

DONGONMASTER

By Andre' N.

The year was 1962, and 16 year old Kevin was playing with his brother outside. He was just like all the other neighborhood kids except for one thing. He has always dreamt of working in the Palace of England. So one day, he decided to go to the palace and fulfill his dream. So he went up to his parents, and asked for permission to go. "Okay, but you have to be ok with whatever job you get, okay?" "Okay" and he left. Then he marched up to the secretary and asked for a job application. He filled out everything neatly. "Have you ever committed a felony?" he replied, "Never have and never will." "Will you appreciate whatever job you get at the palace?" "Yes." After everything was filed, he went to the

That night, he was so excited he couldn't barely sleep. The next morning, Kevin walked up to the main entrance, down the red carpet, and up to the Queen, and waited to see what his new job was. She whispered something into the guard's ear. The guard marched down a dark staircase. The Queen told Kevin to follow the guard, so that's what Kevin did. He walked down the stairs until he reached a wooden door with bars on it. The guard did some sort of secret knock, and out popped an old man with a black hood on. He trudged out of the dark room yelling "FREEDOM AT LAST!" "What's this?" Kevin asked. "Your new job," the guard exclaimed. Kevin stepped in, and he could not believe what he saw. He saw cages hanging from the ceiling. Then he realized where he was. Kevin was in the dungeon! His new job was the dungeon master! "Lunch is at 11:30" the guard yelled as he walked away.

Kevin hated his job to the bone. "I hope the dungeon master gets good pay for all his care!" he said angrily, grabbing his whip and taking a few shots at a target. The next morning, he walked up to the Queen nervously. "So Queen, um, I uh, don't really like uh, being the dungeon master," he mumbled nervously. "Would you rather be scrubbing toilets?" the Queen asked. "Well, heavens no," Kevin said. "Then do your job," the Queen said harshly. Kevin tried to think of a plan to quit without letting the Queen know. Then he hit on his idea. His friend Jacob, the land skimmer's dad, worked with robotics. So if Kevin could get Jacob to get his dad to build a robot dungeon master that will do the job even better than him. So he went to Jacob's house during lunch break. Kevin rang the doorbell. Ding Dong! Mr. Land skimmer answered the door. "Hi Mr. Land skimmer. Can I see Jacob?" "Sure. Jacob, Kevin wants to see your Jacob." Jacob ran down the stairs. "Hey Kev. What's up?" "Well, I got a job at the palace of England." "Cool," said Jacob. "No, I'm the dungeon master." "Oh," replied Jacob. "I was hoping your Dad could build a robot dungeon master that does the job better

me, the Queen will fire me, and hire the robot to be the dungeon master" Jacob Says, "I love I. And my Dad is sure to say ..." "fb" replied Mr. Landscaper. I don't have the money the time. So Kevin let out a big, long sigh, and left. When he walked to the door. And then right at that moment, Kevin heard the words he thought he would never thought he would never hear out of the blue: "Kevin you're fired. Meet the new dungeon master Russell. He does the job much better." " FFFFFFFFREEDOM AT LAST!!!! And he went blasting out the door. He ran home into his bed, and then wondered, "Maybe I should be an Astronaut. BUM. BUM, BUUUUUUM!

THE

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