

The Great Quest by a grade four student

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The Great Quest is a contest story pattern with a stuck subplot. It was written from unpublished lessons by JoAnne Moore. The story outline for this project has been included.

Fairytale Contest and Stuck Story Outline

1. **Good**

Prince
Princess
Woodcutter
Court Jester
Giant
Dwarf

meets

*bumps into
*trips over
*opens door
*shows up uninvited to a party
*opens a letter
*enters forbidden domain
*takes forbidden object belonging to evil without knowing it

Evil.

Wizard
Fairy
Dragon
Giant
Magician
Witch

2. **Motive: Why does evil hate good?**

- *Good hurt/offended evil (revenge)
- *Evil is jealous
- *Evil is mean (Good did nothing wrong)
- *Good entered Evil's territory

3. **Evil turns good into an animal/creature using magic.**

4. **Good asks how to be freed from current state. Evil responds with a condition or quest.**

- *e.g. be loved by a prince/
princess in present state
(harder)
- e.g. go bring me something
(easier)

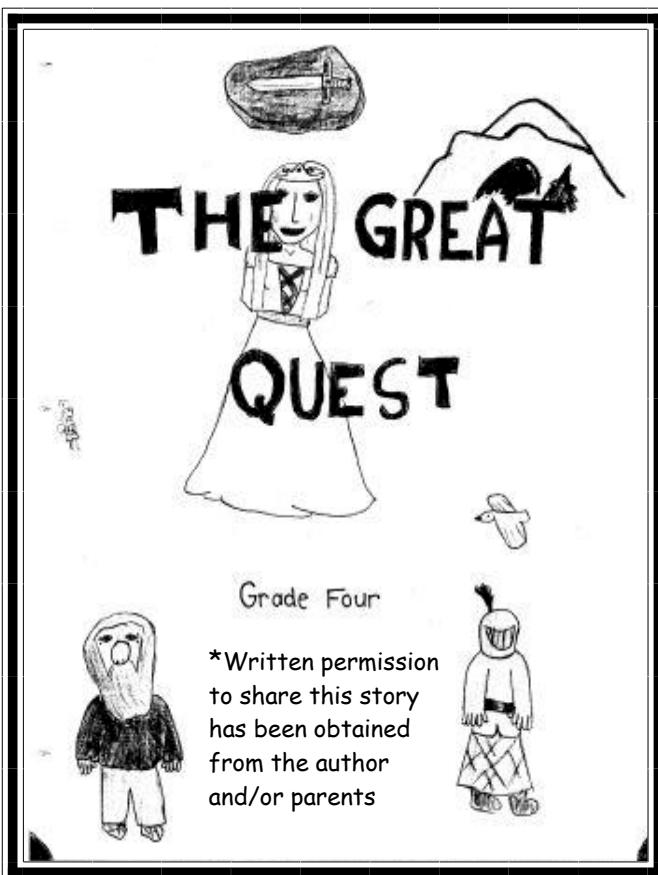
5. **Good meets another character in need of food.**

Good helps this character and in return this character offers to help Good fulfill the Quest/Condition.

6. **Good uses this character's help/advice/object/weapon/magic to fulfill the quest/condition.**

Quest only: Good brings Evil the object required to fulfill the quest.

7. **Good is transformed to former state upon fulfilling the quest or condition. Evil is defeated by Good.**



Pine trees rustled as wind howled through their branches. Clouds loomed above Princess L'amor creating scary shapes on the ground below. Jagged mountains jutted into the sky like spires on a castle. Wandering deep in the forbidden, Enchanted Forest, Princess L'amor stepped cautiously over a fallen log.

Out of the silence, an evil voice echoed around the mountains and through the bare trees. Hissing, the voice demanded, "How DARE you enter MY domain?"

Princess L'amor glanced fearfully in every direction. Racing, her heart thumped wildly while her bottom lip quivered.

The next moment, a dark shadow appeared licking the edges of the swamp ahead. From the darkness, two yellow cat eyes gleamed at her. There ahead was wicked Witch Contavila.

"Answer me, you fool!" the witch cackled.

Waving her wand, Contavila flashed it in Princess L'amor's direction. Poof!! A cloud of smoke billowed around L'amor. When it cleared, the Princess stared in horror at her tiny, white feathers. She was a dove.

"Wait!" she cried, "Will I always be this way?"

"Not if you give me Sir Drenalese's magic sword!"

laughed the witch.

"You mean the sword which wins all battles?" gasped

the tiny dove. "How will I ever get that?"

