



Courage of the Seven

Seven eager, adventurous companions were climbing a mountain. Their clothes were weathered but they still had strength left. They embarked on this great adventure about one and a half weeks ago after their village had been attacked by a dragon. All seven had lost a family member or two (possibly three or four) and hated the dragon to death. That is why all of them are currently climbing up a mountain that they seemed to think was the dragon lair.

Would you embark on an adventure after you nearly died and probably will die in this terribly stubborn and dangerous adventure? I would call this quest of sorts a weird way of justice or revenge.

Even though there were many places to grip, the rocks were slippery when wet, tough and rough. Wings would be very helpful.

“Why does Cratar have wings!?” whined Slipese, a reptile-like human with a scaly, sharp tail that poked out of his back. You could tell that he preferred dense vegetation and water due to his dark green scales. “He just flies up and waits on top of the nearest rock!”

“It’s not his fault he was born with them,” defended Cyleon, who was your typical adventurer: a human in an old, brown cloak with a sword around his waist.

This had already happened a lot for one and a half weeks. Even though they were determined to slay the dreadful dragon, restlessness sometimes got the better of them.

“Wow, what a team” said Cratar sarcastically. He was the red five headed hydra-human. He had the luxury of flying and a great many things that had and will help him. Each head sort of had their own mind. One was sarcastic, another was happy, two of them were usually grumpy or angry. The last one was the dominant one that controlled the body, though he was always shifting between all moods.

“Alright, shut up!” shouted Cratar finally. “If somehow we climb up this mountain we’re going to have no energy left! We’ll save our shouting for cheers when the damn dragon is dead!”

"Fine, but I'm still jealous," admitted Slipese.

"Good that you admit it," snapped Cratar. "Now, we shouldn't keep the rest waiting."

They slowly progressed their way up the mountainside. They caught a glimpse of the fire that the other four had lit. When they made it to the overhang where the four figures were sitting around the fire. These included: Hakon, the lion-headed man. Wingspree, the winged eagle-headed lady. Oen, the vampire lord of castle Mistfort and Victoria, the half dark half light lady. They were all from all the places of their beloved continent, Esralia.

"We've been waiting for you," said Oen, who was staring at them with his red, beady eyes. "Come on, let's get going."

"But we haven't had anything to eat! Can we just stay for a few moments and have a bite of the bread?" pleaded Slipese and Cyleon.

"Only a *few* moments," said Victoria, who was sitting in the darkest corner of the overhang. This made her look mysterious and broody, and despite how dark she looked, her bright eye always shone brighter than anything around them.

"It better be quick," said the grumpy Cratar, for they had already had a small snack: a roasted chicken leg from his satchel. "And don't get too full before the fight...if we get there," teased the sarcastic head.

"Oh shut up five-head! Or I'll chop all of your stupid little heads off!" snapped Slipese.

No one really knew why Slipese had a strange grudge towards Cratar. Just that maybe they had some old problem that wasn't resolved yet. But only one person other than Cratar and Slipese knew what actually happened - Hakon, Cratar's old friend. Cratar and Slipese used to be friends. But when they met, Cratar didn't know he could breathe fire. He only discovered it when he sneezed on Slipese's mother resulting in her burning alive. After that Slipese hated Cratar, yet Cratar didn't hate Slipese.

After a few moments of quick snacking, the group stood up. They took a moment to widen their gaze of the valley that lay beneath the mountain. They could no longer hear the chirping of birds that perched at the top of the canopy. All except for one brave raven that was clinging to the mountainside. They never really saw it for long before a sudden gust of flame incinerated it and burnt the rock. They all suddenly started to shout and yell.

"Dragon!" shouted Cyleon.

"It appeared on the worst spot...the mountainside. How the heck are we going to kill the damn thing!" moaned Slipese. It probably wasn't the best thing to say in their circumstances.

"Oh quit your moaning and pay attention!" shouted Oen.

"It's coming to break the overhang!" yelled Hakon

"Jump!" they all yelled.

And so they jumped onto the mountainside, except Wingspree and Cratar who just flew off and clung to whatever they could. The dragon smashed into the mountainside, destroying the overhang.

"We must get to the top!" said Hakon, who had luckily noticed that a plateau was very close and all they had to do was climb.

They all climbed fast up to the top while they desperately looked for places to grip. Wingspree and Cratar were already up there scouring their surroundings.

"This thing is a damn volcano!" shouted Cratar.

"Of course it is!" said Slipese sarcastically.

"It's better than the mountainside you idiots!" shouted Cyleon.

They all arrived at the mountain top and sheathed their weapons, shouting curses towards the flying reptile. The dragon swooped and roared. The agitated companions were firing their arrows as Oen and Victoria were trying their magic. Cratar was trying to break the dragon's hide but nothing would break it. The golden spear he wielded was useless!

"I can't break his hide! It's too strong!" shouted the dominant Cratar.

"Just do what you can!" mumbled Oen.

When all hope seemed lost, Cratar delivered a jab to the eye. The dragon roared in pain and shook him off.

"His eyes are vulnerable! There is still hope!" said Cratar.

"Why couldn't he have discovered it earlier?" whined Slipese.

At that very moment the dragon dived at Slipese and threw him off the mountain. He screamed as he was flying through the air. Cratar flew after him and found him clutching to the edge. The dragon turned around and prepared to incinerate Slipese. Cratar made a decision, one that he knew he must do.

"I can't save your mother, but I can save you!" said all the heads in unison.

He lunged for Slipese and grabbed him by the shoulder and threw him up to the plateau. He threw his spear just when the dragon was opening its mouth. The fire leaped out of the dragon's mouth and engulfed Cratar, but the spear buried itself deeply in the dragon's throat. The dragon roared and tried to fly, but it died a moment later. On the plateau Slipese was kneeling on the edge, sobbing. The price was paid, and it is always too much.

Because there is no happiness in revenge.