

Evilyne's Interminable Minstrel Cycle

by Mark Edgemon

It was said that every place she stepped there was blood. Month after month, the fearful men of the countryside would cry out for a hero to deliver them from this witch from Hades, who caused men's innards to turn inside out with the shrill of her evil speaking. She was empowered by the enchantments of the Paranormal Metaphysical Sorceries known to men as PMS.

The embattled minstrel floated on his unicycle through the hazed countryside, dew on his green felt cloth shoes as he sang a heart-felt ballad. Unexpectedly and in mid-fa-la-la, Evilyne, the venomous sorceress, materialized before the minstrel's very eyes. Smacking him hard across the face, she launched him high into the air, causing him to land in a gathering of pansies in the midst of the morning dew.

"Get thee off of us!" said the irate, effeminate pansy and his significant other, who had been hurrying off to open auditions for the musical, Gaylord, the Magnificent Dwagon Swayer. "Wat in the b'wue b'wazzes are you doowing on top of us?" the first pansy exclaimed, speaking with the hair lisp that endeared him to his partner.

"Many pardons and salutations," the minstrel said, backpedaling from the unfortunate mishap.

"Endorphin!" screeched the evil siren.

"Yes, my bloated queen! Shall I sand the calluses from thine feet?" the half-frightened minstrel squealed.

"Nay," declared the sorceress.

"Would mine irritable-bowelled lady prefer me to make my ass available for more of thine cutting remarks? Thou verily shredded me in previous days."

"Nay, thou minuscule pony!" she said, berating his manhood.

And with that, she picked up the minstrel, slapped him across her shoulder and hastened to yon bushes. The sounds that came forth should not be heard by the young and innocent, for they were mightily sensual from she who would tear one off so early in the morn.

Her beauty was most fair in an I'm-going-to-eat-your-soul kind of way. Her raven hair tussled down in front of her face with fiery eyes that were as black as soot. As the minstrel crawled from the foliage, he asked in a submissive tone, "Were thou bedazzled by mine prowess?"

"Thine magic wand lacked power and was hardly felt." The shrewish enchantress glistened as she spewed nad-shriveling bile toward his quivering flesh.

And so the journey begins. The sorceress, her combatant minstrel Endorphin and her oaf who had arrived only moments earlier and who secretly enjoyed giving her baths on Tuesday, set off to find the Sword of Unforgiveness, that she might add it to her collection of oral armaments to verbally slice men in many new and sadistic ways.

The trio traveled to the dark and dismal land of Metaphor, which required all those who would understand its truths be capable of seeing the deeper meaning in things...whether it was there or not. After they journeyed for a while they stopped to rest for a moment.

"Mistress Evilyne, thou is on the rag!" the oaf cried out.

"Thou hast some nerve to say that to me!" the evil one bellowed.

"Yes, thou art standing on my rag. Get off!" the oaf said as he yanked it up hard, pulling the sorceress's feet out from under her, causing her to fall backward onto her scrappy minstrel, who was beginning to get his strength back from his dalliance with the sorceress earlier.

"I needest this rag for thine final step in opening the treasure thou seeketh," the frustrated oaf stammered. The oaf didn't understand half of what the sorceress said most of the time, especially when she talked of her "feelings."

Forward and onward the trio adventured, past the red, monthly, over flowing Volcano of Doom, toward the treasure of insatiable delights.

The oaf marveled at the enchanted land's wildlife, commenting to the minstrel, "Isn't that a galloping uterus which cometh between us men folk?"

"Yeah," the minstrel agreed, "Isn't it always the case?"

After many days, the three travelers entered into the thirty-dimensional cavern, kept by the Witch of Bitchery, who herself knew something about sorcery and multiple personalities, sporting one each day of the month.

"What doest thou seeketh?" the witch inquired.

Pushing the men aside, the sorceress spoke. “I, sorceress Evilyne, am here to claim the Sword of Unforgiveness, to add it to mine verbal armament, to terrorize the sons of the beaches, who live on the ocean shores of our kingdom.”

“Why wouldst thou desire this powerful weapon?” asked the witch.

“Why...it’s what I do! It’s who I am. I am the paragon of puppet mastery. I control men by reaching my hand up into their secret parts, bending their will to mine. Besides, I have the gripe, piss and moan dagger collection and I need the sword to make a complete set!”

“Before you obtain what you seek,” the discerning witch responded, “You must drink this potion, so the sword’s dark powers will not overwhelm you.”

Evilyne held the vial of blue nectar, secretly known as love potion number 69. She drank it, downing it like a tankard of ale on a Saturday eve.

As a transfiguration began to possess the sorceress, the oaf took his rag and dusted off a long golden chest positioned in front of the witch, therewith opening it so the minstrel could remove it’s treasure, the Sword of Unforgiveness.

When the minstrel grasped the sword, he too was transformed...into an unforgiving, chauvinistic, close-minded, inflexible, bigoted, opinionated, dictatorial male. Fed up with her treatment of him, he wielded the sword mightily and sliced off Evilyne’s head just as she experienced love for the first time in her miserable, faultfinding life. The minstrel immediately picked up her head and placed it inside the chest, slamming the lid therewith. He carried her headless body back to his homeland, eventually marrying it and discovering for the first time in his male adult life...the better part of a woman.

The End