

Kwiko, the Dragon

Once there lived a mighty dragon, by the name of Grent. He would spend his days eating chickens, and playing cards with the chickens that he did not eat. He was known as the king of the Land of Dragons. Each year, the dragons would anoint a different dragon to be king. But, since Grent was so mighty and fearful, he had an endless reign. Nobody was brave enough to become king, because everyone knew that they would be killed by him.

In the month of November, a baby dragon named Kwiko was born. He was no ordinary dragon, for he had more strength and courage than any other dragon that ever lived. Not only that, but he was the most intelligent dragon as well. "When my baby grows up," said his mother, "he would be a lovely king."

Each year on New Years Eve, all the dragons, except for Grent, would gather around a campfire. They would say terrible things about the king, which nobody would dare repeat to him. But every year that Kwiko was there, he would scream, until all the ugly talk would stop. Over the years, there was no ugly talk at all, and when Kwiko turned 16, everybody seemed to love the king.

Kwiko did not mean for this to happen. He merely wanted peace, not fear. Each day, he would go to a restaurant for his meals. And, each day, he got the best service, while other dragons got leftovers. "Give me the scraps!" said Kwiko, one day. "I am a normal dragon, am I not?" So, the next few weeks he got the most delicious scraps, arranged alphabetically.

Soon, news arrived of Kwiko's impact, to Grent. He was outraged! "Kwiko wants to steal my throne? Ha ha! Right Penny?" exclaimed Grent, talking to his dinner, Penny. "Everybody knows I will tear him to shreds! But, since the dragons haven't offered him the crown, I will not harm him. It isn't fun killing someone who is innocent, it is fun killing

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someone who is guilty!" Grent was in charge of executions.

On the 18 of November, Kwiko turned 19. The dragons were throwing him the greatest party ever, because when a dragon is 19, he has reached maturity. Kwiko's mother was very nervous, for she did not know what present to give her son. Suddenly, she recalled saying, "When my baby grows up, he would be a lovely king." She would give him the gift of ruling over the kingdom! So, one by one, she informed all of the dragons about her decision, and how could they disagree? Kwiko was bound to be king!

When Kwiko walked into the marketplace, where his party was being held, he was asked to step onto the podium. Then Kwiko's mother announced, "From the day my Kwiko was born, I knew he would be a great young man one day. And that day happens to be today. My present from me to my Kwiko, is the offering of ruling our kingdom. That is the least I can do to show how much I love my Kwiko." Kwiko's mom was in tears now. "Please Kwiko, accept the crown! I know that it isn't the right time, but Grent needs to go!" She bowed down with the crown in her hands, and how could Kwiko refuse? He didn't want to be king, but his mother was in tears now!

"I accept the crown," Kwiko mumbled.

"ALL HAIL SIR KWIKO!" The crowd cheered. Everybody burst into celebration for the new king, everybody but Kwiko.

The next morning, Kwiko set out to the castle, to tell Grent what had happened, and that he is no longer king. But Kwiko did not need to tell him that, his guard had already informed him. "WHAT?" shrieked Grent, outraged. "It is time that things get serious! When he

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comes to my castle, I shall kill him! It is the only way he can be stopped! I shall crush him with my long lolloping tail! I shall snap his bones with my sharp claws! I will destroy him! NOBODY DEFEATS GRENT!" There was a slight knock on the door. "It must be him! IT IS HIM! Come in coward! RRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRR!" Grent pounced on him, and grabbed him by his tail.

"Mercy! Please! I beg mercy! I only came to deliver chickens!" said the fragile dragon.

"Chickens? Oh, sorry. Now give me my chickens... And don't ever scare me again! DO YOU HEAR ME?" The dragon dropped the chickens and scurried away, as fast as his short chubby legs could carry him. "Now," said Grent, "It is time for lunch. I need to eat before I attack."

Meanwhile, Kwiko was wandering around, trying to get himself lost. He thought that if he got lost, he wouldn't have to become king. He would live in the woods with the dragon-wolves, and all would be peaceful. But his intelligent brain would not let that happen. So, he arrived at Grent's palace right on time. He looked at the huge castle that would be his. He would rather live in a ditch, he decided. He would rather run away to live with the dragon-eaters.

Nevertheless, he knocked on the sparkling doors, and waited for them to open, for him to get tackled. After five minutes, he knocked on the doors again. Then, a terrible ugly beast opened the doors, and ROARED! "Hi, I'm Kwiko!" said Kwiko.

"Pleasure to meet you Kwiko," Grent snarled. "Prepare for death!" He slashed at his head, just missing Kwiko by an inch. "NOBODY STEALS THE THRONE FROM GRENT!"

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NOBODY!"

"Look, I didn't want to be king in the first place. I'm not going to harm you in any way! I don't want for you to suffer! Please, let me go peacefully, and I won't harm you in any way!" Kwiko told Grent, trying to reason with him. As a response, Grent kicked Kwiko in the belly, which sent Kwiko flying back. "Fine. I didn't ask for a fight, but it looks like you want one!" Kwiko ran toward Grent headfirst and pushed him into the palace doors, cracking them in half. Grent responded with a growl so loud, it paralyzed Kwiko for a moment, which gave Grent a chance to run away into the palace. "COME BACK HERE, YOU COWARD!" Kwiko shouted, running after him.

"YOU'RE THE COWARD!" Grent shouted back. He was hiding in the pitch black corner of his closet in his royal bedroom. After a couple of minutes, he saw the door crack open a bit and thought, This is the end. But after no other movement, Grent calmed down. But suddenly, he heard a voice.

"Grent," said the voice, "I wish I could shed some mercy over you, as peace is always my first option. But in the event that someone tries to kill me, no mercy can be shed."

"Y-y-yes. Yes there can!" Grent stammered. "Come and show yourself beast!" Grent heard a small click as the light switch turned from off to on. And suddenly, he saw the dragon that the voice came from. "Kwiko," was all he could manage to say.

"I told you Grent, I tried to reason with you, but your selfish ways cast a dark shadow over your future." Kwiko said mysteriously.

"Killing a king! You know, I have not handed over my crown, so until I do, I am the king! Do you know what consequences there are to killing a king? Murder, execution!"

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"That's why nobody will know." said Kwiko, slashing Grent for the last time. Grent lay on the floor, not moving, not breathing. And from that day on, Kwiko was never seen again.