



In a world not so different from ours, lived a gladsome village

The townsfolk strived and lived in harmony to the best of their abilities

Until

One day a disastrous bane struck the land.

The sky began to darken as a giant looming presence emerged from the clouds.

The townsfolk began feeling sprinkles of what they thought to be snow or ash.

The elderly began to cough and fall to the ground as the village began to question what was happening, they looked upwards.

What appeared was something only heard of in ancient folklore and fairytales.

A dragon emerged from the skyline, twisting and turning in all directions!

With each breath it spouted a plague upon the land!

As the dragon returned to its lair the village began to work on ways to cure the elderly of the infection.

They tried all sorts of spells and concoctions, but alas nothing worked.

The King began to lose his mind, suggesting the townsfolk begin injecting disinfectant into their bloodstreams.

With a quarantine in effect all hope began to fade.

However...

THE COVID CRUSADER!

As the sun rose over the hills, a man appeared gazing over the village

FEAR NOT PEOPLE OF UM ...

With a loud thunderous voice he began to shout.

Worcester ... WURSTER ...

UM- IT'S PRONOUNCED "WUSTR" SIR..

HA! I KNOW THAT SILLY GIRL!

FEAR NOT PEOPLE OF WORCESTER!

I HAVE COME TO RID YOUR VILLAGE OF THIS PLAGUE!

BY SAYING THAT DASTARDLY DRAGON YOUR VILLAGE WILL HOPEFULLY BE CURED!

SIR.. I DON'T THINK ANYONE CAN HEAR YOU! ESPECIALLY WITH THAT THING OVER YOUR HELMET!

REGARDLESS!

WE SHALL SAVE THESE POOR VILLAGERS!

THIS DRAGON IS TO BE RUMORED TO ORIGINATE FROM THE EAST SO LET US GO SQUIRE!

GO WHERE WE JUST GOT HERE CAN'T WE REST IN AN INN FIRST?

NONSENSE!

WE CANNOT POSSIBLY RISK OURSELVES TO THIS INFECTION FOOLISH GIRL!

FWIP!

NOW CMON! WE HEAD EAST UNTIL SUNSET!

BUT ... THE SUN LITERALLY JUST ROSE AND MY FEET ARE KILLING ME

EXACTLY! WE HAVE A PLENTY OF TIME TO TRAVEL! HOPEFULLY WE MAKE IT TO ITS LAIR AND HAVE IT SLAIN BY TOMORROW!

YES SIR ...

AT THIS RATE I'LL BE DEAD BEFORE WE MAKE IT TO ITS LAIR...

WHAT WAS THAT SQUIRE?

OH NU-NOTHING SIR!

OKAY GREAT!

THEN LET US GO!

NOTHING SHALL IMPEDE ON OUR QUEST TO SAVE THESE TOWNSFOLK!

NO!

And so without the townsfolk even being aware, his Squire began their quest to slay the dragon