

A decorative frame composed of intricate, symmetrical scrollwork and flourishes. The frame is black with a slight 3D effect, giving it a metallic or embossed appearance. The word "Spellbent" is centered within the frame in a black, gothic-style serif font. The letter 'S' is particularly large and ornate, with a crown-like top and a decorative swirl at its base. The rest of the word "pellbent" is in a smaller, similar font style.

Spellbent

by Intweener

Seth: Hello Miss, that garden looks fruitful!

Woman: If only my crops would grow a little faster so I could feed my children...

Seth: ... Can you repeat that please?

Woman: If only my crops would grow a little faster so I could feed my children...

Seth: Thanks. And now I assume you are going to say it again?

Woman: What? No! You met the Village Idiot, didn't you?

Seth: This is so not where I thought this was going... What a relief!

Woman: That blabber won't feed my kids you know. Tell ya what, I'll give ya a wooden sword, extra sharp, if ya catch me 5 of them rabbits eating away at my crops.

Seth: No, thank you.

Woman: ... You're not a *hero*?

Seth: I suppose I am.

Woman: And you don't want this job?

Seth: No.

Woman: Why? All other heroes have eagerly offered me 5 rabbits for a wooden sword (extra sharp and sandpapered).

Seth: I am a Mage. Mages do not need swords.

Woman: What's a mage? Don't you need a sword to protect yourself?

Seth: I have my *own* means to protect myself.

Woman: Means that don't involve any wooden swords?

Seth: None of *yours*! Leave me alone.

Twig: **Whisper** Mheheh.

Woman: 'Kay... Nice hat by the way.

Seth: Thanks.

Seth continues his search for quests that will actually be useful to him.

Meanwhile at the Castle.

Servant: My Liege! I have two issues for you today: The latest report on the Kingdom's state, and a poem!

King Lacial: Get on with it!

Servant:

There's a farmer on the south side
who loved a coat out of deer hide.
The deer belonged to Pete
who thought killing's not neat,
and decided to drown him in high tide.

Our suspicions were as bad we feared:
Small creatures in our sewers appeared!
But the goblins decided
no longer to hide it,
and killed countless guards not thinking it's weird.

The hunger is on the rise again,
Which wouldn't have been too terrible when
we hadn't had famine in fall
killing off the sickest of all.
Next ten or so wars, we'll have plenty of middle-aged men.

The heroes are questing as usual,
and yet our enemies remain to stand tall.
Our borders are bad,
nothing more I can add.
But in time I assume that this Kingdom will fall.

King Lacial: ... That was very touching. Now can I hear the report of our Kingdom please?

Servant: That was the report, Sire.

King Lacial: ...

What the *actual* poem written by a farmer is about... Well, we will probably never know. Partially because King Lacial claims the terrible two-liner offended him, but mostly because he was reminded once more that he is surrounded by illiterate delinquents; or '*idiots*' as they're called in their language.