

## The Dragon Warrior by Toby Cattle



3,000 years before modern times, everything was peaceful in the village surrounding Mount Acura, and everyone thought it would stay that way. They were wrong. Very, very wrong. Without warning, enraged dragons had struck the land with war and destruction. They burnt every house in sight with scorching flames launched from their ferocious mouths. This happened for months until one warrior had had enough. He declared that he would free the village from its depression and slay these beastly dragons but he did not succeed. The dragons to this day are nesting in the nearby mountains waiting to attack yet again.



Many years after, a warrior called Bendulf from the town of Wengurf returned to his ancestors' village and was determined to avenge them and reclaim the village as a place of peace once again. He had heard the many stories passed from generation to generation about how strong his Great, Great Grandfather had been and about the village once being a place for animals and people to live in harmony. Bendulf was incensed that it had been destroyed by the horrible beastly dragons and he knew he had to do what his ancestor couldn't. Now, as he sits atop his horse, surrounded by the vast rocky terrain of the infamous Mount Acura, his heart beats faster than a cheetah could run as his muscles tense, ready to take back what belongs to him.



As the day drew to a close, Bendulf was losing hope of even finding one of the evil things. But then just as he least expected it, he saw a colossal dragon with pale scaly skin and wings the size of lions itching its back against a jagged boulder. Its teeth were poking out of the great beast's mouth like a snake coming out of its pot and its eyes glimmered threateningly with fiery amber.



Bendulf's shield was held tight at his stomach and his sword was raised up above to the heavens ready to be stabbed right into the repulsive dragon that was before him. His hands were shaking and his legs were trembling as he was the only one that could save this once peaceful town. If he failed, not only would his ancestor's home be destroyed but the world could be in grave danger. Bendulf's mind was closing in on itself and his thoughts were either brave ones or terror stricken ones, but his heart wouldn't stop believing.



The dragon and Bendulf were silent at first but then the incinerating flames erupted from the beast's mouth and flew all around Bendulf's body, which was more than enough to get him moving. He ducked through the flames, burning the horns on his helmet to ashes. Bendulf's sword flung at the dragon, digging into its skin like a wolf's bite. Just as he was about to make another move, the dragon flew up in front of Bendulf and sent a blazing arrow of fire towards his torso, bringing him down onto his haunches.

As her enemy was stunned, the dragon dived in for another attack. But Bendulf had thought first and when the beast came close he sliced the scales at its stomach. As weak as an insect, the dragon cried out as if it was calling for backup. Bendulf knew one more strike would finish the dragon off. He slowly walked up to the head of the beast, drew up his sword and thrust it into his enemy with contempt...



...There it was, lying on the rocky floor of the mountain. Bendulf's enemy was defeated. Cautiously, he moved closer to the dragon making sure it wasn't a trick that this beast was planning.

Bendulf stabbed into its throat just to make sure. No, this horrible, nasty dragon had definitely perished. Now that the dragon was slain, he was thinking about going home but when he realised he had freed the town below from more destruction, he knew he had to rebuild it. Then his job here would be done.



All of a sudden, Bendulf heard a faint rustling of bushes which stopped him in his tracks. What was it? Bendulf looked in every direction trying to find the source of this eerie sound. He raised his sword thinking another beastly dragon would run out and take his soul. Still sweating, Bendulf knew that whatever was there would come out soon and he had to be ready. Suddenly, out from the bushes leapt the source of the sound but Bendulf had been wrong - he was not ready for this! In front of him was not a great beast...

Confused, Bendulf looked down only to realise something small and young was there... A BABY DRAGON! Had he killed its mother? Bendulf felt remorseful watching this poor thing wandering around looking for its mum. The baby was making a sad squeaking noise and calling for its mother. Even the fiercest of warriors couldn't watch this without tears in their eyes and Bendulf was no exception. Dropping to his knees he started to feel terrible about what he had done...



The baby dragon's cute midnight blue eyes had only just met Bendulf's and its elf like ears were twitching as if this was the way that dragons greeted each other. Bendulf would have tried to twitch his ears to communicate but the shock of another dragon wouldn't let him move. This dragon's scales looked softer and smoother than his mother's and the horns on its head were much smaller. Bendulf was thinking about the terrible thing he had done and he knew that if he didn't find a way to fix it this baby would become an orphan.



The baby dragon was excited that a new person was at his home and its tail wagged just like a dog. But as soon as he saw his mother laying in a heap on the ground, not moving, his happy face faded away. He dragged his body right next to his mum sobbing louder than ever. Tears were rolling down his young face tremendously fast but the baby dragon wasn't the only one crying, Bendulf was too. Tears were filling his eyes to the point where he couldn't see. The baby dragon didn't know what to do or where to go so he just lay there with his lifeless mother.



Bendulf gently picked up the little dragon and carried him onto his horse. His face then did something he never thought it would...smile. Bendulf remembered stories about a stone called Chrostor Lou which when it comes into contact with a dead soul it brings them back to life. It is located in the nearby mountain called Mount Octa. He thought now was a great time to use it. Bendulf was just about to get on his horse with the dragon when he heard another strange noise. "Not again...", thought Bendulf!



Bendulf moved some dead bushes and behind them he found TWO MORE BABY DRAGONS. It looked like they were play fighting. As soon as the first dragon saw the other babies from upon the horse, he made the most annoying sounds as if he was trying to tell Bendulf something. Bendulf knew exactly what it was - the dragon was telling him to bring his siblings too. Without hesitation, he walked over to them and scooped them into his hands, bringing them to his horse. Bendulf had thought that one dragon was enough but now he had three!



Bendulf was happy that he could finally get on his horse and set off to Mount Octa until he realised there wasn't any room on the horse's back! All three of the dragons excitedly perched across his stead, eagerly anticipating the adventure ahead. Bendulf thought to himself, "This is going to be a long journey!"