

Questing Mishaps

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Alerted by an alarm spell to someone's presence in his tower, Waldo closed his book and waddled out of his study. Seeing Frank standing in the foyer, the portly wizard breathed a sigh of relief. "Ah, back from your last quest?" he inquired. "I have a new task for you."

Frank stormed up the stairs and followed Waldo back into his chambers. "That wasn't a quest," he stated irritably, crossing his arms. "You just told me to go to a meadow and kill anything that showed up. You don't have any real quests, do you?"

The old wizard shrugged and adjusted his spectacles. "I would have, but you arrived before I was ready," replied Waldo. "Did you find anything out there?"

The adventurer sighed and plopped down in a chair, putting his feet up on his mentor's desk. "Yeah, some guy showed up. Who was he?"

Waldo gave the young warrior a curious look. "How should I know?" he asked quizzically. "Did you kill him?"

A confused expression crossed Frank's face. "Well...that's what you told me to do," he said matter-of-factly.

The pair stared at each other without speaking for several seconds, a horrible realization dawning on them. Pacing agitatedly, Waldo wiped the sweat from his bald scalp. "Right," he declared after a moment's thought, "your next quest is to find out who he was, and hope he wasn't someone important."

Frank rose quickly, knocking a stack of papers to the floor. "Yeah, I think I'll get right on that," he responded nervously before hurrying out of the room.

Collapsing into his chair, Waldo buried his face in his hands. "Clearly," he moaned, "I need to be more specific in the future."