of insanity! People never were this bad off?! And my father never intruded in people's houses, outrageous!" If Trent's thoughts could scream out loud, an Earthquake would start. Trent has to slowly take quiet steps on the sides of houses as there is guards patrolling all over. None of these guard's faces looks familiar, Marcus is doing all sorts of terrible things. Trent spots Crusher, his pet wolf, on a chain leash tied up by the castle. Crusher looks unhealthy as well, malnourished even. Trent is so happy to see his furry ferocious companion, but he knows better than to become a part of the circus show running the town, in which Trent knows that Crusher would bark loudly nonstop if he saw Trent. He can't allow this madness to go on to his people or his pet, any more! He heads up to his old favorite place: the Printing Press Hall. As Trent goes quietly up the stairs, he hears the convoy of guards coming! He jumps off of the stairs and rolls down towards a well. He hits his head and drags his legs to make himself crawl over to the other side of the well. The convoy of guards started pounding on doors again, bashing the elderly people in the stomach! Trent is enraged, very pissed off! But he knows that it is a suicide mission to fight them now. He is extremely outnumbered. He grinds his teeth while painfully waiting for a moment to get up the stairs to the printing press hall. Trent starts to drift off in his mind to older times. He thinks about his father making friends with everyone he made contact with. He thinks about all of the deals that he wrote for his father that made positive strides for the King's people. All of the sudden he shakes his head out of his imaginary sensations and goes back to concentrating on the current reality. Hearing the corrupt guards yelling like drunken wenches makes Trent want to jump out of hiding. He starts to drift off again and his father's face appears. In this hallucination he tells Trent: "My son, take our town back! You can save us from hell, hell on Earth! Use your talent, the talent I was always envious I didn't have, but in which I was glad 'twas you that harnesses that strength... NO TIME! GO! GO!" Trent makes his way up to the Printing Press Hall building and opens up the door with his sword out. The staff inside stops and looks over at Trent and puts their hands up in the air. Trent demands: "Any of Marcus's guards in here?!" The old man of the staff answers: "No, what do you want from us?" Trent puts his sword away and tells them: "I am Trent, son of King Norman... Marcus betrayed and killed my father. I am here to make things right... and get my revenge! I have something I need to write and put out with your press." The old man (again) speaks on behalf of the whole staff: "We aren't allowed to release anything without the permission of King Marcus or his knights' consent! It's a waste of time I'm afraid." Trent is about to speak and a young lady beats him to it and talks first saying: "I believe you... about your father! One night I will never forget, I was at a party that Marcus had at his castle, and he became very drunk. He actually started talking about your father and he admitted that he killed him, he even

laughed about it. But that is only the start of it, ever since then he makes us all pay him, he kills us he considers worthless, he is constantly taking our stuff away, we have no privacy, and our supply of food and water is low! We have been tortured SO much! He uses his knights to threaten everyone so we all live in fear all the time!" Trent let's them know: "Look, I have a plan, please help me... I got some stuff to write up and I thought of a fake deal offer from Yestin, you know where the best most expensive horses come from? Well I can write up a fake offer for one thing, something that is too good to refuse, and I hope that he will go for it. And the best part: it's his birthday tomorrow so he won't go himself he will send a bunch of his knights to go for him! I just need you guys to spread my writings everywhere and make sure his castle gets to see them." The old man grunts and looks at Trent angrily: "No! Trent, there is no way! We are threatened and we can't fight this king in battle! You will put us in danger here, you really don't understand, we are lucky to have as good of a job as we have!" Trent looks from left to right at all of the staff. He drops some gold on the floor and tells them: "Listen, this is scary, but I can do this, I can kill him and get us back to a good civilization! It's worth a try, if we don't try this then we are as good as dead anyway... just help me to use your printing press and give me some materials, then do as you always do and spread out the papers of my writings! Make sure my fake Yestin deal makes it to the castle!" The staff gets up and takes Trent's gold. The old man whispers: "You better be right about this." The other staff members bring Trent down the hallway to the printing press materials and Trent pulls out his quill. Trent sits down and spends hours writing.

Trent finishes up and alerts the staff: "It is complete! Now print this out and spread them out like I told you please, do you have a good hiding place for me to sleep in the meantime?" The old man takes Trent to a room where there is a huge pile of books. Trent looks at the old man and says: "Thank you guys so much... I won't fail us!" Trent sits in the corner and closes his eyes. Unfortunately, he cannot fall asleep right away. Even though he is very tired. He starts to think about his mother. He remembers her face and it always smiling. Trent is sad, he can remember her soft toned voice and yet he can't actually remember anything that she ever said verbatim. She was a very kind woman. He remembers she used to take Trent out after his combat training for the day and challenge him to a foot race. Fun times in his recollection. He's now thinking about his mother becoming very ill. His father would kneel down and hold her hand. One thing that he was very envious of his father was that Norman never showed his emotions on the outside. Trent never saw him shed a tear. Trent remembers crying when his mother was dying. When she revealed to them that there was a mysterious crop that made her ill, Trent was impressed with his father. He didn't hesitate to run right over to the printing press at the time and get to writing a warning about the crop. He wrote about it and made sure to get it sent all over the town and neighboring towns! This inspired Trent and sparked his interest. Ever since that moment, Trent was officially a writer for life. He also remembered from that time the amazing ability of his father to never show any negative or sad emotions, even when the time for them to show would be appropriate and natural.

