
7-15-2014

Blazerock

Ryder W. Miller

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/mcircle>



Part of the [Children's and Young Adult Literature Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Miller, Ryder W. (2014) "*Blazerock*," *The Mythic Circle*: Vol. 2014: Iss. 36, Article 6.

Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/mcircle/vol2014/iss36/6>

This Fiction is brought to you for free and open access by the Mythopoeic Society at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Mythic Circle by an authorized editor of SWOSU Digital Commons. An ADA compliant document is available upon request. For more information, please contact phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu.

To join the Mythopoeic Society go to: <http://www.mythsoc.org/join.htm>



Online Summer Seminar 2023

August 5-6, 2023: Fantasy Goes to Hell: Depictions of Hell in Modern Fantasy Texts

<https://mythsoc.org/oms/oms-2023.htm>



Blazerock

Blazerock

by

Ryder W. Miller

If only he could be big and brave like Conan or one of those other fantasy heroes, wished Tim Morton. Instead he was just a low level computer technician and was afraid of going to the gym because most people were bigger there. He was one of those guys who got angry at those holes on the bus who made a lot of noise and threatened people, but usually did nothing about it. That was part of the sacrifice of being non violent. Then again if everybody was violent there would be a lot more problems. He was not quite the peaceful warrior or at least not the warrior part either.

It was fun when he was younger reading those fascinating fantasy novels. He had read the greats. He had read Tolkien, Moorcock, Donaldson, Brooks, LeGuin, and others. But life did not turn out very dangerous or adventuresome for him. He was just a boring guy who went to work and went home and read his genre stuff. He had a quiet life. He actually could not move out of his parent's home even though he had a job. It was just too expensive. Something was missing even though he should not complain. There were frustrations still in this future, but things were okay. He was living the good life and not having adventures.

He knew his computers and computer games though. He was probably better off that the world was not really like it was in fantasy books. He was better off, but he would like to have gone on some adventure sometime like they did in those fantasy novels. He would like to be tested. An idea was beginning to dawn on him.

He had been part of some of the virtual reality seminars and was amazed at the

progress that had been made in that field over the last few generations. Maybe he could try out some of their adventures? He probably could do so without getting his hands dirty. He got interested once when he read "We Can Remember It For You Wholesale" by Philip K. Dick. Not all of the future had caught up with him yet. It had not become a time where memories could be planted in one's mind. The Cyberpunks, however, were on to things more modern. Some of their ideas had become possible.

There now were these great interactive virtual reality games. They had progressed a great deal over the last one hundred years. He could afford an adventure because he was willing to work during the weekend. He had been saving some money. He probably could have moved out of his parents house, but that might not have been a good financial move. Maybe he could become the man he always wanted to be in the game? Maybe he could even pick his own hero name.

"Morton" sounded a bit much like Mordor, but it was actually significantly different. He could be "Captain Morton". Maybe it could be an ocean adventure? He could sail the seven seas not looking for fish, but instead, adventure. He imagined that since the systems connected with the nervous system that there might be some discomfort associated. It was not likely that he was going to die from it.

Rather than an ocean adventure maybe he could go and fight some despicable monster. It could be a Dragon or maybe a giant spider. The spiders unfortunately seemed a little bit too popular these days. He had learned what it

felt like to hold a sword in his hand at a recent Renaissance Faire, but he did not know what it would be like to have one's life depend upon it.

He remembered at the Faire learning how to swing one. It was a special feeling. It was more interesting than banging on the keyboards, even if that made him feel more secure and comfortable.

Why the net had changed the world and now he could search out his adventure offerings on the world wide web!

He decided to do some of that surfing which had become very comforting in a way. He was not quite connected into computers, but they sure had changed the world and the way people lived. It was not quite "The Matrix" but some were more connected than others. Some even could buy brain implants where they could access large amounts of information.

He just wanted to enter a fantasy land like they did in the holodecks in old Star Trek shows. Maybe he should go on a prescribed adventure and pretend he was someone? Naah he thought. Better to not know what the outcome was going to be, going in. He could pretend he was a famous hero and go on some adventure he had not read. Or he could just see what was available now. He figured there were a lot of options now in 2165. He could have something tailored to him. These things could be so sophisticated. A fantasy adventure could be like a nice walk through a chill Fall breeze. It could change his life. He would have to see what the providers of such things had to say. He would now have to see what was available.

