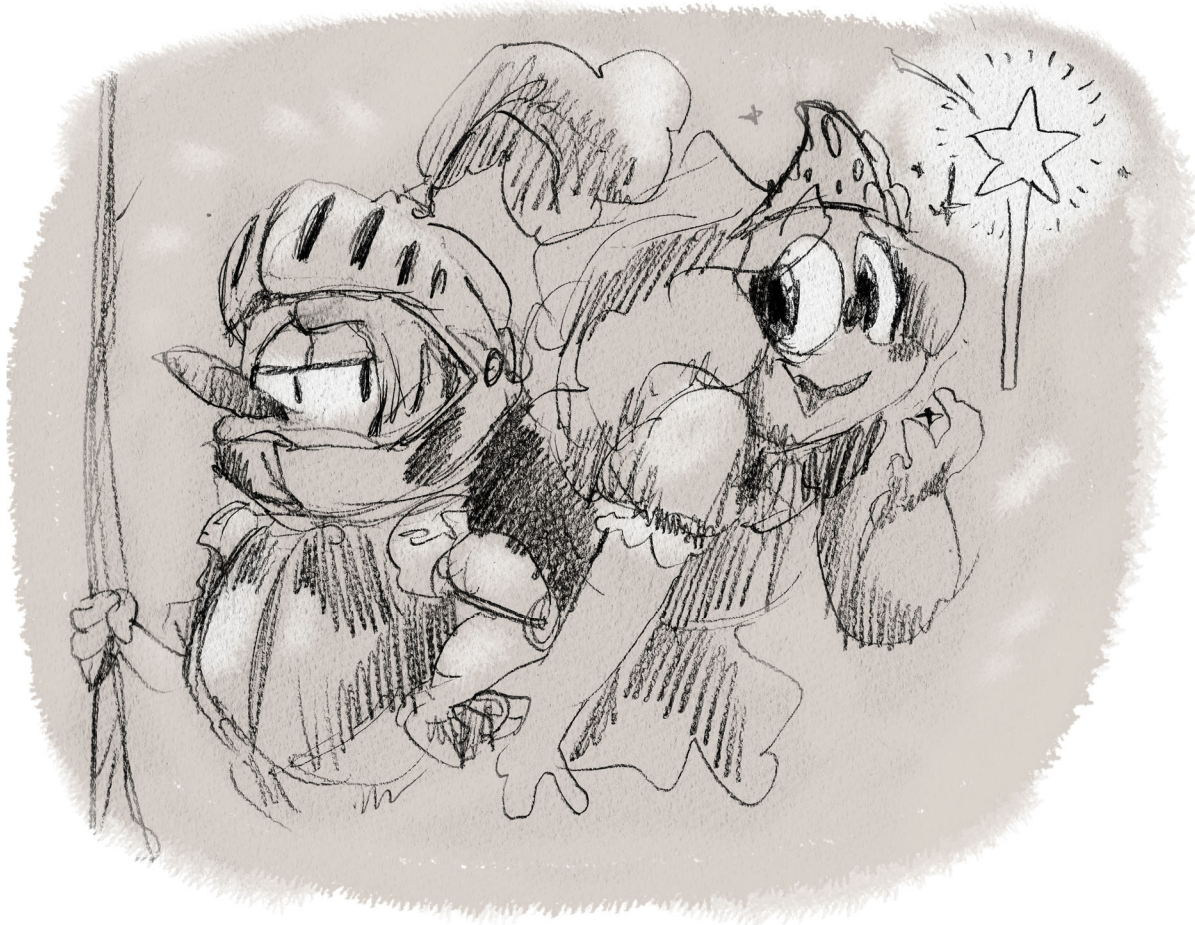


Tales Of Heroic Sir Moebert

The Dragon and the Princess

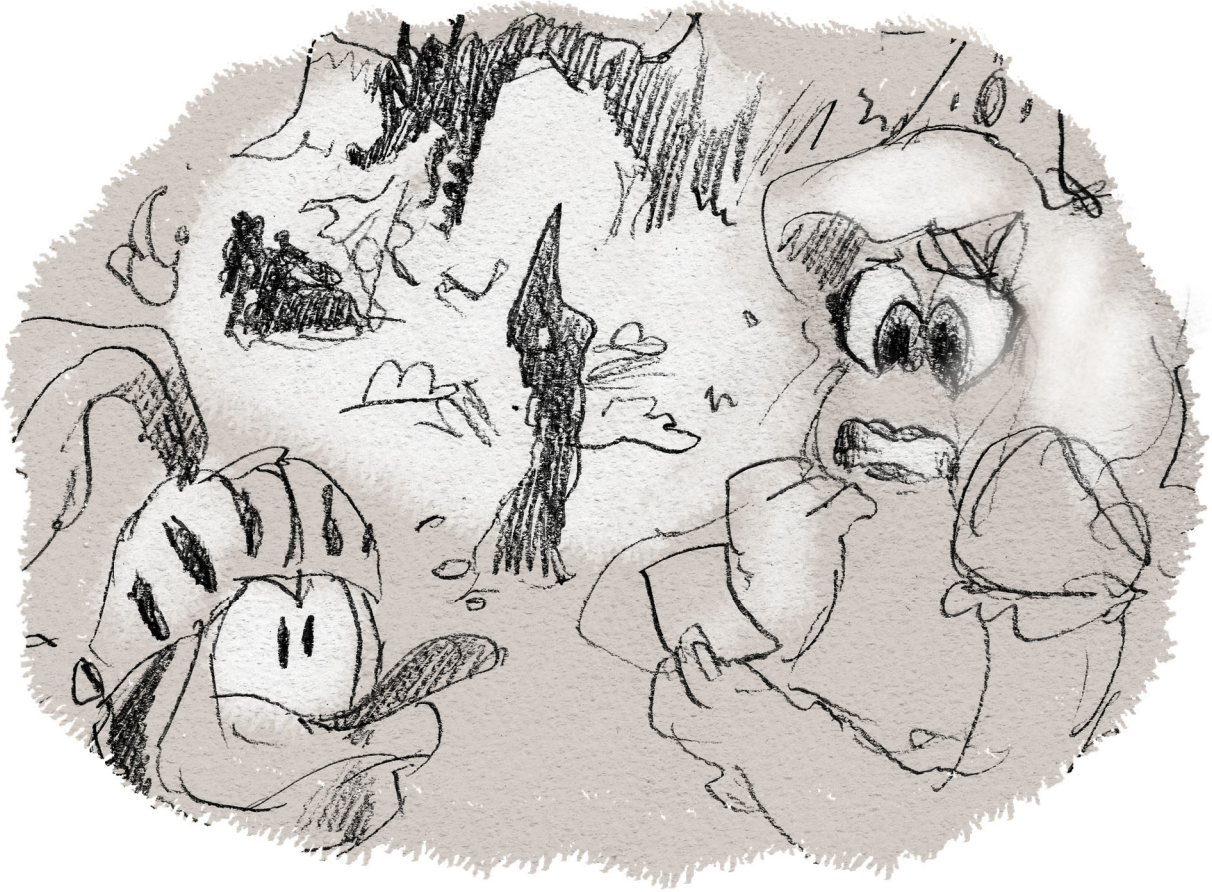
Once upon a time, there was a brave knight, the valorous Sir Moebert. He, with the help of his wonderful fairy goodmommy, was known far and wide across the kingdom for his heroic deeds!



(HOW TO USE: Your PDF reader should have a place to type in page numbers, so you don't have to spoil anything by flipping through the pages! If nothing is written here, just turn the page. If it says, THE END, turn back to Page 1.)



