There was a boy and he had a severe task he needed to complete. All in all, he knew he had to do it, but how could he muster such motivation? Internally, his thoughts were a jumble and his heart was racing fast. If you were to gaze upon his exterior, however, you would have discovered him to be calm and courageous. As he made his way slowly up to the cave entrance, he faltered for a second. Did he truly know what he was getting himself into? He had already gotten himself into this so he concurred that he must go on to finish what he had started. He stepped into the opening of the cavernous hole in the mountain and began to walk inside. What he saw upon entering was worse than he could have pictured; a large and grotesque dragon the size of a large house lay asleep atop a pile of riches. To the left of the dragon lay the silver scepter which he needed to bring back to his village to save them from the threat of evil. This evil threatened the safety of his people because it was a magic that evolved for the desires of who controlled it. Currently, a dark leader controlled the magic and was threatening to unleash it to destroy the boys’ home village. On the right of the dragon was a large box that seemed to glow with energy and light. Filled with fear and also an unregistered emotion of choice, the boy lunged at the box to open it. If he had simply taken the scepter he would have escaped the wrath of the dragon unharmed, but since he had to see what lay beneath the lid of the box, he was not so lucky. The dragon awoke as soon as it realized a trespasser had attempted to open the magic box she guarded, and it breathed fire at the boy. He dove into the corner of the cavern to escape his burns only to realize that he needed to grab the scepter to defend himself. The boys flesh was burning and he knew if he didn’t act fast he would be boiled alive. In the corner of the cave with the magic box, the boy kicked it open to reveal its powers. In response, the dragon swayed and reared up at him, simultaneously knocking its head on the roof of the cave. A shower of stalagmites and rocks fell from the ceiling allowing the boy to grab the scepter. Once it was in his hand, it lit up and glowed the whole color spectrum. He realized why it did this, because he had saved his village and taken power away from the evil dragon. Once he was in control of the scepter, the dragon’s life was no longer sustained by the magic in its lair, so the boy safely traversed to his homeland. Little did he know, that he would be the destruction of his small village, and that his own mind would wreak havoc on those whom he loved.