Trent is awoken a few hours later by the old man from the printing press. He announces to Trent: "Come Trent! Quick! You've got to see this!" Trent stands up quickly and runs to the entrance. He peaks around the corner of the wall and the outside carefully with his right eye. He sees a huge convoy of knights riding on horses leaving town! Some of them are doubling-up and having multiple knights riding on one horse. This gives Trent hope as now he sees his plan as working- Marcus fell for his fake deal false advertisement paper, and his ego wouldn't allow him to go take care of it himself. Marcus is obsessed with himself and wanted to keep the time for himself as it is his birthday time. Trent climbs up the wall and pulls himself up onto the roof of the Printing Press Hall building. He watches in a distance as the convoy leaves town and one guard stands by the gate on patrol. Trent stands up, runs and jumps onto the next roof over! He picks up some small

rocks and chucks them. They bounce on the gate making a noise and the guard notices. When he turns around to look at the direction of the disturbance, Trent jumps off of the roof! He lands directly on the guard's shoulders! He lays on the ground and cries in pain. Trent drags him by his legs to the outside of the city. He shuts the gate and locks it up tightly. He runs carefully to the castle. He wants to surprise attack Marcus so he knows to be very careful around Crusher. He takes a long stare at the castle, it's a disturbing sight... ropes for hanging people are hanging from the roof... King Norman would be ashamed. Trent sees Crusher laying down on the ground still attached to a chain leash. Trent slowly takes baby steps around the corner. He crawls underneath a wagon and starts moving with it over his head. He makes it about 20 feet until Crusher starts howling hysterically! He is startled by the wagon moving, growling and barking and such! A knight came out from the balcony upstairs with a bow and arrows! He starts to fling arrows at Trent while Crusher keeps making loud noises. Trent runs over to another building and an arrow hits the last footprint Trent made on his way over there! Trent looks through his arsenal and equips his small knives. He holds a knife with his right hand and pulls it all the way back... swings his body to the side and throws his knife! It hits the knight, but on the wrong side of the knife! So it just bounces right off. Meanwhile Crusher is barking non-stop. Trent runs to go behind another building! Another arrow is flung and it narrowly misses Trent's backside. Trent gets another knife in his hand ready for throwing... he waits for a few seconds and pokes half of his body out from behind the cover, and immediately retreats back behind cover! It tricks the knight into shooting another arrow, and Trent takes advantage of this opportunity. While the knight is loading another arrow, Trent throws another knife and it penetrates the knight's palm! He bleeds heavily and drops his bow. Trent starts to search for more knives and he suddenly feels a rush of terror! A shock-wave is felt at his feet and he hears a loud agonizing screech! He looks to his side and glances at Crusher's leash... he's not there?! It's broken... Trent looks on the ground next to him and finds a gruesome discovery... Crusher has an arrow in his neck! Trent twitches his vision up high and finds another knight with a bow loading another arrow on the balcony! Trent screams in anger: "DAMN YOU COWARDS!" He throws his remaining four knives at that knight! He falls backwards and drops his bow. The bow falls off of the balcony and Trent grabs it. He pulls out his sword and breaks it in half. Trent quickly runs over to Crusher and holds on his head. Trent emotionally communicates to his dying wolf: "Thanks for saving me boy... I love you! Your going to a better place." Crusher closes his eyes and licks Trent's hand one last time...

Trent runs into the castle! He puts the broken pieces of the bow in the slots of the door to keep it locked. His sword is out and held tightly by two hands. He runs to the ballroom where it has the most wide open space. Trent is about to yell and there he sees Marcus holding a giant battle ax. Marcus starts to give Trent a sarcastic applause and yells: "Wow! I am impressed! My men let me down I see. I'm going to give you a much more savage beating than your father's!" Trent shouts back: "TAXES? Bad water? Home invasion tactics? You are no longer human! You will pay for this you disgusting piece of filth! You damn heathen! You will give me my father's sword back with your cold dead plagued-fingers!" Marcus laughs ferociously and says: "I have something 'bigger' planned!" Marcus lifts up his large battle ax! He walks to get close to Trent and swings it! Trent leaps backwards on his tip-toes just in time to miss! Trent swings his sword and Marcus blocks it! Trent dives to Marcus and gets close enough to him for the battle ax to be ineffective and tackles him to the ground! Trent pummels Marcus with punches as Marcus's hand was on Trent's sword handle! He twists Trent's sword out of his grip and throws it! Trent stops punching him and stands up to run to get his sword... but when he stands up Marcus extends his battle ax out to trip Trent! He turns around while on the ground and kicks Marcus in the face at an awkward angle. Marcus temporarily can't see so he just flings his ax back and forth while he tries to find enough balance to stand up. Meanwhile Trent grabs his sword off of the ground. Marcus comes closer step by step. Trent starts to poke his sword straight, Marcus blocks