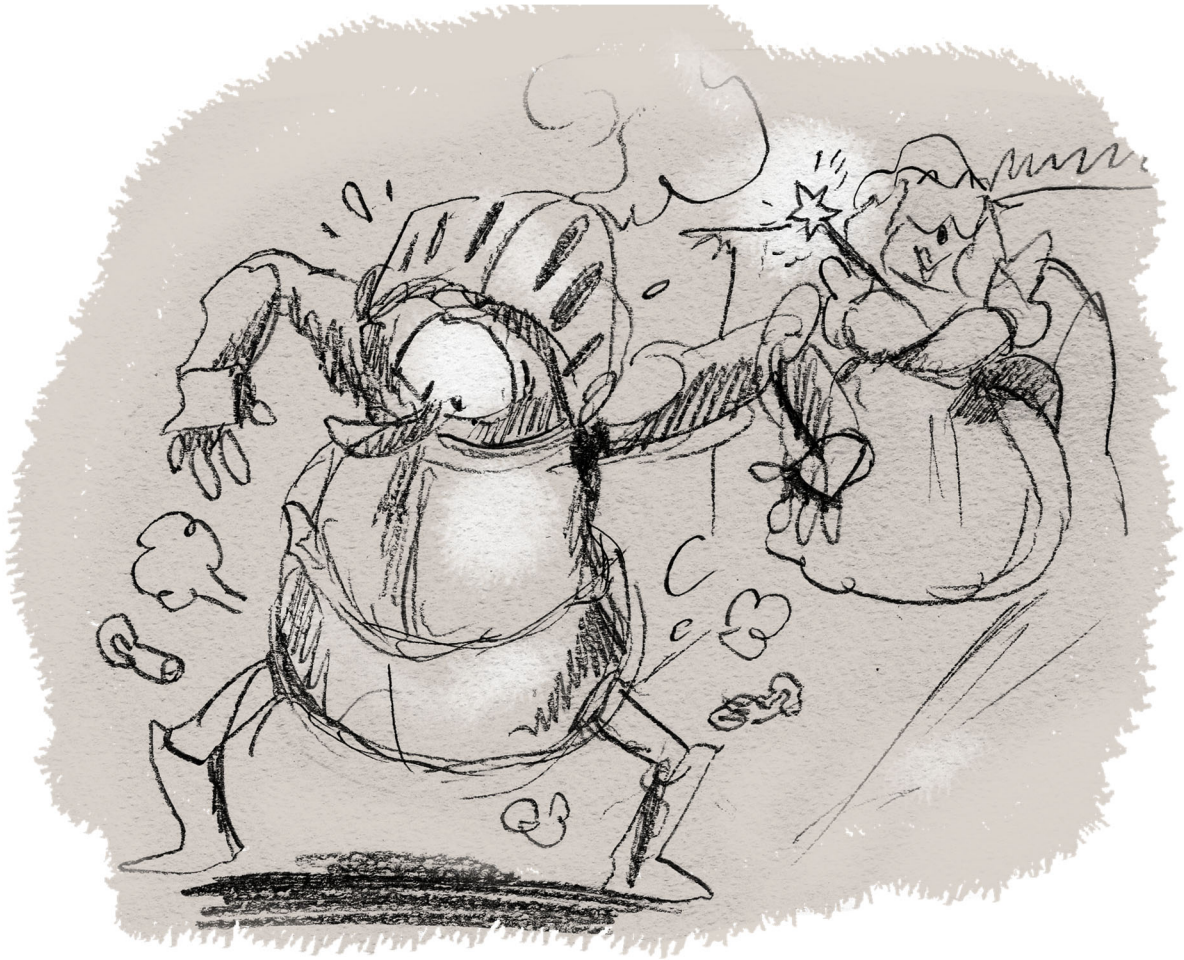
One day, while getting... refreshed between adventures, a sparrow with a little note tied to its leg appeared at the window.



The note revealed news that was quite dire! The kingdom's very own fair Princess Martelyn had been kidnapped, and was trapped in an old, spooky tower. Worse, this very tower was rumored to be guarded by none other than *Jorlaydtythinim*, a notorious dragon that had terrorized the kingdom and evaded its armies for generations!

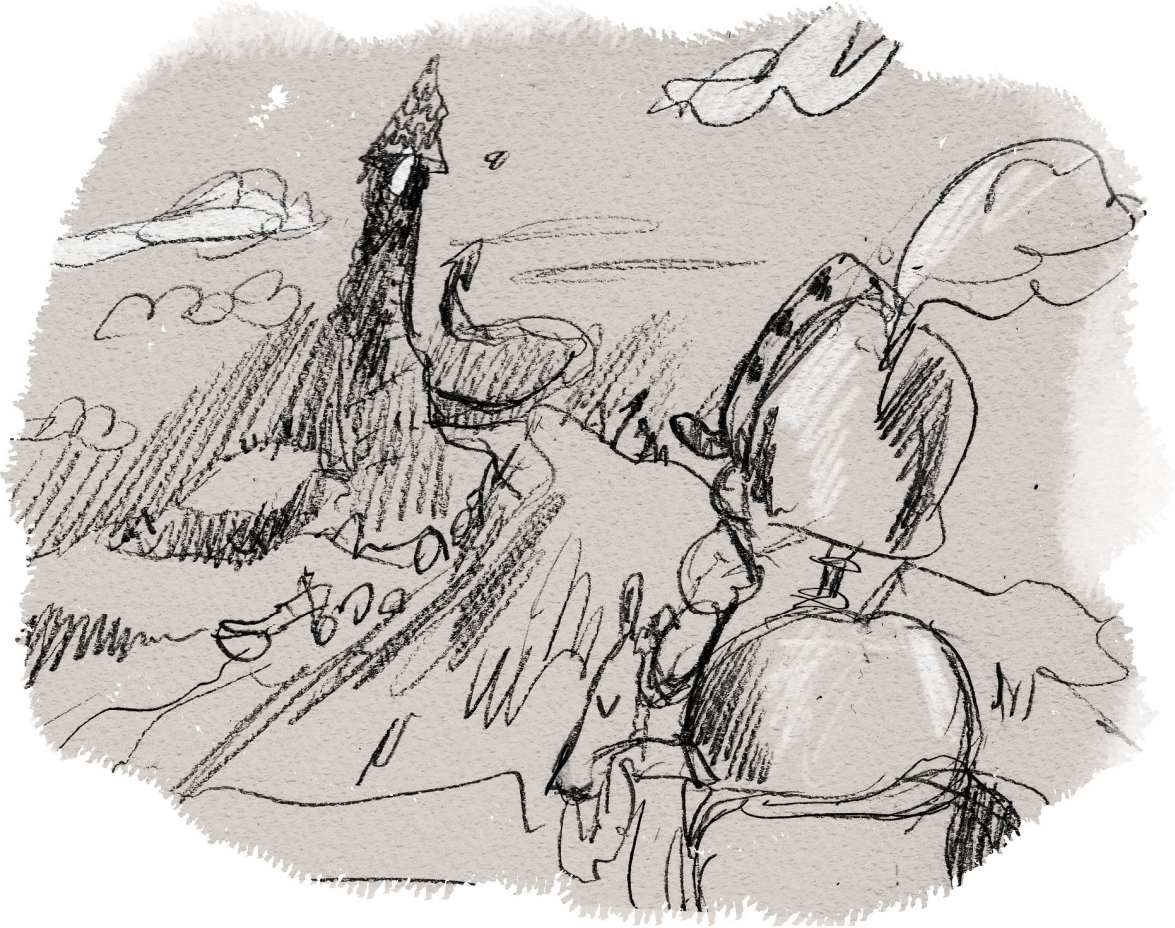


Well, there was no question. Though he could not pronounce her name, Sir Moebert swore to slay the horrible dragon and rescue the princess without delay!



Fortunately, his goodmommy was there to make sure he went with extra protection for this very dangerous quest...

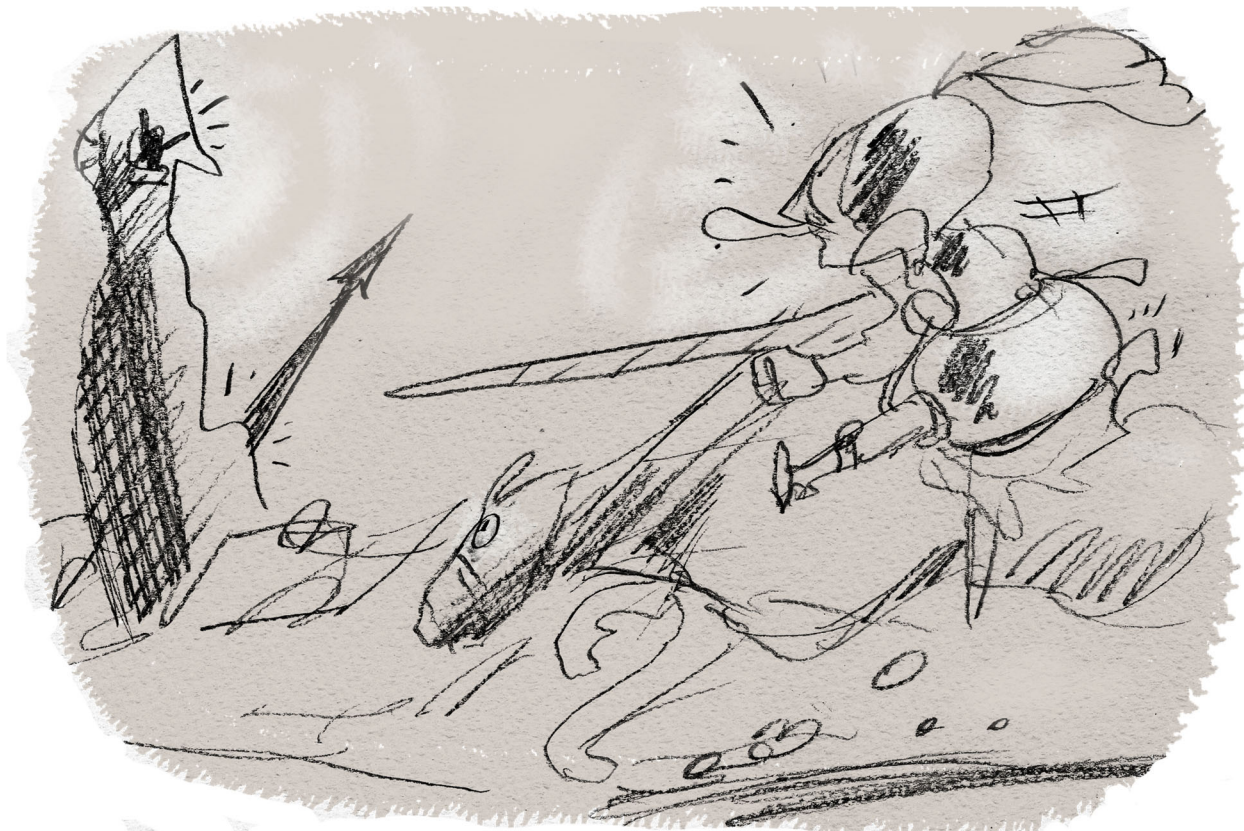
After perilous travel, the determined Moebert finally arrived at the dreadful dragon's tower... it was tall, spooky, and really quite rickety looking. Certainly not a safe place for a princess! And he knew in his heart of hearts that she must be locked away far up at the tippy top of the tower, inside the only window into the spooky old building.



