

Glen Harris came back to consciousness about the same time as Robert Cotten. He went through a similar period of self revelation after finding himself in a new body. In his case the new body was that of a dragon. His scales displayed a beautiful pattern in shades of golds and silvers. He stood on four limbs that brought the top of his shoulders to a level of four feet and a tail that ended in a whiplike tip eight feet from his hindquarters. From the tip of his narrow snout to his back end he spanned at least eight feet. He was most pleased with the wings that he was sure could support him in flight.

He was also experiencing the same blossoming of new instincts as the newly minted displacer. He too had been trapped inside an office building when he had lost consciousness. Now he was making his way to the roof.

Physically he was finding it easy to climb the stairs. His clawed hands had a strength that if he were not careful could bend the metal handrails in the stairwell. He'd experimented on gaining the landing of the emergency exit on the floor he had been trapped on. Placing a four fingered hand on what was essentially a metal pipe and squeezing he'd crushed it easily.

On seeing the strength his new body possessed Glen found his face was nearly incapable of expressing his pleasure. Eschewing making the effort of climbing each stair he climbed up through the center of the stairwell. The exertion of pulling his own bodyweight up higher thrilled him. The flexibility of his body as he twisted to grasp the landing and rails behind him to gain each level was equally satisfying. He watched his body perform the task marveling at how easy the climb was. As large as he had become it took very little of his full potential to lift himself up even with only a single limb.

He quickly discovered his hind-claws were able to grasp things as well as his new fore-claws. He watched his hands for a flight or two. Now with what he considered two index fingers and two thumbs his grip was strong enough to leave an imprint in passing without trying. He didn't bother trying very hard. He eventually gained the top of the stairwell and came upon a locked door. Even the pushing on the bar across the door gave no result.

After a moment of thought Glen decided to further test his new body's power. Raising his arm and striking the door all four claws pierced the metal and sunk deep into the metal. Blinking at his half buried hand and at how easy it had been he tried pushing the door open. He only managed to push his hand through the door. Staring at the hole around his wrist and bent metal around the edges he again found his face was unable to smile. He brought his hand back through and with little effort pulled the push bar from the door.

Looking at the bent and twisted push bar mechanism Glen shoved his fingers into the door and reached for the inner parts of the lock. Feeling the rough edges of the lock inside the door he grasped it in his fingers and pulled. With a slight squeal of tortured metal and a snap it came free. Holding the twisted chunk of the lock, and a bit of the door still attached in his hand Glen stared at the damaged door. It almost looked like a bomb had blown the edge of the door apart. The frame was undamaged but the door itself had twisted and was stuck in the frame from the force Glen had applied to removing the lock. Reaching out with his free hand he pushed the door free of the frame.

Dropping the bent lock Glen left the stairwell only to find himself in a small equipment room. It took a few moments to find another door only to find that one locked as well. This one however fell to his overpowering strength much easier. Finally out on the roof he looked up at the sky with a touch of longing. His instincts told him it would be easy, but not having any experience to back that feeling up he was just a bit hesitant. Walking to the edge of the roof he saw that there was a tall balustrade around the perimeter.

In looking around the roof he saw a structure that looked to be little more than a shed set off to the side. He made his way to the shed and climbed the side to stand on the top. Turning so that there was

plenty of rooftop in front of him Glen spread his wings for the first time. He took a moment to just look them over.

He'd had no idea just how large his wings would be when spread. Each spanning over twelve feet long and as wide as the length of his body they were already catching air. He experimented a bit, moving them through the arc of movement feeling the lift potential even from a slow movement. With greater confidence he readied himself and with a strong downstroke lifted himself from the shed's roof. One, two, and three strokes later he was high enough to clear the balustrade around the roof.

Turning his head as he passed over the barrier he judged he had cleared it by more than ten feet. Continuing to beat his wings against the air Glen gained altitude. Looking at the ground and the buildings around him his heart beat rapidly at the feeling of freedom. That freedom was tinted by more than a bit of fear of falling but that was quickly fading the more he felt just how much lift a single beat of his wings provided. He executed a slow turn to the south. He stared ahead at the rising plume of what could only be black smoke. Miles away it was likely somewhere in SODO. By the size and height of the plume it had to be a fairly large fire. There were also a number of smaller clouds rising into the air all through the landscape under him.

The sight of multiple fires forced Glen to consider not only what was causing so many fires but what could be done about them under the current circumstances.