Without a word, the wicked creature disappeared through a funnel of smoke leaving the little bird all alone.

Rising into the air, Princess L'amor headed for home.

Maybe her Father could help. A while later, she heard the sound of leaves crunching. Curious, she swooped down to take a look. There she spied a fat dwarf plodding along.

"Do you know the way to King Thor's castle?" wept the princess dove.

His eyes widened as he stared in wonder at the tiny dove. "You can speak?" gasped the dwarf. "Who enchanted you?"

"The wicked Witch Contavila," the dove sighed wearily.

"Hmmm," muttered the dwarf to himself. "Do you know how to break the spell?"

"Oh yes!" moaned the princess dove. "But it's impossible."

"Why? What do you have to do?" inquired the dwarf.

"Get Sir Drenalese's sword and bring it to the Witch," she murmured.

Morrin paused for a minute, then exclaimed, "I've got it!" Pulling out a bottle with purple fluid in it, he smiled.

It only took a moment for the dove to realize what Morrin was holding. A bottle of purple wine! Sir Drenalese could be tempted to do anything with his favorite drink!

Falling on one knee, he introduced himself. "Morrin at your service, dear Lady."

"Perfect," she responded.

Heading into the dense, dark forest, the pair hurried over a log, down the twisting path, and through some shrubs. Dusk filled the sky as the sun dipped below the horizon. Clouds began covering the moon and sky making it impossible to see. All of a sudden there was a loud clap of thunder and rain pounded down drenching Morrin and L'amor.

"Morrin! Where is the worst place to be in a storm?" the winged creature shouted over the howling wind.

"By trees!" he yelled back, as lightning flashed across the sky.

"Then we're in trouble, 'cause there are trees everywhere I can see!" she shouted.

"We should be out of it soon!" Morrin replied, not showing any fear.

A short while later, the two found themselves staring up at a small castle, with a big iron gate which covered the entrance. L'amor flew over the gate, and all around the castle yard until she spied what she was searching for. Crackling, a fire snapped and popped as venison turned on a spit above it. L'amor peered into the darkness and stared at a shadowy figure beside it. Was it Sir Drenalese? Yes, indeed, there, hanging by his side, was the glittering magic sword. Cooing softly, L'amor fluttered toward the great knight. He looked up and stared at her.

"I have travelled a long way with my friend to bring you a special gift," called the little dove.

"Squinting, Sir Drenalese gasped, "You can talk?"

"Yes, but that's a long story and we haven't much time. Now open the gate," directed L'amor.

The knight marched across the courtyard, beneath the arch and toward the gate. Taking out a ring of keys, Sir Drenalese stuck one into the rusty old lock and the door creaked open.

Morrin grinned as he bowed and handed the knight his wine. "Sir, I hope you enjoy this expensive gift of your favorite purple wine."

Snatching the bottle, Drenalese yanked the cork out and started gulping down the liquor. Suddenly, his eyes rolled to the back of his head and he fell to the ground!

"It worked!" exclaimed the excited dove. "Quick! Grab the sword and let's get out of here before he wakes up!"

Morrin unbuckled the knight's sword belt and fastened it around his own waist. Creeping away from the castle, they broke into a run and disappeared into the forest. Hours later, the two weary figures stumbled towards a looming dark cave.

Rapping on the iron door, Morrin called to the witch, "Open up! We bring Sir Drenalese's magic sword."

Slowly, the door creaked open and the darkest of shadows flooded over them. Trembling, Morrin and L'amor stared into the inky blackness. "Enter if you dare!" a voice hissed.

"No, you come out!" thundered Morrin bravely. "Remove the spells and then we'll give you the sword."

Snarling like an angry lion, the witch stormed through the door. Eyes flashing she waved her wand. Smoke crept out the tip of her wand until it completely covered the dwarf and the dove. When the smoke cleared, two sparkling creatures shone for all to see. Princess L'amor stared in astonishment at the tiny shining fairy.

"Morrin! You were enchanted, too!" gasped the Princess.

"Now!" demanded the witch. "Give me my sword!"

"Never!" exclaimed the fairy. Raising the magic sword, she split the witch in half! Witch Contavila shrivelled up, turned into dust and disappeared forever.

"So, you're the fairy Diamond!" whispered Princess L'amor in wonder.

"And you're Princess L'amor!" answered the Fairy.

The two returned to their own homes, but remained close friends for the rest of their lives. Diamond took back the sword to Sir Drenalese. Upon learning that his enemy Witch Contavila was dead he forgave the fairy and received his sword.