What shall our hero do? The heroic, knightly thing to do would be to charge the tower outright! Or, he could sneak his way inside and spirit the princess away... The choice is yours...

Charge (Turn to the next Page)

Sneak inside (Turn to Page 15)



Moebert was no cowardly thief! He readied his lance and charged the tower on his daring steed, shouting a cry for the honor of the princess! The princess certainly noticed him, as she leaned out the window of her tower, way up high, and shouted with all of her might that she come and save her. He was already on his way to do that, so it was really quite unnecessary!

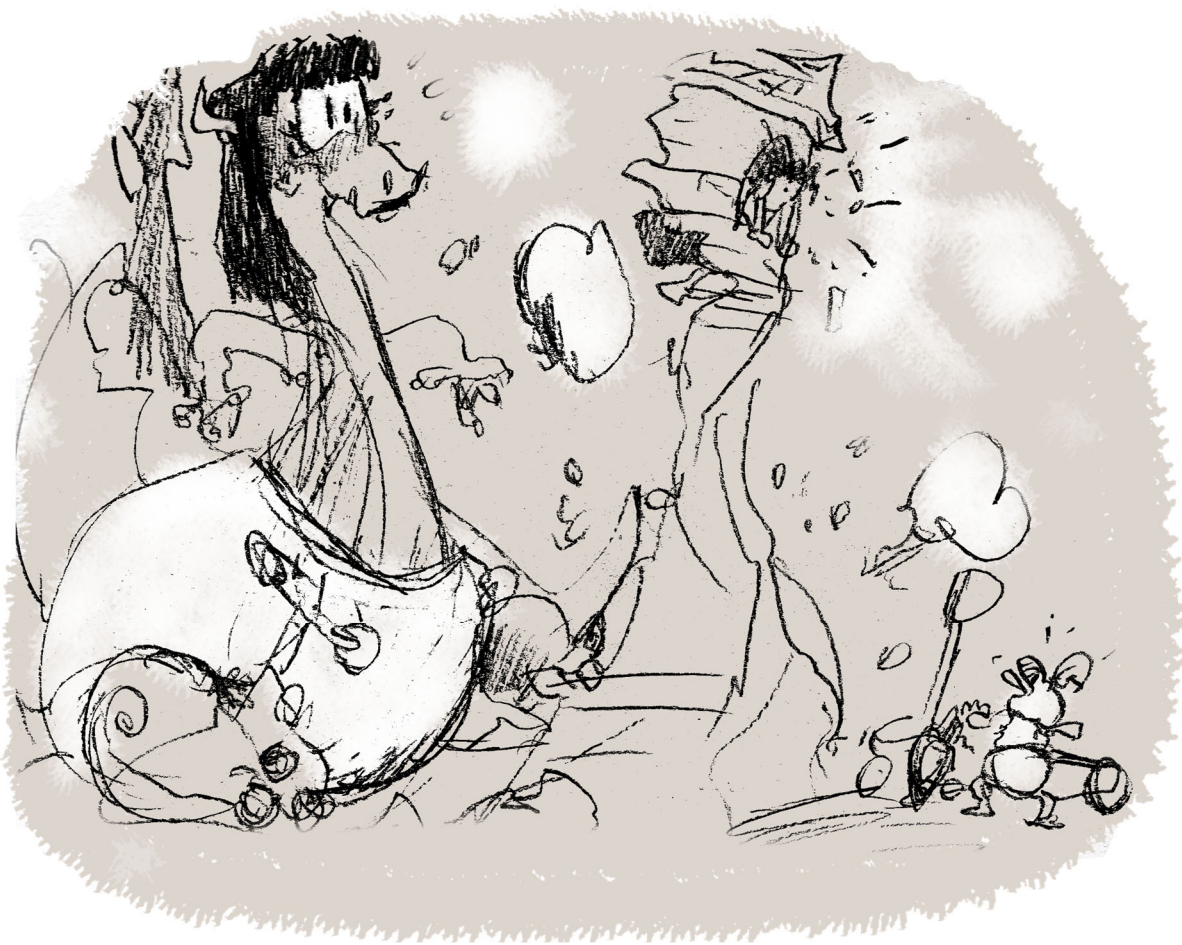
Unfortunately, the commotion also caught the attention of the great beast within the tower... and it gave out a great big roar!! Time was short, what was Moebert to do? There were some old catapults lying around, but who knew how many of them would actually work? Plus, that would be rather dangerous for the Princess... Or he could use his skills to bolster the Princess's bravery so she could buy him time by dueling the dragon in her chamber! It would only be for a little while before he could reach her... What would he do now?

Try to find a working Catapult (Turn to the next page)

Encourage the princess (Turn to Page 14)

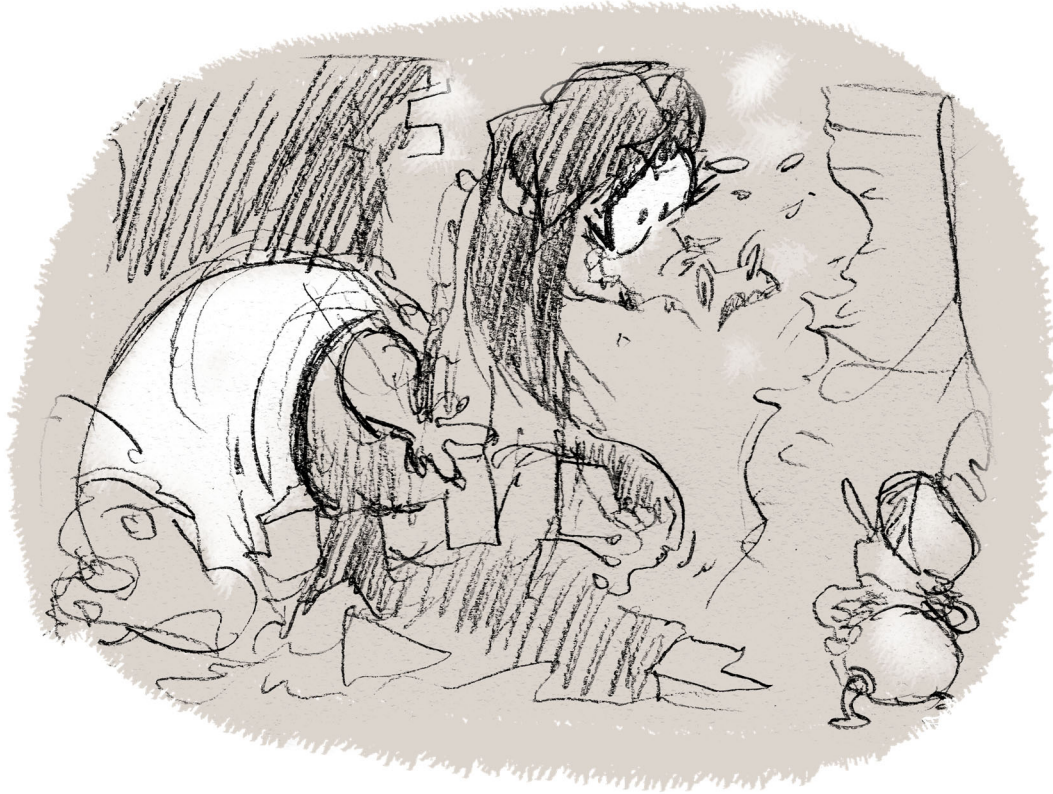
Moebert searched quickly and found a catapult that looked as though it may work... He found a large piece of rubble to heave into the bowl, and launched! The rubble was flung through the air, at a surprising speed it may be added, and struck a glancing blow on the tower, right in the middle! Sir Moebert knelt and clasped his hands, wishing with all his might that the tower would not fall... Alas, it did... At least part of it. Much of the middle section of the tower fell away, revealing the terrible, mighty Jorlaydythinim at last...

And she looked quite silly, actually.



It seemed that the great and terrifying dragon had never learned to address her potty needs like the rest of polite dragon society, for she wore the smallclothes of babes! Or rather, a vary large, dragon sized variant of the same. How embarrassing!

