

Dewy The Dragon

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Waukesha Reads ~ The Big Read Flash Fiction Contest

Adult Division Winner

Dewy the Dragon was sound asleep in his lair on a crisp autumn morning. He snored softly and dreamed dragonish dreams. His peace was not to last.

Dewy's dreams were suddenly shattered by a loud shout from the entrance of his lair. "I am Sir Bragsalot the brave and powerful knight!" A voice boomed. "I have come to slay the dragon!"

Dewy rolled onto his back, opened one eye and sighed. Not again! He thought. These silly knights and their silly "quest". They were always trying to prove their bravery or impress some maiden. Dewy often wondered if those maidens didn't send the knights on these "quest" just so that they could get them out of their hair for a few days.

The voice came again. "Come out and meet me you cowardly dragon!"

With another sigh and a grunt, Dewy heaved himself up and moved towards the entrance of his lair. Peering out, he saw the man issuing the challenge. Sir Bragsalot was quaking in his boots. Dewy was relieved. He wouldn't even need to leave his home for this one. Planting his feet, Dewy let loose with a powerful roar that shook the ground for miles around.

When Dewy looked again, Sir Bragsalot was half way down the mountain side and showing no signs of stopping. Dewy grinned as he watched the knight lose his footing and tumble the rest of the way down. He wondered naughtily if Sir Bragsalot had peed in his armor and if that might cause it to rust.

Despite his rude awakening, Dewy had a fine day. He flew and swooped around the mountains where he made his home. He swam in the pristine mountain lakes and frolicked until dusk. He then flew home, bringing with him greens to make himself a salad for his dinner. For Dewy was a vegetarian. As he was settling in for the evening his peace was once again disturbed.

Another voice invaded his lair. "I am Willard the Wise. I call upon the evil dragon to come out and face me!"

Dewy rolled his eyes. First a knight and now a wizard? Wizards were just as bad as knights. He wondered if he could just pretend that he wasn't home.

Apparently impatient, Willard spoke again. "Come out vile creature or I shall have to come in after you!"

Dewy peered out at the robed figure. Ugh, talk about a vile creature. Willard sure had his nerve judging. Dewy thought to himself. As he watched Willard created a fire ball and sent it forth into Dewy's lair. Dewy was annoyed by this. He batted the fire ball away with his tail. Then, opening his tremendous jaws, he let loose with a blast of fire of his own.

Willard stood there for several minutes, dazed and singed. Then with a wave of his hand and a poof of smoke he quickly vanished himself. Laughing at the image of the charred wizard, Dewy couldn't help but think that he should change his name to Willard the Foolish.

When quiet had once again settled and the smoke had cleared, Dewy curled up and fell asleep. He slept soundly and peacefully all through the night. Then the next morning and all to familiar event occurred.

"Wake up you dastardly dragon!" A voice once again floated into his lair. "I am Sir Lawrence and I have come to destroy you!"

Dewy snorted in disgust. He was sick and tired of these foolish men and them trying to prove their bravery by picking on innocent creatures just because they were bigger than them. He was in no mood to deal with Sir Larry.

Making up his mind to end this quickly, Dewy stepped from his lair and spread his large wings. He then grabbed Sir Larry by the scruff of the neck and took to the skies. He flew for several miles, with Sir Larry struggling and cursing all the way. Finally he spotted a large haystack in a field below. He opened his talons and let Sir Larry drop into it. Sir Larry shrieked all of the way down.

Dewy turned and headed back into the mountains. On his way, he resolved to find himself a new lair. One with no forwarding address.