

# Dragons

by

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I remember the last time I saw the dragons. It was when I was five, and my dad, on one of his rare visits to the city, took me to the beach. It was the monthly gathering where we humans and the dragons met to discuss things. When I asked my dad what things were discussed, he laughed and said “everything”. At five, that satisfied my question, and I looked forward excitedly to meeting a dragon.

I'd never even seen a dragon before, so when we arrived, my eyes went as big as saucers. There had to be a million dragons there; from small ones that could crawl up even my small arm, to monstrously huge ones that towered over even the trees. And they were in all colours, from dull green to radiant pink and red, to even a few that seemed to change colour in the different lights. Not all had wings and I asked my dad about this. At that age I didn't understand that there were the three types.

We walked around, me spellbound, and my dad seeming to search for something. At one point, there was a loud roar right beside me and I jumped to my dad. As I clung to his leg, he slowly lifted me up and we faced the dragon. He explained that the dragon had been discussing something with the man the dragon was facing, and the dragon though it was funny. The roar was only the dragon laughing.

As we made our way through the throng, I gradually grew accustomed to the sights I'd never seen before. Some of the smaller dragons were playing ball with the older kids, while other dragons, their mother's I guess, watched on. No one seemed

afraid of the dragons and the dragons, especially the large ones, seemed to take a lot of care when moving around, so no one got hurt.

Off to one side of the gathering, there were a number of tents set up which were, as the smells coming from them suggested, food tents. It was then I noticed that there were no dragons there nor where any dragons eating. I asked my dad about this, and he said the dragons preferred live food they had caught themselves, but they did not mind if we had our food there.

It was late in the afternoon and many of the dragons had left when my dad found what he was looking for. It was a medium sized dragon, pale, dull-green in colour, who had remained slightly apart from the main gathering. It appeared to be sleeping as we approached, but raised his head when we were about ten feet away. My dad greeted it and I remember that it did not speak, but slowly nodded. My dad moved me to in front of him and introduced me to him. The dragon's name was Amangar and my dad made me repeat it so I would remember it properly. He then had me walk right up to the dragon. I stood still, almost frozen. Amangar slowly looked me over and sniffed me. Then I saw him smile. My dad then sent me to the food tents to get us something to eat. As I left, I saw them talking, with Amangar nodding his head in agreement to whatever it was my dad had said.

By the time I returned, Amangar was gone and my dad led me to the edge of the water. As we ate, he explained that our family and Amangar had worked together in the past, and that Amangar had promised to protect us if we ever needed it. As dragons live a very long time, that agreement has just been passed on to me, and my dad said I could call on Amangar if I, or my family, ever needed protection. He also said that Amangar only came to these gatherings once a year, and that I would be coming with my dad for those visits from now on.

Over the next seven years, I had the opportunity to learn our mutual history and to develop a friendship with Amangar. That was the last time I saw him, and in the years that followed, the dragon gatherings grew smaller and smaller. No one has seen a dragon in the last forty years, and I've often wondered where they went. Most people have forgotten about them now, and some even believe that they never existed; that everything about them was just made up. But I haven't forgotten and, with the events looming before us, I hope they haven't forgotten about us.