

Bad Fantasy

As the group fought their way through Orcland, they saw the looming tower in the distance getting closer. Covered in blood, the unlikely, motley crew that consisted of four highly trained and experienced heroes made a mad dash for their target, cutting down wave after wave of green-skinned orcs, not because they had green skin, but because they were evil!

“Stay together!” Mary Sue shouted as she decapitated an orc with her longsword.

“Methinks they doth have us surrounded, companions! Fight on, towards the tower, or all is lost!” Bill shouted, emphasizing the gravity of the situation as he flung fireballs left and right.

“Don’t worry, I think these orcs have a crush on me!” Jack shouted, crushing an orc’s ribcage with an impractically large warhammer. “Hammer time!”

Theldonar rolled his eyes, throwing off his aim so that he only hit three orcs with the same arrow instead of four. He quickly reloaded from his seemingly endless quiver of distinctly elven arrows, because he was an elf. However, the tide of orcs was getting closer and closer, forcing the heroes to stand back-to-back-to-back-to-back in what should be emphasized as a really cool fight that would totally translate well into a movie scene.

All of a sudden, a colossal roar pierced the air and the fighting stopped as the orcs and heroes froze and looked towards the direction of the sound. Then an arc of flame shot out from behind the ridgeline, followed by a massive dragon, which descended on black wings towards the center of the battle. The orcs dropped their

weapons, and began to flee in panic. As the dragon came in for landing, it scorched the straggling orcs, and the heroes noticed a figure riding the dragon's back. The dragon shook the ground as it landed, and Mary-Sue saw that the figure was none other than their recently lost companion, Balidon, a level 64 Paladin who is totally not based on the author's World of Warcraft character.

"By the Gods! We thought you did perish fending off the cave beasts, brother! By what miracle hath you survived?" asked Bill in far too many words.

"I fought hard, but was losing ground. Suddenly, when I thought I might succumb, I stepped back and fell into a plot hole. I landed in a cave where I found this dragon, the last of his kind. He is also nice, unlike all the other dragons."

"Will you help us finish the quest, once and for all?" asked Mary-Sue.

"Alas, I cannot come with you. It is your destiny now."

"Are you fucking kidding me?" Theldonar groaned.

"Nope. Sieze your destiny!" Balidon said as the dragon took off and flew into the sunset.

"I guess that Paladin is Pala-done." Jack mused. "Let's get into this tower!"

Jack hefted his hammer and swung it into the dark wooden door, sending it flying open. A towering figure clad in black armor stood in the hallway.

"Who trespasses here?" he demanded, his deep voice booming metallicly through his helmet.

"We seek your evil master!" shouted Mary-Sue.

"For what purpose?"

“Allow me to elaborate,” said Bill, waving his hands as his eyes turned blue. A portal appeared in front of him, and out stepped a massive golem, a sentient mass of rock and earth.

“Demon of exposition, explain why we hath come!” shouted Bill, failing to use his inside-voice. The demon looked around and sighed, even though he was made of rocks. He began to speak.

“These heroes have come from the lands of Amerope to fulfill their destinies and destroy evil, hopefully developing as characters along the way. Mary-Sue, the plucky heroine, Jack, the brawn and comic relief, Theldonar, the swift elf, and Bill, the wizard ha-”

“Wyzard spelled with a ‘Y’!” Bill whispered.

“...Bill the wyzard, spelled with a ‘Y’,” the demon continued, “have fought hard and travelled far to Orcland to stop the impending doom your master plans for their homelands.”

The heroes stared down the armored figure as the demon finished speaking, and turned towards Bill.

“Can I go now? I feel like this was unnecessary,” the demon groaned.

“Yes, yes, fine,” Bill replied.

The exposition demon turned back towards the portal, his clunky earthen footsteps clunking along clunkily until he disappeared.

“Let us pass!” Mary-Sue demanded.

“Guards!” the black-armored figure roared as he drew his serrated, evil-looking blade. The doors behind him flung open, and orcs poured into the room between himself and the heroes, and goblin archers filed in behind.

The heroes let out a shout as they charged into the snarling mass of orcs. Mary-Sue and Jack slew enemy after enemy as Theldonar and Bill dealt death from afar. Soon, a gap in the orc ranks opened up, and Mary-Sue charged fearlessly at the black-armored figure. The goblin archers opened fire at her, but she kept charging. Her armor was scant, not covering much more than a set of undergarments, which revealed and accentuated her sexy body. She charged on, confident that if her armor did not stop the arrows, her large breasts would protect her vital organs. Her enchanted blade pierced the figure’s black armor like butter. When they saw that Mary-Sue had felled him, the remaining orcs and goblins routed, leaving the way to the top of the tower undefended.

“So what’s the plan? How do we fight this evil dark lord?” asked Theldonar.

Mary-Sue reached into a bag on her hip and pulled out a strange object. It was the size of a large apple, and gave off a green glow as it clicked and hummed, gears rotating on the inside of its translucent shell.

“What is that?” Jack asked.

“I think it’s called a ‘plot device’. The wizard who sold it to me swore by it.”

“What does it do?”

“He said it could solve problems, so I thought it might come in handy.”

“Let’s get this over with,” Theldonar muttered. The group set off up the stairs.

At the top of the tower stairs, the heroes entered a large room filled with magical objects, artifacts from all over the world, and piles of books and scrolls. At the far end of the room sat a man clad in dark robes, scribbling furiously on a piece of parchment. He looked up at the sound of the heroes' footsteps.

"We are here to put a stop to you, evil lord!" Mary-Sue shouted.

"Oh no..." the man moaned as he stood up from his chair.

"We are the heroes Mary-Sue, Jack, Theldonar, and Bill. Your plans of chaos and destruction are through! Any last words?"

"Wait!" the man said, eyes wide with confusion and fright, "You can't kill me! Do you know who I am?"

"Who? Explain yourself!" Mary-Sue demanded.

"I'm not your enemy! I'm the Author! I created all of this, and set your stories in motion!" He pointed to his pen and paper.

"So you do admit to planning our hardships?" Mary-Sue asked.

"Well, yes, but it's not like tha-"

"Attack!" Mary-Sue shouted. The heroes charged at the man.

The man grabbed his quill and began frantically scribbling on the page in front of him. Suddenly, a group of orcs stormed up the stairs and into the room and attacked the heroes. They fought fiercely, slaying orcs with ease while the man kept writing on the parchment. More enemies, including beasts of all types poured into the room just as quickly as the heroes could slay them.

"What vile dark magic is this?" shouted Bill.

“I’m writing the climax of the story! Spoiler alert: you die!” the man responded.

“More like clim-AXE!” Jack roared as he ripped a battle axe from an orc’s hands and decapitated three enemies in a single swing.

“Mary-Sue, the plot device!” Theldonar said.

“Right!”

Mary-Sue struck down a giant scorpion and retrieved the gadget from her bag. She primed the device and threw it towards the man. It detonated in midair, creating an orb of swirling energy that hung in the center of the room. Suddenly, it exploded, sending electric bolts in all directions. The swarm of enemies were struck down, electrocuted, while another bolt destroyed the parchment the man was writing on, and sent the quill flying out of his hand before it disintegrated.

“Looks like you wrote yourself into a corner,” Mary-Sue said, backing the man up against the wall.

“No, please! I’ll give you all a happy ending! I’ll make you fall in love!”

“Too bad. We’ve got a destiny to fulfill.”

Mary-Sue seized him by the scruff of his robes and thrust her sword into his heart. The man gasped and fell to his knees.

“I guess I only have myself to blame,” he said, and collapsed dead on the floor.