it with the side of his ax. Marcus starts to try slicing Trent's left side... he keeps his eyes on the ax and swipes his sword to Marcus's unprotected side... Marcus tricks him! He didn't follow through all the way and did a fake strike! He now forcibly curves the ax sideways towards Trent and he catches this maneuver at the very last moment! He holds his sword in the block position as he is falling down! The ax hits the sword directly and shatters the sword! Marcus lifts his ax up high and starts to bring it down in a wood-chopping fashion! Trent holds the small handle on his broken sword up and gets on one knee... he shoves the handle to the opening part of the ax between the sharp curve and it's long handle! It stops Marcus from getting the ax down all the way, and Trent gets off his one knee to crouch with both feet on the ground! He now pushes the ax back as he completely stands up which knocks over Marcus! Trent fights to get the ax into his control! Marcus loses grip of his ax and Trent picks it up! Marcus runs back to a chest and opens it very quickly and pulls out King Norman's sword! Trent yells: "You don't deserve that!" Marcus yells back: "You don't want to break daddy's sword now do you?!" Marcus lunges the sword to Trent's midsection! He pushes it away with the ax handle. Trent runs with the ax to swing it sideways on Marcus! It cuts him and he starts to drop some blood. Marcus walks backwards towards the stairway. Trent chases him and tries to pierce Marcus before he hits the stairs! Marcus turns around facing the stairs and jumps as Trent swings! He grabs a hold of a rope from a chandelier and it flies him back to Trent's position! Marcus decides to let go of the rope before he gets there and Trent swings the ax! The force of the ax hits the end of the rope and the piece fall down! Marcus lands on his side behind Trent and thrusts the sword through his side! Trent screams in pain and Marcus keeps on holding onto the sword as he stands up continuing to push the sword into Trent! With the sword stuck inside of Trent he breaks off the end of it and stabs Trent in the chest with that smaller piece of the sword! Marcus laughs and grabs Trent by the head while he tells him: "Now it's all complete! I killed your wench of a mother! I killed your disappointment of a father! And now the weak son!" Trent's eyes never started to cry until he learned that Marcus was responsible for killing his mother... Trent starts to fade out into death and he utters one last thing to Marcus: "I... have already won... ugh..." Marcus lets go of his grip on Trent's head and he falls down to the ground, dead. Marcus laughs really loud and talks to himself: "Already won? Hah! How pathetic? How sad that you couldn't accept my superior talent! My more progressive reign?" Marcus walks to the castle entrance and opens up the door. He starts immediately loudly announcing to the town: "Ladies and gentlemen! A sabotage was just attempted to kill me and take over..." Marcus stops talking as he looks around outside and senses something out of place, something eerie... some of his own knights are hung on ropes on a wall... and there is a huge gathering of citizens outside ALL with weapons drawn! Bows, swords, torches, etc. Marcus loudly demands with a cold sweat on his back: "WHAT THE HELL IS THE MEANING OF THIS?!" One citizen walks slowly up to Marcus and hands him some papers. Marcus skims through it and reads it... Trent had the printing press make copies of Marcus's incriminating letters circulate the town; the story of the true nature surrounding the assassination of King Norman; as well as make a note that he was ripping people off with the taxes screwing over the budget which was once put to good use by King Norman; The lies revealed about the good water from the Chapel at West Horn; and to top it all off, Trent made one little white lie: that HE was going to visit King Marcus TODAY to make a peaceful offering to restore peace law and order to the town, which was a lie, but in his death nobody would possibly believe Marcus's side since it was believed to be a peaceful visit to benefit the citizen's behalf! Marcus was forced onto a tight rope and tied to a tree, to be repeatedly stabbed by the citizens he has terrorized! This story was an example of the strength of strategy combined with the wit of a talented writer. The citizens learned a hard lesson from this, and began to rule in peace for the next remaining lifetime, but in similar strides to the liking of King Norman and his great son Trent! The warning of a harsh reality became the common knowledge of the people in the years to come, that understanding that there is rarely a good-hearted politician...