

# Where Sleeping Dragons Lie



I once knew a dragon, with jeweled eyes that mesmerized. The mighty beast pierced through all known reality, and consumed as he pleased with a fiery breath. Weary after the Great War, he came across a mountain stream, that flowed of mystical waters. He drank of it, then fell into a deep slumber. Over time it snowed, and snowed and snowed. Avalanches of tree, snow and rock had tumbled down the mountain at great speed and crashed over the immense creature, but this did not wake him. It would not be until many generations later, that the dragon would finally awaken.

One day, deep within the snow; he began to shiver. It was cold, and he felt strange. Somehow he could not remember who he was, or what he was (*a dragon that is*). As he opened his eyes, he could see nothing, for it was pitch black. Then little by little something came. It was a vision, but he did not know it; for it seemed real to him. There before him upon the ground lay seven war-torn dragons. This frightened him, and stirred something powerful within him. He rose slowly, looking over them one by one.

The slumbering ones that lay before him shivered, as if they were having an unpleasant dream. One slowly opened its eyes. A moment later it was up on all fours. It dug its great claws into the ground, and looked at him with enormous curiosity. It smiled just enough to show its ginormous teeth, then gave him a most dangerous look. He smiled back (*showing his teeth, that were even more terrifying*), then yawned and drew a great breath.

As he studied the creature that was looking at him so fiercely, the others began to awaken. While coming to their feet, they towered over him, smoke and spouts of fire rose from their nostrils. All of a sudden a chill came over him. His eyes became blurry, as if he were looking through a frosty window, then they iced over completely. His breath became increasingly cold, and he had an enormous desire to stretch his frozen weary wings that lay by his side.

The dragon that had been glaring at him earlier, began to step toward him slowly. The others shared an unsavory look with one another, and stared intently at him. Then all at once, in a fierce rage, it charged at him, spewing flames every which way.

He blinked his eyes, and the frost that had grown into a thick icy coating shattered like shards of glass. He could now see them approaching him in a fiery rage. With a burst of energy from deep inside, he stretched outward his great and powerful wings. He breathed in once more a great breath, then beat down his immense wings, and blew out a thunderous and blizzard-like wind. The ground shook as the winds made their way toward the dragon charging him.

The dragon, unable to withstand the powerful freezing winds, stumbled and began to lose its momentum. Finally, it collapsed before him. It lay there shivering, looking up at him the way a child would after being scolded. He looked down upon this once powerful creature and smiled. The others seemed confused and somewhat frightened as the cold hard wind blew past them. The dragons became chaotic and started to argue amongst themselves, then looked upon him with vengeance.

A subtle heat began to brew within him. Then he looked down to the creature that had fell before him - It was gone. *'Where could it have gone?'* he thought to himself. When he looked back up, the others were stampeding toward him, in a psychotic stampede. He took another deep breath, but instead choked and coughed a little. One dragon had reached him and slashed at him with its great claws. Another had swiped at his head, almost knocking him off balance.

Reaching inward, into the deepest part of himself, he finds something he had never felt before - an inner peace. *'Why doesn't it hurt?'* he thought to himself, all the while being mauled by the monstrous creatures. Then a great burst of energy exploded from deep within him. The dragons became engulfed in a terrible storm of fire, melting like wax. He thrust upward his great wings and stretched, as he had never before. Then he blinked and rubbed his eyes. When he opened them again, it was like he had been dreaming. The vision that had seemed so real to him, was now over. He had struggled his way out of the deep dark snow below.

Surrounding him, were broken tree limbs sticking out of the snow. Some were attached to him. *'Ouch, that hurt!'* as he pulled out the boughs had pierced his thick skin. The blood stopped, almost as quickly as it had begun pouring out of him, for he immediately began to heal. While he cleared the remaining branches from his enormous body, he noticed the melted snow lay in a puddle around him. The puddle was actually a small lake, and his great feet were far below the surface of the water. He thought to himself *I was trapped, that's it, I must have been. Something woke me up, but what was it?*

He looked above and saw a great ball of light, it was warm and comforting. He smiled and thanked the light for its rejuvenating gift, for he sensed he was being healed in some way. Moments later, a flock of colorful birds flew overhead. A familiar radiance beamed all around them, and for some reason he had a profound urge to follow them.

Without hesitation, he spread his powerful wings, and off he flew toward these beautiful birds. *A perfect wind, so refreshing* he thought to himself as he picked up speed along the great blue sky. He soon found himself close behind them. *These are no birds* he thought to himself, then yelled to those flying before him "Who are you, most beautiful creatures, I thought you to be birds?"

"Great king, we've been searching for you," said the nearest to him.

*Great king* he thought to himself, *am I a great king*, then he asked "Where are we going friend?"

"To Glaseron. I've signaled ahead to the others that we've found you great king. We'll soon be home again."

*Home?* he thought to himself, *I don't remember this home they call Glaseron, I wonder what it's like, and am I really a great king these beautiful creatures flying before me, and how did this one talk to the other without saying a word.* He continued to ponder a great many things as he followed them to this place called Glaseron.

Finally the lead signaled to the others to look below. He decided to look as well. Something glimmered in the distance. The closer they came, the more it shined. *So magical, so beautiful, what is this thing* he thought to himself. They had arrived to their destination, and began their descent to the land below. They glided in gracefully, then landed upon a great hill that overlooked the lands below. He followed them with a similar grace. As he looked outward over the vast colors gleaming before him, there was an unnatural silence.

The wind that blew by him was the only sound he could hear. Suddenly it all came back to him, he remembered the Great War and that he was king, *I am king, I am dragon, and this is home* he thought to himself. Then with a thunderous voice he yelled, "Rise and be well." He looked outward upon this vast land surrounded by great mountains and lush forest. The land below began to change; the brilliant beauty of the land had come alive as creatures below rose. They were like the other's he had flown with. They spread their massive wings and bowed before him. "It is good to be home again. The great war is over. We live again!" he roars. The great legion of dragons cheer and shake the ground, then soar upwards into the sky. They fly in a circular fashion forming many other circles. They breathe a spectacular fire into the center of this shimmering ocean of color. Something begins to form from within the midst of this intense fire, a stone.

The stone began to shine more beautifully. It grew, and as it grew those flying around it began to disappear. When the last dragon had vanished, the stone fell throwing off an immense light. As it gained speed the lush grasses below blew apart, until finally it was resting a few feet above the ground. From a distance the king looked upon the stone, and then began walking down the great hill toward it. As he drew ever closer he began to notice its magnificence. Soon he was upon the stone. He stood there studying the stone, appreciating it. Suddenly pain struck him, and he grasped his chest in agony. The

stone grew brighter and came toward him. He spread out his great wings. The stone passed through the thick skin of his chest effortlessly. The pain stopped and he found himself on one knee as if he were proposing. His head bowed low as if he were honoring a thing of royalty. Then he rose again and roared a thunderous sound into the sky that shook the land for miles around.

He looked to lands that surrounded him and noted their serene beauty, then smiled and breathed anew as he outstretched his great and powerful wings to take flight. As he few away he spoke to the lands below, and to the woodland creatures that roamed them "Glaseron is with me always." The dragon king soon faded into the floating clouds, and disappeared forever.

Now often times when I look toward the sky on a cloudy day, I can almost make out that old dragon king floating by...

