

Jack and the Land of Stalk

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A remake of Jack and the Bean Stalk like never before! Imagine Jack being a nineteen-year-old punk rocker with a bad attitude. Now think of the giant being a gigantic alien queen...

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1 - Promises of Pudding

Jack lay lazily on the couch in his tiny suburban home. Nothing was on TV worth watching, so he flipped channels. Feeling hungry, he got up to get a snack. Sticking his hand into the fridge, he felt around. Finally, he found it; the last pudding cup! It was chocolate too...a grand prize. He went to the sink for a clean spoon.

Just as he was about to pry that annoying little foil top from the cup, however, his mother yelled, "JACK! Come here! I've gotta talk to you!"

"Aw, crap," Jack complained as he sat down his beloved pudding cup and headed toward his mother's beckoning.

He walked back into the living room to find his mom standing at the window. He joined her. She then said, "Jack, I've noticed something...and it's starting to bother me."

"Oh? What's that?" he asked, not out of concern for his mom, the woman who gave life to him, but in a hurry to get back to his pudding. He was sure that it was losing its refrigerated chill as they spoke...

"It's just that..." she began, "...we are the ONLY people in all of Suburbia to...to have...have a..."

"Yes?!" Jack asked impatiently. "To have a WHAT? I want my pudding!"

"...COW!" his mother finished. "We are the only suburban people to have a pet cow! It makes me feel STUPID!!!"

"Cow?" Jack asked. "You mean ol' Cow Pie? You feel stupid because of Cow Pie?"

He looked out the window at Cow Pie, the old family cow. He was tethered to an old oak tree in the front yard by a dog collar and chain. A cow-sized dog house was beside of him. Jack looked back at his mom.

"You bought Cow Pie as a calf," Jack said, "and he makes you feel stupid NOW?"

"All the other neighbors have dogs or cats or other more manageable pets!" his mom said. "Why should we have to settle for less? That's why I need you..."

"What? Me?" Jack asked. "But...but I was gonna eat the last pudding cup!"

"That's too bad!" she yelled at him. "I need you to take Cow Pie out and sell him!"

"Can't it wait?" Jack whined. "Who's gonna wanna buy a cow around here anyway?"

"No, it can't wait!" she said. "You'll just have to take him out in the country where people like to buy cows. Now, if you go without a fuss, I will buy you a whole pack of pudding cups!"

"Oh, all right..." Jack finally gave in at last. "I'll go, but know that it's all for the pudding!"

"Thank you," his mom thanked him. She then handed him Cow Pie's leash.

2 - Of Cows and Creepy Old Men

A few miles down the road, Jack was beginning to wonder if pudding cups were REALLY worth it...Cow Pie walked calmly at his side, lead by his leash. The sun beat down on Jack horribly. He could swear that he felt his own sweat washing out the gel in his mohawk. He was very miserable. Suddenly, he heard a voice...

"Hey! Hey, little boy!" it cried out. "Stop! Stop! I want to see your cow!"

"Hmm?" Jack wonder out loud to himself. Looking, he saw a crazy-looking old man approaching him from behind.

As the old man stood next to him, Jack noticed just how crazy the old man looked. He was dressed in a janitor's jumpsuit with several bandanas tied around his limbs. One eye was messed up, and he carried a small box under his arm.

"Ah, yes...Little boy, let me see your cow!" he said in a creepy voice.

"Dude, don't call me "little boy"..." Jack said, "I'm nineteen-freakin'-years-old."

"Oh-ho! So you're a big boy then!" said the old man, examining Cow Pie. "Yes..Yes! 'Tis a good cow! Are you selling?"

"Uh, yes...Actually, I am," Jack said. "We'll bargain. Whatcha willin' to pay?"

"Oh, something most wonderful!" the old man cackled. "Something grand! For you, big boy, I shall give you...THIS!"

He then presented to Jack the box that had been under his arm. Jack was automatically unimpressed. He responded, "What? Do I have the word "moron" tattooed onto my forehead? Why would I trade a cow for a lousy box?!"

"You idiot!" the old man hissed. "It is not the BOX I am trading, but what is INSIDE the box!"

"Oh..." Jack said, looking embarrassed. "Okay, well...what's inside the box then?"

"Oh, only the greatest thing known to man!" the old man said. "Something out of this world that is the only one of its kind!"

