

The Wyvern

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this is the remake of my myth assignment.

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Chapter 1 - The Wyvern

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1 - The Wyvern

There once was a mighty warrior named Batson, who was the strongest man in the world. He fought and won many battles, but he was growing old and weak. One day, while training, one of the townsmen came and said that the king wanted him to go to war. Knowing that if he went to war he would surely die, he went to ask the king to find someone else. The king refused to send out someone else for this was the strongest enemy they ever faced, the Wyvern. The Wyvern was a savage dragon like beast with scorching breath and fearsome fangs. It was known to obliterate whole villages with just one swoop of its tail. When the warrior heard this he knew that no one but him could stand the chance, even in his current state. So he went to the temple of the gods and asked them for help. He asked the god of war, Albion, to give him strength. The god of bravery, Fenrir, to give him courage. To the god of wisdom he asked to quickly think of a way to defeat the beast. He asked the god of future sight to tell him if he would live or not, and the god of death to take him peacefully if he were to die.

After his talk with the gods he goes home to prepare for his journey and to say goodbye to his family. However, when he gets home he finds something wrapped on his bed. He walks over and opens it to find a beautiful sword. He unsheathes it and knows that it was a gift from the gods for it shined brighter than the sun. He walks out to try it out and notices that it is stronger than the toughest stone, and sharper than the sharpest blade. With this he knew that he would be able to win. He went back home to grab his shield, put on his armor, mounted his horse, and together they rode off to what could possibly be his last battle.

They traveled for many days and nights until they got to where the king said the beast was. When the night came he thought how much bigger he actually was, and took a few steps back in fear. At that moment something washed over him and all his fears were gone. He grabbed his sword and started walking toward the beast with confident steps. When he got close enough the beast let loose a torrent of flames, followed by a swoop of his tail. He blocked the stream of fire with his shield, but noticed the tail too late to block it. He got flung twenty feet into the air, and was caught by the dragon. Batson tried to wriggle free of his hands, but his grip was too strong. He then had an idea, if he couldn't attack from the outside, then he'd attack it from the inside. The beast shoved him into his mouth and chewed. The warrior avoided the sharp teeth and when the beast started to swallow, he slid down his throat. It was then that he decided to attack, so he got his sword and lunged it into the beast's neck. The sword went all the way through and came out on the outside of the beast's neck. Batson then swung his sword left and right trying to slice his head off. The beast let loose another torrent of flame, but the warrior never let go. He kept swinging the sword till its head was a third of the way off. The beast then let loose a third blast of fire, which he stopped right where the warrior hung. After a few minutes the beast let the fire settle back into its belly thinking the man was dead. However, by some miracle, the man was still alive and filled with more determination than ever. The warrior swung again a few more times and then he stopped. The beast stopped and wondered if he was dead. It was then that he realized he was gathering up his strength for one last swing, but it was too late and the beast's head was sliced three-quarters of the way. The beast then fell on its back and died. Batson walked out of the beast's neck covered in blood, some of it his own, and soot. He walked over to where his horse stood waiting and rested. He woke up to a crowd of people who were cheering his name and praising him for defeating the Wyvern. After they celebrated his victory he traveled back home to retire his sword.