



The Dragon Cycle

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The following are journal entries written by Pollock Drake, a citizen of the city of Drake.

I have been searching for many years to find it. There is only one of them on this planet, and I am hunting him. Does he know that I am hunting him, and that is why he is so elusive, or is that just his nature?

I have been hunting for many years honing the craft. I know that when I find him, it will be an epic battle that will be cried and sung for millennia to come.

I know what you are thinking, you think that I am seeking glory, honor and fame by killing this beast. For those are just some of the prizes that come with slaying a beast such as this. You would be incorrect in your presumption if you thought that I am seeking glory, honor, or fame. I despise them, as I despise the very people who refuse to help me destroy it.

The very people who will glorify and honor me later refuse to help me now and despise my name. They fear it so much that they sit in a corner and cry to themselves hoping that it does not come knocking at their door. Well, it won't be knocking on the door so much as destroying their place and turning them into dust. And good riddance because they deserve it.

I apologize, for I have gotten off topic. Now, back to why I am hunting this beast. The following is the journal entry that I made on that fateful day.

1/22/???1

They're dead! They're all dead! Everyone's dead, except for me.

Pull yourself together, nobody is ever going to read this anyway, so pull yourself together through this journal.

Mom. Dad. Sis. They are all dead.

Okay, stop saying that, it isn't helping.

Of course it is not helping, they are dead, and I can't do anything about it.

SHUT UP AND JUST TAKE A BREATH! Now, what did you see?

They're dead, so what does it matter what I saw?

It matters for posterity's sake.

What the heck is that supposed to mean?

It is supposed to mean that someone will look back on this day and want to know what someone who went through it was thinking.

I was thinking...I don't know what I was thinking.

Let's go back further, why are you alive?

I'm alive because dad told me to take care of the sheep today. The sheep were acting really strange, like they knew something was going to happen.

Be more descriptive.

Twelve hours ago, my dad told me that he was too tired to take care of the sheep. So he said to me, "Son, I trust you with my sheep, take care of them as best you can." He was wearing this crazy shirt that was the color of the rainbow. The blue was so blue that it made me sad. And I couldn't even look at the red, orange and yellow because they were so bright.

“I will dad, I will take care of those sheep as best as I can.” I went to my room and grabbed my shepherd's staff and journal. I brought a journal along because sometimes I get to a particular spot in the hills and I just had to sit. After sitting for a while and letting the calm quiet envelop me, I would take out a journal and just do some writing.

“Honey, breakfast is ready.” I heard my mom call up to me. I knew that I would have to leave pretty soon, so I ran downstairs into our kitchen and grabbed a piece of toast and started heading out. “And just where do you think you’re going?”

With a mouthful of toast, I said “I’m going to go take care of the sheep.”

My mom looked at me with scornful eyes and said, “What were you, raised in a barn.” I looked at her for a minute and then we both started laughing. It was an inside joke because I was actually raised in a barn, our house was originally meant to be the barn, but we chose to live in the barn because it was bigger. Our old house was turned into the barn where we kept the sheep. “Now, swallow your food and try and say that again, in english this time, not eatish.”

I smiled at her failed attempt at being funny, more out of pity than anything else. I swallowed the giant lump of toast and said in english, “I’m going to go take care of the sheep.”

She looked confused and asked, “I thought that it was your dad’s turn today.”

I shrugged and said, “He’s not feeling up to it today, so I am going to go and take care of the sheep today. He can work two days in a row once he feels better.”

Mom let out that sigh that meant that she was about to go on a long tirade about how I should be my own man by now and not still doing dad’s work for him. While she

was going on, I glanced around the room for what would end up being the last time. It was a comfortable kitchen, it had a refrigerator on the southeast corner of the room.

Attached to the refrigerator were three counters that were the color of red oak with a few stains where various kitchen accidents had happened throughout the years. Most notably the time when I had pranked my mom and acted like I cut off my thumb and she freaked out so bad that she dropped an entire pot of boiling spaghetti noodles on herself. I learned a lesson from that, don't pull pranks in the kitchen, someone might get burnt, charred, or cut if you do.

The stove was on the northeast corner of the room and it had a window right above it. That window was nice when you had been cooking for long periods of time because it would get hot and you would open up the window and there was almost always a breeze.

Mom was just finishing her tirade when I was done observing the kitchen. "That's all wonderful and great, mom, but it doesn't change the fact that I have to go."

"I just want you to know that you shouldn't be under our shadow all the time, do what you want to do. Don't do what others want you to want to do."

I said, "What does that even mean, mom?"

She looked me in the eyes and said, "Want what you want, don't let anyone convince you that you don't want it. I know I have experienced..." I could tell she was going to go on another story that would take a long time, so I said bye and left. I walked out of the house away from my mom and dad and I didn't look back. How was I to know that in a matter of hours, it and my parents would be reduced to a pile of ashes?

I went to the barn to get the sheep, and I knew that I needed a long walk today. No, it was actually my sheep that needed a long walk. I walked with my sheep up the evil hill that I hate and think is evil (Which is a large part of why I call it the evil hill). The evil hill goes up at a 55 degree angle for 120 feet. What those people who created it were thinking, I don't know.

During the winter, that evil hill actually sprouts horns and the devil comes and sits on it. Well, that's a little bit of an exaggeration; during the winter, it is incredibly icy. It is fun for sledding, but not so much for walking up and down, which is what I had to do when I would go to get groceries.

Once I had gotten up the hill, the sheep started acting even odder. They were running as fast as they could away from me. I tried to figure out what had spooked them, but didn't have the time as they were still running away. I had to make a decision, did I want to let them run wherever or stop them now.

And then, something happened that I can't describe. I went against all instincts of being a shepherd and went running after them. Something inside of me was screaming **"RUN WITH THEM!"** And for some reason, I did run with them. I didn't know why, but I was scared shitless.

After we had gone over another hill, the sheep stopped, and I stopped. We were safe. But what were we safe from? When I had looked to find out what had spooked them, there wasn't anything. But the voice in my head whispered quietly, **"Anything visible, that is."**

I had thought at the time that that was crazy, but the feeling of something wrong stayed there. I tried to shake the cobwebs out of my brain, because was crazy and

absolutely illogical. I started talking to the sheep saying, "Gosh, this is crazy. I should have stopped you from running this far. It would have been a very bad thing if you had jumped into a canyon or had gotten hurt. My dad would have killed me if that would have happened."

I let out a booming laugh to try and calm my nerves down. Then, all hell broke loose.

1/24/???

The following is an e-mail to the president of the United States from then Secretary of Defense Theodore R. Oliveri.

URGENT! MUST READ IMMEDIATELY!

At 11:00 hours, we lost contact with the town of Drake. There were roughly 999 people living there. We did not think anything of it until 11:15 minutes ago, we received a call from an informant living in Naga, a city west of Drake.

The phone call was deeply distressing, there was talk of a fire that was seen by all in Naga. The informant said that the city also heard a voice cry out, "The fire begins and will never stop destroying." We believed at that time that there had been a terrorist attack in the town of Drake.

At 11:30 we lost contact with Naga. We sent a fighter jet over to Naga to see what was happening. The fighter jets found Naga in ashes, apparently what had happened in Drake had happened in Naga. We feared that more cities would be attacked. For this reason, we set up a no-fly zone and a no-pass zone. Our thoughts were if the terrorist used a plane to attack, then we could end this here and now. If the terrorist was planting explosives, then he wouldn't get through our pass zone.

