lady in distress no matter what the scenario. You simply tell your boss the king I quit. It's all become cliche, I'm throwing down my sword and shield and picking up a spatula."
Sam dropped his fork and wiped his mouth. "Is there ANYTHING that the king can do to change your mind?!" asked Sam in desperation.
"A woman's life is at stake."
Bob sighed. "Is she pretty?"
"Yes, but what does that have to do with life?" Sam asked, wondering about the great wizard of magical award winning pie crust.
"Well if I save her in this cliche quest, then there will be the reliable cliche kiss for saving her. And if I'm going to be kissed, she better be pretty. I'm not going over this again for some cow."
"Yes," grumbled Sam. "She's pretty."
"Ok. I'll do this one more time. But this is the end of my quests for the king. But there is one thing that I need."
"Name it, anything it shall be yours." said Sam. "A pair of underwear. Preferably colored royal purple."
Sam wondered what his underwear would do for battling a dragon but he agree to the silly request with a life at stake and the kingdom he agreed.
"Good." Said the out-of-retirement mighty dragon slayer and put away his chef outfit on a hook behind the bar. After that, he picked up a bag and went into the kitchen. Sam picked up his own stuff as Bob returned with his traveling bag full and pointed to the door. "Off we go to save the princess." Said Bob.
Sam wondered what he was doing since all he had to do was find Bob. Not give away a pair of
his clean purple underwear. Maybe this is all part of being a hero, thought Sam on his first quest and continued forward out the bar door after Bob to save the kingdom's princess from a live fire-breathing dragon.

"Hello?" said an eyeball.

"Hello," said Bob, talking to the eyeball in the center of the door. "It's me, Bob." "Bob? And who is with you?" asked the paranoid eyeball.

"My name is Sam," he answered.

Sam was wondering how long this conversation would last as he wanted this part of the 'cliche' mission with Bob to save the day to end quickly and without getting any more swamp slime on himself, let alone the purple underwear he had out for viewing.

The bog in which the eyeball lived was smelly, muddy, and an occasional movement in the ground of large gross worms over his toes made another second in the bog unbearable. The green branched hut in which the eyeball, and rest of the bog witch's body was living in, was smelly as well. Sam wondered what could keep someone here besides being a witch.

"And I've come to you from Fantasia with a gift from the king!" said Bob.

The eyeball looked over Sam and the door opened. "You brought me one of his servants!" said the ugly bog witch and pulled Sam into her smelly thatched hut.

"No!" cried Sam. "Bob, help!"

Bob entered the witch's home as she looked over Sam as her newest addition to her collection of the king's knickknacks around the hut. "No, not the servant," Bob said and pulled him away. Gi
ving Sam a second to collect himself. Bob gave a wink to queue him for what they had planned.

"I have for you, miss ... witch, a pair of underwear of the king's. You can tell it's the king's because of the royal purple color." Sam stated as an official representative of the royal family.

Sam and Bob both knew it came from Sam's collection of undergarments, but it was a harmless lie and Bob assured that with only one working eye the witch wouldn't notice any difference between royal underwear of the king's and that of a poor lowly servant who's never had a crush on him by a bog witch in his entire life. And glad of it, thought Sam. The witch's skin and hair was paling and grey compared to the full purple color of the underwear when she rubbed them between her knobby fingers and then onto her boney face. Sam didn't understand the length of the witch's love for the king until he saw even more of the king's belongings all over the swamp home. Sam spotted a portrait of the king over the witch's bed, a telescope that appeared to point directly into the king's bedroom, a dozen pairs of the king's robes and royal slippers, and even the king's baby bronzed shoes.

"You are my hero, Bob. What can I do for you in return?" said the witch and placed the shorts on a nearby table by the telescope.

"We are on a quest to save the princess from a fire-breathing dragon that plans to hold her hostage until the king gives up the kingdom of Fantasia," said Bob in an official announcing voice of a hero on a quest to save the world.

"And we need to know the location of the
dragon. We need you to cast a 'location' spell so we can find the dragon and then proceed to slay it."

