Please allow me to re-introduce myself. My name is Katana Kaleesi Fletcher. I live in Dover, Kent. I am the author of a 5-part fantasy series written under the pen name of DBKaine. This series has taken 15yrs of my life to unveil. The series is known as 'The Alahdorn Series'.

After numerous attempts with agents and publishers over the years I have had some feedback which I feel has made me strongly reconsider my initial inquiry attempts. It has been suggested that I 'Show' the reader the story rather than 'Tell'. Knowing this I have been re-writing the books in order to bring the readers to focus more on the story and its intricate details.

I have included a brief bio of myself and my writing and also the first chapter of book 1 in the series, 'Legacy of Alahdorn' for your kind consideration. I have also sent a number of emails to other agents. I understand you are extremely busy and I sincerely appreciate your time.

Many thanks.

Katana Kaleesi Fletcher.

Brief bio:

I am 42yrs old. I am a disabled mother of 2 and a new grandmother to 1. Previous to these books I found no interest in books or writing if I'm completely honest, but that soon changed one night in 2003 after a very strange dream. I have suffered severe depression and anxiety due to suffering 12yrs of sexual abuse at the hands of 2 family members. I had only ever suffered from horrendous nightmares and panic attacks throughout my younger years. So when I woke with the memory of a young girl and a single egg it felt very different from the rest. My initial instincts were to write the dream down. Over the period of a week, I had built up such a story that I felt compelled to write about it. Over the years I have had more than my fair share of loss with friends and family that have passed away through unexpected death or illness. Each book, in turn, has then been dedicated to certain people who have had a profound effect on me still being alive and staying strong through bouts of depression that still continue from to this day.

My goal in gaining someone to represent me is not to say 'Look, I wrote a book', but rather to say 'Don't give up, stay strong, there is a story in everyone be it good or bad'.

Brief synopsis: Book 1 'Legacy of Alahdorn'.

The books begin with a young girl name Brogan Fletcher. After being initially adopted at the age of 1 by a couple known as Jean and Herbert Fletcher Brogan lived in relative normality. That was, until the bombs of the second world war fell, destroying all she had known and loved. Finding herself once again in an orphanage Brogan is met by a Golden Dragon named 'Darwin', who has unknowingly to her, been with her since she was a mere baby. Darwin tells her of her true origins and of the inner inherited ability inside of her to replenish the magical lands of a realm known as ‘Alahdorn’. He tells her that she is what is known as a 'Shard child'. Brogan's birth mother was killed when she was a baby by a Black Dragon named Kraven who believes that Dragons should be the true rulers of the realm and no simple child. Brogan leaves the ravages of one war-torn world to face another. She must return to Alahdorn and raise an army of different mythical beings and creatures to fight against the Black Dragon and his fallen army of chaos in order to take her place at the 'Glass Alter'. She will then release her inner power which will renew the magic and the beauty of the lands; putting an end to Kraven and his reign of terror.

The rest of the series goes through the next several years of her life and how she has to prevent Kraven's spirit returning. Unfortunately, the eventual return of his spirit overtaking the body of a young Dragon 'Khi', leads her to fight against the Dragon she has fallen in love with. As Kravens spirit returns and uses Khi's body as a vessel, Brogan must decide to fight against him and destroy Kraven once and for all along with the Dragon she loves. Along the way, Brogan discovers that not only is she a Dragon herself, but she is also the last descendant of Vearon, the first of the Dragonkin. Parts of her 'inner Dragon' reveals itself piece by piece throughout the series until she eventually reveals her true Dragon form and destroys Kraven. She eventually becomes the most powerful Dragon of all but must face the trials of love, loss, death, and rebirth.

I am currently on book 4 in the series. I really appreciate your time and patience in reading my email and have sent you the first chapter below. Please do not hesitate to ask for any more material if needed.

Yours respectfully

Katana Kaleesi Fletcher

DBKaine.

