Silverstone Backstory

Mondale Silverstone lived as a farmer for years before his life became the ongoing whirlwind of pain and suffering that it is today. He farmed alone. He liked it that way. The solitude was broken by the occasional neighbor or traveler coming by to flap their jaw and ask for vittles. He gave them gladly and tried to be a good ear.

Imagine his surprise when he finds a traveler wholly unexpected in his field. Not that any of the travelers were really expected but this one was a little bit stranger than the others that came before. This one, was a dragon. The tail and the scales and the wings and the clawed hands rooting around in his rutabagas could not belong to anything but a dragon. Mondale was conflicted. He had heard all his life about dragons being massive creatures who hungered for nothing but power and would stop at nothing to claim it. No ruthlessness lay beyond their will, their greed. One the other hoof, the dragon looked to be almost crying as she tried to steal whatever she could carry. Mondale made his decision and walked into the toolshed by his house with a firm purpose.

The dragon was surprised. She had not expected kindness from a pony. She accepted the food offered reluctantly. The reluctance seemed to be born of suspicion. The acceptance from lack of options. Mondale wondered what brought the dragon to his home. It was not a place many went to unless they were farmers or. Or they didn’t want to be around anyone else. Mondale shook his head and continued to drag the cart along. The dragon padded softly behind him and gave an occasional tap to make sure he kept in the right direction. This tense silence continued for five and a half miles before the two reached a cave set into the base of a mountainside. The black mouth of the cave yawned open. Foliage obscured it from the unobservant, but it would be obvious to anyone looking for it. The dragon walked sinuously into the cave. Mondale forced fear down into his chest and followed after a moment’s deliberation.

Inside the cave, Mondale found himself enlightened on several queer points that he had been pondering. First, that the dragon was female. Second, that she had accepted his help so readily because she had no food for herself and foraging had not brought enough supplies to sustain her, nor her children. The young dragons took the rutabagas from the cart and bit into them with fervor. Once she was satisfied that her three toddlers were feeding themselves well, she took some for herself. Mondale stood in awe of the scene before him. This dragon was not the monster that legends had taught him to fear. This dragon was a mother.

Mondale continued to bring supplies to the dragoness and her brood. Traveling along several different paths so his comings and goings did not leave clear traces in the dirt and grass. The dragoness first treated him with suspicion, but as the days grew more numerous, she grew fond of Mondale and so did the dragonlings. It started as little brushes against each other. Perhaps accidental at first and then growing more deliberate, more sensual. Then the quick kisses stolen when the children weren’t looking. Then more, and more, until it was every other day that they both flew high up on the mountain and came back down with sweat slick on their bodies. The child was inevitable despite the difficulty posed by their racial compatibility. Nature eventually gave way to sheer determination and boundless pounding away at her walls of defense.

The labor was difficult, but Mondale’s wife survived it and their child was born. Well the child was technically born. The egg the child inhabited was born. The little one took about a month more to fully mature and hatch. Both parents looked on in awe of the rather normal looking foal that they were presented with. The only draconian things that presented themselves to the eye were her reptilian eyes. When Mondale picked her up he did discover that underneath the soft baby fur covering her body were scales. The two parents decided on the name Siobhan for the little one. Siobhan Silverstone. Her brothers were a little suspicious of her at first but they quickly accepted their new sister after giving her a few inquisitive sniffs. She grew up playing with the boys and didn’t cultivate her femininity. The result was a peculiar intelligent girl who was not a woman and not a tomboy. The easiest way to describe her is practical. She would stay up at the house with her father when she could. She liked to help him out on the farm, though it would be more accurate to say that she liked the way her father looked when she was there. He looked happy, fulfilled. His expression was always plump with joy when his daughter was around. When the day was finished and they had a little break from work they would both go back to the cave set into the mountain where her brothers and mother made their abode. Mondale and his wife would usually talk and sometimes leave to do something urgent. They would come back later looking tired and covered with drying sweat but happier, more relaxed. Siobhan didn’t understand it, not yet at least. She sometimes tried to ask Mondale as he put the dragonlings and her to sleep but he would only shush her and continue reading the bedtime story. Siobhan always liked it when he pulled out the big crimson hardcover with the silhouette of the pony in the silly hat with the pipe in his mouth. Everyone was content. The warm fuzzy feeling of joy lived in each heart of the strange family. It was the beginning of the end.