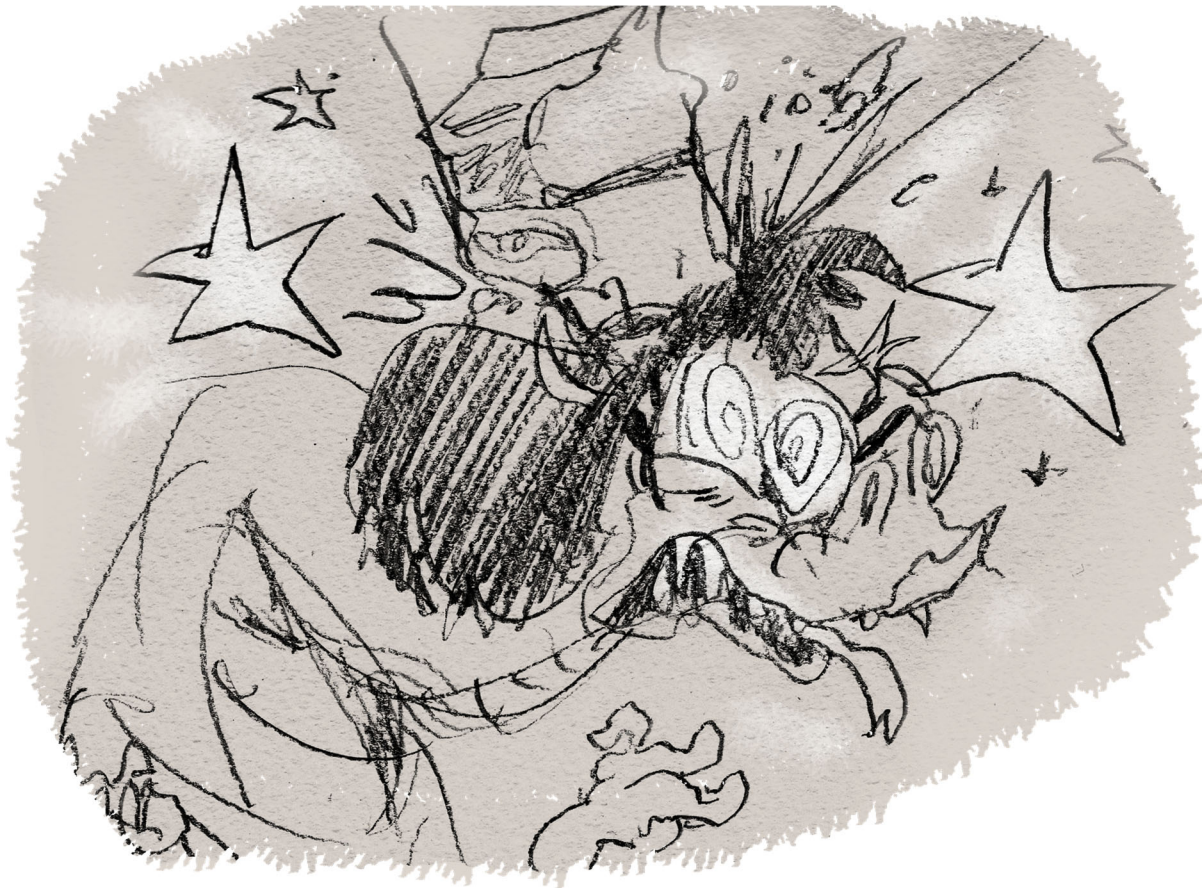
The absurdity of it was not lost on Jorlaydtythinim. She quivered and blushed, attempting to inspire the terror of legend in her challenger.



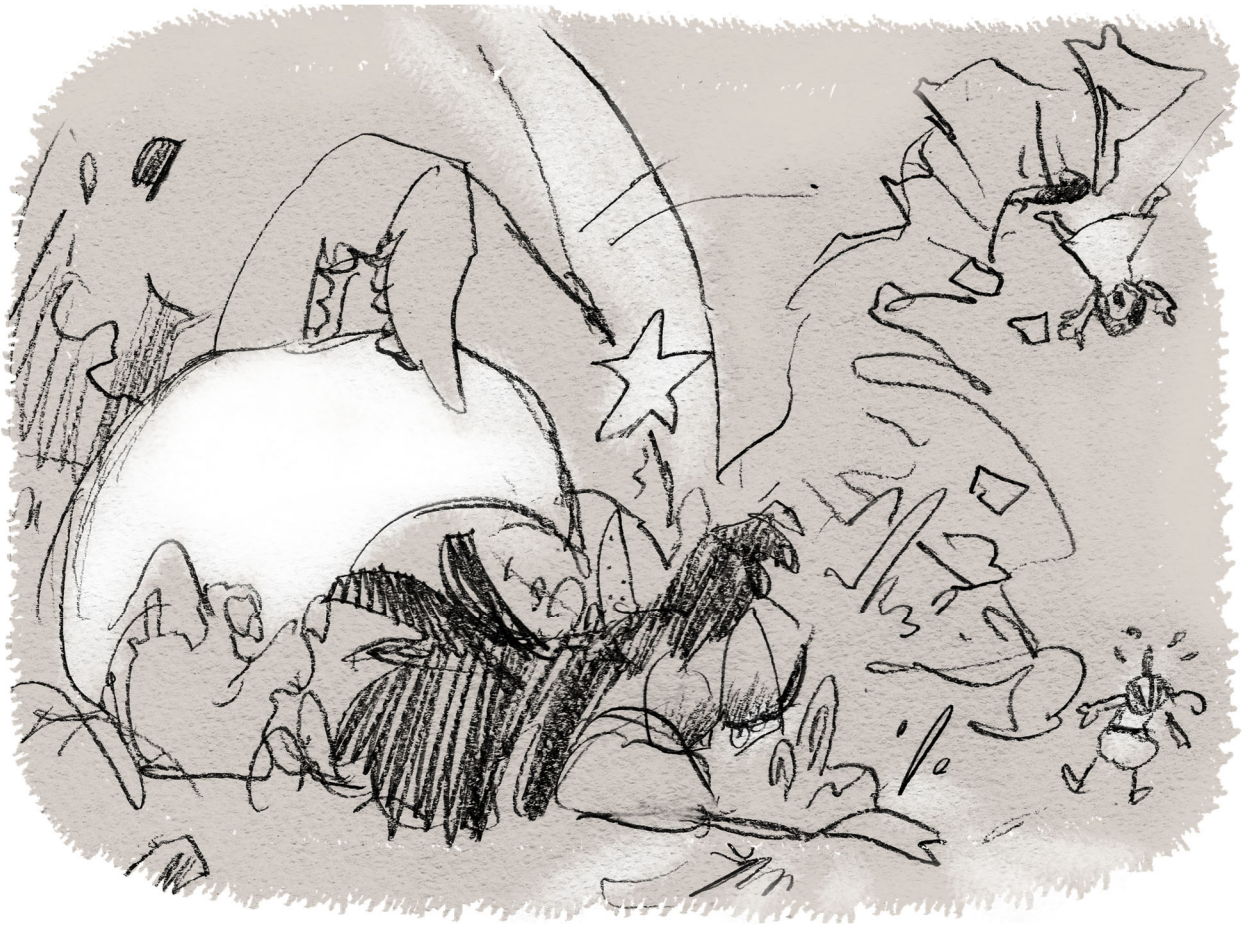
“What, uh- WHAT are you looking at, puny morsel?”, her voice cracked.

And as luck would have it, for she was still quite large, the tower was not quite done crumbling.

KLONK! And a great big piece of rubble fell on the distracted dragon's head head and knocked her out cold!



And thus, by her own carelessness (and arguably her inability to go to the dragon potty like a big girl) The fearsome Jorlaydythinim was defeated!

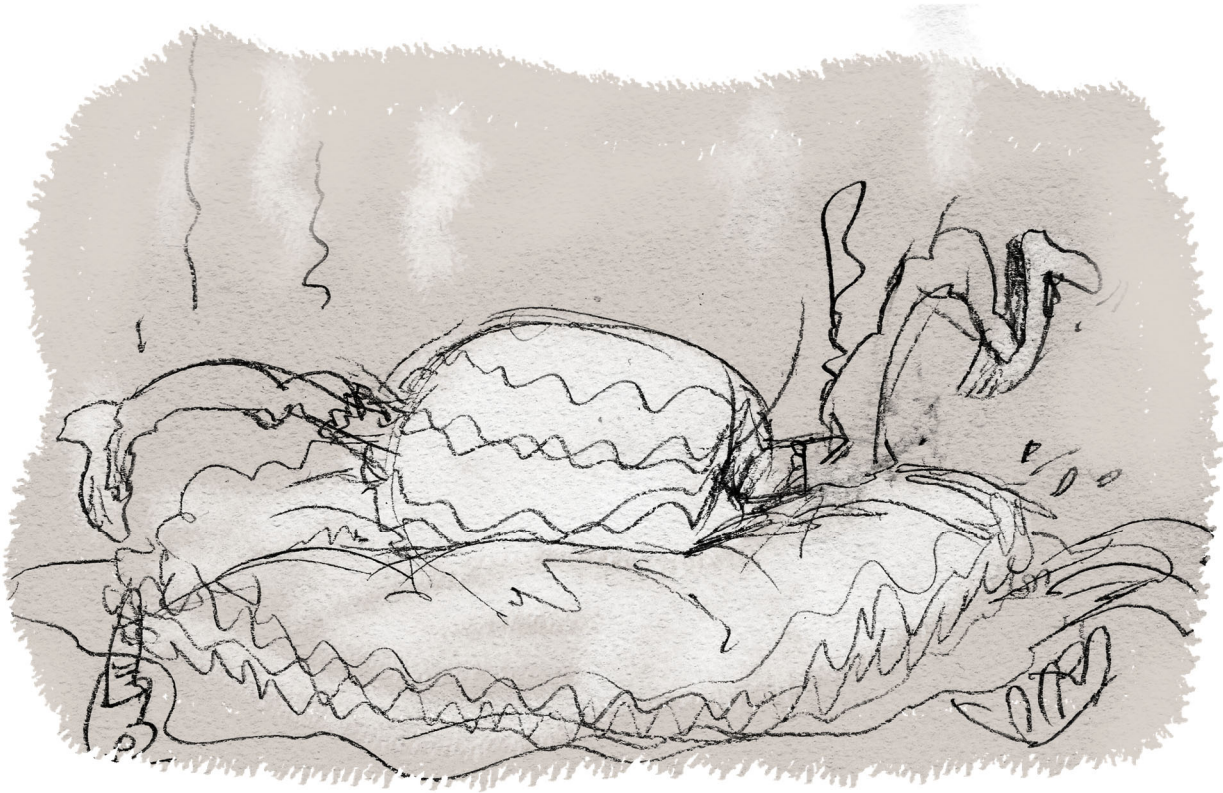


But another crisis arose! The princess was in the now toppling tower yet! Moebert must think quickly or she would surely meet her demise, should he try and catch her himself? Surely he is strong enough, but would it be safer to try and find a soft place to catch the princess in? Time is short, what will he do??