"Okay, I get it! It's totally awesome beyond belief!" Jack said. "What IS it though? I mean, could you open it up and let me see it?"

"Oh! You have DOUBTS, do you? That is not good..." the old man said, pulling the box away. "I cannot give such an amazing thing to someone in doubt. No, no...One must have faith to have something so powerful..."

"Whoa, whoa! Wait!" Jack protested. "It's not like that, man! I was just curious, that's all!"

"No, no. With great power comes great responsibility," the old man said, turning away. "You do not look like the responsible type..."

"I'll trade!" Jack yelled. "I'll trade! I'll trade! You can have the stupid cow! Just give me the dagged box!"

"Ah, yes! Very good!" the old man said. "You may have it! Hand me the leash and I'll hand you the box!"

Jack handed the old man Cow Pie's leash eagerly. The old man, in return, thrust the box into Jack's hands. He then yelled, "Now run! Run, boy! Run home with the box! Take care not to open it until you get there!"

Jack took off running with the box in his hands. The old man continued, "Keep it secret! Keep it safe! And may the force be with you!"

3 - Let's Get Rocked

Jack slammed the front door behind him and locked it tight. Quickly, he put the shades down in the window. He was just about to turn around when his mom said, "Wow, you're home early!" A little squeal of panic escaped Jack, for she had surprised him, but he quickly recovered by saying, "Er, yes. Gettin' rid of Cow Pie was too easy!"

"Good, good!" his mother said happily. "What dope wanted to buy him, anyway?"

"Oh, just some crazy old man who kept quoting movies," Jack said. "Now where is my pudding?"

"Not so fast, Jack!" his mom said. "How much did you get for him?"

"Oh! I got something wonderful, stupendous, and amazing!" he said. "Something like no other that only the faithful and the responsible can use!"

"Oh, really? What is it? What is it?" his mom said excitedly. "Let me see!"

"THIS!" Jack said, presenting the box to his mother. "It's this! It's this!"

"Ah, a box!" his mom exclaimed. "There must be a treasure inside! Open it! Open it!"

"OKAY! I will! I will!" Jack said. "Say, why is it that when you're excited, you say stuff twice?"

"It doesn't matter! Just open the box already, will ya?!" his mother yelled.

Jack held his breath as he lifted the lid. Slowly, light came into its dark cavity. At last, the entire lid was off! The great secret had been revealed! Jack looked down into the box to find...

"A rock?" Jack said in disbelief. "I traded a COW for a stupid ROCK?!"

"Oh, Jack! I know that you got your brains from your dad," his mom said, "but did you have to fall for something as stupid as THIS?! For this, NO PUDDING!!!"

"This SUCKS!" Jack yelled, taking the rock out of the box. "I'm so freakin' STUPID! I HATE this rock!" And with that, he threw the rock through the window, glass and all. With a mighty smash, it left a jagged hole. Jack's mother gave him an evil look.

"Was that necessary?" she asked him. "Do you feel better now?"

"No, it wasn't," Jack said sadly, hanging his head. "I do feel better, though."

"Well...I was wanting to redo that window anyway," his mom said. "I guess we'll just sleep on it for now."

"Sounds good to me," Jack said with a sigh. He then walked off to his bed.

4 - Aliens, swords, and women...Oh my!

"Jack! Jack, wake up!" Jack felt his mother shaking him awake. "Something amazing has happened!"

"What? Huh?" Jack asked, still asleep. "What's happened?"

"Come look outside!" she said. "I can't tell if it's good or bad, but it's still amazing!"

Jack got up out of bed and went outside. To his amazement, a huge bean stalk towered up above the clouds! It was breaking the street up in to tiny cracks as its roots brutally forced themselves below the asphalt surface. It was strange and twisted, leaning this way and that. It left the odd and pungent odor of a green house or maybe a vegetable garden floating throughout Suburbia.

"Wow! That IS amazing!" Jack exclaimed, "It must've come from that rock I threw! It WAS an amazing thing after all!"

"How would a bean stalk come from a rock?" his mom asked.

"I don't know!" Jack said. "But I'm gonna climb it!"

"That's a great idea! I'm sure there's something amazing up there!" his mother said. "However, before you go, Jack, it would probably be a good idea to put on some pants."

