

The Fire Series; Saffire

By Redwall_Artist

Submitted: March 30, 2006

Updated: May 8, 2006

I am starting a series. The first book, Saffire, is what I'm writing now. Enjoy.

Provided by Fanart Central.

http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Redwall_Artist/30926/The-Fire-Series-Saffire

Chapter 1 - When Two Elves Come	2
Chapter 2 - At the Dragon Council	5
Chapter 3 - Off We Go	8
Chapter 4 - Flying and Brownies	12
Chapter 5 - A Ruby and a Thorn	16
Chapter 6 - Into the Woods	25
Chapter 7 - The Town	32

1 - When Two Elves Come

Looming deep in the Elvin Forest is a deep dark secret. A secret that was hidden from existence for centuries by dragon and elvin magic, during the days of the first dragons and elves. Now it has broke from its magical cage and is looming in the forest. Staying to the shadows, it looms like a panther, ready to pounce on its prey. Worse, no one knows it exists. It waits for the right moment to attack the elvin cities inside the forest. When it does, it will be chaos.

The only one who remembers the monster is a very old dragon who was a barely more than a hatchling when they locked it away. But all the dragons think him crazy, all except for a sapphire dragon, too small for her age. She alone trusts this old dragon's tales. Not very many dragons think she can accomplish anything, some even want her to leave, but the old dragon, though he may be called crazy, is very, very wise. He knows she will do great things. Maybe even stop the monster that is waiting to prey on the elves and dragons alike.

Saffire listened to Silvertongue's story. It was about the monster that all the elves and dragons had together sealed it into a cage where it remained forever when old Silvertongue was little more than a hatchling. He had told this many times before, but all the dragons thought it was just a tale, except for Saffire. Saffire knew it was real. It had to be! She listened to all of Silvertongue's stories, imagining herself as the hero. She knew she wasn't bound for glory, but it was nice to imagine. Like everyone said, how could a little dragon like her accomplish anything great? She still looked like a hatchling, but she was much older than one. She just hadn't grown.

She looked over at her best friend, Seatah. The white dragon was half listening to Silvertongue, occupying herself with a piece of grass. The only one who would be as interested in this story would be Page, a fourteen-year-old elvinmaid, who looked seven, and always had her nose in a book.

Page and Saffire had a secret friendship, for the dragons and elves had had an argument many decades ago, and hadn't spoken to each other for that long. None of the other dragons Saffire's age had even seen an elf before. But Saffire hadn't heard from Page for a while now. She wondered what was wrong.

Silvertongue had finished his story when Saffire's brother, Deca Jon, who always had a smile that no one could wipe off along with his cheery attitude, flew upon the dragons. He spoke with excitement, "An elf has come to the Dragon Prairie! Racco has arranged a council meeting to see what the elf has to say, or rather *e/ves*. He wants everyone to come."

Silvertongue spoke in his deep understanding voice to the child-by-nature dragon, "Thank you very much Deca Jon. We will be there."

Deca Jon nodded, and then flew off. The young dragons flew after him; those who couldn't fly yet rode on Silvertongue's back.

During the flight, luckily Saffire could fly despite how young she looked, Saffire thought. Could it be Page? Dace Jon had said *e/ves*. Maybe it was page and a companion with her looking for her. But Page knew better than that.

Once they reached the council, Saffire saw it wasn't Page, but two elvinmaids about the age of thirteen, one a blonde and one a brunette, both looked like they had been scared half to death by something. They looked alike, so Saffire thought they might be twins. But why had the elves sent such young of their kind, wouldn't they be nearly exhausted? Saffire remembered Page had told her that young elves were very, very strong. But why had the elves come here, after the decades of living separate?

Any more thoughts were cut off from the very scared looking brunette elf. "The elves have been attacked in some of our cities by a monster know only in the books written centuries ago."

Saffire saw Silvertongue stiffen and knew it had to be the monster of his stories.



Meanwhile, Page stood frozen to the ground, watching the monster crush everything in its path.

She was hidden alone in a cavern that only she knew about. She sighed, knowing that two of her cousins had not known where she was and had gone to get help from the dragons.

