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Killon the Dragon 2

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The St. Benedicts Extreme Reading Challenge September 16, 2015 and my son, Deacon, has been so excited. He really wanted to do something special this year. The problem was, he was unsure of what he wanted to do. He knew it had to be something to do with a Dragon, but he was not sure what. So while he was on camp, I wrote a short story for him that included a Dragon. He loved the story and immediately wanted his picture for the Extreme Reading Challenge to be of Killon and himself with the Book Of Knowledge, the below is what we came up with and what will be submitted into the St. Benedicts Extreme Reading Challenge:



Deacon and Killon the Dragon

You can read the short story below:

Killon the Dragon

A Scrooby Story

Many years ago, when Kings ruled over our vast lands, there lived a dragon called Killon.

Killon was a mighty, golden dragon who was feared by all the people of the Kingdom where he lived.

The King enlisted many great knights and brave men to rid his great kingdom of the Dragon, Killon, but not one of them were able to kill the mighty beast. They returned home defeated, with broken lance and spirit.

One day, a young boy came before the King. He was a handsome young boy. In his arms he held a large book, which he put down in front of him as he went down on bended knee before the King.

“I can help you solve your Dragon problem.” said the young boy.

The Kings men laughed, they thought it was funny that this young boy thought he could do what so many great and brave men had failed to do. But the King saw the manner and confidence of the boy and he was reminded of another he had met in his youth.

“Where are you from?” asked the King.

admin have come from St. Benedicts," the boy answered.

The King's court fell silent. All had heard of St. Benedicts, although most thought of it as a myth, a tall tale to tell their young children. Many of the legends of the Kingdom included the timely arrival of an unlikely hero—a young boy from St. Benedicts. Almost no one had ever been to St. Benedicts, or met anyone who had ever set foot on its earthly soil. So they could be forgiven for thinking that St. Benedicts was merely a story they told their children to help them to believe in themselves and encourage them to accomplish great things. Very few people believed this mythical land really existed.

But, unlike the rest of the Kingdom, the King believed the young boy. For the King, had once before met a young boy from St. Benedicts, and he could see the same mannerisms and intelligence in the young boy who was kneeling before him.

"What is your name, son?" the King asked.

"My name is Deacon, Sire", the young boy answered.

"And you feel you can take on the mighty dragon, Killon?" the King asked.

"Yes, Sire," Deacon replied confidently.

The King nodded and gestured for Deacon to rise.

"Sire!" said the Kings council, "now is not the time to believe in fairy tales. Even if this boy is from St. Benedicts, he is still just a boy. It is too dangerous a mission for a child."

"Ahhh, my faithful subject, but if we cannot believe in miracles and fairytales, then what happiness and hope we would strip from our lives. Deacon shall seek the Dragon, Killon."

"But My King, our strongest, bravest warriors have nearly lost their lives trying to destroy the Dragon. I fear you send this boy to his death!"

"Perhaps he shall succeed where they have failed. Since we cannot defeat the mighty beast with strength, perhaps this young boy can find another way."

The King turned to his guards, "Take our young Sir Deacon to the Dragon's lair."

And so Sir Deacon's adventure began.

The journey to the Dragon's lair was fraught with danger, even with the King's guards, the journey was perilous. But the young Sir Deacon forged ahead, earning the respect of the Kings Guard and instilling in them a hope that this extraordinary young boy could be the savior of their land.

They left him, reluctantly, at the bottom of the hill that led to the Dragon's lair.

During their journey, they had come to love Sir Deacon, and now, while he stayed brave and focused, ready to face the Dragon alone, the Kings Guards wished he would forget this mission and return safely home with them.

“Go,” Sir Deacon commanded. “This last part of the journey I must face alone.”

With that, our young Sir Deacon turned and started up the hill, towards Killon’s lair—alone.

The Dragon was sleeping when Sir Deacon reached his lair. For a while, Sir Deacon stood and watched the golden Dragon’s peaceful sleep. He was in awe of the mighty beast’s great size, and how his golden skin shimmered and shone.

Sir Deacon knew he should try and slay the Dragon now, while he slept, but Sir Deacon did not want the Dragon dead. He knew that there were no truly evil creatures, and that most creatures avoided man. He wanted to find out why this mighty Dragon was defying the natural laws, and feasting on the lands of mankind.

It was already getting dark, so Sir Deacon lit a fire just outside the Dragon’s lair and read his book while he waited for the Dragon to awake.

