

The Good Day

The city spanned miles, stretching across the green plains. Smoke was rising from the chimneys as the sun rose to illuminate the city with a warm glow. A man stepped out of one of the houses, stretching his arms as he began walking to a nearby well. The ground crunched under his feet from the morning frost, the fall breeze carrying the earthy scent with it.

Marcos whistled a happy tune as he walked, his wife Lilly was pregnant with their second child, and she had told him the good news the night before. He would have to work harder as one of the many Tanners in the town, but he was filled with joy this beautiful morning.

As he walked he looked up and saw a bird high in the sky. It looked larger than normal but he paid it no mind. He began to draw the water up from the well, cranking the winch and grabbing the now full bucket from it he saw an odd reflection. He looked up and saw the bird had grown far larger and was divebombing towards the city.

"DRAGON" He yelled in alarm as a whistling noise could now be heard shrieking across the city. He dropped the bucket and ran towards his house "Lilly, Grab the kids and run!" He yelled, his family needed to be safe!

A loud roar echoed as the Dragon announced its presence, it sprayed acid that melted through buildings. Marcos looked up as he reached his house just in time to see the acid spray into his eyes, he screamed as dribbled down burning his nose and upper lip.

"Lilly.." he screamed with pain trembling in his voice, as he heard the Dragon slam into his house crushing all inside

The Slaughter

Armack looked up in glee, his black scales spattered with blood. The human screaming had put him in a happy mood as he stood among rubble acid dripping from his mouth. He saw a female human start clawing her way through the rubble and stepped on her, scraping away the mess it made on a fallen beam. Arrows began to fly, some hit him, most bouncing off his thick hide and natural scale armor but some hit his wing. He roared a challenge to the humans shooting at him from the wall, he had spent too long torturing these humans the guard had responded.

His wings began beating, destroying the rest of the house, and the dull beating of the air made enough noise to scare away the humans who were hiding in the houses next

to him. He smiled in glee as he breathed his acid over the crowd and watched them melt. Elrich had told him this town was weak, but he expected there to be more of a challenge.

The town guard was still shooting arrows at him, but he didn't care. Loud roars began echoing as his companions began dive-bombing as well, the town could not survive an attack from one dragon let alone 3. He saw Wormwood land not far from him, his red scales reflecting his fire creating a shimmering comet. Armack would not be outdone.

He began flying towards the castle, angling his wings so their beats would crush nearby houses. He roared as his acid welled up melting houses and people alike. The stench of death and a green smoke filling the air where his attacks hit. Then he turned his gaze towards the castle, standing there pure white and looking like an easy target.

He roared a challenge at it, flexing his talons, angling his wings to rise. As his body began to rise the anticipation began to eat at him, the sound of the humans screaming made him let out a roar of joy. He continued rising getting several hundred feet above the castle before finally diving.

A shrieking sound began to once again fill the air as he felt the wind rushing past his scales, and the castle started growing faster and faster as he got closer. He heard humans screaming something and then he felt the impact. The castle buckled under his weight as he crashed through the outer wall, destroying the entire southern living quarters and he carried on through swinging his tail behind him to crush more buildings and humans, spraying acid at any large clump of humans he saw.

He roared in delight as he saw a group of humans melt in front of him. There was a prickling feeling on one of his legs and he turned his long neck to see a human hitting his leg with an ax. "Run! Just run please!" the human yelled at another behind him who had silver armor on.

Armack had a gleam in his eyes, "Run if you can, but you won't get far!" He bellowed in common and quickly turned his large body, destroying another section of the wall with his tail, as he caught sight of the human in silver running. He lunged forward, trying to bite the human when he saw something come towards his eye.

The ax human had somehow jumped to his height and was trying to hit his left eye. With a flash of silver, the ax cleaved into his eye.

The Stand

Morten hated dragons, ever since they appeared in his land they had caused nothing but trouble. It took an army to take one down, and he had counted 3 so far landing in Whitecrest, his home. His duty was to protect his home, and he would with his life. He

pulled his ax from the Dragon's eye, dripping with black blood almost like an ooze. "That's what you get you bastard!" He yelled at the Dragon as he used his ring of jumping to jump off of the dragon's face and run.