Her dog, Lilliebug, whined, pawing at her leg.

Page knew, of course, that Saffire would come rescue her, for Saffire knew about this cavern too. Not knowing what to do, she sat with Lilliebug, on a rock, waiting.



2 - At the Dragon Council

Rocco, the leader dragon, glared at the two elves. He didn't like Silvertongue's stories about the elves. He despised them. Some even thought that he was one of the few who started the argument.

The two elves flinched in fear of the big red dragon. Finally the blonde elf stepped up. "I'm Analay, and this is my twin sister Analigh. We are both massagers of His Majesty, King Aepen. I'm telling you, if the elves find the courage to face the dragons, whom, may I remind you, have lived apart from us for decades, then both of our races are in trouble. My mother told me that there is one dragon here who was there when they locked that beast away."

Silvertongue stepped forward. "That would be me. I was barely a hatchling, but I remember what happened," he looked at all the dragons, "and know it's true."

A black dragon named Coalmun, the son of Rocco, stepped up. "He's old and crazy. Don't listen to him. His stories are all fakes. He--"

Coalmun got no farther because Saffire cut him off. "They true! I know they are! Silvertongue is very, very wise. If you were even half as wise as he, you would have good sense! If the elves come and talk about he same monster that Silvertongue talks about, then it *must* be true," she cried.

Silvertongue smiled at Saffire, Coalmun glared at her, and the elves looked in awe.

Analigh, the brunette, whispered something to her sister, who nodded.

Clearing her throat, Analigh spoke loud enough so the dragons would listen to her. "The hatchling speaks the truth. If--" It was her turn to be interrupted.

"She is not a hatchling. She is just very small for her age. If she was her normal size, she would be up

to your shoulder,” said the deep voice of Silvertongue.

“Oh. Sorry. Anyways, she speaks the truth. If we talk about the same monster as you do, then it must be true. King Aepen would like to request a warrior dragon to help us.”

“NO! No! I will not waste my warriors for the likes of you!” cried Rocco.

Analay glared at him. She was fixing to speak when the voice of Coalmun spoke. “We could send Saffire. *She* believes in Silvertongue's old fairy tales. Why doesn't she prove they're real?”

A pretty green dragon raced up to Coalmun. She had a cross on her forehead. Her scale color quickly turned from green to purple. “Coalmun! You can't send my sister! You wouldn't send me. Why her. She's barely younger than me!”

“My dear Cross, she wants to prove that the old dragon's stories, let her.”

Cross, Saffire's older sister, looked at Coalmun with eyes that looked like they would burst with tears at any moment. There was silence.

Saffire's voice broke the silence. “Cross, if he wants me to prove it, I will. I'll show you all! I can and will accomplish this.” And with that, she walked up to the twin elf sisters. “I'll help you.”

Both hesitated for a moment then nodded.

As they walked off somewhere, Silvertongue called to Saffire, “Saffire. If I might have a word?”

Saffire went over to Silvertongue. “You don't have to do this for me. If you got killed, I would never

forgive myself. You've been like a granddaughter to me.”

“Silvertongue, you have been like a granddad to me, too. But I have to do this. Not just to prove the stories are true, or to show them all that I can do great things, but I guess to show myself that I was born for a purpose and that I can do this too.”

“In that case,” Silvertongue bent over to touch Saffire with his muzzle, and said some strange words that she didn't know. “That spell will help to protect you. Just chirp, and you will turn into an elf to disguise yourself, but you *must* wear this so you don't forget what you truly are.” He held out a ring on a piece of string. It glimmered in the sunlight. Saffire bowed her head, and Silvertongue slipped it over to rest on her neck. “Chirp again, and you will turn back into a dragon, but only if you have this on.”

“I will Silvertongue. And thank you. I will prove the thing's real, and seal it shut again. I promise.”

3 - Off We Go

After talking to Silvertongue, Saffire went to find her mother and siblings. She found her mother, Opalwing, crying. The little sapphire dragon went up to the opal colored one and rubbed against her leg. Her mother looked down at her youngest daughter.

“Oh Siffy! I don't want you to leave. You don't have to yah know, “ Opalwing cried.