After searching on the web he decided to approach one of the Virtual Quest companies. Some were generalists and could offer you all sorts of genre adventures. There were many games he could play. He could be a Gumshoe or Space Explorer? It could be a Halloween adventure? He wanted to fight a Dragon or something like that. He wanted to test his skills and cunning against a monster that was terrorizing the countryside.

He decided to go and talk with Monster Quest to see if they were the right fit for him. They were located in a run-down part of town. There were the big players—the ones with a lot of money, but there were also the independent who were more affordable. There was all this conflict now about what people should be allowed to do in cyberspace. There were regulatory agencies. Many people decided to try out the girls there. There were cases now where young people pretended that they were older in order to meet older lusty ladies.

The operators could get in trouble for such things. There were a few incidences where gaming companies were shut down. Most complied with the sexual restriction rulings. Not being able to do whatever they and their customers wanted to do cut down on the profits.

The results were that some companies could only operate in sleazy parts of town to save money. In such places they were more able to hide their adult games and experiences. Morton wanted something adult if he could afford it. Not that he was searching for what most people referred to as adult content. Rather he wanted something that was just a little more realistic than some of the mainstream gaming he had seen. Those programs were limited to younger people.

He was not sure if he was capable of playing the more realistic games. He wanted to feel the action. He wanted to hear the sounds and notice the smell in the air. He wanted to swing the sword and notice when it crashed into other things. He worked out a bit and was in okay shape. He figured he could handle it.

Monster Quest was located in an okay part of town during the right hours of the day. The sessions, once you got plugged in, were in real time and one could be locked in for a couple of days. He wanted a real adventure, hopefully one with a love interest. Maybe there could be a damsel in distress? Maybe instead a woman warrior as a companion or colleague? He did

like how those women looked in those outfits and old world dresses.

He decided to take the trolley to speak with the game designers in person. They allowed him to take a few days off work for this cyber adventure.

At work people who knew what he was going to do were calling him Captain Morton or Morton the Brave. He could wear whatever he wanted to, but in the game he probably would be wearing armor and a sword. He preferred chain mail to armor because it would be less heavy and more flexible.

The man at the counter was friendly and knew who he was when he walked through the door. All over the walls of the outfit, which was the size of a large corner grocery store, were pictures of some of the adventures people could have with them. There were monsters, dragons, houses at the top of the hill, mysterious islands.....

"Mr. Morton is it?" the man at the front desk asked.

"Yes. It is I."

"We already saw your specs. Come inside and speak with Rick. He will set you up for the right adventure."

Morton approached the man sitting at the desk who got up to shake his hand.

"Hello. I am Rick. I am here to find the right adventure for you."

"Great," said Morton.

"We can't do everything we like, but we still have some flexibility to do unconventional games. The censors don't really bother us in this part of town."

Rick walked over to a small refrigerator by his desk.

"Would you like something to drink?"

Morton said yes and was given an energy drink.

"This will be the last drink you will have for a few days. We do keep your vitals going while you are hibernating in the adventure. According to your response I understand that you want a traditional fantasy quest?"

"Yes. I would like to be a hero. I would like to save a village and win the love of a beautiful woman."

"We have some of those available. It is best not to go into too many details, so that you will be surprised by what follows."

"I understand."

"There will be a Monster and a woman. The rest will be a surprise."

"I could not ask for more."

Rick pointed at a booth with a chair that had a lot of cords and wires.

"That will be your room, bed, for the next few days. We already have your specs, but there are a few contracts you need to sign first."

Morton smiled, knowing this might be too good to be true. Soon however he would be in the fresh air with maybe a sword in his hand to swing and a mount below him. There might also be romance. They would have heard of Morton the Brave where he was going.

He buckled up and attached the cords with relish and they decide to fall asleep into the program.

Morton woke up in a large room with armor on and a sword by his side. He sprung awake without memory of how he got there. Before him was a banquet hall that was almost empty. Before him sitting on a throne was a woman of extraordinary beauty. She was arrayed with fine cloth and jewels. A few stood before her. They were mostly courtiers, but there also were a few soldiers.

Morton figured he would find out soon what this was about. He also was kneeling and his knee was bothering him. He decided to stand up and shake his knee.

