

((Note: This section takes place during [chapter 15](#).)

The three made it to their home. Colin was making dinner while his grandfather plays a game of solitaire and the hatchling stayed in a cradle playing with some toys. When dinner was done, the two humans talked about various topics, such as work, the new city, card games, and most recently the injury Colin had on his arm. The conversation ended with them going to sleep for the night, though Colin noticed the hatchling's way of looking at him while he moved the cradle to a room. He asked, "What? You don't like your room?" She crawled up to him. "Alright, you can stay in my room." He dragged the cradle to his room and set it where it won't cause trouble. He walked up and looked out the window. "It's been four days since the Outbreak. But everything felt like it just happened." He closed the curtains and went to the table, setting his lance on it while the dagger stayed on his hands.

The dagger had a history with dragons. Even though it was passed down to Colin, it still draws blood from them. By him, it was the hatchling's mother and the two dragons that ambushed him. And each time, it comes back to the owner's hand. Who knows how many lives it took beforehand? Despite its history, it saved Colin numerous times, so he couldn't just leave it collecting dust. He placed the dagger next to the lance, walked to the hatchling, and placed his hand on her. "Goodnight, Skaia," he said and then went to bed.

((Note: The following sections take place during [chapter 16](#).)

It was the plant dragon's turn again and he kept watch of the area. He hears sounds coming from the distance, but it was just something harmless. He was doing his own line of thinking regarding a name. He had some ideas while thinking about the few flowers he created during his shifts, but nothing that comes close to being a name, at least until the last shift. When it was over, he went over to Katherine to wake her up. She was slow to rise before her eyes inched open to look up at him. He said to her, "Good morning."

'Day five...' Colin thought as everyone in the house gets ready for the day. While making breakfast, he read the newspaper. Something happened in city square last night. Buildings went down and numerous people died, actual number of them unknown. Most of them apparently have some relations with a terrorist group that opposes the dragons and anyone with respect for them in this city, and among them was the leader himself. *'Huh...'* He looks at the white hatchling playing with some toys. *'If this keeps up, this place would be safer for us.'* The young man took a moment bringing the food to the others, and then brought his and the paper to his spot in the living room where he continued reading. The paper went on saying a man and a dragon were involved in this incident as well as saving people who are

members of ADR. *'I think I saw that guy there. Even with a dragon, it was two against an entire terrorist group. Not just any person.'* He turned the page since that was everything. "There's a carnival today," Colin spoke out, getting his grandpa's attention. "A lot of people might be there instead of the market. Are we still gonna open today?"

((**Note:** This section takes place during [chapter 17](#).)

They decided to open. Not a lot of people came, but there were still a few. Colin thought about going to the carnival, but he needs the money, and he already spent some of it on himself and Skaia. "It's almost been a week since that day...and meeting Skaia," he mutters while by himself. He grabs his pack and looks inside to see a necklace with a jewel encrusted on the slab. While he went to get his dagger that he left on the white dragoness the day after the outbreak, he had to make sure Skaia doesn't see her mother with a pack. He found this necklace around the dragon's neck and thought he should take it as a memento for the hatchling. The only problem is that it was too big for her to wear. "I'll figure something out," he muttered while putting the pack away. Then Colin heard someone came in. The person was a tan-skinned man with short black hair and red eyes. He wore black clothing with a long sword strip to his side. He was a little shady looking, but there are a lot of those nowadays and he doesn't turn down customers. The shop apprentice said, "Welcome. Take a good look around. If you have any questions, I'll try and answer them." The prices for everything were labeled on the counters, shelves, and items on sale. The person didn't say anything, but got some things that he took note of like potion vials, some books, and a large amount of stuff to use in alchemy. Before Colin had a chance to say anything when the man came to the counter, a large amount of gold landed in front of him, and the customer left. "That was...different." Shrugging, Colin took inventory on what was sold, the amount for each and in total, and how much was paid. "Ninety-seven out of two-fifty... That is way too much," he muttered.

((**Note:** The following sections take place during [chapter 22](#).)

The trip has been quiet for the two dragons. Green could feel the plants everywhere they go, and though some felt a bit cut off from life due to the animals, it was natural since they do what they do to survive. Within time, they will pay their dues, so it doesn't bother him. The forest opened up into a small glade where there stood a human church. From the shape of the building, it looks as though no one has been there. He noticed Katherine gazing bewildered at it for a moment. He muttered, "They build anything anywhere, do they?"