“Mom,” Saffire said in an irritated voice, “How many times have I told you not to call me Siffy? And, I'm not just doing this for Silvertongue; I'm doing this for me.”

Opalwing sniffed. “Well, if you feel that you must, at least let me hold you like I used to.”

“Mom!” But Saffire's protests didn't work. She was in a big opal colored hug. What's worse, some of her friends walked by, jeering and laughing as they did. Two green dragons flew down.

“Mom! You're embarrassing us!” said the female, the dragon Cross. She turned blue.

The other dragon, Deca Jon, pried Saffire from his mother's grip. “Please Mother, let go of Saffire.”

Opalwing let go of her daughter. “I'm sorry, dear,” she said.

Saffire went to the front of her family. “I'm going to leave, as you already know. I'm gonna find that great lump of monster and trap him again. But before I leave, I felt I must say good-bye to you guys first.” She walked over to her mother and hugged her leg, the only part she could reach. “I'll miss you mother, and I'll be careful, I promise.”

“Oh, Siff-“

“Mom.”

“Uh, right. Oh Saffire, I'll miss you, too. Make sure you come back in one piece,” Opalwing cried.

She walked over to Cross, who had turned back to green. Standing on tiptoes, she hugged her sister's neck. “I'll miss you Cross. Well, not our arguments, but who cares right now?”

Cross hugged her only sister back. “I'll miss you too Saffire. I hope you come back and show Coalmun up. And if he still acts like a jerk when you get back, I'll break up him.”

“Well make sure I'll be there.” She went to her brother. She hugged him hard and long before speaking. “I'll miss you sooo much, Jon. You always protected me, and made me smile when I wasn't in the mood. I don't think I will be able to live without you.”

Deca Jon chuckled and held his sister like he used to when she was a little hatchling. Oh, how he missed those days. “I'll think of you everyday, Saffire. Who knows, maybe my thoughts will come to you, and you won't miss me so much.” His foolish grin had come back, but Saffire didn't care. All she cared about right now was the big green dragon that held her right now.

She sniffed. Saffire knew she was going to cry now. The family hugged her in a big bear hug. They would miss her, too. Seatah, her best friend, showed up and was included in the hug.

After one more hug, Saffire sniffed and walked to the waiting elves. She waved to her friends and family. She would miss them dearly.

She had a good idea that this road would no be easy. Find Page; find monster, lock monster in powerful cage, maybe even get elves and dragons back together. Yup, this was gonna be hard.

After a while of walking, Saffire got bored. *These elves are so quiet.* She thought. Dying to start a conversation, she said, "So you guys are twins, huh?"

"Yup," Analay said without looking back.

"You guys seem a bit young to be the king's couriers."

"We know," Analigh said, just like her sister.

"Don't talk much, do yah?"

"Not really," said Analay.

"Ever talked to a dragon before?"

"Nope," said Analigh.

Finally Saffire gave up. These elves weren't going to talk to her, let alone talk at all. The air filled with wind, from that of wings. Then right in front of Saffire landed a mass of bluish-white scales. The little sapphire dragon flung herself at Seatah. "You're coming?" she asked in bewilderment.

"I couldn't let you go alone. From what I heard, elves don't talk much."

“You have no idea.”

4 - Flying and Brownies

Saffire's feet hurt. Never in all her days had she walked so much. Glancing over at Seatah, Saffire saw that her feet hurt as well. "Why can't we fly?" Saffire complained.

"We'd cover more ground," Seatah put in.

Both of the elves stopped and looked back. An odd thought came to Saffire. Analigh had blue eyes and Analay had green eyes. But both of them were piercing straight through her armor-like scales.

"Get over it, why don't yah?" Analigh snapped.

"We walk all the time. So stop your complainin'," Analay said, annoyance in her voice.

"Well you've never flown like we have!" the dragons chorused together.

"Well, in case yah didn't notice, we don't have wings!" Analay yelled.

Seatah's angry face disappeared with a look Saffire knew only too well, Seatah's thinking face.

"Why don't you two hop on our backs and we'll be able to fly?" the white dragon said.

"Okay!" Analay rushed over to Seatah and hopped on her back, grinning as she did.