Jack looked down. He was one of those guys who sleep in only their boxer shorts, and as he ran straight from his bed to outside, this was all he was wearing. He slightly blushed as he walked back inside. Once inside, he put on tight jeans with the knees ripped out, Doc Martens, a ripped Nirvana t-shirt, and a leather jacket. Gelling his mohawk and grabbing a pocket knife and a lighter, he was good to go.

He approached the bean stalk and dug his heels into its green, leafy flesh. Latching onto its vines with one hand and stabbing his pocket knife into the stalk with the other, he hoisted himself upward. He continued to do this until he was several feet from the ground. Soon, he was well above his suburban neighborhood, and below him his neighbors looked like pathetic little ants. On and on he climbed, mile after mile of stalk. Ever-so-often he would come across a leaf large enough to support his weight. and would lie on it for a rest. Finally, after hours of climbing, he broke through the clouds...

As his head emerged through the floor, Jack found that beyond the clouds there was an unseen location! An actual land! However, though this discovery was amazing, the state of this land was not. Even though the underbelly consisted of soft, white clouds, the surface of this land was made up of harsh rock and crusty, black soil. Jack dug himself from the dark soil and pulled himself free from the ground like an undead. Brushing black dirt from his clothes, Jack took a good look around...

All around, the landscape was rocky and mountainous. Strange architect that looked part medieval-part alien was plentiful. The sky from this point was a sickly green hue. Even the smells there were strange. Some of the scents were aquatic, like fresh rain, while others were chemical like and almost choking. Already, Jack could feel hostility in the air.

This sense was correct, for a hot laser whizzed past Jack's scrawny leg. He cried out with a little dodge, narrowly missing its sting. The hostile who fired it fired at him came into view. It (as its gender was unclear) was riding on a half horse-half motorcycle hovering device, and was wearing a black helmet with a large spike protruding from its center. As for its body, it was built amphibious like a frog, but had scaled skin like that of an alligator. Its eyes were cat-like, and little spikes lined its spine.

"Whatintheworld?!" Jack yelled so fast that it came out in one large word. "Stop shootin! I come in peace, man! Don't shoot!"

The creature didn't care listen though. Whether it could not understand Jack's language or it just didn't care, it fired again. Jack dodged again, yelping as he did so. However, instead of trying to reason with the creature, this time Jack ran. With a bird-like call, the creature followed him.

Jack panted fiercely as his Doc Martens pounded the black, rock-like soil. Sweat dribbled from his pores in bullet-sized drops as he heard the loud motor of the creature's vehicle, and the cry of its rider, right behind him. With his pocket knife as his only defense, Jack knew that it would be a fight that he couldn't win if caught. This pushed him, but he knew that he could not run like this for much longer. Suddenly, hope came into view...

It was a building. The building looked like a rather important one too, such as a courthouse or a city hall...or at least a museum. It was not the look of the building that gave Jack hope, however, but a particular door of it. The door was wide open in the back of the building and stood unguarded. It could have very well led to a storage room or some other room of less importance. Jack didn't really care though. Wherever it led, he was quite sure it couldn't be any worse than where he was now.

With a leap followed by a cool James Bond-like roll, Jack tumbled through the doorway. Quickly, he grabbed it by the knob, slammed the door shut, and locked it tight. The creature pounded on the door violently with its fists. Jack heard it scream in its bird-like way with protest. He then heard a laser being fired followed by a ricochet and a frightened cry from the creature. With a little smile of satisfaction, he picked himself up and further explored his surroundings.

"Hmm...That guy must've been an alien," Jack thought aloud to himself. He looked at doors lining the hallway that he was in. One was labeled "Probes".

"Yup, definitely an alien," Jack said with a shiver. "I'd better not get caught, 'cause these guys don't seem too gentle..."

He kept walking down the hall, reading door after door. Each label sounded horrible. Test Tubes. Test Subjects. Live Test Subjects. Pointy Sticky Thingies...Of course, there was one that finally came into view that Jack found interesting.

"Ah, yeah! "Swords"! Now THERE'S somethin' I can use!" Jack exclaimed. "A little bit o' self defense from those creeps!"

He twisted the knob to find that the door was unlocked. Upon opening it, he found that the room was pitch black. He felt around on the wall for a second. Finally, he found what he was looking for. Flipping the switch with a faint clicking sound, a soft, electric glow flooded the room. Just as the door was labeled, swords lined the walls. Some were displayed in stone bases as well. Jack had already found one to his liking.