"Huh... Want to check it out?" Katherine asked, looking back at him for his answer. "Could be fun," she stated, seeming rather eager to explore the abandoned piece of human architecture.

Green replied, "I don't mind, but the doors are too small, so I can't go inside."

Kat paused for a moment. "Well....I'll be really quick, okay?" She said bracingly to him and jogged off into the church to explore.

"Do so. The quicker the better," Green said when she entered the church. While waiting, he took the time to explore the outside. For a while, he wondered why humans built this place far away from their towns and cities instead of inside them. Parts of these walls already crumbled away from wear, so this building would crumble away in time. Circling around the back wasn't much different either. All he could find was an outhouse distances away from the church. Finding nothing else, he walks over to the outhouse. As he gets closer, he picked up a terrible stench getting to his nostrils and not from excretion. The outhouse reeks of something else, and as a finger of his claws opens it, it was confirmed to be decay. Insects poured out from the outhouse and Green could make out the shape of a skeleton inside. With a groan of disgust, he closed the door. "Gross," he muttered, walking back to the church. Something happened here, he could tell that much or that skeleton wouldn't be there. His mind changed to Katherine taking a while inside the church and continues circling around to check on her. Soon afterwards, he heard her yelling something incomprehensible and picked up the pace to find her dropping a book on the ground and coughing up dust.

"Check out what I found. It was beside a dead guy. It seems there was a fight here," the magi said enthusiastically, unable to contain her glee at finding the remains of an actual adventure.

"A fight... Does this book say anything?"

Katherine stated, "Maybe. It looked like it belonged to someone who died here." She slid her claw under the cover and opened the book. She pinned the leather cover to the ground with one foot and skimmed through the entries, flicking pages with a free claw. "Looks like it was someone's journal and, whoever they were, they got in trouble with the human government. The last entry says that he is sure they're being tracked by the government. The date is like five years ago. They probably had the big fight shortly after the owner wrote this entry," the magi said thoughtfully reading the journal. "Looks like he was responsible for keeping something safe but I guess he failed, huh."

Green thought about what he heard. "I doubt this government is around now. The Spell left the humans by themselves and with that city. If this something was taken, there's no way of knowing what it is unless it is in the book." He thought about the skeleton in the outhouse being with the one who wrote this book.

"You have a point, well at least we won't have to worry about the humans then," Katherine stated, now flicking the pages idly. "Maybe it is in this book. I wonder what would be worth killing these people for. Must have been really important."

"We'll have enough time later on when we find an area," the plant dragon said in response to what could be inside the book. Humans killing other humans aren't a rare thing. There are usually several different reasons, whether it's robbing, different views, or sick pleasures. If there's any reason for this, it may be in the book. If not, then at least it served as a way to pass the time. "If there is nothing else here, we should move on."

"Yeah alright, I'm gonna take this though it seems like it could be a good read for our evenings," the magi stated before closing the book, scooping it up in her mouth and finally wedging it between her side and her wing. Holding it at first was a little difficult but it wasn't long before it was tucked away securely.

Green contemplated on whether he should help secure the book with the vines. He figured he should ask. "I can help hold the book in place if you need me to."

"Could you? That would be great, Green," Katherine stated excitedly. "It would really make carrying this thing much easier, but only when you have the chance of course. Maybe when we set up camp tonight you can make something then?"

Green nodded after the excitement. "It's what I can do to help. Making something to hold that book shouldn't be a problem."

Then the magi took the lead again and headed away from the glade, stating, "Shall we?"

"Lead the way," the plant dragon said as he started to follow her.

Then a drawling voice echoed from just beyond the trees, "I didn't know your kind camped." The sudden voice caused Green to tense. A man with slimy looking hair and a large knife stepped into view. Just the sight of a human alone was enough to put the plant dragon on edge, but the large knife clearly shows an immediate threat. "To be honest, the idea seems rather odd as does two dragons walking rather than flying." Four other people stepped into view from behind the trees that Green and Katherine were approaching as the drawling man spoke to the two dragons.

Vines form on the around the man and started to ensnare him. Green growled, "You made a mistake coming here."

The slimy-haired man halted as the vines wrapped around him. He said, "See this is why we can't trust dragons, boys. Just came to have a nice little chat and look at what this one does to me. Well we're allowed to defend ourselves, aren't we boys?"

Green growled in response, "A little chat does not involve a weapon in hand."

