To Kill a Dragon

I raised my sword to the sun, a defiant cry on my lips and a bloodthirsty twinkle in my sapphire blue eyes. My prized possession, my treasure, my whole world had been torn from my grasp by a vicious beast of old. Large, bat-like wings, wicked talons, a mouthful of teeth, and a belly full of white hot fire. A fire wyrm from the North!

Now I watched it as it slithered through the small town, its huge bulk dwarfing the buildings and raking against rooftops. Its wings, loosely folded, tore the shingles off rooftops and sent them spraying into the desolate streets like a flurry made of clay. A low, malevolent growl emanated from its throat, rolling across the ruins of the town like thunder. It was taunting me.

“Evil beast! Face me and perish by my wrath!” I bellowed, stabbing at the sun once more from my vantage point on the roofless bakery.

Ever so slowly, the huge beast turned its massive, spade-shaped head to look at me with glittering golden eyes, the same color as its scales. As I stared evenly back, I saw the liquid gold irises swirl like ocean waves around its solid black pupil, which was fastened on me like a bird of prey eyeing a rabbit. The eyes were so beautiful, so breathtaking; I knew I was starting to lose myself in their sparkling glow. My sword lowered like a wilting leaf to rest by my side as I gazed up at the creature. What was I thinking? It was going to kill me! It was so powerful and majestic… I wasn’t worthy of its presence..

Then I snapped to reality. Why had I been so stupid! The dragon was hypnotizing me! With great effort I tore my gaze from its, slashing my sword in a wide arc. “No more of your antics, evil foe!” I declared. “Fight me like a man!”

It leaned its head so close I could feel its breath ruffling my chain mail. It smelled distinctly of… peaches! This only made my fury swell within me. “One problem,” it growled, “I am no human.” Even before it finished the sentence it snapped forwards like a striking snake, its saber teeth glinting in the sunlight, ready to eat me whole.
I rolled out of the way effortlessly, thrusting my sword at the soft spot under its convulsing jaw. Roaring in bitter hatred, it swung its head out of the way, vicious talons scrabbling at the wall where I stood; crumbling the building like it was made of rotted wood. I yelled and tumbled down the avalanche of roofing clay and stones before summersaulting to my feet amidst the debris.

Suddenly I have an idea. I had the dragon’s attention- If I can lure it into the swamp, then I could destroy it without any more destruction. “Hey! You want me?” my sword clanged against it talons. “Come and get me!” I started to race off with it hot on my heels. I could feel the earth shudder below me as it loped through the town, every step completely obliterating another building. My heart thudded banged against my rib cage like a bird trying desperately to be free. I had to win this time.. I had to win! The failing structures only served as a minor impairment for the enormous creature as it pounded them to pulp. “I will get you, just like last time!” Its terrible voice said gleefully.

I put on a maniacal burst of speed as my feet met green grass. “Never again!” I yelled, urging my legs to run faster than ever before, my narrowed eyes set upon the glimmer of blue between stalks of leaves. The lake!

Suddenly gold flashed across my vision, a heavily spiked tail, seeking to mow me over with a single deadly spike. I laughed at his piteous attempt, jumping over the tail without a hitch. “Getting desperate, are we?” I taunted, laughing. I was finally going to win!

Now for the final stretch. I felt like my legs were going to outrun my body. The earth was noticeably softer under my feet- I’d almost made it! I could hear the harrowing sound of dragon jaws snapping shut like a bear trap just inches behind my back. I let out a scream- a very manly scream- before bunching my legs up under me before uncoiling like a leaping frog, my hands outstretched.

I met the water, head-on, inwardly laughing as I felt the water against my face. Twisting around with a spray of water, I once more held my sword aloft. “Hah, I am safe, mighty fire dragon! Now give me back my treasure, foul beast!”
It scoffed at me, smoke puffing from its nostrils, its lips pulling back to reveal its fearsome mess of teeth. “It’s my treasure now! I shall add it to my hoard!”

My blood turned to slush. “NO!” I yelled, lunging, my sword slashing at its face, the fearsome blade tearing through scales and burning red blood seeped out of the dragon’s armor. It roared in outrage, and I could see the scales of its glimmering neck lace with red, like lava. It was going to flame! I backtracked, deeper into the water.

It let out a feral growl before leaping head on into the water, its talons digging into my chest and forcing me under the sluggish water of the pond. I choked, clawing at the talons desperately, my mouth open like a fish on land. I thrashed before poking my sword—deep into the softer leather of its underclaw. “Let-go!” I screamed, my voice distorted by the water.

Suddenly the pressure on my chest decreased and I burst out of the water, gasping, my blonde hair strewn about my features.

“You hurt me!” the dragon’s voice came, sounding grumpy.

“Well the pond was supposed to be a safe spot! We agreed on that!” I replied hotly.

In response the dragon sat hard on his haunches and started crying. “You hurt my finger!” he cried. “And my nose!”

“And you almost drowned me!” I complained back profusely.

The dragon was already exaggeratedly limping back to the prize—a slice of peach cobbler before the mighty wyrm was lifted to the sky and pulled to a woman’s chest. “Damien!” I heard her sharp voice. “I told you all this Knight versus Dragon nonsense would get someone hurt!”

Of course the dragon had to start to cry right about then, showing his poor paw, which had a bead of blood on it. “He hurt me!” he sniffled.

My mother glared down at me, her eyebrows heavy over her weary blue eyes. “That’s it. Bed time for both of you.” She said, scooping me up as if I was nothing but a sack of flour and I struggled valiantly but to no avail. From her other arm the dragon stuck out a forked tongue in
merriment. That's when I realized that if you want to kill the dragon, you’re going to have to ask your mom for permission first.