

Glen woke with a start. He didn't know it but he had been chosen to be part of a team. A member of a somewhat exclusive club that didn't need to carry a card to declare membership.

He looked around eyes wide and searching. Like the others we've already visited he was thinking something had woken him.

He'd gone to sleep with a full belly. It had taken some practice but he eventually got the science of fishing as a dragon down to an art form. At first the thought and exercise of eating raw fish curled his thin scaled lips, but then after a few he rationalized that as a dragon it should be natural for him. After that he gulped his catch down with nary a second thought.

Glen had taken his favorite perch on the Space Needle and slept the sleep of the content. Now he was awake and beginning to wonder if all the fish was disagreeing with him. He'd assumed as a dragon he could eat nearly anything. His instincts convinced him he now had the equivalent of a cast iron stomach. From the roiling feeling in his middle he was reconsidering that conclusion.

It built for several seconds. He stood to all fours and craned his neck to position his head at the right angle. His experience as a former human he thought he knew what was coming. Steeling himself and rearing his head up and pulling long his neck back and opened his jaws at the height of the coming urge.

Dropping his snout and thrusting his head forward he let forth a gurgled "Groughrumpgh" and a cloud of rank smelling steam shot out his throat. Instead of the expected stomach emptying rush it felt like he was coughing sneezing and burping all at once. An instant later the cloud of his exhalation burst into flame dazzling his eyes with its brightness.

"Hwhai?"

He'd tried speaking a number of times during the day just over and had failed at every attempt. His long tooth filled dragon's snout was ill formed to language. The shape and length was wrong and his tongue just lay in the bottom of his jaw. He could laugh in a way. "Hai, hai, hai, howai yeaiw"

Launching himself into the air Glen beat his wings rising higher into the sky. Taking a deep breath and going with the feeling he exhaled another burst of flame. He whirled and wheeled in glee. Another blast came from him, stronger and brighter than the previous two.

There was a growing warmth in his chest and gut that was brought on by his success in shooting flame. Whatever allowed him to now spit fire was growing stronger, hotter, more potent. He flew higher, exalting in his new power, his ability, becoming a real, honest to greatness fire breathing dragon. Up above the layer of smoke that was spreading out above Seattle he shot flame again.

He also found that he could close a nitrating membrane over his eyes to keep from blinding himself with his own fire. His scales were proof enough that he barely felt a bit of warmth as he flew through his own flame. He experimented for perhaps hours, finding he could deploy flame in all kinds of ways.

It was, he found and even convinced himself to be true, that he could control what his fire breath was capable of by thought. Direction, width, breadth and even distance of his flame breath were under his complete control. Whatever he wanted his breath to do it would come out of his maw and perform exactly as desired. The best part was that after more than a few hours of testing and experimenting he wasn't even close to exhausting himself. He felt he could continue for hours more.

Gliding back under the layer of smoke Glen found that in his excitement and enjoyment he'd drifted miles to the east. There were enough fires spotting the landscape to recognize the outline of Lake Washington. On looking closer he saw that most of the spots of lights illuminating the landscape were

small, campfires. Gliding lower he could distinguish that the majority of the burning spots dotting the landscape were indeed controlled small campfires.

Gaining altitude and turning back to the west Glen wondered about the nature of dragons. Scanning the landscape before him he picked out the largest glow and aimed toward it. He'd automatically flown through his own fire. He set himself to testing himself against natural fire. As he neared the Sound he could tell which should be his first target.

At the south end of Seattle there was a number of large storage tanks burning. It didn't take a genius to make the connection that they were oil and gas storage tanks. Passing overhead Glen saw that everything was burning. It was nothing but a lake of fire covering an entire section of the waterfront. As he had surmised it was fueled by gasoline. The smell was one clue but the true proof was seeing a thin coat of burning liquid had spread over water sending up thick clouds of smoke from its bright base. The billowing smoke obscured all but the root of the flames.

As Glen positioned himself for another pass over the flames he readied himself. With the idea of removing the source, the fuel that fed the fire he came in from over the water and low. Just as he crossed over the leading edge he exhaled a wide fanning blast of his breath. Through the heat and flames he started his turn to make another pass and examined himself. The smoke had left him covered in soot but he had barely felt the heat. Even the thin membrane of his wings were undamaged. He would have grinned had he been able.

After making another pass he rose higher to check the effectiveness of his efforts. There was a clear notch in the forefront but it was closing even as he watched. He considered a moment. He could burn away the fuel, but there was so much of it he was daunted by the sheer enormity of the task. His thoughts had been stopping the fire from adding to the toxic clouds already covering the city. Before he set himself to burning out the fire he needed more information.

After circling what turned out to be an island Glen spotted a place to land. It was close to the edge of the inferno but the heat wasn't intense enough to harm a dragon. Walking on all fours he ambled up to the edge of the flame and gave it his hottest most potent blast of his breath he could manage and watched the results carefully.

Searing blue hot flame came from his maw and spread over the base of the fire. His breath pushed back the flames and smoke for several yards. He could see through his own flame, everything it touched either turned to ash instantly or melted to puddles of molten metal. When his breath gave out the arc of scorched earth was almost a hundred feet wide and fifty deep into the conflagration. Better yet his efforts had not added to the billowing clouds rising from the island.

Stepping closer Glen blasted his breath at the fire again. He was leaving nothing but ash and melted infrastructure, but considering the circumstances that was going to be all that was left anyway. He waded into the fire emboldened by the knowledge that the flames could not harm him. He found that even the smoke was not choking for him. There was enough oxygen so long as he didn't wade too deep into the fire.

He had no idea how long it took to finish. Looking around in the glow of puddles of bubbling molten metal Glen felt emboldened like never before. Flames couldn't harm him, he'd walked through pools of melted metal and at no time did it feel any more harmful to him than warm bathwater.

Shaking the drops of slag from his fore claws he launched himself into the air. Glen Harris truly was a dragon.