One evening while he was out in the fields Mondale heard the report of a cannon. He knew it was a cannon only because nothing else he knew of could produce an almost physical wall of sound with its discharge. His hoe dropped to the ground and settled comfortably into the row of tomatoes he had been planting. Mondale went into the house to grab his coat and head up into the hills. Towards the mountain and the cave. On his way out he grabbed a heavy splitting maul from the toolshed and sent a prayer to Luna for his wife’s safety before wading into the brush of the forest.

When Mondale got there, it was already over. He walked into the cave and was met with the not yet familiar scent of spilt blood and burnt gunpowder. The splitting maul almost dropped from his hooves when he saw his wife, her belly split open by a cannonball. She no longer held any of the beauty she once had. No more effortless grace in her movements, no more alluring shine in her eyes, no more steadily rising chest, no more rough claws digging into his back. An ugly death. Mondale mumbled something to himself as he distantly felt tears streaming in rivulets down his cheeks. The liquid sinking into his fur. When he saw the motionless bodies of his children laying behind what used to be his wife he screamed. He screamed tearful rage and ardent indignation and loss and hate. Hate for whoever had done this, whatever had done this. No one could kill like this and be anything but an animal. Two lunar paladins ran to see what the noise was with weapons drawn. Both held sword and shield at the ready. They paused when they saw Mondale. It was all the opening he needed.

Cobalt wings flared out at Mondale’s sides and began flapping at a fever pitch. The pony shot forward at the lunar paladins with his maul hefted high. He brought it down as he came towards the first one and his strike, powered by his momentum and his strength, sheared through the heavy armor of the paladin. It bit into the back of his neck and the pony in the armor gave an ugly lurch before he fell to the ground like a puppet with its strings cut. The second one recovered in a moment and smashed his shield into Mondale’s face as the farmer continued forward on his momentum. Mondale felt his nose push backwards into his face and the top of his head clanged dully on the tempered steel of the shield. He stumbled, but did not go down. The paladin’s sword came down but Mondale stumbled out of the way and gained a good grip on the maul again. He turned the head of it around to the wide blunt side with a flick of his hooves and sent it into the paladin’s helmeted head. The steel crumpled. The paladin swayed. Mondale swung again, again, again. The steel of the helmet continued to crumple and then imploded. Blood and fragments of skull showered the farmer as he continued to heft and swing the axe. He only stopped when he heard something whimpering behind him. He turned and looked at Siobhan and a third lunar paladin. The armored pony held a sword to the neck of Mondale’s daughter. An unspoken assurance. Mondale stopped beating the dead paladin’s brains into the floor of the cave and let his breathing settle.

“What do you want?” He asked. The quiet of his tone at odds with his bloody appearance.

The paladin stared at him and gestured to the entrance of the cave with his body. Neither the sword at Siobhan’s throat nor the hoof holding her moved.

Mondale nodded at him.

The paladin maneuvered his way so that he stood with his back with the entrance and his front to Mondale. He began to take his sword away from Siobhan’s throat. Mondale relaxed. The paladin’s swordhoof twisted inward. The blade slid along Siobhan’s throat. Red welled. Siobhan dropped to the ground. The paladin turned and fled into the forest. Mondale moved as soon as he knew his daughter was hurt. He tore stripes off his clothes and pressed them to his daughter’s bleeding throat. The cut was shallow, but if the scales had not been there it would have easily sliced into her jugular. Siobhan mumbled something and Mondale bent his head down to listen to her.

“Bleeding, daddy I’m bleeding. Bleeding, it hurts so much.” Siobhan said, strain making her voice harsh.

“It’s alright, honey. I’ve got you now. Nothing’s going to happen to you. Everything’s going to be alright. Calm down, and breathe. I’m here for you, okay? I’m here.” Mondale said as he stroked a hoof through Siobhan’s mane. He made certain that the blood flowing from the cut around her neck was staunched and pulled Siobhan into his arms. She whimpered as he did. He tried to comfort her there amidst the remains of his family. It was only later when Mondale noticed the red seeping from between his daughter’s legs. He held her a little tighter after that and failed to keep his own tears in. They mingled with his daughter’s and both of them cried until the tears wouldn’t come anymore.

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Later, Mondale found out that one of his neighbors had reported sighting a possibly hostile dragon roaming around near the mountain. That same pony was found dead in his farmhouse in the days following the report. His house was empty of food and other supplies. A note was pinned to the corpse.

“The moon will not save you.”