Try to find a safe landing pad (Turn to Page 13)

Catch her (Turn to the next page)

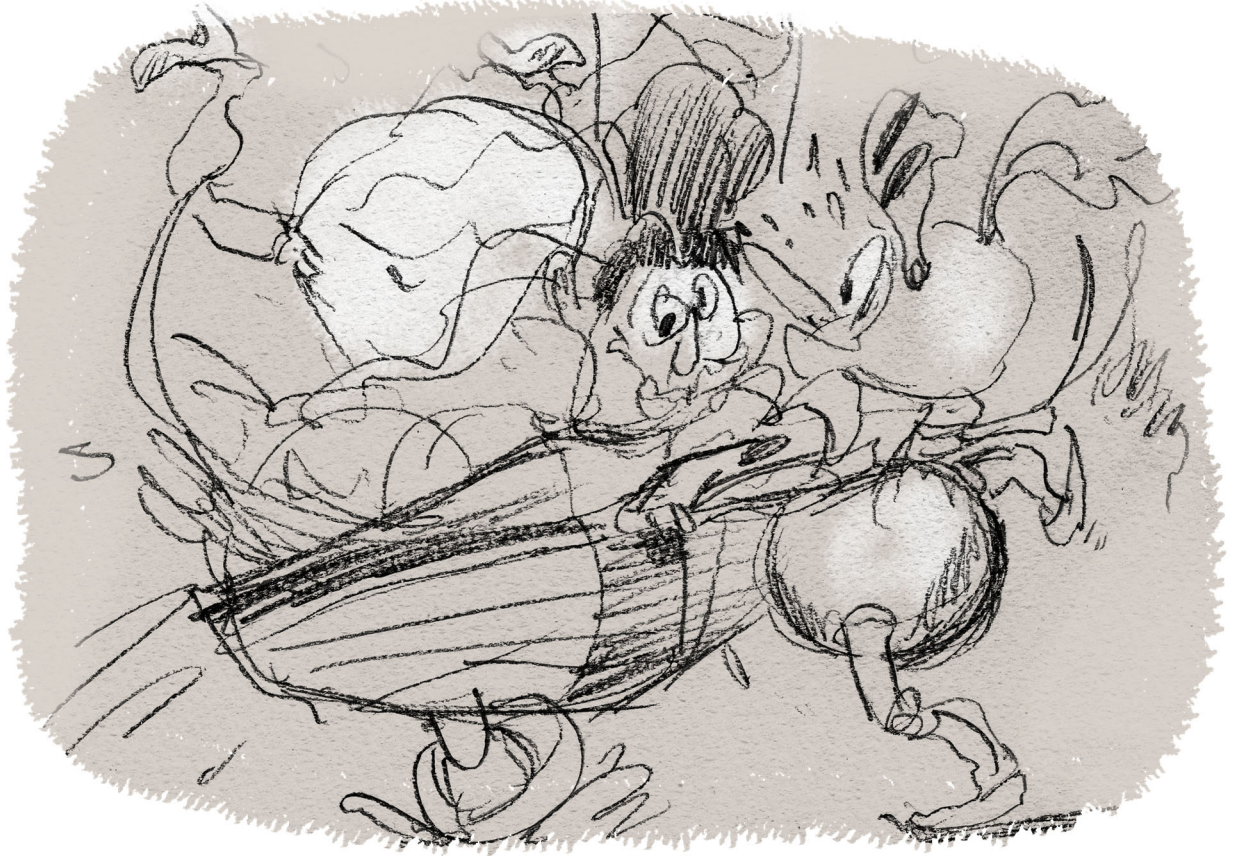
Sadly, the princess's bulk turned out to be too much for the brave knight...
Possibly due to her...



... is ANYONE trained for the loo in this kingdom??

The End

Without a moment's hesitation, Moebert got to searching for a suitable landing pad. There were so many weapons and pointy things, he didn't see what could possibly be used to save her, until...



JUST in the nick of time, he found a cart and THWOMP, the princess was safely caught in a mound of soft Hay!

And so, with victory in his hands and the sun shining down, Sir Moebert mounted his steed and started back for the castle, where he would proudly present the beautiful, rescued Martelyn to an adoring Queen!

Turn to Page 22

Sir Moebert Shouted to the window that the Princess arm herself as best she could and turn against the dragon, and her knight would arrive in time to save her. And as the Princess heard his words and looked around her chamber, there was a small assortment of arms from the days of old!

Suddenly inspired, the princess took up a heroic looking sword.

She charged her foe with the bravery and determination of any knight...



... But unfortunately, with none of the ability.

The End

Though it seemed a bit cowardly, Sir Moebert understood the value of a bit of stealth, and he decided to use the element of surprise to steal away with the princess, undetected. Now to decide on the best way to go about it...

A rope dangled from high above, and looked quite sturdy! It was possible that he could use this to climb right up to the princess's chamber.

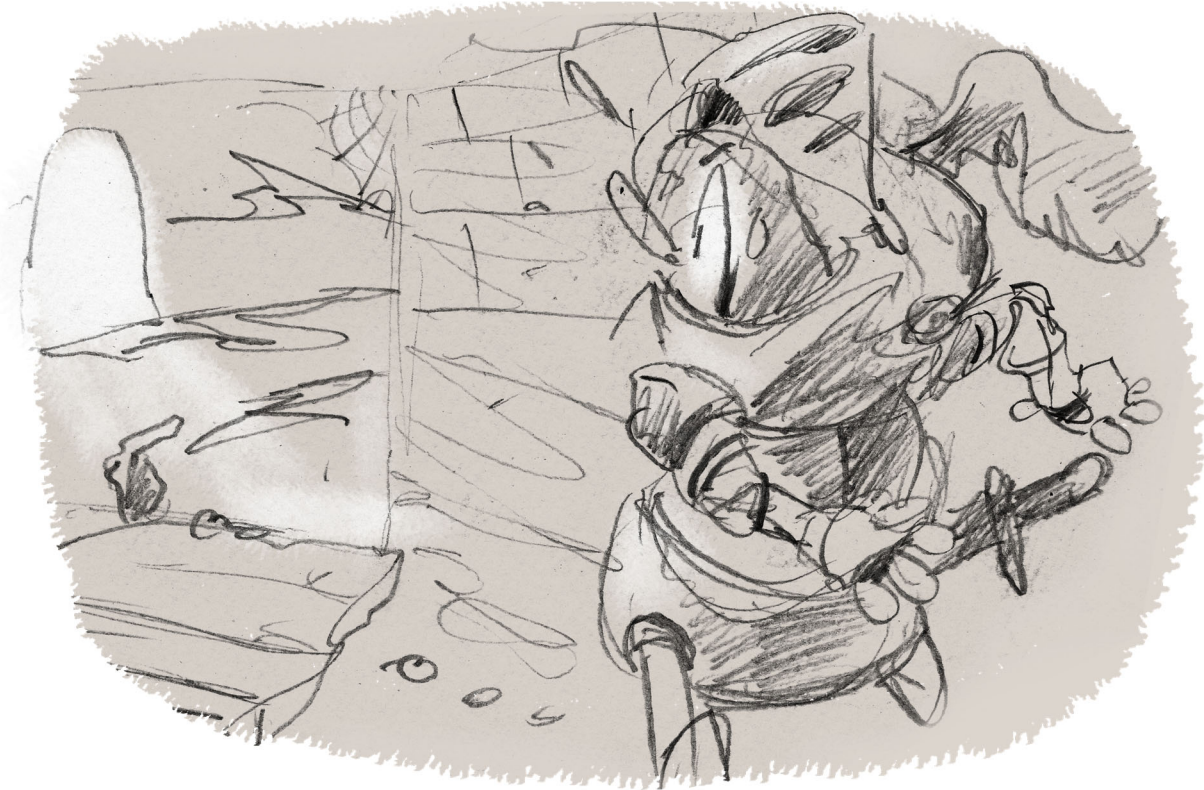
But the crafty knight also spotted an old broken grate that surely lead beneath the tower, perhaps it would be the least expected place for an intruder to show up?

Sneak beneath the tower (Turn to Page 21)

Climb the rope (Turn to the next page)

He tested it first, to make sure it would hold him, and it would! So, he set about climbing the great old tower. Far up and away he went!

Unfortunately, the rope ended at a window below the Princess's chamber. But it wasn't THAT far up... He must have been close at least. So, with little other options, he climbed inside the window. The room was very dark, only the light from the window illuminated the room. But brave Sir Moebert took out his sword and ventured ahead, heedless of danger!

