

# A DRAGON OF THE RED DESERT

Book 1



By Elisabeth C.

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By Elisabeth Christoff

"There isn't anything here!" said Rage, "Let's go back to Sunbuurg."

"Why did we come here in the first place!?" shouted Tsunami angrily. "Let's go back!"

Soon the dragons all crept slowly back towards the Sun Dragon, Crystal. All of the other dragons looked to her to see what to do next. Every dragon sat very respectfully around Crystal, the queen of all dragons.

Except Sandy.

He just stared at the other dragons crawling back to Crystal. She could just look at the other dragons and know what they wanted to ask her. She turned her crystal-pure colored eyes to Sandy and he suddenly froze. He thought she was waiting for him to say something. If he did it would have probably been nonsense, because all she did was make him nervous.

"We will go back to Sunbuurg." She said in a serious voice turning her glare back to the seated dragons,

"We will leave this dark place soon."

Crystal told the other dragons to find food in the area, and to watch out for other dragons, especially the Dark Dragons. Under her gaze Sandy suddenly felt dizzy. He took a step backwards and without the other members seeing him, accidentally lost his footing and slipped. He was so scared that he didn't think about avoiding this situation by using his wings, and he was too terrified to cry for help, so he tumbled down a steep rocky slope. Lucky for him there were no jagged rocks in the darkness. He spun so quickly down in the darkness he was too dizzy to find his footing. He must have fallen and rolled down the hill 200 feet or more.

Meanwhile, the other dragons split up to find food. Crystal went with Tundra because this was the way to one of the most mysterious places in the Dark Land (as if the Dark Land was not mysterious enough). Tundra and Crystal thought Sandy was with another dragon, not knowing that he fell. The Poisontail dragon was always clumsy like this because he was never used to an adventurous life.

Tsunami headed North to gather water. She was assigned to find this because her homeland is in the ocean. As all dragons know Seadrifter breeds thrive there, and Tsunami is a Seadrifter and so she would naturally like to gather water. Tsunami did not fly, who knows what the sound of her wing beats could awaken from the darkness. She spoke not a word and crept about as cautious as a

Seadrifter can. She crept in tight clusters of trees, if she was out in the open she would most likely be seen.

Her bright blue color would not help her stay hidden, so that is also a reason she does not go in the less dense areas of the evil forests. To Tsunami, the trees seemed like they were spying on her and their eyes attached to each and every part of her. The forest's trees creaked like a door that hasn't been opened for ages. Thorns sprouted from the ivy creeping around nearly every tree. She suddenly came to a clearing in the forest, a large one about one mile in diameter. There was a blue pool of sparkling fresh water directly in the middle of the forest opening. Tsunami would have to risk being seen by the evil dragons to bring back some water for her friends.

About at this same time Whispchaser headed out in his invisible mode to find healthy Sun Berries. In a place like this the berries barely survived the dark environment. Being an invisible dragon like Whispchaser could significantly help avoid dark dragons if they were guarding the berries. He too did not dare fly, even in his invisible mode or speak out loud.

Rage was to scavenge in the south. He does not usually think about being silent or not flying. He may talk to himself, but at least he has enough sense to not speak out loud, let alone yell, scream, or roar. At this very second, he whispered to himself,

“Humph! Why couldn’t we just kill the Evil Dragons!?”  
Rage snorted out loud and halted his walk.

“It’s not like we need them anyway!” He snorted again and lashed his long tail and stomped his front fin like a walrus trying to get back to the water. Rage turned into a furious red color, his eyes glowing with a dark evil red, his eyes burned with fire.

“I’M GOING TO KILL ONE OF THOSE MISERABLE DARK DRAGONS OR MY NAME ISN’T RAGE!” he roared out. He lashed his tail and fins more vicious than ever, and even knocked over two tall trees in the process. As a matter of fact he had screamed at the very top of his large lungs in a roar so deafening the sound shook the bark off some nearby trees. Suddenly, he froze and dropped to the ground motionless and turned brown and black like the dark ground, finally realizing what he just did. He thought, ‘what was I thinking!?’ He now understood why he should stay quiet. His eyes grew wide and darted everywhere listening for the sounds echoing off of the dense, evil forest. He thought at this very second he might be ambushed. He quickly turned a camouflage deep blue and white color, like the night sky.

Continuing to Tundra and Crystal...

