



Dragons by Jessica DeTello

Once upon a time, long, long, ago, far, far, away, lived the two great dragons. This was the time where no humans were there to bother them. There were only two dragons in the whole world, which lived in the same lair. It was very lonely.

Dragons are very intelligent. They know things we don't. Did you ever wonder why the sky is blue? We don't know. Dragons do, because they were here before the sky. They were born on the earth as soon as there was an earth to be born on.

Their names were Zethma and Dregama. The two dragons lived in perfect harmony. They reigned over all the wild beasts and animals. All were happy. Until the humans came.

The humans decided that they were superior to all other creatures, and thought they would "tame" the animals. The dragons had never met a human. They soon would.

John Hoecoff was his name. He had just been banned from Arigamathia (king Grothmore's kingdom) for running from a battle. With as much pride that he could muster (not a whole lot) Hoecoff climbed onto his steed and exited the village, while townsfolk threw rotten vegetables at him. Hoecoff looked down at himself, thinking about what a disgrace he was. Hoecoff wasn't really a bad person, just a coward. Everyone has a little coward inside him or her. Not having a conscience doesn't make you braver, just stupid.

Hoecoff sat alone in the forest. He started peeling rotten vegetables off himself. Once he was finished, he decided to look for firewood. Leading his horse, Hoecoff searched. He had no idea what he would find.

Hoecoff wondered where he was as he absently picked up another limb. He gazed around, just beginning to see the true beauty of the forest. He dropped the limb. It was late morning, the sun shining through the leaves of the tall oaks. Clearly, it had rained the previous morning, the newly formed dewdrops shining in the morning sun. Hoecoff spotted a spider web, a million diamonds glinting on the small piece of nature. Suddenly, Hoecoff saw something on the other side of the spider web. Scared (like the coward he was) he stood perfectly still. What he saw nearly made him faint. It was two giant lizards. Dragons. There had been legends of dragons in the village, but none came close to these monstrous creatures.

They were beautiful, graceful somehow. Their bodies were long and curved. Both had horns that were like long, narrow, scaly bones that stuck out just above the forehead. The dragons had talons and fangs bigger than he was. Still trying to hold onto his consciousness, Hoecoff silently lifted himself onto his horse, and rode back to the village.

“I tell you, I tell you, they were bigger than the kingdom!!” Hoecoff shouted as the king’s guards tried to force him out of the kingdom.

“Bring me proof that the creatures exist, a dragon scale, if you will.” Said king Grothmore.

“Yes sire!” said Hoecoff, grateful for the chance to prove himself. So, Hoecoff, gleaming with pride and shaking with fear, rode back out of the castle and to the dragon’s lair.

Once he found a newly shed scale (about the size of his fist) Hoecoff rode back to king Grothmore’s kingdom.

“This does look like a dragon scale,” said the king “I will send five soldiers with you to

see these dragons,” said the king “If the creatures are not there, you will be hanged. If they are there, you will be Capitan of my troops when we battle the dragons.”

The dragons heard all of this of course, thanks to their ability to be invisible, and their super –sensitive hearing. They had to prepare for the battle too.

First, they had to pretend they were asleep so the humans could see them. Then, they sharpened their weapons, their fangs, horns, talons, etc.

Meanwhile, Hoecoff was sharpening his weapons. A sword, a spear, a quiver full of arrows, and a dagger.

He would shiver just by thinking about the long, razor sharp claws. How would he fight against that? Would he win? He wasn’t even thinking about his troops, who were worried they would never see their families again. All because of king Grothmore’s need for a dragon hide.

After almost a week of preparation, Hoecoff led 600 men to their deaths, straight into the dragon’s lair. They never could have prepared for what they saw.

There they were, the two great beasts. Both were crouched into a defensive pose, wearing a horrifying grin, exposing their many teeth. Both let out a defining snarl, and pounced.

600 men charged forward. The dragons roared and let out a fiery breath, killing all in its path. Those that were still alive started hacking at the dragon’s feet with their swords, barely harming the fearsome beast’s armor.

All the while, Hoecoff was behind his men, screaming like a little girl. At the front of the battle, the dragons were winning. The swords of the humans glanced off the dragons’

armor-like scales. They had taken out most of the offenders' army. There were only 103 humans left, including the one that had found their beautiful lair. With another fiery breath, most of them were gone. But the one still remained unscathed, cowering behind 20 other mortals. Dregama was about to give them one more blast of fire, but out of nowhere, "zing!" an arrow shot straight into Dregama's eye. Dregama howled in pain, as Zethma gave the fiery breath Dregama had failed to deliver.

All the mortals were dead (besides the one cowering behind the rock) so she glided over to Dregama. He was writhing in agony. The arrow that had gone through his eye went straight into his brain. Soon he would be dead. Zethma gave a cry of pain that was not of the flesh, but of the soul. In a few minutes it was all over. Dregama lay dead upon the forest floor, under a canopy of leaves, next to 599 dead humans. Zethma's head snapped up. One still lived. John Hoecoff.

Once Hoecoff realized there was a dragon staring at him, he started running. It was useless. Hoecoff was dead before he could know what had hit him. So was the end of the "mighty" warrior. After killing Hoecoff, Zethma made a silent oath. She swore to raise young dragons, and after her young was grown, to destroy the earth. So, here we wait for Zethma's wrath to fall upon us. The end of the world.

THE END