Our no-pass zone just outside of Naga caught a 15 year old male named Pollock Drake at 19:00. He was the great-great-grandson of the founder of Drake. He had a few hundred sheep with him. We tried to find out what happened and he was not making sense. He was fully aware of what was going on, and that multiple towns were attacked. However, when we asked him what happened, a look came into his eyes and he whispered something. When we asked him to repeat what he said, he looked at me with an evil look in his eye. Attached is the transcript of the interrogation.

Pollock Drake (henceforth called PD): My name is Pollock Drake, I am of sound mind, and I am here with a man who won't tell me his name. My personal guess is that if I were to find out his name, then he would have to kill me. "Matter of national security" and all that bullshit.

Theodore Oliveri (henceforth called TO): Let the record reflect that Pollock Drake has refused to answer any of our questions so...

PD: that is because I am being held here without probable cause and have been for more than 48 hours, which is against the law. But I suppose you people are from a shady, unknown about...

TO: You need to work on your grammar. To say unknown about is being very redundant. Do you know what redundant means? (PO shakes his head) Redundant means "no longer needed or useful." So, when you say that I a person who belongs to an organization which is unknown about, that is redundant because you don't really have to say both of things.

PD: Who the fuck cares. You people are still holding me against my will without proper cause after more than 48 hours. That is against the...

TO: It is not against the law if nobody knows about it. The law is only there to protect those whose rights need to be protected.

PD: Oh, and my rights don't need to be protected, is that it? You people think you can just use me and then walk off and say you didn't do anything. You probably won't let me ever leave this room.

TO: You will leave this room, whether that is by body bag or your own will. I like to call it the proverbial fork in the road. Do you want to do this the easy way or the hard way?

PD: Well, seeing how this is a fixed decision and how you won't let me take the easy way because I don't know the answers to any of your questions.

TO: Oh, is that right? You don't know the answers to any of my questions?

PD: Are you deaf? That is exactly what I just said.

TO: (chuckling) You have a smart tongue on you.

PD: (Visibly gloating) People say I've got a smart ass as well, want to see it?
(Gets up, undoes his pants, and moons TO.)

TO: (Sighs) Clearly you want me to do this the hard way.

PD: No, let's try it the easy way. What's your first question?

TO: Who are you working for?

PD: I work for my father who is a shepherd.

TO: Who do you really work for?

PD: I really work for my father who is a shepherd.

TO: Let the record show that PO is not answering the question.

PD: Let the record show that I have answered the question, truthfully, but apparently Mr. big ass here doesn't like the answer.

TO: Do you know anything about the attacks?

PD: Yes, I saw the first one in Drake.

TO: You saw it?

PD: Yeah, I was taking care of the sheep because dad wasn't feeling so well that day. I was walking up evil hill...

TO: Wait a minute, evil hill?

PD: Yeah, evil hill. That is what I nicknamed it because it is a really steep hill that I often have to walk on. Anyways, back to *my* story and I would much appreciate it if you didn't interrupt again until I am done.

TO: Okay.

PD: What the hell did I just say. You just interrupted me again. I'm not talking anymore.

TO: (Clearly running out of patience) Keep going. (Long pause of them looking at each other) Please.

PD: (Smiling) because you said it so nicely, I'll keep going. Anyways, so I was taking my sheep up the evil hill when they started freaking out. They were "baahing" like I have never heard before. I had been around these sheep for my whole life and I had never seen them act like this. They started running and I ran after them trying to make them stop.

They stopped after another hill, we were probably about a mile out of town. I let out a laugh because it was so unexpected that they just stopped right here. I looked south and I saw our town, Drake. Did you know that I am related to the founder of Drake? I know, crazy since my name is Drake. He was like my great-great-great grandfather. He was my grandfather to some extent, don't know how far back.

Anyways, I get off topic very easily, but I usually end up back to where I had started. And remember, no matter how annoyingly off topic I get, don't interrupt me because I will stop talking if you do.

So, I had just chased the sheep trying to get them to stop when they just stopped. I looked to the south and saw the town that I had grown up on. I let out a laugh as all the sheep were back to normal, almost as if nothing were wrong. Then, all hell broke loose.

(PD is silent. PD has his eyes closed and starts humming and rocking back and forth.)

TO: I know I am not supposed to interrupt, but you have been silent for five minutes now. What do you mean by the statement "all hell broke loose?"

PD: Drake and Naga are both gone.

TO: That's right, but what do you mean that all hell broke loose?

PD: My mom is dead.

TO: What does all hell broke loose mean?

PD: My dad is dead.

TO: Pollock, what does all hell break loose mean?

PD: (He finally opens his eyes and there is a rage in them. He says something, but we can't hear what he said.)

TO: What did you say? I know you said something. Can you say that same thing a little louder.

PD: (A smile appears on PD's face and he yells) DRA!

Error: Identifying Problem Error: Identifying Problem Error: Identifying Problem

Error: Identifying Problem Error: Identifying Problem Error: Identifying Problem

Error: Problem Identified Error: Equipment Virus Error: Equipment Virus

Error: Equipment Virus Error: EquipmentVirus Error:EquipmentVirus

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To help you understand what happened, I will explain it. We were having the interrogation when he stopped talking. I tried to nudge him into telling me what he meant by that last comment. He finally said something: Dra! He didn't finish what he was saying as the lights began to brighten to the point where they exploded. The machine that was transcribing the interrogation ended typing at the word "Dra!"

Apparently, this had happened in a five mile radius of the base that we had set up. According to our computers, a powerful computer virus got into every kind of system that we had on the base and shut it all down. Our air in a part of the base that was to be used for quarantine was shut off as a result of the virus. Because of this, two people lost their lives as the doors were electronically opened.

It appears that this was not just an isolated event, there was a 15 mile radius around us with us in the center where this happened. There was one airplane inside of the radius, it had 154 souls onboard. The citizens around here have a lot of burying to do. In total, there were over 10,000 deaths as a result of this attack.

As for Pollock Drake, he went into a catatonic state after the incident. He has not come to in the past 24 hours. I have talked with the doctors and they do not give much hope of him coming back. They took an fMRI of his brain and found an odd occurrence. The parts of his brain that were active were making a particular image. Some kind of bird. Attached is a picture of it.

The doctors don't know what is going on because they have taken the fMRI multiple times and found the same image there. They don't know what to make of it.

I think it is fair to say that we, as a nation are under attack from an enemy who we do not know and who has not taken responsibility. I defer to your judgment whether you want to let the public know about these things.

Signed with respect,

Theodore R. Oliveri
Secretary of Defense

5/24/???1

The following is a letter from Pollock Drake to the President of the United States

They, the doctors, say that I have been unconscious for four months. They are thinking about leaving me in here until I talk. I am telling you this, nobody can be trusted. Listen to yourself and only yourself for the betterment of people, don't listen to anybody else, they can't be trusted.

All of the doctors keep asking me if I remember anything. I tell them no, I don't remember anything. But that's not entirely the truth. I know that I can trust you to keep my secrets, Mr. President. I remember everything. From seeing the destruction of Drake and Naga to the virus attack.

Some people say that you don't have any dreams or memories while you are in a coma. I had dreams the entire time, but they were more than just dreams, they were universes of infinite possibilities.

In my universes, time passed by much quicker. I was able to see every decision that would be made and then the consequences of that decision. I was unable to go back and fix the mistakes of the few people who made them.

The biggest mistake that I saw when I was there was you announcing to the public about that event four months ago. It will have unimaginable ripples in the universe.