Analigh didn't look too happy. "There is no way she's gonna be able to carry me," she said, motioning towards Saffire.

"I can carry two times my weight, thank you very much. I may look it, but I'm *not* a hatchling." The sapphire dragon said with pride.

Walking over to her ride, Analigh muttered under her breath. "If I fall, I'm blamin' you."

Despite her earlier gloominess, Analigh laughed while soaring through the clouds. Her twin was equally happy.

"Just think," Analay yelled over at Analigh, "we're the first elves to do this in decades!"

"And we're the first dragons to do this for decades." Saffire yelled at Seatah.

Everyone was quiet, enjoying the breeze hitting gently against their faces. Then Saffire had a thought. "Do you two know Page?"

Everyone stared at her, Seatah questioning, the elves awestruck.

Analay cleared her throat. "She's our cousin, but how do *you* know her?"

Saffire took a deep breath. "Well, we met while I was wondering around the border of the Dragon Prairie and the Elvin Forest. She was exploring like I was. We decided to be friends in secret. I showed her some of the secret hideaways on the prairie, and she showed me so secret places in the forest. She mentioned once about having twin cousins, but we got carried away. She was the only one I could talk to

about Silvertongue's stories, no one else believed them. Do you know if she's all right? We haven't met in ages.”

The twins looked at each other, sadness showed plainly on their faces. “We don't know where she is. She disappeared after the monster came,” Analigh said in a low voice.

“That's another reason we came instead of some grown-ups,” Analay said. “ We wanted to see if she was there. See, Page was always interested in dragons. So we thought she might have traveled there. Now we see that she wasn't there at all.”

Seatah, the only one who hadn't met Page, smiled at the three crestfallen faces. “Don't worry. We'll find her. Then you can introduce us.”

They made camp on a hill. They ate cold cheese and meat, so no smoke would go up from a fire.

Saffire woke with a knife at her throat. Opening her sapphire eyes, she saw a furry paw holding a dagger right below her chin. A furry face hissed in her's. The creature holding her as prisoner said in a warning voice, “Be still or I'll cut ye throat. What are ye doin' on my land?”

Seatah growled at the creature, smoke blew out of her nostrils making her a fearsome sight. Analigh and Analay stepped up along side Seatah both carried rapiers in their hands.

The creature hissed like a cat and spat squarely between Seatah's front paws. “Ye dare try an' cross a brownie do ye? Well, come any closer an' ye friend gets it.”

“Look, we're just passing through. We're on our way to the capital of the Elvin Forest.” Analay said in an annoyed voice. “We're going to stop the monster.”

The brownie relaxed his grip on Saffire. "Tis good to know. I was gonna go there meself. I heard it was headed that way. I'll come with ye. Ye could use a nose like mine, plus, I can help find better, safer, camp spots."

Saffire sat up. "We'll be glad to have your company. I'm Saffire, that's my best friend Seatah, and those are the twins, Analay and Analigh. Sorry, but I didn't quite catch your name."

"I'm Shey, and I'm the best brownie `round these parts."

5 - A Ruby and a Thorn

```
<!DOCTYPE HTML PUBLIC "-//W3C//DTD HTML 4.0 Transitional//EN"
"http://www.w3.org/TR/REC-html40/loose.dtd">
<html>
<head>
<META HTTP-EQUIV="Content-Type" CONTENT="text/html; charset=iso-8859-15">
<META NAME="GENERATOR" CONTENT="wvWare/wvWare version 1.2.1">
<title>
Shey was true to his word
</title>
</head>
<body bgcolor="#FFFFFF" text="#000000" link="#0000ee" vlink="#551a8b">

<!--Section Begins--><br>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color:
White; ">
Shey was true to his word. He found them safe campsites where they could have warm meals without
worry of smoke spotting. The only problem was that they had to walk, much to the dragon's dismay.
</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color:
White; ">

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color:
White; ">
One day while on their way to the forest, Saffire was looking up, wishing she could just lift off the ground
and fly away, when she saw a red glitter. Forgetting about the others, Saffire flew off towards the glitter,
oblivious to the their calls.
```


</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

Higher she flew. Saffire couldn't remember the last time she had flown this high. The little sapphire dragon stopped in mid-air. A big ruby colored dragon flew over her. Saffire's eyes grew even wider than they were when a fairy flew in front of her face and waved.

