

The Kings Legend

Come closer, come closer for I am going to tell a tale full of heroic bravery about a fiery dragon and a feisty lady.

In the stormy lands of Denmark, a king whose name was Rofick, was celebrating his tenth anniversary in a goat skin tent. Inside the tent the villagers were all drinking mead and having a jolly old time (outside little did they know a shiny scaled, long clawed furious dragon was rising ready to kill.

Blowing the burning fire all over the giant goat skin tent the. The dragon got stronger .Rofick ran to his hut to keep safe. The people in the tent were doomed. Fang –for that was the dragon’s name- burnt the people alive and in a few minutes or so the bones of the bodies were left ready to be eaten by Fang.

As the news spread far and wide to all warriors, not one rose up for the challenge to defeat Fang. Until one day Lacey a fierce feisty woman who wore her long brown hair in braids, accepted the challenge.

Aboard a sturdy sea-worthy ship, Lacey arrived. She was ready to attack Fang. She got her acid attacking bow and shot Fang in the back. “GRAAA” Fang cried as he let out a sea of fire. The arrow quivered in the back of this worm of wickedness. He writhed and roared however the beast was not defeated.

Lacey, sensing Fangs anger, took a step backwards. Too late- he scratched her arms so they bled like waterfalls.

The weakening woman only had one arrow left. She shot Fang in the heart. Fang fell to the ground.

Later that year the kings finest craftsmen made the most magnificent bracelet with one of the dragons green beady eyes. The kingdom was never else to be bothered again.

The End