I don't know if I am making any sense, but I hope that you can understand this. Don't tell the public about the event that happened four months ago. It will not end well for any of us.

If you make this decision, I know what will happen, and truly, I say to you, if you do tell them, all hell will break loose.

From a concerned citizen,

Pollock Drake

The President of the United States never received this letter.

6/15/???1

The following is the transcript of a speech given by then President of the United States George Alvaross.

Ladies and gentlemen of our great United States of America, the land of the free. I have an announcement to make, and it is with a heavy heart that I must tell you.

Four months ago, two entire cities were wiped off the map. At 11:00am on January 22, the federal government lost contact with the town of Drake. Within a half hour, we lost contact with another city called Naga. When we sent fighter jets to determine what happened, we found smoldering ashes where buildings used to be and lives used to be led.

Of these two attacks, there was only one survivor. We interrogated him to try and determine whether he was a terrorist or not. Before the interrogation was completed, a virus attack occurred and destroyed all technology in a 15 mile radius around the base where the survivor was being interrogated.

This survivor then went into a coma immediately after the virus attack and we were unable to talk to him. Until a few weeks ago when he woke up. Before we could talk to him again, he vanished and is at large. The survivor's name is Pollock Drake and he is believed to be working with a very powerful terrorist organization.

Since then, events like this have still been occurring. We, as a government, have kept them as much of a secret as possible for the safety of the United States of America. It was in consensus that if we told the American people, we may be creating

more problems than we would be solving. Vandalism and lawlessness may bound if we had told you.

You may logically be asking yourselves now, "Why are you telling us this, then?" I am telling you this because of a particular event that has just happened just under a week ago.

Our nuclear weapons were destroyed in the most recent attack. We have nothing to fight with anymore, we have no weapons. And, I am afraid to say it, we have no hope of fighting an enemy who we do not see and whose motives are completely unknown. One moment the buildings are standing there, the next, they are up in flames destroyed. Sometimes, they are not even in flames, they are just automatically ashes.

We don't know what we are facing, but we are America, and we can be strong in this our hour of weakness. Even though there does not seem to be any hope, we are America and we will get through this together. We need to come together and live as community, we must not lose hope.

6/16/???1

The following are from the newspaper Daily Manchu in the day after the president's speech.

Mysterious Pollock Drake on the Loose

An international manhunt has taken place under one common theme. To find Pollock Drake, the suspected terrorist who is behind the death of over 250 thousand lives, will help save the country fear from this unknown enemy. Nothing is known about Pollock Drake because he lived in Drake and Drake was destroyed by Pollock Drake assumedly.

The president stated in his speech that he and others were worried about how the public would react to the news of all of these attacks on United States soil. Americans have decided to put two feet forward and find this mysterious survivor. The president gave a speech today saying, "I appreciate the understanding and level-headedness of the American public and I must apologize for my misconceptions."

Where is the mysterious survivor? How is it that with people from all 50 states looking for him, we are unable to find him? Could he be receiving help from someone? Could he be receiving help from your neighbor?

Or is it even possible that, assuming that we would try and find him, he is seeking shelter from the federal government? All of these theories are possible, but which one is right?

One fact remains; Pollock Drake is dangerous and should be apprehended at all costs.

6/18/???1

Man Lynched because he Looked Like Pollock Drake

Tragedy struck today as a mob thought that they had found the mysterious Pollock Drake. They brought him to town square to be tried, the judge, out of fear of the mob, said that that was him, and they hanged the man on a tree that is now known to the police department as the Drake tree.

According to the sheriff in the town, this is the third man to be hanged since the president's speech. It makes one have to wonder if he is still proud of how well the people are taking the news.

I think that we are going back to a McCarthy age where we accuse people of being Communist. Only, this time it has to do with one person, Pollock Drake.

I have to ask the question to those readers who care about this world, is Pollock Drake that big of a deal to kill three innocent men who just looked like Pollock Drake. Is Pollock Drake a scapegoat?

I am and always will be here to tell the truth and ask the hard questions, I am Sally Humking and I am signing off.

6/19/???1

Obituary: Sally Humking

Sally Humking died late last night. She lived a long and good life, that is until she began to be a Draker. A Draker is one who thinks that Pollock Drake, the terrorist behind all the recent attacks, is just a scapegoat that the government is using. These

are lies, and Sally Humking is better off dead than filling American mind's with such horrible and evil nonsense.

6/27/???1

GOVERNMENT IN ON SHELTERING POLLOCK DRAKE

Our sources inside of the federal government have given us insurmountable proof that the government is sheltering Pollock Drake. Do we have a government who is okay with killing thousands of innocent people just because they could? No, we should demand that the current government step down. If they don't, then we make them step down.

6/28/???1

Journalists: Reporters of LIES or Reporters of TRUTH?

I joined the profession of journalism because I believed wholeheartedly that to write is to help others be free. Free to know about information that is important. But we as a nation are slowly becoming fiction-tellers. I read an article recently where the author (because I will not give them the title of journalist because they write lies) claims to have "insurmountable proof that the government is sheltering Pollock Drake." The author does not go on to provide this insurmountable proof and yet at least half of the country's newspapers are reporting that the government is hiding Pollock Drake.

One thing I have to say for him is that he is a very good hider. In the weeks that have followed the presidential speech which made him public enemy number one, no

one has caught him yet. There have been thousands of lynchings throughout the United States. Some were based on the mob mentality that the person they are lynching is Pollock Drake. The other mentality is that they are what Americans are calling “Drakes,” people who believe that Pollock Drake is innocent and is just a scapegoat.

I am asking people to return to journalism and walk away from the lies. My name is Richard Pinkerton and I am begging you to return to journalism.

6/29/???

Richard Pinkerton Removed from Post and Killed upon Leaving

Richard Pinkerton, who wrote in an opinion column attacking journalists was removed from his post this morning. The newspaper that he was working for commented saying: “Mr. Pinkerton was a bad employee and said some negative things in his opinion column. We, as a newspaper, are definitely still supporters of truth, and he was attacking us saying we only report lies now. He was bad for business.”

As Pinkerton was leaving the office with his supplies, a man came up to him in broad daylight and called him a Draker. The man proceeded to pull out a knife from his pocket and stab Pinkerton repeatedly. According to several witnesses, Pinkerton’s last words were “Fucking dumb-nuts, I die for the truth.”

The man was given a medal for his, according to the mayor, “service to the community by removing Pinkerton’s scandalous and unacceptable beliefs that could have destroyed this fine city.” In attendance at the ceremony was Iggy Olman, a senator, who stood up and said that he wants to take action against these heathens who

think that it is okay to question everyone's beliefs. He says he will call it the Anti-Draker Bill.

7/5/???1

Anti-Draker Bill Passed through Senate, House, and President in Remarkable Time

The Anti-Draker Bill was proposed on June 30 by Senator Iggy Olman. On that day, it passed the senate with no nays to it. It was then off to the house of representatives, they met about it and discussed it for 2 days and then voted on it. Again, there were no nays to it. The president looked it over for 3 days before he had a ceremony where he signed it.

The ceremony was grand, there were pictures of Pollock Drake all over. Attendees were asked to do whatever they wanted to the picture. Some people reportedly (We needed something fun to do at home) took the picture home and put it on the dartboard. I made many bullseyes that day.

The Anti-Draker Bill says that anyone who shows any ties to a Draker at all will be investigated by the police and if it is determined that they are indeed a Draker, they will be put in jail, deported, or executed if they have spread their message to others.

