In a crystalline cavern nestled within a mountain range, there lived a mischievous young dragon named Sylthar. Unlike his kin, who guarded treasures with solemnity, Sylthar delighted in fabricating alarms. One day, he decided to amuse himself by tricking the nearby fairies. With a flick of his tail, he unleashed a plume of smoke and roared, “Troll! Troll! A troll is breaching the pass!” The fairies, who tended the luminous flora in the valley below, heard his cry and fluttered upward, their wings shimmering like starlight. When they arrived, Sylthar dissolved into guffaws, his scales rippling with laughter. “There’s no troll here! Just a jest,” he sneered. The fairies, their glow dimming with anger, retreated to their gardens.

After a while, Sylthar repeated his trick, bellowing, “Troll! Troll! The pass is shattered!” The fairies, though wary, rushed to his aid once more—only to find him cackling atop a pile of smoldering rocks. “You’ve squandered our trust,” they hissed, their voices sharp as icicles, before vanishing into the mist.

Later, a genuine threat emerged: a colossal troll with obsidian claws and a hunger for dragonfire. Sylthar, cornered in his cavern, unleashed desperate roars: “Troll! Troll! Help me, fairies!” His cries echoed through the mountains, but the fairies remained silent. The troll’s claws tore through the crystalline walls, and Sylthar’s final roar was swallowed by the creature’s growl.