Tundra and Crystal are both chameleons, so they can blend with their surroundings. They were both invisible at the moment, except for the tip of Tundra’s tail. Tundra

could not see Crystal, so he had to rely on her to show a part of her head or tail to make sure he was not straying too far away. They did not fly, but they would have to communicate to each other if a dragon pack or anything hostile saw them. The Sun Dragon was completely silent and though her companion could not see her, she was more cautious than she had been for a while. In a Dark Dragon base like this, she knew much more than the other dragons about the wrath of Charr, the enemy Dark Dragon. There was a very high chance of him being currently near their location as it is his homeland and base. Crystal looked warily about the black forest as if the trees had dark red eyes, watching their every move, even in their invisible mode.

Crystal stopped the movement of her feet, Tundra had good ears to hear the sudden halt, so he did the same and he now he thought something very suspenseful was happening. He suddenly grew very alert. His sharp talons on his hand looked like large blades, ready to defend Crystal. If a dragon unknown to them attacked, there wouldn't be an angle he could not attack them from in return.

“I have a feeling...” Crystal whispered in a very quiet whisper and a sharp hiss...

“We are being watched.”

Her eyes widened significantly, watching for danger.

SWOOSH! Something had disturbed the leaves on a tree near their position. They both jerked themselves toward the sound, aware something was there. Crystal's senses sharpened. The swoosh was practically silent, but distinctly a...

Dark Dragon!

"Oh, no!" Said Tundra in a tone that sounded angry and a snarl slightly louder than it should have been, as if the thing that had dashed passed them knew they were there. He thought there was no important reason to be quiet.

"Shhh!" Crystal cried.

"There is still a chance to get away! I will not be willing to fight all of the evil dragon army if this dragon flew to bring Charr upon us!" she growled angrily, as if she knew he was practically giving up on an escape. She stamped her foot while she said this, not appreciating Tundra practically giving himself up to the creature when it had not even attacked them yet!

"We'll head back, and absolutely NO flying under any circumstances" said Crystal. "Only when it involves saving a life or escaping a war, or something like that!" she said. Tundra was confused and raised one of his eyebrows, because the Sun Dragon just said *not* to fly, yet she just gave a few commands to do the opposite! He said nothing,

because who knows what Crystal would do if he made her more upset, she was already mad enough. She turned a deep brown color with dots of black so she blended in with the dark scenery. He knew she was very intelligent so Tundra did the same. Crystal wound her long body in and out of the black trees, being aware danger could be around every corner. Tundra padded his large feet carefully on the ground to avoid breaking any twigs that might attract dragons they didn't want to waken. They headed back to the 'assignment' place where she had told the other dragons to return to when they had found all the items they needed, or if they had news to share with the other dragons.

Rage also decided to go back to the assignment place and made sure he was quiet about. If he made a lot of noise dark creatures would undoubtedly track him and lead them to the rest of the dragon company. He decided he would not risk it, so he re-found the two trees he had knocked over earlier to backtrack his steps. He glared at the trees, wondering if he was really the one responsible for knocking them down in the first place, and also questioned if the fallen trees were noticed by other dark dragons in the area. He decided to be quiet. "I would still like to attempt to destroy Charr and all who follow him!" He muttered, creeping through the dense black brush and undergrowth.

While Rage, Tundra and Crystal were heading back to the assignment place, the small Poisontail dragon had just regained his conciseness from the fall. Shaking his head back and forth to shake off the dizziness, he found himself sprawled out like a bearskin rug across the hillside just a few feet from rolling further into a layer of the forest that was even worse than where he already was.

He could not see it, and if you were here in this position you would not either, but that specific layer of the forest was actually a huge drop off that was more than 12,000 feet below.

Huge jagged rocks lined the edges and the bottom like a lacy ribbon. It looked like an evil mouth from above or like an absolute pit of death.

Sandy shakily started to stand, opening his wings to make sure they were not torn or if they were even still there. He stood in the dark blinking, trying to adjust his eyes to the blackness of the forest. His body had a few scratches on it from the fall, but he first tried to remember...

“Where are my friends? What am I doing down here? How did I get down here? Why is it darker than I remember here? Where am I? What’s happened to my arm?” he squeaked out loud and he scampered around in leaves on the ground while feeling pain in his right forearm. He lifted his right forearm to see if he could

glimpse it in front of him and to help him assess what had been done to it. While he was raising it, he also noticed one of the claws had been chipped to its base. Now very jagged and sharp from the rocks he hit on his way down the hill, he glared at this talon and realized he had never had a sharp talon before, and he also found it looked odd when compared to his other claws.

Getting his mind off his injured talon for a minute, he cautiously peered about looking for his friends in the horrible blackness. He could barely see anything or anyone in the dark. In one direction all he could make out was a teeny bit of light and decided to walk toward it, and suddenly heard something in the darkness stalking him from behind.

TO BE CONTINUED...