He hoped that Normand was able to escape, a man who couldn't protect his lord was worthless. As the dragon roared in pain, Morten jumped into a second-story window nearby, hiding behind it.

"Such a daring hit, but it will be your last!" The Dragon roared, echoing throughout the whole courtyard, peaking out the window he could see the dragon thrashing about striking at the plastered beautiful white walls. So much for it standing against any calamity.

He had to make it to the lower vault, there was a weapon there that may be able to do something, anything. He didn't wait for the Dragon to stop thrashing and started running, the clanking of his armor was loud but he didn't care, he hoped the dragon would think it was him.

He heard a crash and as he paused a claw crashed into the hallway in front of him, he fell back and shuffled away as quick as he could, heading down one of the side halls as he heard the dragon behind him.

"I smell my blood, you can't run for long." A loud scraping filled the air as the dragon destroyed the hallway he was just in, he looked back and saw the Dragon's head smash into the entryway to the hall he had taken. He saw its mouth open and lunged into a room as a strong acid melted the corridor he was just in. He smelled the horrible stench, a mixture of stomach acid and death. He almost threw up from it.

Scraping continued as the dragon carried on pushing his head farther into the castle, Morten clutched his ax, he wouldn't die in vain. He would not wait any longer, activating his ring of jumping he got a running start and jumped at the Dragon's face, roaring his challenge "Alright you bloody bastard, I'll take your other eye now!"

As he flew through the air leaping the 20 feet towards the Dragon, he saw it look at him in surprise. He saw fear, and he loved it. His ax sunk in, he saw the black blood well up again as the eye glazed over. The dragon roared and thrashed its head around, slamming Morten into a wall. He felt something break, probably his ribs. As he slid down the Dragon thrashing caused rubble to fall, trapping his legs. The dragon's head was thrashing every way, it was in pain but nowhere near dead. His ax was still in its eye.

Morten coughed up blood, his vision fading, the Black Dragon still thrashing about destroying the section of the building and more rubble fell on him.. Something important had broken, but he didn't care "Morten Dragon-Blinder, I like the sound of that."

The King

Normand, the King of Whitecrest, was running for his life, his heart beating fast, his breath ragged and strained. *This is what I get for being lazy.* He thought to himself as he struggled deeper into the castle. He heard screams and crashing, the black dragon was killing his people.

He stumbled down a staircase, there was a scroll in his vault a spell prepared by a wizard, generations ago. It was his last hope. His foot caught on a corner, and with a yelp of surprise, he fell down the next flight of stone stairs. His silver armor clanking on him added its weight with the final thud.

He let out a groan and slowly pulled himself up as another thud shook the roof, causing dust to fall. Normand started moving again, he heard rubble fall above him as he ran. He moved quickly, going through corridor after corridor until he reached the lower vaults. As he ran towards the final door he heard another thud, this one louder than the others.

"Another one, Run!" Normand heard that faintly and cursed. *Two Dragons? I was hoping the one would be all I had to worry about.* He rushed towards the vault door, it was made of pure metal and had a keyhole, no doorknob. He shuffled through his pockets and pulled the key out, and put the key in as fast as he could.

He turned it and with no click the door slid loose, he pushed it open as he rushed into his vault, separated into chests mostly filled with gold but it had the occasional magic item. He rushed to a small chest in the back right corner and opened it grabbing a scroll out from it. *If I remember correctly I just read it and it should do the rest.*

With a loud crack the ceiling broke open, his head snapped up and he saw a Green Dragon head breaking through the roof. It looked at the gold and roared in delight, and then looked over at him. Staring at its huge eye Normand realized he was going to die. He almost lost himself in the thin reptilian eye from pure terror, but then he grabbed the scroll and opened it. His eyes glazed over as he yelled the arcane enchantment while staring at the Dragon.

The Dragon heard him and let out a roar, trying to slide his head in to hit him but it was too late. Normand saw the life in its eye suddenly fade as the whole body collapsed, the sudden hit was enough to topple the roof inward trapping Normand in the corner.

Hyperventilating from pure terror, he leaned back against the wall surrounded by rubble. He patted his body reassuring himself he was in one piece. "At least I'm still alive."