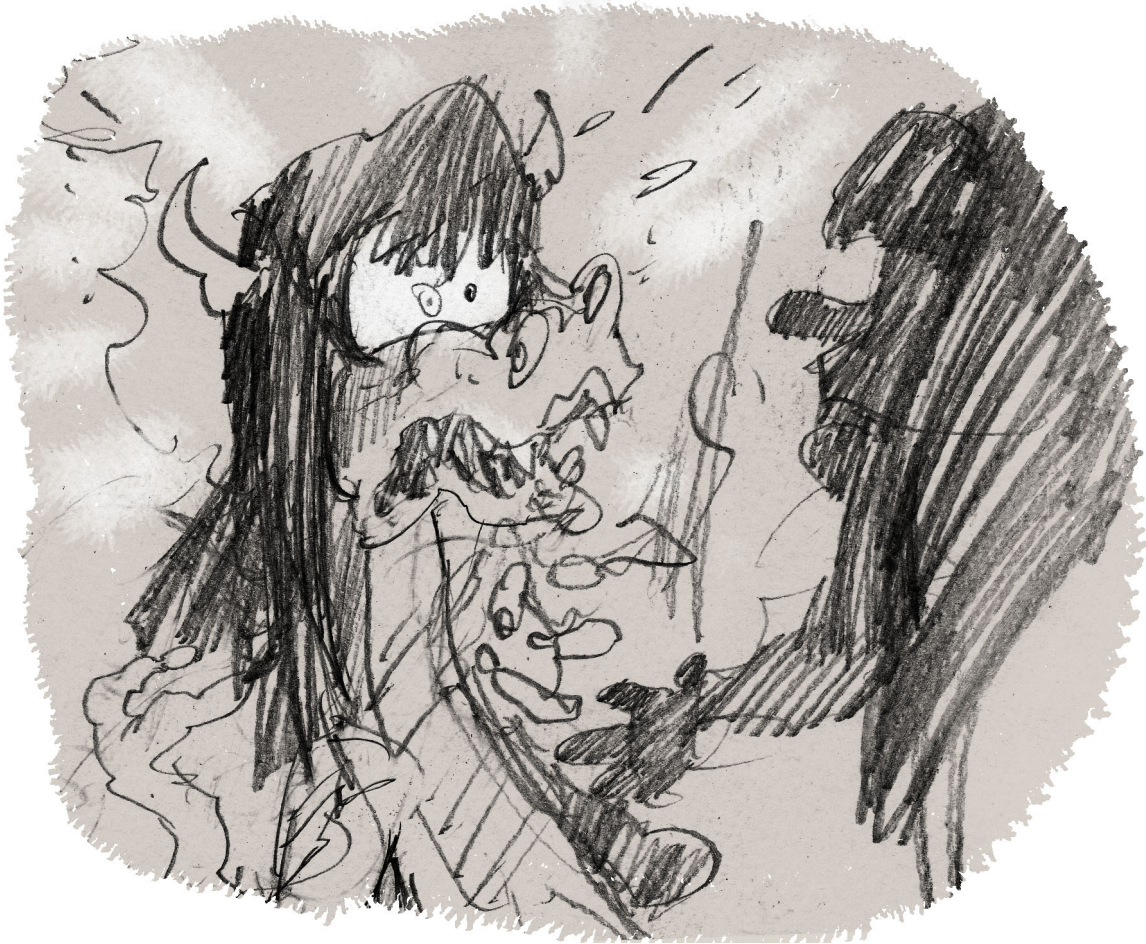


Trying to find a stairway to ascend the tower further, he pushed at the door to the room and, to his dismay, it crashed to the floor! The fearsome dragon ROARED, she would certainly be searching for him now! He did all he could do- pick a direction and run for it!

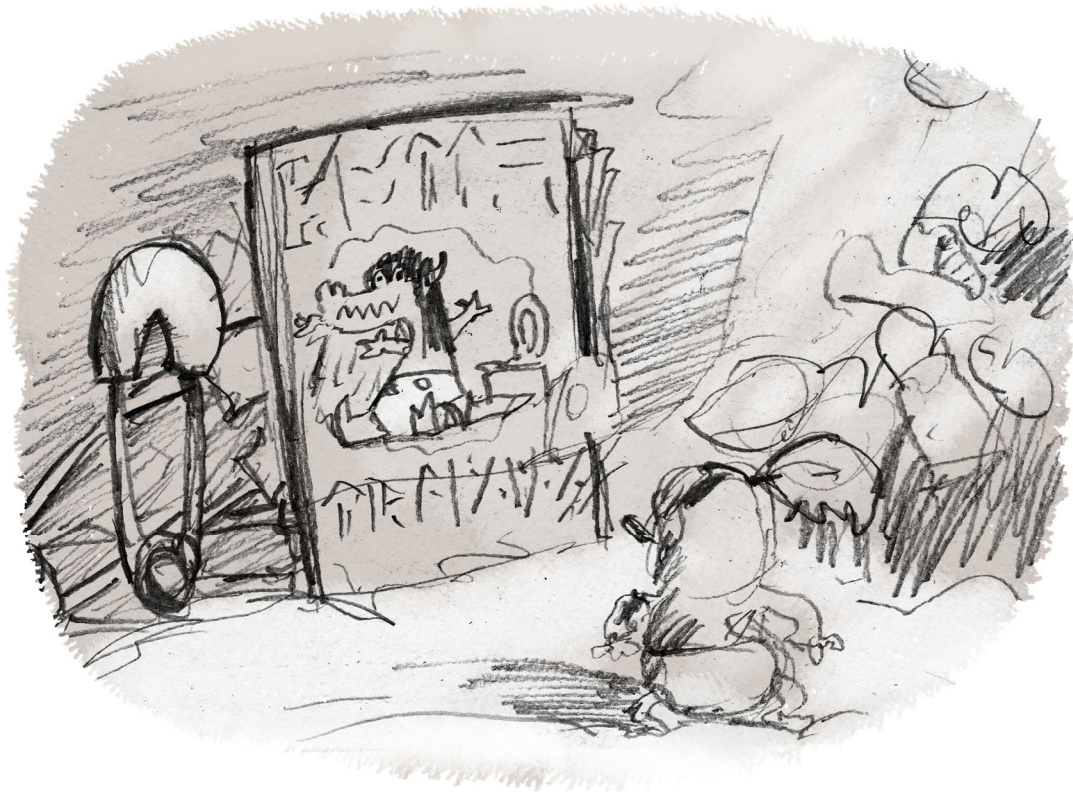
He could hear great big footsteps echoing through the hall, scratching on the stone walls, she was almost upon him! But then, suddenly, the floor gave way and he crashed down...

... Landing on something quite *soft*. What an odd thing! The dragon was still roaring and chasing after him. He noticed a wooden wall that looked quite flimsy

on one side of the room, and he saw it as his best option, so he BASHED it open with all his might, forced to face the mighty and feared Jorlaydtythinim once and for all! Light flooded the chamber as the wall gave way, but what the dragon did next he could never expect...



She recoiled in *fear* of him! One would say she even looked mortified, as much as a dragon can. Sir Moebert was both relieved and unsure what to do next. The dragon seemed to be sputtering about something behind him, and curiosity drove the hero to turn around...



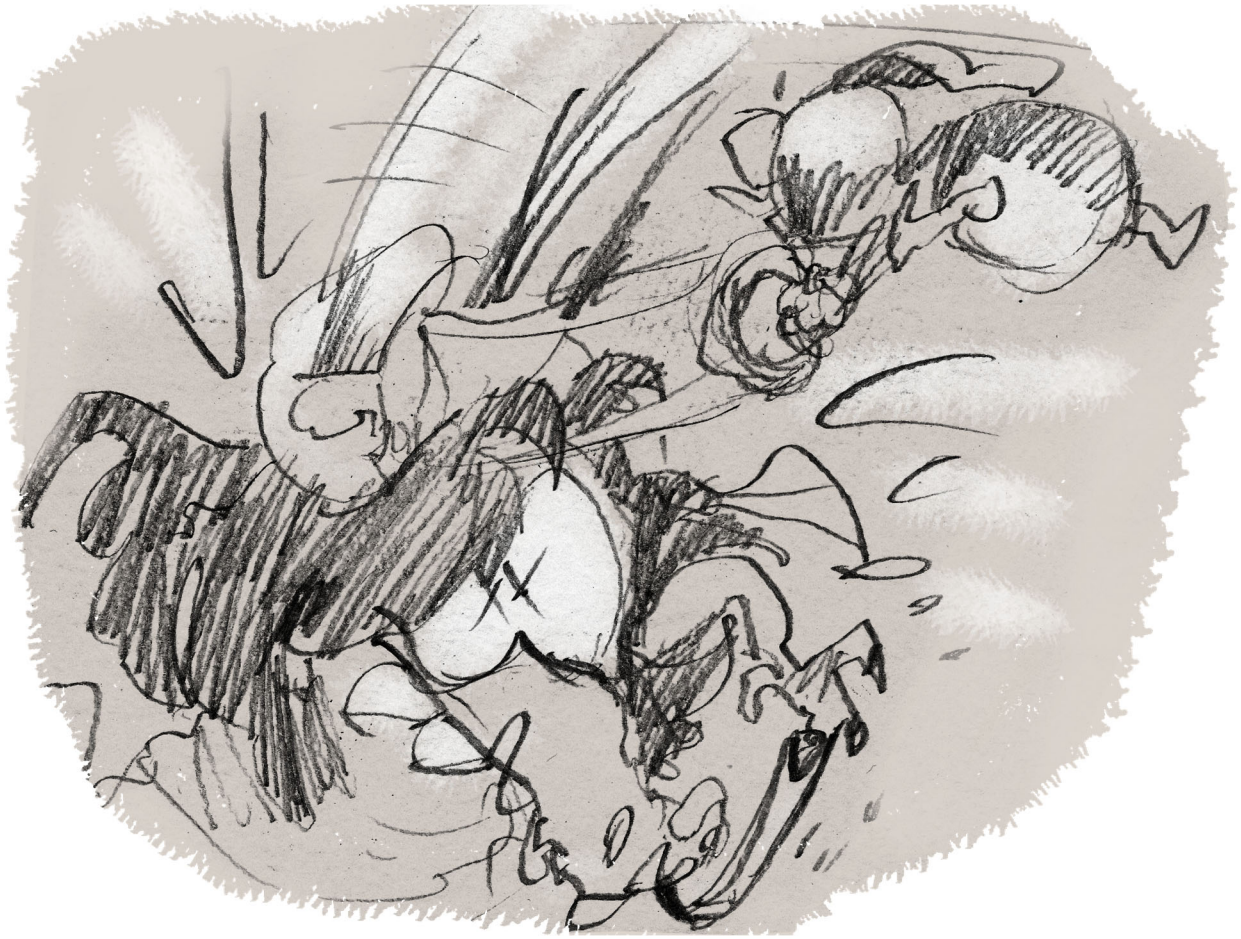
A great big book with a childish picture of a dragon leaned against the wall, he had, in fact, slid down it when he crashed through the floor above! And he then noticed that he stood upon a big, fluffy, dragon's-bottom-sized sheet of terry cloth. And really, the safety pins the height of a man made it quite clear that he was standing on a shelf of sorts, which held Jorlaydtythinim's diaper changing supplies. How crass...