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

"Saffire!" Saffire couldn't tell if that was Shey or Seatah calling her name, Seatah was flying towards her with the brownie on her back.

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

“You just saw the outcast of the sky. She's very dangerous.” This, she knew, was Shey yelling at her.

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

A voice sounded behind her. It was both gruff and sweet. “What are you doing here?”

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" border: thin none Black;

padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.35mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color:

White; ">

It spooked Saffire so bad that the last she remembered was the ground rushing up to meet her.

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

The blackness that surrounded Saffire slowly turned to colors and sounds came with it, too. No. Not sounds. Voices.

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

“Is she gonna be okay?” “I think she'll be fine. She is pretty strong.” “Look y'all, I didn't mean to spook her.” “ You coulda gone *around* her.” “Then this wouldn't have happened.” “Ruby doesn't use her head, that's why I have come with her.” The last voice was high pitched.

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

Saffire groaned. She ached all over, like she had fallen on scales. "She's comin' round." As her vision cleared, Saffire saw a kind, white face. "Seatah?" she croaked.

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

Her best friend in the whole world smiled at her. "I'm here. You hurt?"

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color:

White; ">

Saffire nodded and regretted it. Lifting her head up she saw Seatah, who was right beside her, Shey, who was throwing a stick in the fire, and the twins, Analay was smiling at Saffire, but Analigh was glaring across the fire. Saffire moved her head that way and saw a huge ruby dragon and a little fairy sitting on a thorn bush near by. "Who are they?" Saffire asked.

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

"She," Shey said dryly, "is Ruby, the outcast of the sky, and her little nuisance Thorn."

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

"Ah, come on Shey, must you have a grudge from the last time we met?" Ruby asked.

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Humph," was all Shey said and he walked off into the dark.
</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

Dark? How long had Saffire been out cold? When she asked, Seatah chuckled and said, "Since this morning. Once you fell, Ruby flew underneath you and brought you to ground."

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

"I told her she could have done it softer," Thorn said, her voice matched the high-pitched one.

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color:

White; ">

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

Ruby snorted at her companion. "You try bringing someone to ground sometime."

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

Saffire smiled. "Looks like we got two more members on our little group." And with that, the small sapphire dragon chuckled and fell into a deep sleep.

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

Thorn was about to say something, but Analay stopped her by saying, "I think it's time we all got some sleep, too."

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

</p></div>

<!--Section Ends-->

<!--
<hr>
<address>

Document created with wvWare/wvWare version
1.2.1

</address>
-->
</body>
</html>

6 - Into the Woods

As Saffire woke up, she smelled something good. She tried to get up, but found that her body was still stiff. Good morning, Sleeping Beauty, said Seatah. Guess what!

What? Saffire croaked. She took another sniff. Whatever it was, it smelled good.

The twins woke up early and found some mushrooms and some other stuff. But it looks like it might taste good. Analay s boiling it in a soup. They call it something, um&.

Kippernick Mushrooms, said Analigh, who was sitting beside Analay, with a smile. We elves make it when we are traveling.

Analay came over and produced a bowl with brown stuff and big chunks in it. The dragons crinkled their noses at the look. Analay laughed. It tastes a lot better than it looks, she said.

Saffire and Seatah took a sip. That s good! exclaimed Seatah. She began gobbling it down, earning a hearty laugh from the elf twins.

After Saffire finished her portion, she realized it was the elves, her and Seatah. Where are Thorn, Ruby and Shey? she asked.

Analigh took a sip of her soup, not looking up. Shey said he thought he found a short cut. As if. I offered to help him, but that is one stubborn brownie. Ruby started flying after him as soon as he left. And as for Thorn, you know she never leaves Ruby's side.

Just as soon as the elf said this, Ruby flew down with Shey, who didn't look too happy that Ruby had followed him, on her back. Thorn flew in Seatah's face. We found a shortcut!! Just a few hours fly! The good news had everyone up and packing with a smile on their faces. Well, of course not Shey.