7/7/???1

Government Overthrown

Citizens had been crying out for many days now to remove the government. The government apparently thought that with their recent Anti-Draker Bill passage that they could win favor with the public. This was not the case at all.

Police, now having the power to do this, began investigating all of the politicians after an article said that there was insurmountable proof that the government was sheltering Pollock Drake. The police determined that there was proof that the government was sheltering Pollock Drake, and all of the senators and congressmen have been deported and sent to Mexico. "If they should ever return," says police chief inspector Robert Klause, "They will find a gun pointed at their heads with the trigger ready to go and have their heads blown off. To do a thing like shelter such a horrible terrorist who has done such bad things is unforgivable. For that, they will live in exile or die trying to get back in."

The President of the United States, according to the police report was the leader of the sheltering of Pollock Drake. He was executed on public television for the country to see. His last words were: "I'm sorry Pollock Dra..." Before he could finish what he was saying, he was gagged and executed. They proceeded to execute all of the president's cabinet.

It is hoped that our lives can be free from terrorists such as the former President of the United States. He is a terrorist because he sheltered a terrorist. Let us go henceforth to elect a better president, one who will not be a terrorist.

8/10/???1

The following is a diary entry from Pollock Drake.

I am innocent. I am innocent. I have done nothing wrong. I survived when there were no survivors, that is not a crime. I know that the only way to prove that I am innocent is to kill the creature that did this to me. It was so big, I don't know how to kill it.

Stop thinking like that. You can do this because you must do this. You want to start living a normal life again, I know, and killing the beast is the only way.

But how do I kill it?

We will figure out once we find it. But we have to find it first.

I'm scared. I know it is pathetic, but I am so scared.

It is okay to be scared. You have an entire country after you and you need to kill a beast that apparently doesn't exist. So, it is okay to be scared, it's okay to be afraid, it's what you do when you feel that fear that shows you whether you have courage.

I can't do it. I'm not good enough. I'm not strong enough.

Then lay down and die. Is that what you want?

No, of course that is not what I want.

Then what do you want?

I want life to go back to the way that it was.

You and I both know that isn't going to happen until you kill it. Even then, things will not be the same. You saw a beast that doesn't exist destroy your home. I want you to do something for me. It will also help you.

What do you want me to do?

I want you to say the name of the beast.

I'm too scared. You remember what happened the last time.

Look around; there aren't any humans, airplanes, or any other type of electronic equipment around here for miles. Say its name.

I can't.

Say its name.

It is not a good idea, it might hear it again.

Say its name.

I don't...

Say its name.

No.

SAY ITS NAME OR I SWEAR TO YOU I AM LEAVING!

Okay. Dragon.

Say it again.

Dragon.

Again.

Dragon.

Dragon.

Dragon.

Dragon.

As soon as I said that multiple times, a flame rose into the sky from where I was laying on the ground. It was the most awe-inspiring flame I had ever seen. It was a rainbow of fiery colors. There was the blue, it was such a pure blue that I almost wept at its beauty. The red, orange, and yellow was too bright to even behold and look at. I was scared because I thought that the dragon had come back for me. I was also scared because someone might see it and come investigating it, and subsequently find me.

Go to the fire. I walked over to the fire. ***Put your hand in it.***

I was worried that I would burn my hand off. But my voice had not been wrong yet. It always had its reasons. I had learned that in my 4 month coma. I closed my eyes and shoved my hand into the flame. I was expected to feel a burning sensation and smell burning flesh, but I didn't feel anything or smell anything either. I opened my eyes and saw that my hand was still in the fire, still intact and fine. ***Sometimes we see things that we do not understand and so we are afraid, look at everything and do not be afraid. To kill the beast, you must become like him. He loves fire, you fear it, learn to love it and fire becomes your ally, not his.***

I knew then that I will forever be a changed man. Never would I walk around scared of every shadow, of every bump that goes in the night. I needed to do what I needed to do. There can be no one who will stop me, not especially me. I am my own worst enemy, I am my own worst stumbling block. I am the fire in which I fear. If I embrace the fire, I embrace my worst enemy and we become allies.

And so I will spend as long as it takes in this desert embracing my enemy and becoming allies with it. I will fight with it, for it, and against it. But I will emerge victorious. I will not be writing until this is done.

I am a boy no longer, even though I am 15, I will live as a man from now on because I am a man.

10/12/???1

The following are newspaper articles from the Arach Kelakona.

4 Months and No Pollock Drake

It has been four months since the Draker President announced that Pollock Drake was a terrorist who was behind the destruction of two cities and a nuclear facility. We obviously had a setback in finding him because the government at that time was sheltering him. Since July 10, we have had a president, congressmen, and senators from the Anti-Draconia party. The party's platform is finding Drake and finding out things that have happened that Drake has been involved in.

According to records released by the government, Drake has been involved in at least half of the executions of innocents. He planted seeds in the minds of people making them think that one of their neighbors was Drake.

It has been reported by the government that Drake is now the killer of millions of people, up from thousands a few months ago based on the findings of the government. He is clearly still active and dangerous because he continues to do terroristic actions.

One thing is certain, this government is after him and the American people are still after him and we will find him.

11/21/???1

Has Drake Moved On?

Sources from Germany tell us that two cities in central Germany were destroyed this week. The names of the two cities were Drache and Lindwurm. The German government lost contact with Drache at 11:00am on November 19. A person reported from the town of Lindwurm that they saw a great ball of fire in the direction of Drache. At 11:45am, the German government lost contact with Lindwurm. They sent in troops to try and determine what happened.

When the troops arrived, they found both cities in ashes. The government reported that it was accidental.

It is doubtful that it was anything accidental, as these are almost the same circumstances as when this happened in America. Two cities destroyed within an hour of each other. This is clearly the work of Pollock Drake, who is now not just a North American terrorist, but an international terrorist.

11/30/???

Survivor of Drache and Lindwurm Destruction Dies

There was one survivor of the destruction of Drache and Lindwurm. Her name was Agnes Zweck and she was questioned after she was found walking outside of Lindwurm. Police reportedly were asking what happened to the cities when she went into a coma. A few days later, she died while in the coma.

Doctors do not know what happened to her. They said that there were irregularities in her brain structure, and that may have been the cause of her premature death.

Many in America are saying that this is the work of Pollock Drake. The German government does not give much credence to this rumor as they reportedly believe that Pollock Drake doesn't even exist. The German government doesn't believe that the attacks were attacks, and they were just accidents. They have told the citizens lies that it was an accident that happened, and that it was being investigated. They did not even mention Pollock Drake in their address to the citizens of Germany.

The German government is clearly in denial of the fact that Pollock Drake is an international terrorist.

12/12/???1

The following is an e-mail sent to Bethany Anguloce, a meteorologist.

Beth,

I am writing this e-mail because I don't know how much time I have. If my calculations are correct, we will all be dead in about 35 minutes. I am in Tatsu, China. I am not being attacked by the government, don't worry about that. They still think I am here covering a sporting event.

You were right, Beth, about 10 minutes ago, there was a sound that seemed to be coming from everywhere. I dropped everything that I was doing and ran outside to find out what was going on. You had told me that it was possible that it would happen, but I still wasn't expecting it.

I walked out and I saw a giant fire rising to the sky across from the river. A river divides us from the city of Liung, China. It is almost like that story in the book of Exodus from the bible about a column of fire. The fire has so many different colors, it's almost like a rainbow of fire. The blue makes me almost want to weep because it is such a pure blue. I can't even look at the red, yellow, and orange because they are too bright. It's beautiful, and honestly, it's a beautiful way to go.