"Th-that's not mine!!" She blubbered, and,

"It must have been left over! From the last royal family!"

Well, the text was written in a glyph that the well-traveled knight did not know, but the crude drawing drawing of a diaper-clad dragon on the cover *did* resemble his... mighty foe. Although, Sir Moebert mused, these things might belong to some OTHER dragon...

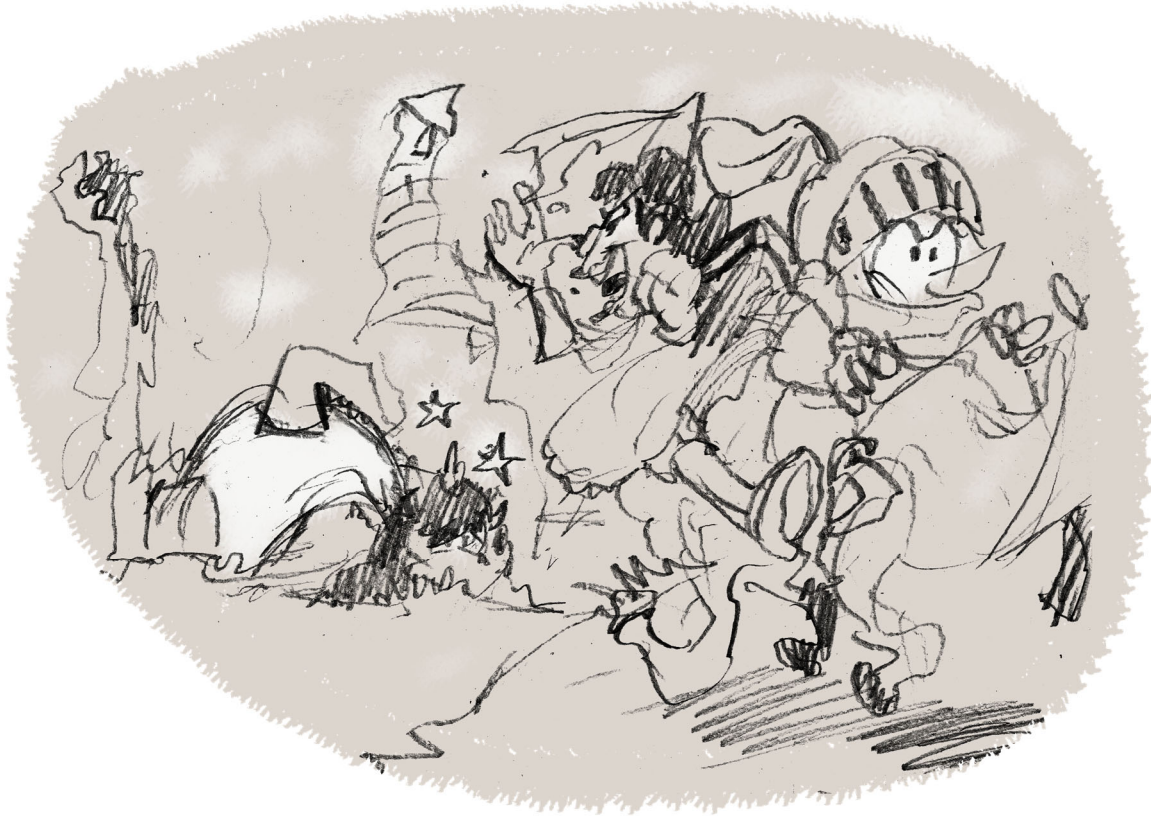
Bah, Enough of this! He took in his hands the biggest weapon he could find, which happened to be one of his foe's comically humungous diaper pins, and leaped down on the dragon while she was distracted with trying to come up with excuses!



SMACK, right on her head, with the big heavy side! The blow knocked her out cold, saving both of them from the awkward situation.

Sir Moebert hurried, re-tracing his movements up the tower, and rescued the princess!

By the time they reached the bottom of the tower, the great and fearsome Jorlaydthythinim was still out like a doused torch for any passer by to see.



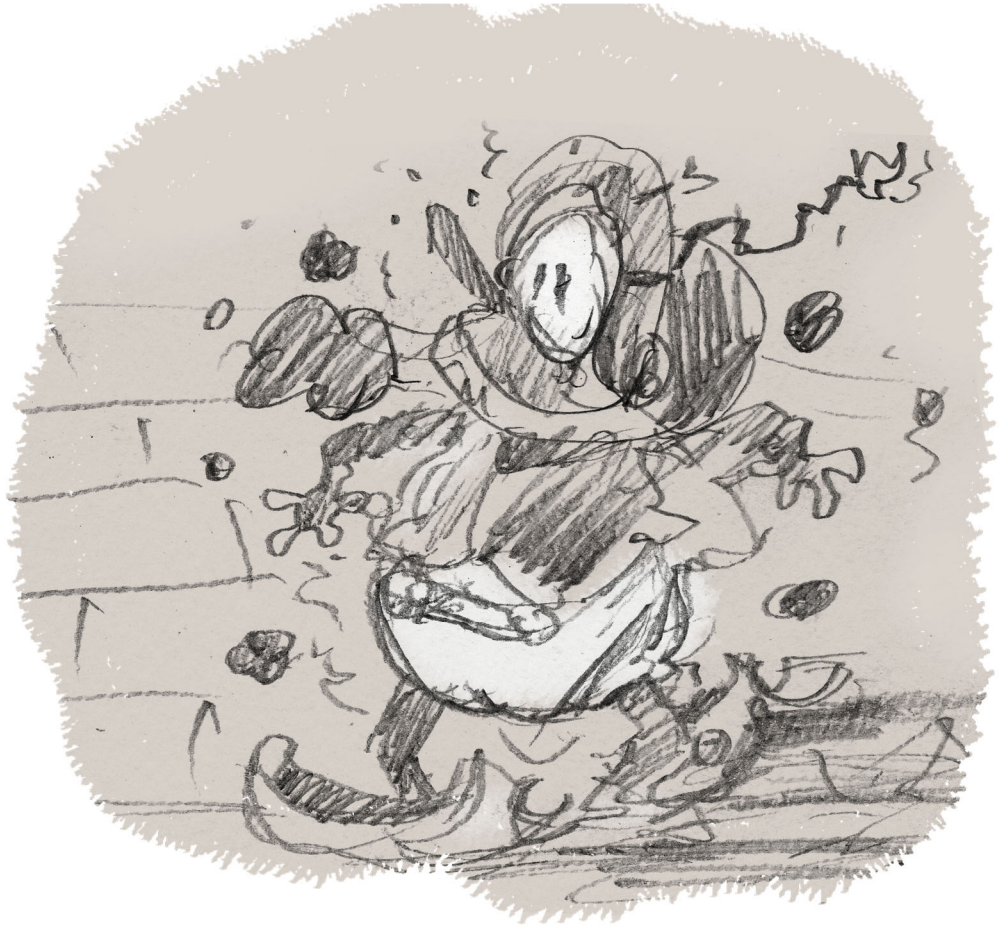
In his chivalry, Sir Moebert felt a little bad for leaving her like that, but Princess Martelyn shouted many nasty and unprincesslike things at her unconscious captor as the two escaped on a knightly steed. The day had been won!

Turn to Page 22

With a bit of a struggle, Sir Moebert managed to wriggle his way into the grate and underneath the tower, in crumbling tunnels. The tower must be very old for how much it was decaying, but underneath it was cool and quiet.