When everything was packed and ready, Analay got on Seatah, Analigh on Saffire, and Shey on Ruby. The dragons lifted off with their powerful wings, Ruby leading the way.

After an hour or two, the group spotted trees. A smile never left the twins' faces as they flew. Another hour and they were in the trees. Analay and Analigh jumped off and almost hugged the trunks. "We're home!" Analay exclaimed.

It was too thick to fly, so they walked. Ruby's massive body was just small enough to fit between trees, but her ruby scales scratched here and there on the bark.

After passing a few trees, the elves started to get worried. They whispered to each other constantly. Ruby finally got annoyed enough to ask, "What in the name of the Dragon Plains are you two talking about? We all know it's bad! Spit it out!"

The twins exchanged glances. Well, Analay started slowly, as I m sure you know, the elves&.

Despise dragons, Analigh finished her sister. They started to speak each other s sentences. And brownies&.

Are considered unclean and pests. And faeries&

Haven t been seen around in ages. But&

We need someone to come with us through the town&

But you can t.

This worried everyone greatly, everyone except Saffire. The small sapphire dragon looked down at the ring Silvertongue had given her. She thanked him with all her heart. Saffire gave out a single chirp and began to glow and change shape. Everyone watched in awe. When the glowing was over, a young elf with light hair and blue highlights, dressed in blue clothes and deep sapphire dragon eyes stood in the spot a small sapphire dragon had stood not too long ago.

Saffire looked herself over, looked up at the others and said, Let s go.

7 - The Town

As the elves and dragon walked into the city, no one really came to greet them. What s wrong? Saffire asked.

Analay shook her head. I guess the monster has scared them all. We need to get food though. And information.

Analigh grinned. Watch and learn sister. The elf maid took a deep breath and yelled, Hallo!! It s me Analigh!! I have help with me!! Suddenly, shutters started opening, little children elves peek their noses outside the door, and grown ups climbed out of trees.

Analay looked at her twin sister. How do they know you?

Analigh just grinned. I come here a lot.

A male elf walked up with an air of command about him. He shook Analigh's hand heartily. Nice to see you again, Analigh. Is this your sister you told us about? Analay, right? And who is this? He indicated Saffire. Saffire bowed. I am Saffire, sir. I have come to help.

The elf looked at her with a confused look. Saffire? What kind of name is that? It sounds like a dragon name if you ask me.

Saffire blushed a bit. She hadn't thought about that. Well, my mother is a friend of the dragons, so gave me a dragon name. And that was true.

The elf frowned. I despise dragons. It was they who shut the monster up. And now it's loose. Huh, some help. I've seen flies do more.

Though she might be in an elf body, Saffire was still a dragon, and all dragons hate other creatures say stuff like that about them. Don't you forget, it was the elves that helped also. If it weren't for the

dragons, you probably wouldn't even be here, you& you&

Analay held Saffire back while Analigh addressed the man. Fereikay, please don't say stuff like that. She has come to help, and you're criticizing all her mother taught her.

Fereikay scoffed. Some mother, teaching her daughter that dragons were good. At that, Saffire growled. She would have burnt him to a crisp if she were in her regular body. Analay leaned over to Analigh. You get the stuff, I'll get back to the others.

An hour later, Saffire, in her dragon form, was lying down by the fire. Smoke was billowing out of her nostrils for she was still mad. In front of her was a wooden Fereikay, or at least the ashes. Finally,

Analigh came back. I think it s time we got to the castle, she said, and everyone agreed.

The group was gong to fly to the castle that night. It was the fastest way. But they would need to stop for provisions. The elves had only given Analigh a little. And maybe the next town wouldn t e so mean.

The elves whispered among each other that night. What do you think is wrong with her? whispered one. I don t know. Maybe her mother s stories got to her head, whispered another. A little boy listened intently. What if she is a dragon disguised in an elven form? he said. I ve always wanted to meet a dragon. The grown ups just ignored him. As he walked away, the little boy looked up to the moon. Suddenly, he the moon outlined the form of a dragon. The elf smiled. I knew it, he said to himself and smiled a gap tooth smile.