It was not much later when the Dragon roared from within his cave. Sir Deacon, although afraid—and well aware that he was no match for the mighty Dragon—stood at the entrance to the lair, his hair was blown back and his face burnt red with the heat of the Dragon’s mighty breath.

“Mighty Killon!” Sir Deacon shouted, “I have not come here to hurt you, or drive you away. I have come here to help you,” Sir Deacon shouted.

Sir Deacon heard the beast chuckle and a burst of fire came from within the cave. Sir Deacon was sure the flames would devour him, but the fire faded just before it reached him.

“How do you hope to help me? The strongest, mightiest and biggest of all creatures?” asked the Dragon, his voice deep and gravelly.

“Why do you feast on the lands of mankind?” asked Sir Deacon. “Surely you know that we they hunt you?”

“They have tried before... and failed,” Killon replied. “They do not scare me.”

But Sir Deacon could hear the shimmer of doubt in the mighty Dragon’s gravelly voice.

“But one day, they might succeed. Do you wish to live like this? Never able to rest properly for fear that you may be slain as you sleep?” Sir Deacon asked.

“What choice do I have?” asked Killon angrily.

“If you did not steal from the humans, burn their crops and eat their animals, you would not have to live in such fear. The men would not hunt you if you left them alone.”

“You have seen me. You know my great size,” Killon replied. “I need a lot of food to survive. Mankind has taken so much land that there is not enough left to sustain me. Yet every year they take more and more. I only take what I need. If I did not, I would die of hunger. I destroy their farms so that they will leave the land. Yet more and more come. For thousands of years Dragons lived and hunted and avoided mankind. But slowly mankind have taken over all the land, leaving us with nothing to live on. Many Dragons have retreated further and further until there is nothing left for them eat, and there they die in hunger. I chose to live, to take from man only what I need. Yet for centuries they have called me names, attacked me with pitchforks and tried to kill me while I slept.”

Sir Deacon thought on the words of the mighty Dragon. He knew that if mankind would not leave the land, even in fear of the mighty Killon, they would not leave the land on the words of a young boy. It seemed an impossible problem to overcome; mankind needed the land to feed themselves; yet in so doing took the land from the Dragons, who were then left hungry.

Sir Deacon thought as he looked at the glowing eyes of the beautiful golden Dragon. Suddenly the solution came to him and he shuffled through the pages of the book he held.

“What if you could eat less and still be full?” Sir Deacon asked.

Killon’s eyes lit up. He was almost always hungry and the thought of being full for the first time in his life made him excited.

“You can do that?”

“This book can,” Sir Deacon said, holding up the book he held. “It is a book of knowledge, and knowledge is power. I have found a passage here that will help you. Put your hand...” he looked at Killon uncertainly, “your claw should do... Put your claw here, on this page while I read it.”

Killon came forward slowly and placed his huge claw on the book, careful not to tear it.

“You will need to repeat after me,” Sir Deacon told Killon before he started to read, “I wish to be satisfied and find all I need to survive within the lands I can safely inhabit.”

The Dragon started to repeat what Sir Deacon had said, and with the first word, the book started to glow, getting brighter and brighter after each word the Dragon said, until a light started to circle up from the point of the Dragon’s claw and soon Killon was covered in the bright, magical light.

Sir Deacon watched in amazement as Killon’s wings shrunk and disappeared and Killon himself seemed to shrink in size until, with a sizzling sound, the light disappeared, and where the mighty Killon had once stood, a large lizard type creature lay.

Sir Deacon was shocked, “Oh no!” he said. But the Lizard looked up at him and shook his head slowly. Sir Deacon thought he heard in his mind, *do not be sorry, you have saved me. This size, I will never be hungry again.*

Sir Deacon heard the sound of many feet as the King’s Guards rushed forward, “Sir Deacon!” they shouted, relieved to see him alive. “We saw a flash of bright light and thought the Dragon had got you!” they looked down at the lizard.

“What is that?” asked one curiously.

Sir Deacon looked into Killon’s eye and replied, “It is a sacred, Bearded Dragon. He will ensure that no Dragon shall ever need to raid your lands again,”

The guard who had spoken picked up the heavy Lizard. “He is beautiful, I shall make sure he is well looked after and fed.”

For the briefest moment, Sir Deacon saw the amused flicker of fire within Killon’s eyes as the King’s Guard carried him happily away.

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