

An Introduction, a Dragon, and a Bell

Sam Huffer

5 February 2023

Context

An old knight, General Luther, has just been rescued by his daughter, Eleanor, and the player (feel free to choose a name). He had been wrongfully imprisoned by a political rival, and his jail cell has just been unlocked. He's a gruff individual, and isn't happy to be rescued at all, because there is a Dragon guarding the cells, and if Eleanor and the player didn't see it on the way in, they SURELY will encounter it on the way out!

Part 1: Scripted Conversation

ELEANOR: Father! Thank goodness, you're alive. Let's get you out of here.

LUTHER: Eleanor? How did you get past the dragon?

LACAN (PLAYER CHARACTER): Don't thank us too quickly...

ELEANOR: What dragon?

LUTHER: What dragon? Big. Red. Flaming monster. Guards this tower. THAT dragon! Where is it?

ELEANOR: Raiding a farmer's flock? I don't know. We didn't see it. Let's not wait for it to return.

LUTHER: No. I'm staying here. If we step outside, it'll have an armour-wrapped triple-roast buffet!

LACAN: It's just a nasty, overgrown magpie-cat that breathes fire. I'll distract it.

LUTHER: Got a death wish, do you? Eleanor, who is this... boy?

LACAN: We can't let Martius start a war. The city will be burned to the ground. You're the only one who can stop him.

LUTHER: I'm not going anywhere.

ELEANOR: Fine. Stay here, then. I wonder what mother will say when she finds out.

LUTHER: Don't... ugh. Okay! Fine. Let's get this over with so I can at least rest in peace.

Part 2: Descriptive Paragraph of the Dragon

The dragon roared as it banked and dove towards us. An instant later, it spread its wings, baring its bejewelled underside and eclipsing the sun before landed barely a foot away from me with a loud thump. I couldn't see it, since the beat of its wings had blown dirt and dust into my eyes. But I could still feel where it was. Heat radiated from its belly, hotter (and far closer) than the midsummer sun, and I almost gagged as its noxious breath laced with roast lamb overwhelmed my nose. I rubbed my eyes clear to see the dragon's crimson snout filling my vision. Above it perched its eyes, the narrowed slits locked onto me. Wisps of blue flame flickered from its salivating jaws, a low rumble escaping with them. The dragon only had one concern: lunch.

Part 3: Concluding Novel-esque Passage

Lacan held the dragon's gaze, slowly reaching for his belt.

"Don't move!" hissed Luther.

"I've got this," said Lacan. A jingle sounded from his hand as he held up a gleaming golden bell. The dragon's pupils widened slightly as they locked onto it. "See. Under control. Now, when I say run..." Lacan reached back with the bell. The dragon's hindquarters wiggled slightly.

"RUN!"

Lacan threw the bell as hard as he could. The dragon spun and shot after it. Ducking under the swing of its tail, the three bolted in the opposite direction, Luther leading the way. Behind them, Lacan heard a clunk, a jingle, and the snapping of wood and rustling of leaves. The commotion settled into a staccato of rustles and thumps as he reached the edge of the clearing. Lacan slowed and stumbled

over to Luther, who was panting hard against a tree, Eleanor bringing up the rear. Lacan looked back across the clearing to see flashes of red amongst the trees on the far side.

“Should be... busy... looking for... bell,” Lacan said between breaths.

“Wha... how?” asked Eleanor.

“Oversized... magpie-cat... likes precious... shiny toys... to hoard. Let’s go get... the boar-horses.”

Luther glared at Lacan. “Never... rescue me... again... Absolutely... insane...”