

ATropicalTale

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It's only one chapter about an encounter this guy has with this dragon

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Chapter 1 - Entrapment

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1 - Entrapment

A distant figure, his pant flapped in the breeze, the sun was setting and so it seemed the world would finally come to rest. Strolling for some time now on the desolated ruin bridge that was only leading him to the farthest edges of nowhere. Time seemed to stand still, only the sun could prove to him that anything had changed. Since he had begun he had counted maybe 5 or 6 days, thinking back to why he had chosen to take this path... he couldn't remember and with twist of his long brown hair and twitching of his ears in the breeze. He continued walking down the bridge above the water not seeing land in any direction. His stomach finally hit him and so he collapsed in a pile of himself.

About a month later and in better condition, another had come to take the walk down the desolated ruin bridge over the ocean. Spotting the rotting corpse (Jhalcrer) leaped over it and went on his merry way. Only three days had passed since he was in miraculous condition. The fact that he hadn't seen anything for that long did not faze him on bit. The wind tore violently at his clothes since the forth day of his journey; a storm was brewing before his very eyes. Looking backwards over the hundreds of miles he had come and seeing sunny skies he wondered if perhaps just maybe someone or something didn't want him there. But he had traveled too far to turn back at the brink of danger.

Boldly taking his first step into the storm, it roared with a blast of lightning, the wind picked up incredibly throwing his scarf behind him flapping, and turning darker with each step he took Jhalcrer eyes activated glowing through the angry beast of the storm. Blazing blue since they were from the moon, he had obtained it during one of his many travels. Seeing as a leaf blew past him, Jhalcrer knew he was in reaching distance of whatever lied beyond these angry winds. A few hours past while he was battling the storm out, moving step by step along the cracked bridge that somehow held its own. Just as suddenly as it started, it stopped. Losing his balance Jhalcrer with his arms out, fell off the runic bridge. Instead of hitting water, as he would have imagined, instead landed with a thud. "Land!" he cried out. Rising onto his feet he took a good look around; behind him was the sand leading out under the vast oceanic ocean, the sky was as bright as it had been that morning, giant fluffy clouds passed overhead with an occurring breeze, the bridge was nowhere in sight as if it had vanished along with the storm (which it did). Turning to face what was in front of his was a collapsed building made out of limestone, shards of it were lying on the beach signifying nothing to Jhalcrer at that moment. Looking past the overgrown building were others like it in various piles of themselves, and right in the center of all of them was this great mammoth grandfather of all the other buildings resting as if nothing had happened here, its limestone walls were untouched shearing the sky with itself.

Jhalcrer uneasily made a side step; his fox ears had detected something in the vicinity. The beach turned into a somewhat grassy area with little to no trees up ahead behind the fallen building. Nothing

around him to hide under he jogged over to the building and climbed on that, at least he would be away from the ground that would at least give him a fighting chance. And thus just saying that; a growl emanated from underneath him, rumbling the structure and resonating into his legs. Weakened from the four-day trip he didn't move from his position. The limestone cracked and prevailed entrance to Jhalcrer, his body flung against the rough edges of the slanted ruin, being impaled and now bleeding Jhalcrer began to worry if what growled at him would find its way in here. Thinking in silence and bleeding profusely, he eyed what was inside. There was really nothing significant here; it was completely hollowed out with vegetation growing all around. The one area he had fallen into was bare stripped of its lush coat of vegetation. Sunlight was beaming in through the spot he had fallen through, and the ends of the building to Jhalcrer horror weren't sealed off.

The growl came again but this time much more powerful, its waves being enhanced by the hollow like structure of the ruin he was in. Panicking Jhalcrer's wound hadn't stopped bleeding, this and the firm fact that he hadn't slept or eaten in four days was really starting to worry him. Unable to pass out, his self will wouldn't allow himself the easy escape Jhalcrer instead took the scarf he was still wearing and used it to tie up the wound so he wouldn't lose too much blood. Leaning to the side and struggling to his feet he refused to go without a fight.

Its head peered through the still freshly opened crack only to be teased with the sight of freshly spilled blood. Jhalcrer had gone upward now face to face with a deadly drop at the upper half of the building, hearing the creature behind him growl again now that it was looking at its prey. This gave Jhalcrer the chills and so without further hesitation leaped from the four-story slanted runic structure. To his disapproval the scaly beast had rushed up from behind him and caught him just inches from the building. Jhalcrer squirmed weakly, blood dripped from his wound down the side of the ruin splashing on a petal of a plant. His eyes fading from blue (lunar vision) he had reached his limit. But one thing hit him that he could not let go of, when he had jumped he had escaped the shadow of the ruin, into the sunlight with that skyscraping figure still holding its secret. And with that a flow of energy hit him just enough to take out a knife from one of the three pouches he had and slashed the dragon in the chest expelling its own fluids. This sudden pain that hit the dragon made him cry out in pain released his grip on Jhalcrer. The wind that touched his face as he was falling enticed him to go faster, away from the dragon he dived. Quickly reaching into his lower right pocket he grabbed some silly buns! The dragon was enraged when he shoved the entire thing in his mouth before being disembodied on the grassy ground.