There's no point in trying to leave, the other survivors of this haven't survived for long or they go crazy. I just wanted to let you know that you were right. Don't give up on your theory, Bethany. You were right.

I am going outside to look at the column that will be the cause of my death. I'm also going to do something for you to document. I would record this if I were you, I'm turning on my webcam and am just going to leave it here.

I love you,

Bruce Jamal

12/13/???1

The following is a description of what was seen on the webcam as written by Bethany Anguloce.

I see Bruce stepping away from the camera. He says, "I hope this is working, because I don't know if it is." He leans up close to the camera and says, looking straight into it, "I love you Beth, don't ever forget that. I don't want you to ask me for forgiveness when we meet again because this is beautiful. Goodbye." He walks out of the room and that is the last I see of him.

The room is clearly in a run-down hotel which has a red tint to everything in it. It's walls are painted a dark red, almost the color of blood. How anyone can sleep in a room the color of blood, I don't know. There is a double bed straight across from where I am watching. The bed is not made and the sheets are halfway on the floor. I guess the maids hadn't cleaned up yesterday, understandable because of the explosion.

Some of Bruce's clothes are lying on the lamp next to the the bed. He had always been a slob, so that wasn't too much of a surprise. 10 minutes into the video, everything went black. The video was still going, so that meant that it was just dark in the room. How could it have gotten that dark so soon? There is a voice that is starting to whisper something, but I can't make it out. The voice keeps repeating it over and over, I realize that it was whispering something in Chinese.

I don't speak Chinese, so I call a friend I know who speaks Chinese fluently and is an interpreter of Chinese. When I call him, I ask him if he speaks Chinese just to make sure that I had the right person. I am heartbroken when he says, "I don't speak

Chinese because Chinese is not what the language is called. The language is called Mandarin.”

I beg him to come over as soon as possible because it is very possibly the most important thing in the existence of mankind. He him haws and acts like he isn't going to come, but then I say, “You could receive awards if you come right now.” My friend is an award hungry person, if he can poop to get an award, he would do it in front of a crowd if he had to.

He was over to my office in five minutes. I asked him to translate what the voice was saying. He listened multiple times and said, “It translates roughly to: The fire is rising, and it will never stop destroying.”

I felt then what I had only heard of before, I felt a chill run down my spine. Those were the same words that the citizen from Naga had said that the citizens had heard after the explosion.

The video ends in a light so bright that it breaks the monitor that I use. The colors on my monitor don't work anymore. It turns my monitor into a black and white monitor.

I killed him, I didn't think that it would really happen. It was just a hypothesis that shouldn't have actually happened. The hypothesis said...

12/14/???

Obituary: Bethany Anguloce

A fire began in the office of Bethany Anguloce at the national meteorological institute. The fire was so intense that no remains were found of Anguloce. Anguloce specialized in odd weather patterns. She was the first to postulate that there were such a thing as firestorms, although they have not been proven as no one has seen one and lived to tell the tale.

1/22/????2

The following is a speech given by the President of the United States on the first year anniversary of the destruction of two cities.

My fellow Americans, on this day, we mourn the many lives that we have lost since beginning this war on Drake terror. Pollock Drake is a menace in our society, one constantly pops his head up in the evilest of places. Today, I start a campaign to end all terror in the world, I vow to end all Pollock Drakes out there. Today, I declare a war on Drakers against the world.

No longer will we sit back when there are those in the world who need our help from terrorists. A terrorist is a person who inspires terror in the hearts of people, and I propose that that is the very definition of a Draker.

We will end genocides, we will end anyone who rules with fear. We will fight them, and we will win. I will tell you how I know we will win, because we are Americans. We always win because we never give up. To never give up is to win, and we need to win for all of our sakes and the whole world's sake.

I declare on this day, the day of January 22, Isaiah Plinkton, the dictator, a Draker. We will stop you now, because you inspire terror in the hearts of your people. We will no longer allow you to be a ruler because you inspire fear, you need to inspire love and commitment, not fear. We are coming after you, and we will end your reign of Drake.

Long live the Anti-Drakers, and long live the Anti-Drakonian America.

3/24/???

All Quiet on the Western Front

It has been relatively quiet for a while now. There have been no attacks for the past 4 months. We have to ask the question, is this terror over now? We hope so.

But we can never be sure if, indeed, it is over. We have been in a war for almost a year now against one man, Pollock Drake, who has been elusive and unseen. We can only hope that he has died and will no longer terrorize us.

If, indeed, he has died, what does that mean for our future? We elected officials one year ago whose platform is to catch this elusive man who has been quiet for a while. Are we done, and if we are done, will our officials change their platform?

They have already begun a War on Drakonianism, is that enough for the party? The President of the United States declared Isaiah Plinkton a Draker. He also declared that Drakers are not safe anymore.

5/21/????2

The following is a report given to the President of the United States

At 3:00 this morning, we received an anonymous tip that there was a legitimate sighting of the international terrorist Pollock Drake. According to the report, he was seen wandering outside of the city of Smok. We brought in SWAT teams from every possible area to track him down and bring him in.

This, I don't have to mention to you, is the very first sighting of him in your term as a president. It would be very good public relations for you to catch him and you would most definitely be reelected.

We are awaiting further orders from you as to whether to go ahead with this operation and bring him in or to kill him on sight.

This was the response to the report:

As president of the United States, I have the authority to tell you no. Do not kill him and do not bring him in. You, being a good soldier that you are, will not question my decision. If you do, my government will have no choice but to brand you a Draker, and I think you know how that will end for you.

In the past half year since the passage of the Anti-Draker Act, there have been only a few deportations. We have chosen the severe road in order to deal with a severe act of instilling Drakonianism philosophy into the minds of people.

Now, you may say to me based on what I just said, “Well, then we should capture Drake.” Well, we should not capture Drake, that would be negative for our administration.

My answer is no, and I will explain nothing to you because you do not need to know.

The following is the transcript of a phone conversation between the President and the Secretary of Defense

President (Henceforth called P): My good friend, apparently, there has been a sighting of Drake outside of Smok. I want you to make sure that this does not leak out to the press. I don't want to catch this man.

Secretary of Defense (Henceforth called SD): Why don't you want to catch him, Mr. President, that is one of the platforms of your campaign.

P: I am aware that that is one of my platforms, but it would be bad for the country.

SD: I do not follow.

P: If we capture this guy, who is the very reason that I am the president of the United States, then I have to change my platform.

SD: Then you have to change your platform.

P: Negative, are you an idiot?

SD: No, I don't believe so.

P: Right now, we have complete authority and support from the people of the United States of America. If we capture him, we lose that authority. We lose it because they think that they are safe.

SD: Don't we want them to feel safe?

P: No, because if they feel safe, then we are not needed in office anymore. There is already talk in the newspapers about how Drake has been dormant for a while.

SD: What's the problem?

P: (Sighing angrily) The problem is that they are already talking about us changing our platform. If we change it, we go back to a bipartisan fighting government where people sometimes support the people in power.

SD: So you want to stay in power.

P: Yeah.

SD: How long do you want to stay in power, then?

P: Honestly, until I die.

SD: There is a constitution that we still have to support. The constitution...

P: True, but have you ever heard of the prohibition part of the constitution? They took that out, just like they can take out the part about the two term maximum rule.

SD: How are you going to be president forever?

P: Change the constitution and kill rivals...reputation.