"At your service," Morton said figuring that he was among royalty and that is what they expected to hear. It was a common phrase from the past, he figured. He had read it in some great books.

“You already said that,” said the woman on the throne. “There are already many at my service.”

“What would you have me do, milady?” Morton asked.

“Why, kill the monster that has been terrorizing the countryside.”

“Are you a lady in distress?”

Morton noticed now the rings in her ears and the jewels on her arm and neck. She spoke like they did in Shakespeare here. Her hair was a wondrous orange red, but she was too far away for him to see the color of her eyes.

“That is not the sort of question to ask a queen,” she said. “You come highly recommended. We understand that you have done such things before. This creature must be stopped. It will take someone with unusual talents.”

“Nice to hear that I have been talked about well before,” said Morton in a more subdued voice. “This is my only line of work, and you needed a warrior who has done such things before.”

“Yes,” said the Queen.

“What manner of beast is this,” said Morton with some trepidation.

“It is a dragon, actually a jade one which has made its way to our kingdom from the South. It does not talk much and belches hot acid and sparks. It is a not Firedrake which will destroy and burn our forests, but instead a poisonous sort of thing that eats our livestock and kills everything it encounters. There are one hundred Archers who are guarding the castle and it knows to keep away,” she said.

The courtiers around her became grim and looked at him now with worry in their eyes.

“Why is it here? What is it called?”

“It has been called Blazerock because of its shining color. It seeks to terrorize us, but we don't know why. It is not like we can talk with it very much.”

“When it flies through the air it makes a screaming noise,” said one of the courtiers.

“We sent a few men to speak with it in its lair, but they have not returned.”

“We had decided to guard the tower, but it must be stopped.”

“Well, I am your man,” said Morton who figured that this sort of thing tended to work out in these cyber fantasies. He was worried that his knee bothered him until he straightened it out. There might actually be some real danger here. There might be some pain and discomfort.

These systems also seemed to be unpredictable. It would depend upon what decisions he made. It did seem a little cartoonish right now, but this was gaming. These things and adventures were not possible any more in the “real” world of this “bright” future.

“It will fall on your shoulders, Morton, to save the kingdom from this foul creature. We can supply you with some trusted men if you are interested,” said one of the crowd.

“Yes. That would be helpful. I will leave with them tomorrow. Tonight I need to get some rest and some food in me to get some strength for this ordeal.”

“Why, we have slaughtered a lamb for this occasion.”

“That will more than suffice.”

Morton realized that he should have paid more attention to the videos and read more so he would have a better idea of what he was doing here. But on second thought he realized that this would be more of an adventure if he learned things as he went along. Here was a new world to explore. He also like the feel of this sword in his hand. There were designs on the handle.

He was awakened again the following morning after a night of feasting. Those in the court realized this might very well be his last meal. He ate and drank wine and mead, but not to excess. They tasted strange to him and he

was a bit afraid they would not agree with his system.

Stepping out of his bed and putting on his armor he felt his feet firmly on the ground. He shook his shoulders and gave his sword a few swings with each arm. There were two men with him. They identified themselves as Oin and Glomer. They would assist him on this quest to rid the countryside of the horrific beast Blazerock.

It was a bright day with large cumulus clouds dispersed in the blue skies. He enjoyed the green scenery. Many of the men on the tower guard, the archers, nodded to him as he made his way out of the gate of the tower. They pointed east and figured he could find the monster there.

The world was lush and green like he had only seen on clear days in some of the parks he would go to in the city. The wind was refreshing and put Morton in a lively mood. He and the few with him made their way into the hills. They were rolling and green this time of year. Morton realized that he was really getting his money's worth with this. But despite the wonders that surrounded him, there was trepidation now. He never faced a dragon before.

Blazerock had scared everyone already. Here he was on a special mission to save the day while none had succeeded in the past. He thought back to his Tolkien reading now. Dragons were poisonous so even if he was able to stab one he would need to worry about the blood. They also had tough skin so even if he was close enough he might not be able to puncture one. A dragon would have soft spots-like its eyes-but if he got that close he was likely to be burned or bitten.

He had a bow, but he had not used that very often. There were also a few stout warriors with him who might come in handy. Blazerock, however, might be too much for them. They might all die in this. Then the game and program would end. He could fail in this. It was part of the agreement that he

signed. That would be a big bummer, but that would not mean he would die in real life. It would just be a disappointment and he would not get his money back.