One of the other men aimed a loaded crossbow at the plant dragon as he said, "You betcha, boss. Now go on and let 'im go, afore a put an arra in your skull."

Katherine backed away from the men and towards Green. "What should we do?" she asked in a hushed voice. The other two men drew large knives as well and began to slowly close in on the dragons.

With the situation more difficult, the plant knew he had to think of something. "Stay close," he spoke softly to the magi, who nodded before she stuck close to him. Green raised his voice while watching the one with the crossbow, "Let us leave and I will let him go."

The crossbow wielder grunted at Green's claim. "Or I just put an arra' in yer skull and ye let 'im go 'cause yer dead," he said smugly while the slimy-haired man nodded in agreement.

The slimy-haired man stated, "Here's how this works, scalies. You don't surrender, we kill you and use your scales as armor. You do surrender, we don't kill you and use you two as slaves. So last chance, you can live or die. Your call, but make it snappy. Frank's always had an itchy trigger finger." He indicated Frank, the one who was holding the crossbow. Despite his own predicament, the slimy haired man seemed quite confident in his fellows to get the job done. The two other men with knives were still slowly closing in on the dragons.

Katherine stated to her companion telepathically, *'If there's anything you need me to do tell me now. Cause I am not going back with these people.'* She was still a little nervous but her determination to stay free was clearly evident.

Green tried to think of an idea on how to escape these hunters. Suddenly, a black dragon came charging towards the hunters and letting out a terrifying roar that caught their attention and surprise. The men turned their heads towards him as one of them asked, "What in tarnation?"

Colin saw the door to the other room open and saw Skaia crawling toward him. Puzzled, he knelt down and picked up the hatchling. He found out she was getting hungry. He asked his grandfather, "Grandpa, do we have any more apples?"

The old man answered, "Sorry Colin, there's nothing here."

Since there hasn't been another customer in a while, the boy thought it was time for a break. "I'm gonna lock the place while we're getting lunch. You want anything?" While his grandpa gave him a list, Colin got a sign out telling they will be back in an hour. Taking the essentials, he carried Skaia in his arms, locked the door on the way out, and started walking through the market area.

Colin got lunch for him and Skaia further down the market area. They left with a to-go box for grandpa back to the store. On the way back, Colin noticed him outside the store. He found out that his grandpa decided to close early today to do what he put on the list. In the meantime, it was suggested that Colin

should go to the carnival and head home when the two are done. The apprentice was bothered by this, but then thought that maybe it was time to enjoy something after all that has happened. Leaving the to-go box with his grandpa, he walks with Skaia to the edge of town.

Entertainment, games, and food of all sorts filled the area. Colin played a few games that wouldn't harm Skaia in any way. He thought the popgun game was weird because lethal guns stop working. Regardless of some odd things, he got a stuffed bear for Skaia. He wasn't sure if the hatchling would tear it up, but it feels comfortable enough to be a throw pillow. Colin didn't find anything that interests him, but he does enjoy the time being spent here. He felt Skaia clutching onto him suddenly. He was startled until he noticed she has a frightened look on her. Something's frightening her and Colin can't figure out what.

((**Note:** The rest of the story is not canon to the RP.))

So he asked her, "What's wrong?" The hatchling remained silent, either because she was unable to talk yet or she hadn't been taught how to do so yet. Whatever she feared must have been somewhere in their surroundings, but the boy couldn't figure out what spooked her. He picked her up and carried her some place far from the popgun game, hoping that the next place would make her feel safe. Colin stopped in front of a purple tent with an eye stitched onto the tent flap and put down Skaia. She was no longer afraid as she seemed to be relaxed now. Colin checked his surroundings to see what he could do next. There was a merry-go-round next to the tent, but he didn't feel like riding it at all. On the other side of the tent was a tilt-a-whirl and next to it was a ferris wheel. Colin thought that Skaia might be able to enjoy the two rides as the tilt-a-whirl is a ride that has separate cars rotate individually as the entire ride revolves up, down and around. The ferris wheel on the other hand would take it cars around in a full circle and allow her to see the sights from above, and probably even let Colin find a place that truly entertained him. He decided to go to the tilt-a-whirl first, since it was the closest, and got in line for the ride.

((**Note:** This section takes place during [chapter 23](#).)