Moe crept about in the tunnels, searching for a way up, some secret route that would lead him to the princess...

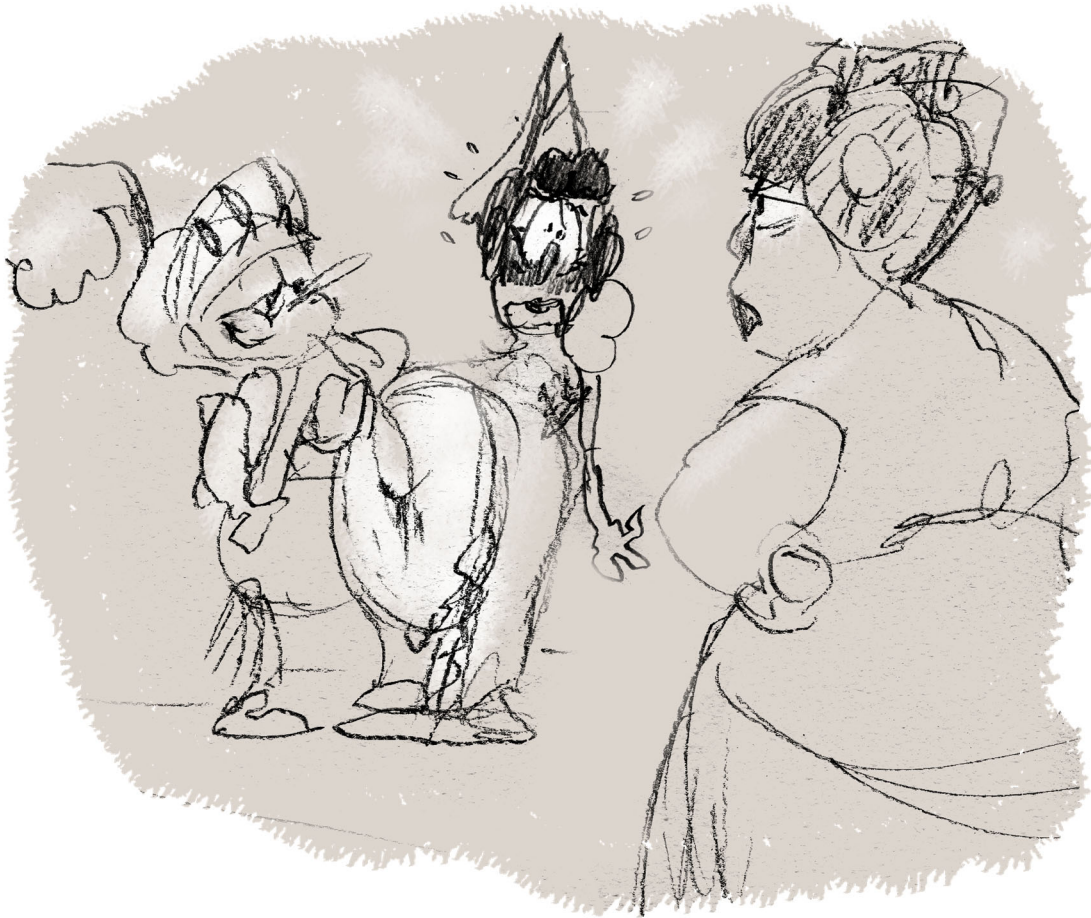
After some time he saw a glowing light ahead, and went towards it. At last, the light of day would lead him to his objective!



... Unfortunately, the glow turned out to be the mighty dragon's fiery breath. Perhaps he should not have made such a ruckus getting through the gate...

The End

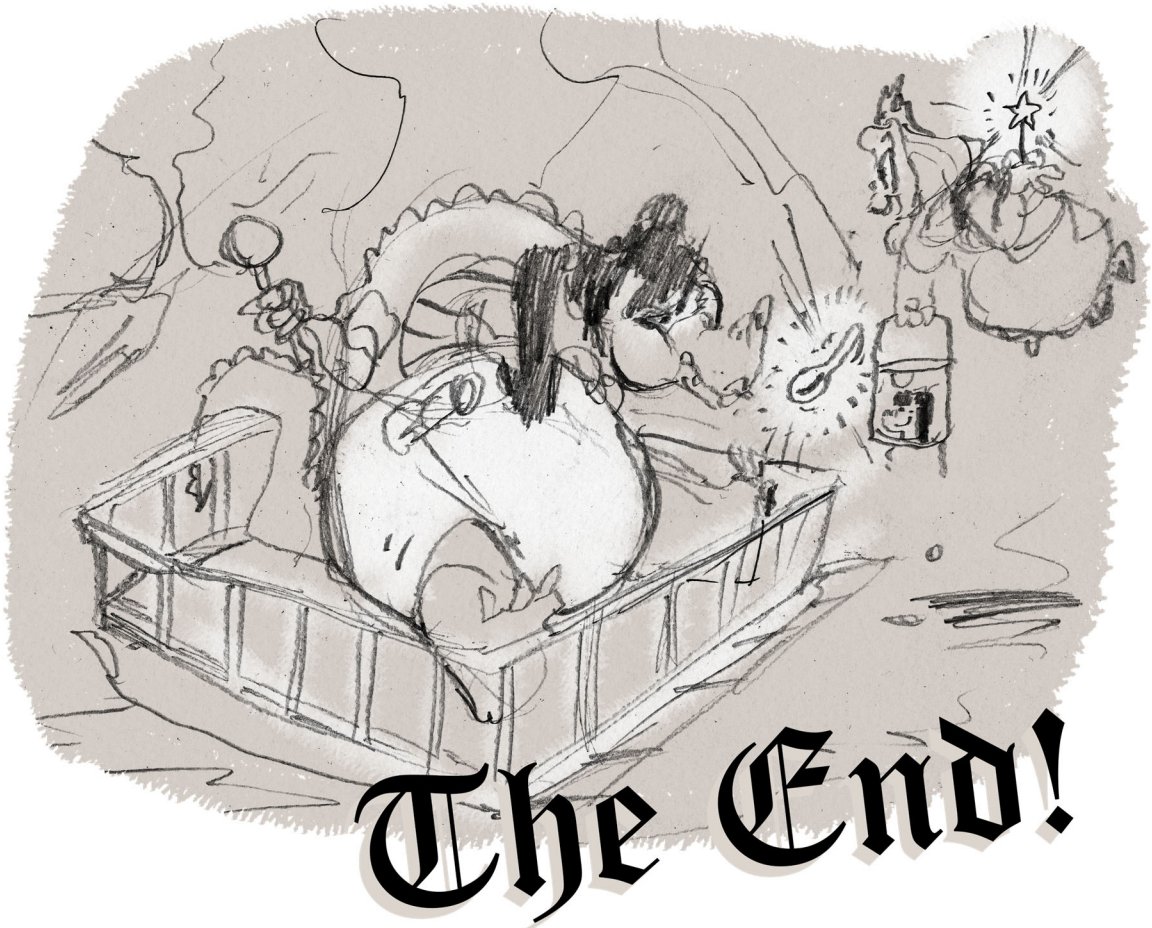
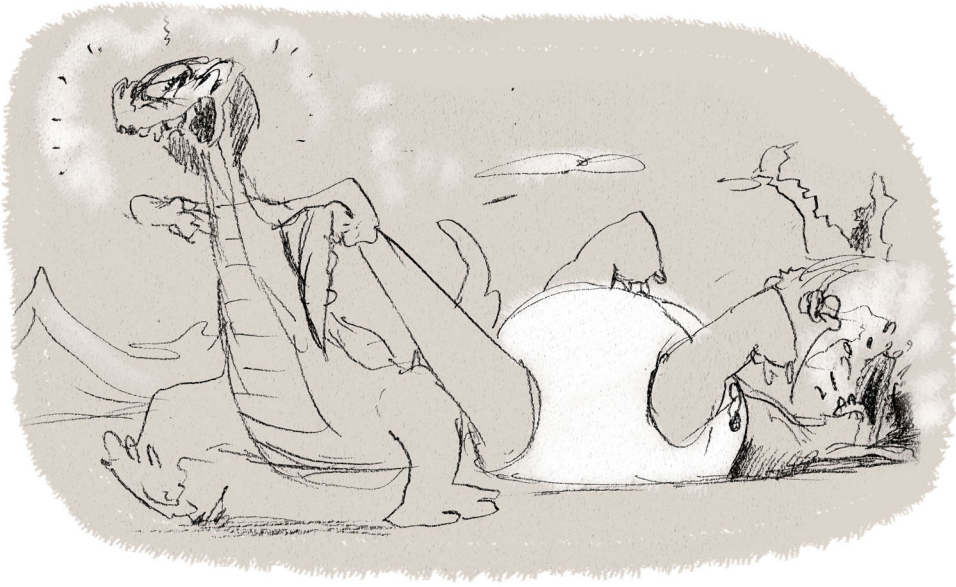
And so, Sir Moebert Delivered Princes Martelyn to a very *cross* Queen.



She thanked the faithful knight for his faithful service, promised to send a fine reward to his wonderful Goodmommy in the woods, and gave him her word that Princess Martelyn would be kept under strict watch from now on.

But what of the dragon, you ask? Would the mighty Jorlaydtythinim not seek revenge for her humiliating defeat by our daring hero?

Well, let's just say she won't be bothering the people of the kingdom anymore and leave it at that.



The End!