The Priest

Blythe rode on a proud beast, flying through the chilly fall air absorbed in the beating of the wings. Any other day this would have been a pleasure trip, but they were responding to a Dragon attack. Willing her griffon to fly faster, she was flanked by her squadron of 12 other chosen of Pelor. They were all shining in golden armor, carrying lances and the blessings of the gods.

"Mam, we should be there within 5 minutes, or so Barret says." Marlo, his second in command told him using there earing's of telepathy.

"We should have been faster, and Barret I'm sure your family's safe." She responded. Trying to believe the words as she said them.

"Thank you, mam, I hope so too." The usual gruff voice of Barret was full of sorrow as if he was already mourning. That worried her more than anything.

"It's only been three hours, there's a chance the city is still fighting," Blythe responded. Shifting forward in her saddle, silently willing the griffin to go faster. They flew the rest of the clouds in silence, as the city began to emerge into view.

A cloud of black smoke filled the air, and the stench of death and decay hit there noses even this far up. They could see the ruins of the Castle Whitecrest, still shining like a beacon even though little was left. Most of the city was on fire or looked like it had been melted. She let out a gasp that was lost to the wind. This was worse than any of them had dared think.

She looked back and saw Barret had a fire in his eyes. He was ready to kill something.

"Mam, I see two Dragons, no three. Green in the castle, and a black and red by that fallen church." Kurt said using his FarSight blessing. "I Don't see the green one moving"

"That's good, maybe they took one down. Barret, I know you want revenge. And we will get it. But we still have to work as a team." Blythe looked at Barret and waited until he nodded. "Lances of Pelor, Dive! Target the red one first."

With a yell that was drowned by the wind all 12 griffins plummeted. The frigid air blowing past Blythe's face, her hair held firm under a helmet. She drew her lance and prayed "Pelor, please bless this battle and gift us with the might of your holy lance."

She saw Red look up sniffing the air. They hadn't been upwind as they didn't have time to circle, as Red looked up she noticed Black wasn't looking just sniffing. She didn't

have time to ponder that as she gave out her last order of attack. "Become the Lance, pierce his skull!"

Her riders and griffons moved with practiced ease, spreading out so no two would be affected by dragon fire. With a final cry "May Pelor bless us!" The lances threw the first wave of spears and pulled up, the Dragon spewing a raging fire upwards. She was filled with pride as her lances moved away, evading the fire. Even if it caught them it would have to pierce the protection enchantments, but it was never a good idea to leave lives up to luck.

The 12 lances hit Red's skull, piercing right in as roared in pain and began beating his wings trying to rise upward. "Hold him down, Barret, Sumith!" she ordered as she wheeled around. "By the blessings of Pelor!" She cried as she summoned the guiding bolt of Pelor, channeling the divinity of her god into a weapon of pure holy power.

Sumith and Barret both used their blessing of Dominate, attempting to force the creature to not fly. She heard the dragon roar as they swooped low holding their symbols of Pelor out. "They both hit!" she heard Sumith respond, joy filling her voice.

Red roared once more in protest "Filthy priests your bindings won't work on me!" Red continued to fly up, but as he did Blythe saw that his head snapped up and he roared with pain.

"That was two dominate blessings he just attempted to ignore, his heads gotta be hurting now!" She heard Barret cry out.

"Mam, The black one is moving! But It appears to be blind!" Kurt reported, hovering with another by it.

"Hit it with lances, just keep it down!" Blythe ordered as she released her guiding bolt into the red dragon's skull. It shrieked in pain as it buried deep.

"I am Wormwood! I am the comet, the farm burner, the castle breaker, the 7th born!" Red roared "I will not be killed here!" The dragon's wings beat harder, dragging him upward. His ragged breath echoing through the sky as bright red blood fell from his body.

"Now lances, Show the power of Pelor! Show him the Sun Lances!" Blythe ordered as her lancers moved into a circle around the Dragon Wormwood.

In unison, the 12 voices spoke "By the guiding Light of Pelor, we pray that the blessings of the sun be rained up the cursed Dragon, Be with us Pelor!" with the final cry the sun started shining brighter. The Light of evening turning into the noontime sun, as heat filled the air.