A Whole New World

     My dream would start in the same way it had for the past ten years. It would begin as a warm, sunny day. The wind blew through the tree tops and then over lush, grassy glades. The smell of sweet nectar from surrounding flowers filled the air. I could just make out the hooded silhouette of a figure standing over me. A soft voice, almost like a melody on the wind would softly call to me. But, yet again this dream would end just as abruptly as it always had done. An immense blinding white light followed by a fading, haunting scream of a female would bellow in my ears, forcing me to wake from a deep slumber with a jolt.

          Brogan Fletcher was now almost thirteen years old. She had beautiful long brown hair down to the middle of her back, with stunning blue glassy eyes and skin as smooth as porcelain. She was just over five feet in height and was the daintiest young lady to see.

          It was a war-torn world for her. She had been kept in the confines of an orphanage used for war orphaned children of the second world war. The building itself was a three-storey structure of Victorian design. The ravages of the war outside had taken its toll on the structure of the building itself. It was cold and damp with beds enough for a dozen or so children. The wallpaper which was once crisp and clean was now dark and stained. Much of it was peeling and torn. Only three female adults attended to the children’s needs.

        The matron, Ms Willsher, was a hardened and stubborn woman, strict and stiff nosed. She would give them lessons during the day in a make shift class room which was one of the rooms in the orphanage. She dressed in the attire of a middle age spinster of that era with her hair always in a tight bun resting on the top of her head. Then there was a Mrs Turner. A young woman in her late twenties. Her husband was in the air force and was away on active duty. She was kind to the children. She would always dress in pencil skirts accompanied with delicate blouses. Her hair was almost black with round locks from her hair being in rollers during the evening. In these times women didn’t have much luxuries but Miss Turner always managed to make herself look beautiful and fresh. It was her duty to care for the children during their recreation time. She would also put the children to bed in the evenings, making sure they had washed their hands and brushed their teeth and hair.

        Then there was Mrs Gribble. She was the cleaner of the orphanage. She would make the beds and prepare meals. She was also a woman of her later years, maybe mid to late forties. Her age was apparent in the grey strands of hair which, like Ms Willsher, she kept tight back in a bun at the back of her head. It wasn’t her duty to teach the children, but she would be the first to make her views known if the children left any mess or clutter around the rooms. She always wore a black piny with a white apron. This was more of her work uniform than anything. She would wear a long white gown at night and walk the halls of the orphanage with Ms Willsher, checking on the children and making sure they were in bed and asleep.

          The furniture itself throughout was sparse and dated much like the building itself. Wooden benches and tables were used for the classroom area. The beds were made of thin metal and were spaced a few feet from each other, just giving each child enough room to have a single case by their beds. They were also lucky enough to have a shelf above their beds which some of the children posed a few belongings.

          The streets outside were harsh and crumbled with the indentations of fallen bombs. The smell of ash and gunpowder scented the air and the thick smog of brick dust choked the lungs of children and adults alike.

           Whenever the sound of the air raid horn bellowed through the streets her and her fellow orphans would run to a bunker which was buried within the back grounds of the orphanage. Its unkempt bushes and undergrowth covered the corrugated metal which arched over the bunker entrance. The children would hide below in the bunker listening to the pounding of the bombs above, hoping that one wouldn’t fall upon them or the orphanage itself. Ms Willsher, Mrs Grimble and Mrs Turner would always gather the children when the horn sounded. They would be the last in the bunker once they had counted each child. Ms Willsher would sit at the front of the children waiting for the sound of the horn to bellow once again, indicating the all clear from the falling bombs. Mrs Grimble would sit patiently. She was not maternal in any way but like Mrs Turner she would allow the children to cuddle up to her as the bombs dropped. Their fear and anticipation would be evident upon their faces as fear would grasp at their emotions.

           The shudder of heavy bombs upon brick houses and cement above made the bomb shelter shake, making each child flinch, hoping that the next one wouldn’t drop on them. Dust and particles of dirt would fall from the metal ceiling enclosure of the shelter, being made loose by the vibrations above.