"Whoo! Big anime sword!" Jack squealed in a girly voice. He even did a gay little clap. He then caught himself and began to act more manly. He continued, "Now to pick this bad boy up!"

He grabbed the handle and pulled. As the sword was as big as Jack himself, it did not budge. He pulled harder. He strained and grunted and even broke into a sweat. Yet, it still did not move. Finally, as he was sure that one more strain would cause him to do an embarrassing bodily function, he gave up. This didn't crush his spirit, however, for he found another sword to his liking.

"Now that's what I'm talkin' about!" Jack shouted as he raised his mighty sword to the sky. It was shaped like a key and had a mouse-shaped charm at the end of its handle. Suddenly, a mouse-like creature that Jack was sure he'd seen at a familiar happy theme park once before approached him.

"Use that," he said in a high-pitched voice, "and we'll sue the pants offa ya!"

"Awww..." Jack whined as the mouse creature took the key-shaped sword away. "Now what am I supposed ta do?"

But then he saw it. THE sword. His sword. The sword made for him. Picking it up, he raised his real mighty sword to the sky. It was black with blue stones in its handle. Though a bit thin, it was also powerful. The handle was twisted, and at the end of it hung a little snake-shaped charm. It was a dark-looking weapon.

Now that Jack had something to fight with, he left the room to further explore the area. He passed more oddly labeled doors. Secret Documents. Frozen World Leaders. Robot Slaves. Tacos...Suddenly,

another door caught his eye. It was standing open, and a strange, aqua-coloured glow was coming from the room.

Jack crept in with his sword raised. Anything could be hiding in the room. This assumption was wrong, however, for the only thing in the room was a strange chamber filled up with a crystal-like substance. This is where the aqua-coloured glow was coming from. Jack got up closer to it to examine the crystal. To his surprise, a girl was frozen inside of it!

"Wow! There's a CHICK in there!" Jack exclaimed. "Hmm...She's kinda pretty. Maybe I can save her!" He went to mess with the controls, but then stopped. Turning to leave, he said, "Nah. She's probably in there for a GOOD reason! I'd be stupid to free her!"

Suddenly, he tripped over a wire in the floor. His foot unplugged the wire from the wall. The crystal glow abruptly disappeared. Jack picked himself up out of the floor and frantically felt around for the light switch. As he turned it on, he heard the weak moaning behind him. Turning around, he found that the crystal substance had deteriorated and the girl now lay in the floor.

"You...you SAVED me!" she said, looking up at Jack. "You're my HERO!"

"Um, okay," Jack said, a little confused. "That's pretty cool, I guess."

"My name is Jill," she said, getting up out of the floor. "I was once the princess of this realm, until I was captured by the evil, giant alien queen and was locked in this chamber!"

"Whoa, that really sucks..." Jack said. "By the way, my name's Jack."

"Jack...hmm...Not really a name for a hero of the universe," Jill said, "but I guess it'll have to do."

"Wait. Hero of the universe?" Jack asked. "What're you talkin' about?"

"The planet was in peril until you came! Now you have freed me," said Jill, "and with your mighty sword, you will vanquish the giant queen!"

"Uh, no. Hate ta break it to ya, princess, but I'm just here to find valuables to make up for the cow that I practically gave away!" Jack said. "Getting this sword and freeing you were sorta accidents. No hard feelings..."

"Oh, but you MUST help us!" pleaded Jill. "If you do, I will make it worth your while!"

"Make it worth my while, huh?" Jack asked. "What did you have in mind?"

"The royal treasure of course!" Jill said happily. "The legendary golden chicken! It's worth millions! Certainly that is to your liking..."

"To my liking indeed!" Jack said. "I'd be an idiot to turn THAT down, even if there IS a little bit of fighting involved! Besides, with this neat-o cool sword, it should be easy!"

5 - Virgin Sacrifice!

Jill led the way to her former castle where the giant queen now lived. They took royal secret passages so as to avoid contact with hostiles like the one that Jack had encountered. Finally, they reached the castle. It was very large and dark. Like every other building, it looked of an alien/medieval hybrid.

"There's a secret passageway in the back," Jill said. "It should take you to the ball room."

"That's cool!" said Jack. "What are the chances of them being in the ball room?"