SD: Mr. President, can I ask you a question.

P: Depends on the question. You can ask it, but I may not be able to answer it.

SD: Is Drake really a terrorist?

P: Yes, he instills terror in the hearts of the people of this great country.

SD: Let me rephrase the question. Did he cause all of those fires?

P: Yes, somebody did do it and he did it.

The previous transcript was taken from a recording that the secretary of defense took from this conversation with his phone. He released it to the general public and was attacked for being a Draker by the president. However, the public determined that he was not a Draker, but the president was a Draker.

7/14/????2

President Imprisoned Today Under the Anti-Draker Act; Secretary of Defense says “Shift in Politics is Coming”

In the leaked phone conversation between the president of the United States and the secretary of defense, the president said that he was going to stay in power forever. Americans across the country were enraged by their perceptions that he despised them for their stupidity. Americans were even more enraged when they found out that he had decided not to go get the international terrorist known as Pollock Drake.

In response to the president’s imprisonment, the vice president and everyone except for the secretary of defense stepped down. They stated the reason of “Two presidents in a row have been killed by the American public, I’m not going to be the third..”

To combat this, the secretary of defense, now the president of the United States has said, “We will not be executing the former president. We need to go back to the way things were. Trial by a jury of peers to determine whether he is guilty or not. There will be a change in politics the way we have been doing it. Since the destruction of those two cities, we have lost what it means to truly be American. We need to stop fearing for our safety and start living life like there is no tomorrow. No more killings, no more lynchings of people who may or may not be Drakers. We need to to live as we once lived, we need to be America, the land of the free and brave again. And we will. God bless America, and long live an America free from fear of Drakonianism.”

This shows a complete shift in politics, to imprison the president, instead of what we have been doing in the past year and a half of killing first and asking questions later. We are in a brave new world now and we will live in hope and not fear.

8/10/????2

The following are diary entries from the diary of Pollock Drake.

I have been in the desert for a year. I have died to myself and resurrected the parts of me that are necessary to defeat the dragon. I am one with the voice now. I know where to go.

How do I know where to go is a logical question that I can feel you asking me. Well, in the past year, I have become one with all parts of nature. Fire is my servant, all of nature is my servant and I control them. They show me the paths to places where none exist yet.

The dragon is in Drake where all of this started. I must be careful, and I know it, because I am still hunted by everyone in this country. I must stay away from places of humans. They are all afraid of me, and truthfully, they should be. I am more of a terrorist now than I have ever been.

My old government took my sheep, little did they know that the sheep was the last thing holding me to staying human. I am still human, but only just. I know the sacrifice that I must make in killing the dragon. I am saving the world and sacrificing myself, but the world will only rejoice because I am dead. They do not understand, they will never understand.

I am lost in a sea of nothingness, and that is what this world now has to offer me. I am innocent, and yet they have convinced themselves that I am evil. I have gone from a suspected terrorist to an evil menace that an entire government has chosen to hunt.

They do not understand the meaning of truly hunting. You cannot know what it is to truly hunt for something until you are alone and abandoned in this cruel world. They may call me evil, but it seems to me that I am more innocent than all of them combined. Look at the things that they have done in fear of me, an innocent. They have lynched their lovers, their friends, their children, all because they think that those follow me. I am followed by no one, the world has abandoned me to the evil of the world.

I will find this dragon, and I will die trying. My sacrifice, my choice, their world. Irony in its fullest extent.

11/26/???

I haven't gotten very far. I started on the West coast and have only gotten to the central United States. I am going, and I plan on killing that dragon. I know that the world will never think that I am innocent. They will always look at me as a villain, no matter what news and information is vomited into their brains.

I have had one close call that I turned into a good thing; back at the beginning of this month, I was walking through South Dakota when someone almost ran me over with a car. It was nighttime, and they stopped just in time to not hit me.

I just want to say that all of my pictures were destroyed in the fire that the dragon started in Drake, but apparently, the authorities who interrogated me took a picture of me. Since then, that picture has been used for the smear campaign that the media has used against me.

The driver got out to find out if I was okay, as soon as he saw my face, he went ghostly white as if I had threatened to kill him. Perhaps that is what he thought because

I am apparently a terrorist, I, for my part, looked like a deer in the headlights. So we just stood there looking at each other in horror, me because I had not been in contact with anyone in at least a year and a half; he because I am a terrorist according to the sources that he reads.

He took off running in the other direction, I, because I felt bad, yelled, "I'm not going to hurt you, please come back to your car and I will run away." He stopped running, and appeared to consider it. Then realized that he was thinking about a proposition coming from a terrorist. He started running again, and I yelled out, "I would come back here if I were you, or else you never know what might happen to you." I admit, not one of my best moments, but I needed to get to Drake fast before the dragon attacked another two cities.

I guess it was his turn to look like a deer in the headlights, and he started walking back like a person who is the walking dead. I said politely, "Could you please hurry up, you're kinda walking like a zombie." He walked faster after I said that, once he had gotten back, I asked him, "Could I get a ride back to my hometown? I have some unfinished business there."

The man was visibly shaken, "I-I-I have a f-f-family, sir."

I looked at the man, trying to determine what he was trying to say and asked, "Oh, so do you want to bring your family on the road trip there?"

This thought petrified him even more so than me asking for a ride, he couldn't even speak, but he did shake his head no so hard that I thought that he was going to unscrew his head. I said, "No, you don't want your family to go on the road trip, okay. Unfortunately, I don't have any money, sorry, but I do have the word thank you." I gave

him my best smile, and it didn't seem to help him calm down much. It seemed to scare him even more.

"Hey, relax, okay? I am not going to hurt you, I have nothing to hurt you with. I am not going to hurt you; what did I just say? Repeat it back to me."

"You are not going to hurt me."

"Please say it again."

"You are not going to hurt me."

"Again."

"You are not going to hurt me."

It seemed to me that he still thought that I was going to hurt him. "Okay, just keep telling yourself that and soon you'll believe it, because I'm not going to hurt you."

The entire trip, he was shaking and scared, I was trying to help him calm down. I tried telling jokes, but that didn't work. The joke that I told him was something to the lines of "Why did the chicken cross the road? To get away from me." I realized post-joke that it probably didn't break the ice, but made it worse.

He ended up dropping me off in Minnesota and, true to my word, I didn't kill him and I thanked him for the ride, which I truly did appreciate. He drove off like a bat out of hell, or at least trying to get out.

It showed me that no matter how hard I try, I am probably still not going to win these people over. I am trying to make this humorous because I am trying to see the humorous side of life, but knowing that I will forever be hated for an action which I did not commit doesn't help. Drake is closer than it was before, but I still have quite a while to go now.

Maybe I will almost be hit again and I can get another ride, a ride to where I am going or maybe a ride to my death. A third option is the most likely, and that is both.

1/19/???

Well, nothing much to report after my entry on the 12th. That was a dark day, because I was the closest I have ever been to Drake since it happened 2 years ago. Now, I am right now the outskirts of the town.

I am building up my mental control, calmness, and nerve. I am so scared, but because I am one with the voice now, I know that it's okay to be scared, it depends on what I do with that fear that makes me courageous or not.

It is not every day that you have to get ready to fight a dragon, well, not for others at least. For me, that has been my life for the past two years.

You know what? I have basically been complaining about this for the past two years, I am going to stop now. I will write again once I have killed the dragon.

1/22/????3

The following is an newspaper article written by the Aqua Dragua.

