

The Tales of the Forest of Deanery

Contributed by bazarg
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Groegan tensed, something was not right. He sniffed the air again and motioned forwards with his oversized paw. His whiskers twitched, there was someone behind that tree, or more so, someTHING. He crept forwards and swept round the tree, slashing at nothingness with his steel claws. His gutter runners were bending low to the ground, sensing a trail. Then they bellowed in pain and fell to their knees, swords sticking through each of their hearts. Groegan growled, there was a natural prescence, like a dryad, but much stronger. Suddenly, without warning a wicked iron blade with a scratch along its length, protruded from his red spattered chest.

Noel leapt onto his white stallion, it shook its mane as he patted his head. Noel was going on his first quest, maybe his last, his father had lent him a sword and shield, his mother a blood red cloak. He had become a Questing knight, and he would make his family proud. He was light skinned and had aubairn hair, that shone in the sunlight. He had turned eighteen last month and had trained with King Louen himself! As he trotted out with four other boys he stopped and looked back whispering "Thank you".

Noel pushed his sword against the rat's, sparks flying from their blades, the ambush had been well prepared, for the horses were gagged and tied to a stake. He pressed harder and the rat's sword gave way, giving Noel the chance to slice an N into it's stomach. When his friend Krieg came over to look, he giggled and slashed a K into his own rat. Their lunch was cold for they had no time to waste, they leapt aboard their now free horses and galloped into the Forest Of Deanery, praying to the lady of the lake that they would not end up like their companions, dead and slung over a spit. They reached the centre of the forest and looked above at the fluttering birds, the forest was beautiful but cursed, they had chosen this path because it was uncharted and legend had it that the grail was somewhere between these trees. A splashing sound of a waterfall came from the east and they followed their ears for a drink. As the trees parted, Noel and Krieg gaped in wonder, this was the lake of the lady, a blessed place seen only by very few eyes, none alive now. They prayed to the lady for thanks and rested by the edge of the lake.

Noel opened his eyes slightly and felt a cold sensation on his neck. "Stop it Krieg, that tickles!"

Noel opened both eyes fully, and found himself staring at a green cloaked man pointing a glowing green sword at his neck. The Ghostly being asked in a low voice, "Answer my riddle to pass, or your next breath will be your last." Noel gulped, "what is the riddle?" he asked. The green knight recited "Who is strong and lives in pride, old as me, never died?" Noel thought it through, he could not think of an answer. Wait, strong, lives in pride? A lion! A king! Having solved the first part Noel was excited. Old as the the green knight, never died? King Louen Lionheart! "I have solved your riddle, Green Knight." Said Noel. The green knight said "Who is strong and lives in pride, old as me, never died?" "King Louen Lionheart!" Noel proclaimed as the green knight and his horse vanished into the mist. A buzzing sound rang in Noels ear, and a vision of the grail appeared to him. He turned and told Krieg. "The grail lies beneath us.".....