Lances began appearing in the light of the sun, 1, 10, then 500, multiplying into 1,000. The final blessing of Pelor, The Thousand sun Lances. They began flying straight down at Wormwood, piercing him as he cried in pain "I am immortal, unconquerable! You will not kill me so easily!"

As the lances rained down the prayer turned into a chant. Wormwood was in death throes, thrashing in the air trying to escape until a lance pierced through his body stopping his heart. The Dragon's body fell to the earth, still being pierced by lances. The lances stopped coming down, and by then you couldn't even tell there was a Dragon underneath them.

She flew back towards Black with Kurt, the Lances were cheering and she let them celebrate. They deserved it. As they neared the black it raised its head. She hovered above its head and saw that an ax was sticking out of one of its eyes and its other eye was covered in black blood.

"Kill me, I have lost my sight. I am nothing now." The Black dragon croaked out, in sorrow.

A rage-filled Blythe "You dare, DARE beg for mercy?" Blythe spat on Black. "You don't deserve my mercy. Pelor will imprison you with the rest of your kin we caught to punish you properly!" As she said that the bright light that had formed the lances began sliding toward the Black Dragon.

"NO, NO, I WILL NOT BE IMPRISONED! I WANT TO DIE IN GLORY NOT LIVE IN TORMENT!" The Dragon roared as it tried to stand up, but it was too late. The light of Pelor had already begun to bind it. The Dragon tried to break free but couldn't, it was stuck in place-bound by Pelor's light.

They watched as the Dragons body was absorbed by the light, transported into the grand prison, the Great Betrayers Holding. As the last of it shimmered away, leaving just an ax behind that one of her lancers picked up. Blythe ordered the lances to begin rescue and recovery. "And if anyone finds Barrets family, use a blessing of revival if they didn't survive." Her lances nodded and spread out.

"Kurt come with me to the castle." She requested in a more gentle voice, as the day was won.

"Yes, mam" came the usual short reply.

As they flew towards the castle Blythe began to hold back tears ash she saw the bodies filling the street. "We failed Kurt, we didn't make it in time."

"We may have failed, but we still didn't let them get away easily. We took two of the 3 with us, maybe all of them if Greenie up there is really dead." Kurt said, attempting to console his leader.

"Thank you" was all Blythe could muster to say. When they reached the castle Blythe saw that the Green one was indeed dead.

"Is anyone alive?" Kurt yelled, using a blessing to make his voice boom.

"Yes down here!" She heard a man respond yelling. She looked down a hole by the green body and saw a man in silver armor crawling out from behind some rubble in an empty room.

"We'll throw down a rope, give us a minute!" Blythe yelled back as she dismounted her Griffin and grabbed a rope out of the saddle.

"Thank you so much, I can wait as long as I need." She heard the man respond. Moving with a swiftness she threw the rope down and had him wrap it around himself. With the help of her griffin, she pulled him up easily. Setting him down above the rubble.

"Are there any other survivors?" She asked the man.

"Not that I know of, but if you could find my Guard captain Morten, I would like to see if we could revive him." The man responded, moving his arms in a practiced way into a flourished bow. "Oh, where are my manors, good captain of Pelor my name is Normand, and I am the former King of this grand City State of Whitecrest.

Blythe briefly bowed in response to the man's announcement and flourished bow. "Let's see if we can find this Morten.

The Awakening.

The coppery taste of blood filled Morten's mouth as he felt a dull pain spreading through his body. He started coughing the feeling of breathing in felt weird, and he opened his eyes to see three blurry things in front of him. He thought he saw them talk? But no noise was coming out.

"I can't hear you." he said but as he formed the words his tongue wouldn't move. He tried mouthing it and saw them nod. He thought. His vision began clearing up, the blurs became people. He recognized Normand but not the two people in shining armor next to him.

A piercing noise hit his ears, echoing through his skull as he heard the wind blowing past his ears and the sound of fire crackling.

"Can you hear me?" He heard a female ask, one of the knights.

"Yes." this time his tongue moved. His voice sounded different, weaker.

"It's going to be ok..." He saw Normands face before he once more fell asleep.
This time having a pleasant dream.