

CHAPTER TWO

The Promise

"A long, long time ago in the land of fairy tales, dragons and fairies lived in harmony in the world of humans. In the beginning, they all lived together by promising to help each other and, even though dragons and humans were suspicious of each other, it did not take long before they soon became good friends.

Dragons, with their breath of fire, helped to heat the earth, which allowed the giant toadstools to grow. Toadstools are the favourite place where fairies like to make their hives. The fiery breath of the dragons also warmed the wind that kept Mr. Frost away. With Mr. Frost miles away, the humans could grow their crops and the fairies wings would never freeze. Without their wings, fairies became human children and could never again use their wonderful magic powers to help all the creatures in the forests. It was said that fairies needed dragons to help them with their magic but no one really knew the real reason, as it was a secret never told those outside of Fairyland. For those who believe in Fairyland, the fairies do many wonderful things."

"What kind of things, Taddy Boy?" Holly couldn't help but interrupt.

"Well... for one, they use their magic fairy dust to give children sweet dreams that keep the nightmares and monsters of the night away. They help make dreams come true to anyone or anything that wishes

upon a star and they *love* to help Mother Nature bring in the seasons. This is one of their most favourite times, when they flit from place to place painting the lands and forests in their new colours, turning on the rain in the spring, turning up the sun in summer and especially shaking the trees in the fall. They love playing in the new fallen leaves. One rumour I *know* to be true is that they create the rainbows with their pots of gold at each end. Heh, heh, a game they love playing is to fool humans by moving the pots of gold every time anyone tries to come near so no one can ever catch them. Oh, and one more thing. Some say they also help a large jolly elf at the North Pole but then again, no one really knows... Humph! Enough musing. Let's get back to the story."

"For their part, the humans promised never to try and catch a fairy or take her magic fairy dust; never to eat their mushroom homes or to try to pluck their wings. As for dragons, humans were never, never to wake a dragon from his sleep. Dragons loved their precious sleep most of all. If it wasn't for the need to eat and breathe fire, they could sleep for a hundred years. So for centuries, the promises were kept and there was peace in the kingdoms and all who lived in them, prospered.

One day, a special dragon was born - the largest and fiercest of all dragons ever. The humans named him Fangor because he only had one front fang."

"Why?" Holly asked.

"They never knew. All were amazed at this huge, fierce and beautiful creature. They loved the way his blue-green scales shimmered in the rays of the sun and the sound that his huge wings made as he soared high in the sky. All would stop what they were doing just to watch him fly then swoop down breathing his fiery breath to chase the cold winds of winter away. In just

one breath, he could heat the mountain caves that reached below the fairy homes and all the surrounding lands just so the toadstools and wheat could grow. Mr. Frost was never happy to see Fangor around after he had worked so hard at night hanging icicles and frosting the land.

Fangor was so loved by the people of Bicuspid that they carved statues of him and placed them on the steeples of their churches, on castle roofs and over each gateway leading into the city. These stone carvings reminded strangers that Fangor protected the realm. The fairies were never so happy because even in the coldest of winters, their wings and homes never froze. There was great joy in the land for many years. But all of that was about to change.

“What happened?”

“The secret of a dragon’s lair had been kept for centuries by the fairies. They alone tended to the dragon’s every need. They feared the danger of a dragon should he ever be disturbed and therefore allowed no one near, especially a human. Over time, humans forgot where and how to find dragons and then, they even didn’t want to. To them the smoking mountains were just more volcanoes.

A dragon’s favorite delicacy is the teeth of young animals. That alone kept the fire burning in their souls. To breathe the flame and to live forever, they had to have teeth. Dragons could have easily turned their hunger toward human children because *their* teeth were the sweetest and most tempting. But children were never harmed because of the promises made by the elder dragons in ancient times. As fairies were too small for dragons to bother with, they made good protectors of the secrets held within fairyland. Human children on the other hand, were a different matter . . .”