Odd Flares Appearing by Drake

Drake, more infamously known as the town wiped off the face of the map by international terrorist Pollock Drake, has had some odd flares that have been visible from various cities around the town.

It is unknown what caused the odd lights that occurred last night. Some think that it may be UFOs, others think that it was just meteors. The government has issued a statement saying, "We urge the public to remain calm while we try to determine what caused the odd flares. Therefore, just for the sake of precaution, do not try and enter within a proximity of 15 miles of Drake."

"It was almost like fireworks, it was some beautiful fireworks. It was like the color of the rainbow, but in fireworks. Again, it was beautiful." Said one citizen who asked to not be named for this story.

Time may or may not tell us what happened here last night, sometimes we are told immediately, sometimes we are told well after the fact, and sometimes, we just never hear about it. Under the new administration of the president, he has promised open and honest information to the public. Polls have been taken for the current president and they show that the president is more highly respected and honored than even Franklin Delano Roosevelt in his day.

There is no denying that the president has helped us get up from a tough fall. We had fallen a long way because we were afraid of a terrorist. We had seemingly

gone back to a McCarthy era where we tried people for having viewpoints that in reality they did not have.

Many government officials are saying that they will keep us in the know about the events that take place in the next few days with regards to this situation. And we promise to keep you in the know as well about this information.

1/23/???

It is finished. The world is safe, but I have not long to live. I will write as fast as I can and hopefully finish this so that someone may someday know that I am not innocent.

I mustered all of the courage that my small reserves had left. I called upon nature, my servant, to aid me in this battle against the beast. My voice told me where I could find the dragon. It was on the evil hill waiting for me as it had known that it was supposed to be here just as I had known. The cosmos had destined for us to meet here. Singers may sing until the ends of the earth about our meeting.

I walked through the town, the ashes were all gone as the years show that they had come and gone. I realized as I walked over my home that today was the two year anniversary of it happening. Many things have happened since then, two presidents have been kicked out of office (two, interesting), I have aged two years, I am now 17 years old. The day it happened, the fire destroyed two towns. The same thing that happened here happened on two continents abroad.

I was noticing a theme of two. This dragon was a bit obsessed with the number two.

I was thinking about this as I walked when suddenly, I stopped. There, ahead of me was the evil hill. And there, waiting for me, sitting cross legged was the dragon. It had scales the color of the rainbow. The blue was such a pure blue that I almost wept. I couldn't even look at the red, yellow, and orange scales because they were so bright. I knew that this was going to be a fight fit for the evil hill.

I sat there looking at it, and it sat there looking at me. We were measuring each other up. I started walking forward towards it, and it started walking towards me. Its facial expression was that of perplexion. "Nature didn't tell me you would be here." The dragon said in a voice as deep and warm as the core of the earth.

I said, "That's because I spent a year dying to earn nature's trust. Then, I made it my servant. You don't own it anymore."

The dragon let out a laugh, warm and mildly condescending in nature and said, "Oh, my dear boy, I never owned nature. Nature owned me." It let out a long sigh and said, "You have made the biggest mistake of your life."

"Don't think for a moment that that will scare me."

"I'm not trying to scare you, I'm trying to say that there is time to turn back. There is time for you. I am like this forever."

"You are a dragon."

"Is that what you have been calling me?" It looked interested. "That would explain why nature had me destroy Naga, Drake, Lindwurm, Drache, Liung, and Tatsu. Do you see the common theme among those?"

I honestly did not see the theme. "There is no theme, they are names of cities that have been destroyed in the same way."

The dragon closed its eyes and wept. I was incredibly unnerved by this, dragons are not supposed to weep. "I'm not sorry for weeping. I am weeping for you. For you have chosen a path that leads to certain death. That is the same path that I had chosen many years ago."

"What path is that?" I asked weakly.

“Path? I did say path, didn’t I? It’s not so much a path, so much as a cycle.”

“What is this cycle?”

“Nature has a cycle for everything. Life for animals are we are born, we live, we procreate, we die and our offspring live, procreate, and then die. Life for water is precipitation, runoff, accumulation, transpiration or evaporation, condensation, and then precipitation again.”

“What does that have anything to do with this?”

“I’m getting there, there is also a cycle, so old that it predates life itself. A cycle that nature made specifically to give life purpose. The life of water is made purposeful by being the thing that holds everything together. The life of monkeys is mostly to survive. Now humans, humans are an extraordinarily hard race to find a purpose for. So nature made a cycle to give human’s life purpose.”

“What is the purpose?”

“You tell me, Pollock. What has the purpose been for the past two years of your life?”

I felt a horrible feeling in the pit of my stomach. I whispered, “Hunting you.”

“That’s right, for the past two years, the purpose of your life has been to hunt me. I exist to give you purpose. And you,” the dragon stopped talking.

“What about me?”

“You are the purpose of the world. I existed to give you purpose so you could give purpose to the world.”

“What?”

“Nature made you elusive, you couldn’t be caught because nature didn’t want you to be caught. You gave purpose to the lives of the United States, they feared you. They made decisions based on that fear that gave them purpose. That’s why I exist, to give you purpose, to give you the anger that you needed, so you can give purpose to the United States. I guess the cycle can be called the dragon cycle.”

“So I can’t kill you?”

“You certainly can kill me, because my role in creating you in every way is over. But, I know one thing, if I just roll over and die, your purpose ends here and now and you turn yourself in. So, I will fight you and you will win, and you will become what you were always destined to be. The purpose that brings the next purpose into the world.”

“And then they kill me.”

The dragon looked sadly at me and said, “The plans for the next purpose are already in play. You are not even worthy of removing the shoes of the next purpose.”

“What was the common theme among all of those names?”

The dragon smiled and said, “All of the names of the cities and towns were names for dragons. Naga, Drake, Lindwurm, Drache, Liung, and Tatsu all represent the same concept, dragons. Nature used me to further your obsession and go deeper into your purpose. Now, let’s stop talking and fight.”

The dragon flew into the air and started coming towards me. Even though I shouldn’t have done it, I asked nature for help. Immediately, something fell out of the sky and landed right next to me. It was long and had a handle of shivering rainbow that shone like the scales on the dragon. I blinked and tried to see it for what it was and not

the colors, and I saw that it was a sword. I grabbed the sword, accepting my destiny. My destiny that I was going to die to bring greater purpose to this world.

The dragon emitted a fireball that came soaring towards me, I ducked out of the way. I got closer to the dragon, and the dragon swiped its hand at me, but I ducked away again. *Come on, this is too easy*, I thought to myself. As I was thinking that, the dragon swiped its hand again and this time it caught me on the arm that I was holding the sword in.

The sword fell out of my hand and I saw that the dragon was preparing to shoot another fireball at me. I jumped out of the way the right and away from my sword. The dragon lumbered towards me with another hand raised, and I barrel rolled to the left and grabbed the sword. The dragon took flight again and came barreling towards me. My sword plunged deep into the crevice of the ribcages straight into his heart.

The dragon looked at me in sadness, as if to apologize for all the pain that it had caused me. Suddenly, it began to transform into something else. I looked on in confusion as its head became smaller and the shape of an egg. A jaw jutted out, its body began to grow smaller. I realized as I blinked away the cobwebs that this was a human.

The next thing that happened, I was not ready for by any stretch of the imagination. Because in all of my imagination, I could not have expected this. There, standing before me with a sword in his heart was my father.