          Only six months before, Brogan had parents. Her parents had always told her she had been adopted by them as a baby. They could not bare children of their own. Her adopted parents were known as Jean and Herman Fletcher. They were kind and giving. They had a small but loving home. Both were in their early thirties. Jean was a beautiful lady with blond hair and blue eyes. Herman was slightly rotund but full of love. He was always jolly and played with Brogan at every opportunity he got. Jean was a seamstress and Herman worked as a local coalman. His hours were long and hard, but he always found time for Brogan.

          The day the bomb came down, her world; her life was shattered. All she remembered was her mother making her run towards the bomb shelter in their back garden. She pushed Brogan through the doors of the shelter before passing a solid, egg shape stone wrapped in paper into the palm of her hands. She then slammed the doors closed as Brogan screamed out for her mother. Her mother knew she wouldn’t make it, but she could give Brogan the chance to survive if she went into the shelter first. Her father was at work that day. Later on she was to learn that a bomb had struck the coal yard he worked in, there were no survivors. A sudden rumbled made the bunker tremble with such force. Brogan could feel the concrete and bricks outside fall onto the hardened ground above the hidden shelter.

         It felt like forever as she lay within the confines of brick and metal. The shelter had fallen but Brogan had survived simply because a pocket had formed around her from the angle of bricks and dirt. Dust choked her lungs and nothing, but darkness and silence now surrounded her.

        Eventually a faint noise could be heard from the fallen rubble above the shelter doors. Hearing voices Brogan began to cry. She was saved by the survivors in her town. Men had parted the fallen rubble and pulled her from her coffin of solitude. She was dusty and black with soot and weary from her emotion and physical trauma. The moment she was pulled into the open she noticed the surrounding destruction. Her home was now a pile of rubble. Broken furniture and other items were scattered. Men and women were walking around dazed and confused while others moved the rubble to try and find other survivors. Looking over towards what used to be the back porch of her home, Brogan saw a pile of stones and roof tiles. Her heart melted as she saw what use to be the soft skinned hand of her mother protruding from beneath a fallen wall. Now it was dusted and tarnished.

          Brogan had no time to stand and cry over her mothers’ body, as she was led away by a few townsfolk. Even within the darkness of her confinement Brogan clasped tightly onto the egg-shaped stone and the wrapped note her mother had passed to her. This was now resting upon the shelf above her bed in her new home. These were her only belongings apart from a few clothes supplied by the orphanage when she arrived. The note was found in her basket as an abandoned baby. The note simply read:

‘Please take care of my precious daughter Brogan Drey. I love her very much, but there is no other way. This egg must never leave Brogans side.’

     The egg was the size of an ordinary chicken egg, but it was as hard as stone. It was dark yellow in colour and apart from being left at the bottom of a baby basket; the egg did not portray any significance to those who saw it. However, the egg remained in Brogans possession as it was requested.

      The weather on the night Brogan had been abandoned was said to be one of the worst storms on record and tonight seemed no different. The wind whistled and howled through the thick branches of some nearby trees, while the rain beat down heavily against the window pane. Bright flashes of lightning momentarily lit up the dark shadows of the room, followed by the rumbling of heavy thunder. Brogan and the other children lay quietly within the warmth of their beds listening to the unforgiving weather outside. Brogan lay with her sheets pulled tightly up around her neck and her long, brown hair draped over her pillow.

     Just then, from within the darkness of her room and in-between the recurring rumbling of the thunder, Brogan could hear what sounded like a faint rattling. She pulled the bed sheets up even tighter around her body and scanned the room. Even though the storm raged outside the other children slept soundly in their beds. They were use to bombs dropping and sirens sounding so a storm didn’t disturb them from their slumber. Those who were unsettled kept quiet at the thought of Ms Willsher walking the halls with her lamp, on her nightly duties of making sure the house was in order.