He then crawled up into the secret passageway. It was a narrow, little tunnel, and Jack had to crawl on his hands and knees to go through it. Finally, the tunnel ended, and Jack found himself able to stand at his full height. A staircase lined the wall, and it spiraled upward. Jack climbed stair after stair...

Meanwhile, the ball room was up to its armpits with frog-like alien creatures. An alien dressed in extravagant clothing stood at a podium. He had papers in his fin-like hands, and was prepared to make a speech. He was waiting for the others to settle down and listen. Finally, once every alien had quieted and gave him their full attention, he began.

"As you all know, the red moon is coming! That means that the queen will be expecting her annual sacrifice!" he announced. "That means I will be expecting you to start looking for the perfect sacrifice to give to her! This year's theme is the VIRGIN sacrifice!"

"Virgin sacrifice?!" one alien commented. "Where are we supposed to find one of those here? Our kind is expected to spawn after the first year of our lives!"

"Yes! We would have to use an animal or a youngling!" another joined in.

"We have already done the animal sacrifice!" a third alien yelled. "And we cannot use an innocent youngling!"

"What ever will we do?!" the second alien exclaimed.

Suddenly, a wall opened up. The aliens gasped with surprise. Out stepped Jack with an expression to match their gasps. For a moment, they blinked confusedly at each other. This didn't go on for long, though, for the leader alien pointed and yelled, "Seize him!"

Before Jack even had time to object, the aliens had already grabbed him and tightly tied his arms down to his sides as well as tie his ankles together with thick, black cords. Now unable to move, Jack was passed stage-dive style to the front. They then threw him down at the leader's webbed feet. Jack lay there belly-side-down awaiting his fate. He began to whimper with fear as the leader circled him.

"Ah, yes..." the leader chuckled as he looked at Jack. "I believe that we have found a solution to our problem! Behold our virgin sacrifice!"

"Virgin sacrifice?!" Jack asked in a panicked tone. "Er...who's to say I'm a virgin, anyway?!"

"Ha! Anyone who looks like you," the leader said, "could not have possibly attracted a mate!"

Jack could not deny this. He had never had a girlfriend, let alone an intimate relationship. Of course, he didn't want to be sacrificed, so he continued to make excuses, "Aw, c'mon! Virgin sacrifices are SO outdated! How about a vegetarian sacrifice instead? Wouldn't it be kinda funny to treat a guy who doesn't EAT meat LIKE meat?"

"Silence, boy!" the leader yelled. "We stick to our tradition, and tradition says virgin...NOT vegetarian! Now take him to the queen!"

Again, Jack was picked up. Instead of being passed this time, though, he was thrown over the shoulder of an alien guard and carried. He was thin, therefore easily carried, and only sped up the process of being taken to the queen. Obviously, it was NOT Jack's day. He was begging to wonder why he climbed up a bean stalk that he knew nothing about in the first place.

6 - "It's not just about the pudding anymore..."

They entered the giant queen's chamber. It was very dark. In the corner of the room. Jack noticed an arm chair that could've very well held two or three of himself. Not a good sign. The queen didn't appear to be present, as far as one could see. But THAT was before Jack heard the soft, wheeze-like breaths coming from the darkness...

The guard alien sat Jack down on his butt, sitting him upright. In fear, Jack curled his knees up to his chest in a little defensive ball. The leader put his foot onto Jack's back and pushed him forward. Then, all of the aliens bowed. The leader got down on his knees.

"Oh, fair queen of the Land of Stalk!" he said gallantly. "We have brought you this year's sacrifice!" Jack watched in horror as something stirred in the darkness before him. Two cat-like eyes the size of baseballs glared out at him. Then out came the rest of her...She was indeed a giant, as Jill had said. She was about three times Jack's size! Her lips were large and Elvis-like, and her skin was saggy. Her body was built like that of the other aliens', but (as she was female) she had breasts. Horrible, dropping breasts like that of an old lady!

"Geeze, I've seen smaller knockers on DOORS!" Jack commented.

Not a good thing to say. The queen lifted Jack by the collar of his shirt and brought him up to her height. Jack dangled helplessly as she roared in his face with hot, sour breath that smelled a bit like nicotine.

"For THAT," she said, "I will devour you limb by limb! And when I get to your body, I will chew slowly!" Jack knew his fate. He braced himself to be eaten alive. At least Heaven wouldn't be bad...But then, the queen tore Jack's bindings, so as to free his limbs for eating. Jack saw the window of opportunity! Quickly, he whipped out his pocket knife and stabbed the queen in the roof of her mouth! She released Jack with a horrible scream! Grabbing a giant back-scratcher at the foot of her giant bed, Jack began to beat his way through the alien crowd.

