

Introduction : *Ending*

*"One or two more strikes the dragon will surely fall."*

Firmly gripping the sword with his right hand and the shield with the other, Jonathan was thinking of a way to kill the dragon. He was quite confident he would win the battle for the infamous dragon, Tusk, was clearly out of breath.

*"It's funny how humans always think they can win every time I act weak,"* thought Tusk.

Tusk is small for its kind but quite intelligent, he knew how to fight using his disadvantage. *"Why try so hard human? It's not that your dead family will come back to life if you kill me. Go and spare yourself when you can."*

*"I'm not falling for such provocation,"* trying to stay calmly Jonathan continued, *"you will pay for your sins!"*

However, he couldn't hold it any longer. It wasn't the provoking sentence that angered Jonathan, it was the grin. The smile that the dragon made when he swept over Jonathan's village. *"Die!!!"* crying in anger the human jumped into the midair ready to land his final blow. Soon after, as Jonathan came down all he could see was his body falling to the ground, and the Dragon looking back with the same grin on his face.

With a short *"but..."* the light within Jonathan's eyes faded.

## Chapter 1 : *The Attack*

Jonathan always wanted to become a blacksmith. His parents were both farmers in a suburb area, but his uncle was a famous blacksmith in the city nearby. Jonathan visited his uncle almost every day to learn to become a blacksmith.

*"You should stop coming Jonathan, you know your parents don't like you coming here,"* said Robert, Jonathan's uncle.

*"No, they don't. They are just worried about the bandits that never shows up."* Jonathan sarcastically replied. *"Some say that there is a giant troll as well, but it's all made up stories. I never saw any of them in years!"*

Robert handed over the hoe he worked on to Jonathan saying, *"Here I made a new one for your father. Take it and leave me alone already."* Jonathan made an angry look, but Robert was already facing against him. Even though Robert didn't want to teach anything, Jonathan already learned a lot over his shoulders, just lacking experience.

Suddenly, sound of a horn spread across the city alerting everyone. It was an attack.

Robert slowly stood up and walked towards the window facing towards the main street. He had a surprised face when, with the sound of an explosion, the whole wall bust in

and threw uncle Robert across the room. Fire was everywhere in seconds and all that could be heard was the hurtful cries of the people out in the street.

Jonathan, dumbfounded, blankly gazed at the burning body of his uncle only to come back to sense by the stinging pain on his arm right next to the burning desk.