He would not be called Morton the Brave back at work if he died. He would be a failure. But now, like in many of these adventures, he was an underdog against what was probably an unforgiving foe.

Blazerock has wandered far and wide. He might be a few days away. Morton had heard that he liked to torment and ridicule his opponents. Maybe if brawn would not work, this could become a game of wits? Maybe he could out-think this vile creature. Maybe riddles. Vile was what he wanted from the get go, but now he was not sure that he was really getting what he wanted.

He turned towards his companions Oin and Glomer and was impressed by how fierce they looked. They weren't quite hardened, but they clearly were seasoned. There were three of them here against this abomination. But would that be enough? Morton realized that he was really scared about this. He had never done this before in real life. Here though he should trust his instincts. They were programmed into him and the game. He would just need to stay stout of heart.

He was a hero here and he had to remind himself of this. His first step was to find this monster and then he would figure out how to do away with it. He pulled out his sword again to shake it and see how it felt in his hand. His grasp was strong and firm.

Half a day's walk away from the castle they decided to stop for lunch. There was a nearby stream and a pear tree. The fruit was pure and delicious, more than could be expected.

"Not a lot of damage here," said Glomer. "Blazerock knew not to get too close to the castle for too long."

"This one is supposed to be an odd one," said Oin.

“Well let's get a move on it,” said Morton. “There will be time for celebration and discussion when this is all over.”

“That's right. We have a monster to kill,” said Oin.

Morton realized that they would want praise for doing this also, but much of this really fell on his shoulders. These were somewhat common mercenaries, but he was the hero. They would be depending upon his might and shrewdness.

He figured there would be damage up ahead and that might lead them to Blazerock who apparently was different from some other dragons. He was not sitting on a pile of gold like others. Blazerock would probably storm and take over the castle for that if it could. But at the castle, he would have the defenders to contend with. Morton would like to be preventive. He would like to ensure that this never occurred. He would like to match wits with it in the field. That, however, might not happen for a few days.

Meanwhile there was wonderful weather to enjoy. He was happy that it was spring. Morton enjoyed the breeze and the flowers. It was a beautiful country, this land he did not have a name for yet or maybe he forgot. It did not matter now. It was green and luscious and he needed to take care of it.

A day later they found a something that was a bit more than a hill and decided to climb it. From there they might be able to see the creature. From the top they saw what looked like a snake with wings in the distance. Morton was happy that they had found their quarry. They would just need to get to it before it flew away.

Morton had a plan. They would taunt it so it would venture toward them to attack. Then they would disable its wings with their bows so that it could not fly away. They could then either charge to try to damage it some more from a distance. Maybe they could reason with it or maybe they would bludgeon it. For now they would make their way towards it. It could

only be a few miles away from them at this point.

Morton stopped to take a close look at the creature before them. It was green and long like a snake, but his also had small black wings that could catapult it into the sky. He was amazed that such small wings could give this creature flight. Airplanes astounded him also, but that was what science could do. It was quirky in its own way. The dragon, however, was a magical creature and it was not surprising that it could do magical things.

Those wings he figured could probably be damaged easily. It was the vile mouth and thick skin that they really had to contend with. Also the malice and cunning of a dragon could be formidable. Blazerock might not be as talkative if it could not fly away anytime it wanted to.

For now they would need to approach the dragon in such a way that it would not be compelled to fly off. It might also leap out at them when it saw them. It was not likely to be skittish.

Morton figured they were about two miles away now. Once they were seen approaching, the dragon might wait for them or might fly at them. He could not see if it was awake or asleep from this distance. He figured they could make some noise to get it's attention. First they would need to get a little bit closer for this.

Oin and Glomer looked apprehensive now, but there was also a gleam in their eyes that looked as if they wanted to get this over with. Morton told them that they should aim for the wings. De-winged the dragon would be angry and in a lot of pain. It might be more willing to compromise then.

The armor did seem to weigh down on him more heavily now, but soon they would be noticed and then they would be in striking distance. Morton figured the dragon would not anticipate that they would aim for its wings.

They walked closer for a mile and the dragon did not move. It might be resting

thought Morton or maybe it was just waiting. He could not see if its eyes were still open or not. He decided to make some noise.

“Blazerock” he yelled, but nothing happened.