He then made a run for the ball room. The now not-so-secret passageway was narrow, so very few aliens could follow him through it at one time. Meanwhile, the queen pulled the knife from her mouth and chased after him like a wounded grizzly bear. Back at the ball room, Jack was grabbing his sword that he'd dropped upon being captured just as the queen burst in. With a scream, Jack ducked into the passageway just in time to miss her hand swiping at him.

She, as she was a giant, could not fit. Her alien henchmen arrived behind her. Pointing to the leader, she yelled, "Go after him! We'll go around outside and catch him!"

Jack ran down the spiraling stairs, praying to God that he wouldn't trip or run into a wall. That's when he heard the frantic slapping of webbed feet behind him. Unsure of how many of them there were, he sped up, unprepared to fight a lot of them. Finally, he came across the little tunnel. Getting down on all fours, he prepared to crawl through. Suddenly, the leader alien appeared behind him. A little gasp escaped Jack. Not wanting to waste anymore time, Jack tore through the tunnel as fast as his hands and his knees could take him. The leader tried to follow him, but alas, he was too fat.

Outside, Jill was waiting for Jack when she saw the queen and her hoard charging at her. With a gasp, she said to herself, "she must have discovered the secret passageway! Poor Jack!"

However, before she could say another word, Jack popped out of the tunnel. He grabbed her by her wrist and ran for the hole that he had entered the strange land through. She quickly objected, "aren't you going to vanquish the queen?!"

"Are you kiddin'?!" Jack panted. "It's not worth it! Why would ya wanna rule a crappy place like this, ANYWAY?!"

Finding the hole, he quickly dug it bigger with his sword. Then, tucking the sword into his triple row belt and grabbing Jill around the waist and hugging her tightly to him, he jumped through. The queen caught up moments later and began to dig the hole big enough for herself with her bare hands. Meanwhile, Jack and Jill were free-falling from the sky...

"Jack! Are you CRAZY?!" Jill screamed. "When we hit the bottom, we're gonna die!!!"

"Don't worry!" Jack told her. "I gotta cool plan! Just trust me!"

Up above them, the queen was climbing down with the speed and agility of a squirrel. It was her claws that allowed her to do this. She was only about twenty feet away from catching up to them. This wasn't too bad of a stride for a giant. She'd have them soon...

Just as the ground came closer and closer to the couple, Jack pulled his sword from his belt. He then stabbed it into the stalk. Down and down they continued to fall, slicing a trail in the stalk as they did so. However, the further the sword sliced, the slower they fell. they got slower and slower until they finally stopped, dangling by the sword only two feet or less from the ground.

Jack pulled the sword out and the two of them fell lightly to their feet. They looked up, now that they weren't falling to their deaths. They had done some impressive damage to the stalk, but it was still standing, and the queen was still climbing downward with great speed. Jack knew what to do. Taking his sword, he attempted to chop down the stalk. Alas, it didn't do very well...

"Dag it! All that slicing made my sword blunt!" Jack yelled in distress. "It won't chop it!"

"Oh, Jack! What will we do now?!" Jill cried. "She'll get us for sure!"

That's when an idea hit Jack. He knew what to do. Reaching into his pocket, he produced his lighter.

"It's not just about the pudding anymore..." he said.

He then bent over, butt aimed for the stalk. Then he lit the lighter. At the same time, a great blast of gas escaped his pants. The flame rose to a mighty height and engulfed the base of the stalk. The flames continued upward, burning everything it touched...including the queen.

Down came the stalk, queen and all, falling down on and destroying half of Suburbia. It now all lay in a dead, smoldering heap. The impact of the fall forced some sort of object out of the dead queen's belly button. It flew upward and landed at Jack's feet. Picking it up and wiping the soot from it, he found that it was no other than the golden chicken! Now Jack stood sword, damsel, and treasure all in hand and the monster laying slain at his feet.

"Well, Jack. You've saved me, slain the horrible giant queen, and collected all the treasure you could ever want." Jill said. "Will you EVER look at life the same way again?"

"It doesn't matter..." Jack said after a moment of hesitation. "I'll probably get hit by a car anyway."

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