Green, Katherine and Spuma walked together through the woods with the black dragon taking the lead to get to where his group was at. Spuma's path followed the scents of other dragons, which seems to belong to his traveling group. They eventually saw a cave ahead with a red four-winged dragon standing outside as if guarding it from intruders. He appeared to be crestfallen with his head down, due to the fact that Rampa died. The four-winged dragon looked up and saw the trio approaching. He asked the black dragon, "Spuma, you're back. Did you get the news?"

Spuma nodded and answered, "I did... Rampa will be surely missed. She was a loving dragoness." He spoke about her in a solemn and sad tone like he was reminiscing all the good things he had with her.

"To each and every one she saw," the four-winged dragon agreed solemnly. Then looked to Green and Katherine as he asked, "So who are these two? They aren't the white dragons you're looking for."

Spuma answered, "They are Green and Katherine. They were under attack by humans, so I helped them." Then he glanced at the two other dragons as he continued, "They are going to Solomos, too. So I decided to bring them along with us, so that we can all get there."

The four-winged eyed Katherine impressively, "That's great, Spuma. I see that this one's a magi; a powerful breed to have around if we're to survive this long journey."

The magi sounded a bit flattered as she smiled, "Well gee, thanks."

Then the four-winged turned his attention to Green and asked, "And you, what kind of dragon are you? I've never seen your breed before."

Green told him, "I'm a plant dragon, sir." The curiosity of breeds was mutual as he wondered what the four-winged dragon's breed was. Since Green told the other dragon his breed, he knew it would be fair to learn the stranger's. "And you? I don't think we've ever had a dragon with this number of wings in Rudvich."

The four-winged answered, "I'm called a four-winged dragon; it's a breed native to Solomos, which is where I'm from."

"I see," replied the plant. The four-winged's origin explained why Green never saw his kind before. He had seen and met foreign dragons before, mostly those from Solomos, which seems to be the northeast region's favorite continent to import. But none of them were of the four-winged breed.

"Well anyway," said the four-winged as he looked back at Spuma. "Everyone is inside grieving and spending their final moments with Rampa. You should pay your respects to her."

The black dragon replied, "I will." He looked to the new group members as he told them, "Excuse me for a few minutes." Then he went inside the cave to see Rampa. There were four mourning dragons inside and they parted away to let Spuma through to the ember dragoness's body. He sat before her with his head down and immediately he was heard sobbing.

Green felt pity for the black dragon and everyone who loved Rampa. Even Katherine was just as sorry for them as she said, "Poor Spuma, I can understand how he feels about losing a friend."

Green agreed sentimentally, "Me too. It's a tragedy everyone gets faced with in life at any time. It's

depressing to lose someone close to you."

"I know," said Kat knowingly. Then she opened up her wing that carried the book and dropped it. "Well since we're at a safe place now, want to read that book with me?" she asked.

"Sure," said the plant. Perhaps now they will finally learn why the man who got killed by the government.

((**Note:** This section takes place during [chapter 24](#).)

Time went by as they read the journal entries with more dragons from the group arriving back to the cave to mourn for Rampa. Then it was funeral time as the travel group got ready to bury Rampa in the hole they dug out. Spuma spoke his eulogy for the dragoness, "Rampa was a wonderful dragoness. She had a big and tender heart. And with it, she gave joy and comfort to all she met. She was so beloved that it was devastating to all of us when we couldn't save her in time, despite our best efforts. I pray wherever she is in the afterlife, she will live peacefully and find her a loving mate who will give her hatchlings that she never got to have in this world. She deserves it after all the cruelties this world has made us and her suffer. Rampa, if you are listening to us, know that you will be missed dearly and that we will all forever hold you in our hearts for our longest lives. We hope you that the gods take care of you as you and the others who died travel with us in spirit. May you rest in peace forever." After he concluded his eulogy, one of dragons from his group started to dump back all the dug-up dirt onto Rampa's body to bury her in the grave. All the dragons bowed their heads in sorrow as they commemorated their dead friend and the passing of her spirit to the stars.

Green looked at the new grave and thought of another way to honor the dragoness. Though he didn't know Rampa, he felt that decorating her grave with pretty flowers would delight her spirit and please the group. So with his magic, he made a small batch of petunias appear. They were in varying colors likes pink, white and purple. The group was surprised by the sudden appearance of these flowers. Green answered their curiosities, "It was me; I just want to help out with this funeral."

Though Spuma still looked depressed, he was still clearly grateful as he thanked the plant dragon, "Thank you, I'm sure she would have liked them."