

The Dragon Who Collected Dreams

Dreams aren't coins, They are promises asking to be kept



-by SP

Introduction

Welcome to The Dragon Who Collected Dreams; it's from a collection of six original fantasy short stories. Each tale explores wonder, memory, and magic through unique worlds and characters. This ebook was designed and written to demonstrate storytelling and creative ebook design skills. All stories are original and copyright-free.

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Chapter 1

Arvel was not like other dragons. While his kin coiled around mountains of gold, Arvel hoarded something weightless: dreams. Each night he drifted above sleeping villages, gathering shimmering orbs in glass vials slung along his scales like wind chimes. Some dreams were sweet—sugar fields and warm kitchens. Others were brittle, all edges and echo. He kept them all, because a dream remembered never truly broke.

One winter, as frost threaded the hut roofs, Arvel found a dream so faint it was almost a sigh. Inside it, a girl stood on a pier of moonlight, calling a name the sea refused to return. Her brother had sailed away seasons ago and never came back. The dream trembled as if ashamed of wanting.

Arvel carried it to his cave and set it among his brightest treasures. But the fragile orb dimmed, dimmed, until it was only a pulse.

"Dreams aren't coins," he rumbled. "They are promises asking to be kept."

So the dragon left his hoard. He followed the taste of salt and the tug of names to the ragged coast. He spoke to gulls that knew the language of currents and to barnacles that remembered hulls. Piece by piece, a map arose from whispers and tide marks, a path arrowed toward a lonely island where a ship's Ribs lay like a fallen whale.

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Arvel found the boy there, alive, living in a lighthouse of broken planks, the beacon fuelled by driftwood and patience. He'd kept the light lit for anyone who might come.

Arvel lowered his huge head to the rocks. "Your sister calls across the dark."

The boy climbed onto the dragon's back without fear. By dawn the village roofs rose from the sea like a prayer answered. The girl stood on the pier, the very one from her dream. Two voices said each other's names at the same time. The sound made the waves clap

Arvel watched from a cliff, vials glittering in the first light. He did not take this dream back to his cave. He let it fly up, bright and whole, to join the unseen constellations.

That night, the wind through the vials made a new music. Dreams, it seemed, were louder when fulfilled.

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