Closer they walked with all three bows drawn. If they could not negotiate they would need to be closer for the first volley of arrows. They were walking slower now, they were apprehensive, but the dragon did not notice them for some time.

“Why do you walk so slow?” was the first thing Blazerock said, surprising them.

“We come to talk with you if we can,” said Morton not sure what he would say next.

“What for?”

“You have wreaked havoc and now you must stop,” Morton said angrily.

“And who are you to beseech me?”

“I am Morton the Brave. If you do not listen to reason you will not be accommodated.”

Morton realized the he had not used the best word choices here, but the dragon responded.

“Why, I am free to do whatever I want.”

“At your own peril,” countered Morton.

Meanwhile Glomer and Oin had found places to stand and their bows were ready.

“Give us the order,” said Oin quietly.

The dragon contined, “At my own peril. You think you can stop me?”

Blazerock was now standing on its back legs. He loomed in the sky and had angry look on its face.

“We are here to reason with you.”

“You are?”

“What is it you want, Blazerock?”

“You think I would tell the likes of you?”

“Do you wish to plunder and gather wealth you will never use?”

“That is usually the case with my kind. I like to sleep on gold and jewels rather than grass or rock.”

“You will be safer in a cave, I think.”

“And you would deny me?”

“I would kill you if necessary.”

Blazerock gave a holler and fire shot from its mouth. They, however, were out of range to be bothered by it.

Not losing an opportunity to say something before it decided to fly away, Morton yelled, “Let's talk about this.”

“What do you have that I could not take?”

“We can offer you peace?”

“Do you think I want peace? I have already made enemies.”

“That can be rectified.”

“You think I can trust you,” cried Blazerock.

“You have no choice.”

“There are only three of you.”

“We are here to end this problem!”

Blazerock was now angry and they could see its full might. Morton and the others knew instinctively that they would need to injure it before they could kill it. It knew only malice now and thought it was invincible.

“Let them fly,” said Morton and three arrows were in the air.

If it could be said that Blazerock had expressions, it looked surprised now. Both arrows hit its wings and pierced them. Morton's arrow hit one of its eyes.

Blazerock screeched in pain.

“Another volley,” yelled Morton.

Blazerock now inhaled and tried to produce fire, but two more arrows hit its wings and a third landed in its mouth.

The shriek grew louder and the wings trembled, but Blazerock could not pull himself off the ground. He tried and fell to the ground with a thump.

“Too late to negotiate,” Morton yelled and three more arrows pierced it. Its wings were full of blood. Morton's arrows lodged in its nose and throat.

Blazerock now lay there on the grass making no movements.

“Its heart,” yelled Oin.

“We will share it,” said Glomer.

“No,” said Morton. “It will be poisonous.”

“But it might give us special powers?”
said Oin.

“No. It might give you death. Look,” said Morton showing them that the grass was wilting where the blood of the dragon was draining out. He remembered that Oin and Glomer would not have read Tolkien.

“Any last words,” said Morton to the dragon with another arrow pointing at the beast.

“I wanted everybody else to be miserable also,” Blazerock croaked and then closed its eyes for the last time.

Morton stood there sadly looking at the monster that was no longer moving. He thought it sad that such a creature would cause so much damage. That there could be vice and anger in the world. This creature that burned with fire probably could never be satisfied. Why was it that the only emotions it could offer were hate and greed? It would be a problem no more because of Morton the Brave and his companions. He was not sure he should get all the credit, but he had come up with the idea of how to down it.

“This valley needs to be let alone. We might also need a fire here,” said Morton.

“That's for later. Now it is time to celebrate,” said Oin.

“Yes. Time to celebrate,” said Glomer.

This was too good to be true thought Morton. Now for the fun part. He might even be rewarded by the Queen or one her ladies. They were likely to give him gold and jewels, but he could not take them home with him. He certainly could go for a drink now to settle his nerves. He had earned one. He felt stronger and more competent now. This adventure had given him a break from the real world. This story could almost be a myth about how to think through one's fears and monsters. He now had a bigger chest.

Now he could relax and enjoy the party. Hopefully there would be festivities instead of court intrigue.

There would still be the bus on the way home tomorrow. Morton decided to take a self defense class. If somebody bothered him he then could solve the problem more easily after one. He would like to be ready if he could not negotiate.

END