“I had to get you out of the zone of the city, and so I said I wasn’t feeling too well.” My father gasped while coughing up blood. “I told you, I created you in every

way, I wasn't lying. I'm...sorry." With that, he slipped from this life and fulfilled his role as creator of me.

I looked in horror as I realized that I had killed my father. I was blinking back the nagging feeling that I was going insane. How could this be?

I heard a sound behind me. I turned around wildly and found a woman with a kindly face. "Who are you?"

The woman's kindly face looked at me with knowing eyes and said with a German accent, "You killed my mother, you killed my father, you killed my whole family. I am here to seek revenge. You are Pollock Drake, and you destroyed my home, Lindwurm. You have killed my life."

I remembered the dragon had said that he had destroyed the city of Lindwurm, Germany. "No, that was this man who did that. He was my father. He did that to you, not me."

"Yes, you did. Look at your father." I looked down and saw ground. There was no body where seconds ago there had been my father. "When you destroyed my home, I saw a man carrying a sword of rainbow colors."

I was blinking back the craziness even more now. I thought I was completely losing it. "Who are you?"

"Agnes Zweck. According to the German newspapers, I am dead."

Something clicked inside of my brain that reminded me of a class that I had taken in German. Zweck is a German word, and it stood for... "Purpose."

1/24/???

Pollock Drake Captured at Last

A woman named Agnes Zweck brought Pollock Drake into custody at long last. She said that she found out his whereabouts from a man from South Dakota who told her where he said that he was going. Drake is now 17 and is being tried as an adult. He is expected to receive the death penalty because of his terroristic actions in the events following the attacks on Naga and Drake.

Drake stated in open court that he didn't do it. He stated that it was the dragon. His lawyers are using the criminally insane card, which may or may not work. Colleagues say that it is a longshot for him to be considered criminally insane.

1/26/???

Drake not Insane

According to psychiatrists who examined Pollock Drake, Drake is not criminally insane. He is not insane and is just trying to act like it. There is no knowledge of whether Drake has been treated for mental illnesses in the past, as the records would have been in city of Drake at the time of its untimely destruction at the hands of Drake.

1/28/???

Defense calls Agnes Zweck to the Stand

Today in court, the defense called Agnes Zweck to the stand and asked her questions to determine the mental state of the defendant when she found him. Zweck,

a survivor who was reported to be dead, but is very much alive, stated that he was completely out of it constantly talking about the dragon that he just fought. In her professional opinion, she was a psychiatrist in her home of Lindwurm, Germany, which was destroyed by Drake, Drake is mentally insane.

1/30/???

Jury Makes a Decision

“We, the jury, find the defendant, Pollock Drake, guilty of terrorism. We believe that he should be put to death for the crimes that he has committed against the people of the world.”

The execution will be scheduled for March 3 in front of a live studio audience and cameras for all those who are unable to come.

1/31/????3

The following is the transcript of a speech given by Agnes Zweck to the people of the United States.

Hello, citizens of America. For the past year and a half, I have been trying to figure out what to do with the fact that Pollock Drake destroyed my life. He murdered my family, he murdered my friends, and he murdered my children.

However, I want to publicly attest to my feelings, when I encountered him and saw how vulnerable he was in the town of drake on the night of the two year anniversary of the destruction of his city, I took pity on him. I want you to know that I, a victim of Drake's pointless violence, forgive him. I ask that you, as a country, and as a world, forgive him as I have done. He needs our help, not our judgment.

2/2/???

Agnes Zweck Deported

The country is in uproar since the speech that Agnes Zweck, the sole survivor of the Lindwurm attacks, asked the world to forgive Pollock Drake for this unforgivable act. The speech was met by two different reactions, one reaction said that it was touching and that they had changed their minds. The other reaction was that she was a Draker and should thus be punished with one of the three punishments.

The federal government was apparently part of the second group and they deported Zweck for not having a travel visa or anything for her to be here. They gave the same warning as they gave the congressmen two years ago, "If you come back and we will execute you."

Just like there were two groups to the speech, there are two groups for the deportation. One screams that it was unfair and she should be able to stay to fight for the rights of her victimizer. The other screams that it was just and fair as she was clearly trying to convince the public that Drake is not a bad man.

3/3/???

Zweck Returns and Drake Executed

Agnes Zweck made quite a polarizing stir in opinions last month that she was deported by the federal government. The government threatened her saying, "If you come back, we will have no other choice but to execute you." Since the threat, Zweck has not been heard from. Little is known about what she did during that month.

One thing is known, however, today is the day that Pollock Drake, the international terrorist was executed. He was to be beheaded in front of an audience and a camera. Usually, the government does not behead people, they send them to be lethally injected with serums that kill them.

However, the government had to appease the countries around the world who felt that Drake had attacked them as well. They determined that the most common form in those countries was beheading and so decided to do that form of capital punishment.

When asked to give his last words, someone busted in through the door. Everyone looked flabbergasted when they saw Agnes Zweck standing there. Drake's whole body, which had been visibly tense until that moment, relaxed when he saw Zweck and said, for his last words of this life. "Sweet and Holy Purpose, do your thing." In response to this, Zweck gave a slight nod that was visible to everyone.

The president of the United States was in attendance in the box. "We warned you not to come back, we gave you the warning, but you chose to ignore it. Shoot her." One of his secret service bodyguards took out a gun and shot her in the head. She was dead within 10 seconds of coming into the room.

Drake was clearly devastated and distraught. He started screaming "You killed her, you killed her, you killed sweet and holy purpose." His head was squirming and he was still screaming with the axe started going down. Within 20 seconds of the time Zweck came in, both Zweck and Drake were dead and the room was dead silent. In truth, the world was silent.

Zweck, a woman who fought to help a man who destroyed her life, was killed. One of the most innocent people in this whole mess, a victim of this mess, was

murdered for trying to help us understand forgiveness is an option. We don't have to kill people for revenge, we should forgive them and then act accordingly.

In the days that follow this double execution on live television, nobody knows what is going to happen. One thing is known, this is the first time that the whole world has been silenced by the same event.

1/22/???

The following is a speech the president gave on the third anniversary of the destruction of Naga and Drake.

I was sent two different articles of information. Both of which will change the course of how we think about our history. We all know that three years ago, two cities, Naga and Drake were destroyed in some fire. We had assumed that it was Pollock Drake that did this act.

According to the first piece of information, Pollock Drake had severe schizophrenia that he was treated for. Based on this, when he went into his coma, it wasn't a coma so much as a catatonic state because he was not receiving any medications.

The second piece of information was from Bethany Anguloce. In a lost hypothesis that was only recently found, there is such a thing as firestorms. High winds that make a fire move very quickly from one place to another. In an e-mail and a video of the Liung and Tatsu destruction in China, the firestorms were real.

Based on both of these pieces of information, it seems likely that all of the attacks that were associated with Pollock Drake, were not done by Pollock Drake. We, as a nation, have killed thousands of our own thinking that they were involved with Pollock Drake, calling them Drakers. The president even went so far as to create a war on drakonianism.

We have killed many, but unfortunately, we cannot go back. It begs the question, why on earth should we live when we killed the only man who was innocent of all of this.

We also killed the woman who was by his side and trying to help prove that he was innocent or at least not as guilty as we made him out to be.

We, as a country, as a world, are at fault for all of this death. We are all going to hell for what we have done.

Our purpose now is to create a society in which our children will not have to suffer as we have suffered. We have suffered from anger, fear, violence, and many other things. We turned to revenge in a time when we were being offered the chance to forgive. So, I must ask you to forgive me.

I am sorry. I am so sorry.