"I thought that you retired." Said the witch.
"Yes, well, this is the last time."
"Well, she must be a real catch. You know how it will end with young princesses." Said the witch taking out her magic crystal ball. "You always think you are in control, then wham. Right in the kisser."
"She's going to punch you?" asked Sam.
"No. She means, of course, the cliche kiss when the hero rescues the princess and everyone lives happily ever after."
"That still doesn't sound like much of a 'wham' to be afraid of." Said Sam.
"It is something to be afraid of if you have some thirty or forty other princesses to rescue from fire-breathing dragons in 30 or 40 other kingdoms where after being rescued in the nick-of-time they all want to marry you and live happily ever after with you with children. Never gold, never jewelry, never a firm handshake of thanks, just a lot of bent feeling's why I think their daughter isn't good enough to marry and when I did marry one ..."
"You were married to a princess?" asked Sam
"Once." Said the witch. "He married and she left him."
"She got angry because I was always out saving more women who need a hero to save them from ferocious beasts in the world of Fantasia and I didn't have enough energy when I came home to her. Damn it all. She was nice too." Said Bob.
"I hear she is a damsel in distress again, if your interested?" said the witch. "In the
chains of a giant ogre's, but I've lost track with that lady."
"I like my bar and I make people happy without much harm to myself," said Bob. "So be it," said the witch.
"So where is the king's princess?" asked Sam. "Let us look into my magic crystal ball," said the witch and then Bob sighed. There was a cloud of white vapor swirling inside the crystal ball until there became an image of the entire realm of Fantasia. Fantasia became more and more detailed until Sam, Bob, and the witch herd a cry inside the crystal ball.
In the far side of the ball a small image was flying over the land of Fantasia. At the very top of the mountainous lands of Draconia was what looked like a red bird, but slowly the bird became larger as the image was magnified to the onlookers.
The bird was a sleeping dragon and they could hear the princess yelling for help.
They had their location of the dragon and the princess.
"And we're off!" said Bob, and picked up his bag. "Thanks for your help."
"So now we go save the princess?" asked Sam, worrying about the size of the dragon in the crystal ball as compared to the size of the mountain the great beast was resting its deadly head on top of. The stomach of the dragon alone could probably enjoy spacious room for four horses and the riders of the horses to match.
"Yes, it will take some walking so let us get moving, Sam." Said Bob and pulled his things over his shoulder. Sam followed, happy to leave the witch and her bog hut, but unhappy that he
was going to meet the dragon himself. A hero's life is hard indeed, thought Sam.

"Heeeeeeelp! Heeeeeeelp!" Cried the princess, desperate for a hero to save her. Her body was chained up against a rock wall with shackles as black as coal. Her pink dress was torn and her face was dirty from the trip across the lands. The demon yellow eyes of the dragon opened slowly from their sleep and the creature spoke. "Silence! Your cries for help will do you no good here. No one can hear you for miles." The dragon snorted smoke from its long red reptilian nose at the princess.

Then from the corner of her eye the princes saw her call for help answered. There were two men making their way to the princess, one of them looking like a familiar servant of the castle. But she didn't care.

"You think my father won't send anyone! Well, here come two heroes to save me now!" yelled the princess at the red dragon.

The dragon leaped into the air and began looking over the two saviors. One a meager man-servant and the other.. Bob.

"I thought you were in retirement, Bob?" asked the great deadly flying firebreathing dragon to Bob below.

Bob looked up and said," I get a lot of that." And began digging into his bag which he had been carrying with him along the journey. The only thing he brought out was a magic cook book. As Sam looked at the flying beast he could not believe what was going to happen before his eyes as he knew it. A real life fire-breathing dragon was going to be, if Sam was correct,
turned into another one of Bob's famous light-crusted 1st place award winning pies. Bob was using new cooking recipes when he fought his battles to save the kingdom. Ogres, dark elves, dangerous giant spiders, trolls, all were avoided from using a sword against them and instead were turned into pastries for local county bake offs. New recipes for old ideas of saving the world, Sam ended his thoughts on Bob, the old warrior hero turned restaurant chef.

The dragon blew flames into a nearby forest and it lit like a match. Bob followed by opening his cook book and casting a spell creating a large metal cooking bowl over the flames and then began counting ingredients one by one for the recipe of "Dragon Pie" to fall into the heating bowl. Eggs, Flour, Sugar, and other ingredients were incorporated with the main ingredient: one dragon.

Sam looked up again and saw the princess on the mountain ledge. While Bob began mixing the ingredients with a large magic wooden mixing spoon, Sam made his way up the mountain to where the princess was prisoner. Once he got to the top Sam asked the princess," Where is the key to the lock on the chains?" Sam and the princess looked around but could not find one. "Use a rock to break them open" screamed the princess, as the dragon's distance was being watched by her, never seeming far enough for her to completely feel safe from its deadly body and sharp razor claws.

"Clank!" went the rock against the chains. So loud that the dragon heard Sam and turned its course from Bob to him instead.
But it was too late for the dragon. Bob had summoned an enormous mixing wooden spoon and it raced across the sky to BASH the dragon over the head for Bob's new recipe for victory. Sam and the princess saw the large dragon dive down from the open sky into Bob's enormous cooking bowl. The dragon was knocked unconscious by the mixing spoon and the great beast was cooked into another winning recipe by Bob.

"Anyone hungry?" Bob yelled to the Sam and the princess.

The princess carne down from the mountain ledge with Sam and gave the enormous pie a taste. "Needs more sugar." Said the princess, and gave Bob and Sam a kiss on the cheek for saving her life.

And everyone laughed and ate happily ever after. Including a lone witch with royal purple underwear, but that is another love story ...

The End.

by Greg Guay