         Realising the sound was coming from her shelf above her bed, Brogan stood up and glanced over the shelf. There, perched upon the wooden shelf was the solid egg which had been in her possession as a baby. With her eyes open in wonder, she noticed that the egg was rattling. A child in her nearby bed moved and snuggled in her sheets, disturbed at the noise.

         Grasping the egg, Brogan scuttled off to a nearby bathroom with the egg clutched tightly in her hands. She was afraid that the noise would bring Ms Willsher to scuttle to her room. But this egg was important to Brogan with it being part of a history she had no memory off, and its unexplained movements encouraged Brogan to want to know more.

         Creeping into the bathroom Brogan closed the old wooden door behind her and sat with her back against the wall. She left the light off so as to not attract attention from anyone passing in the halls. The egg then rattle with such force that she let it go, allowing it to roll onto the old wooden floor and into the centre of the room. The old bathroom had a single window within it, which allowed the flashes of lightning to momentarily light up the darkened shadows of the room. The window beat mercilessly on the pane of the window, filling the room with the sound of what seemed to be dozens of tiny stones striking the glass of the window outside. Just then, the old wooden door to the bathroom swung open taking Brogan by surprise and making her jolt. But instead of the hard nosed Ms Willsher standing there, Mrs Turner stood in the door opening with her white long night gown on and her beautiful black hair down from its usual lock style.

         “What are you doing?” She whispered. Mrs Turner was a kind young lady and like Brogan, the last thing she wanted to do was to draw attention to Ms Willsher that one of the children was out of their beds.

         Just then, the egg once again rattled as a clap of thunder rumbled outside the walls of the Victorian home. Mrs Turner quickly closed the door behind her and moved over to Brogan. She crouched down beside her and held her around the shoulders in a protective manner. Just like Brogan, the movement of the small hardened egg intrigued her. She knew this egg was an important part to Brogan and her past. War children had little to their name but this item had more meaning to Brogan then a simple doll or toy, with it being a part of her biological family.

       With each flash of lightning and rumble of thunder, the small hardened egg seemed to swell and grow until it became the size of an ostrich egg. Mrs Turner held Brogan tightly; both stared in a mixture of bemusement and curiosity at the actions of the egg. Then, the egg rattled so violently that it cracked open, both Mrs Turner and Brogan jolted back against the wall. Both had an element of fear running through their veins but at the same time they both felt mesmerized at the egg; their chests pounded with anticipation. The storm outside seemed to come to a gentle stop and the room fell into an eerie silence. The lightning had come to a swift halt, leaving nothing but the rays of the moon outside to filter through the rain spattered window pane and light up the centre of the bathroom in a haunting blue glow.

      After watching the egg sit motionless for a moment, Brogan and Mrs Turner’ eyes widened. A faint golden glow appeared to emanate through the crack in the eggs shell. Its faint glow seemed to throb more and more, lighting the darkened corners of the bathroom in a beautiful, delicate, golden glow. With each throb the light became brighter. Mrs Turner shielded Brogans eyes with her arm as she closed her eyes from the bright rays in return. As the light begao ebb, Mrs Turner opened her own eyes and removed her arm from Brogans face as they both glanced at the egg before them.

     There, standing beside the broken yellow shell was a strange creature indeed. It had a long snake like body that was covered in smooth golden yellow scales, with long armour type plates running the full length of its streamline body. They ran from the tip of its tail to the end of its jaw, which rested on an elegantly shaped head. It seemed that this row of hardened plates was there to protect its delicate underbelly.

      A hard shovel like, sharp edged golden fin sat at the end of its long snaking tail. Its powerful looking paws looked similar to that of a bird of prey, with sharp pointed golden talons protruding from each of its scaly toes. Brogan and Mrs Turner; still seated tightly against the cold walls of the bathroom, stared at this strange creature, which now stood in the middle of the bathroom floor.

      It stretched out its legs one by one, as if it were relieving itself from the tightness of such a small confined shell. ‘I know what this creature looks like,’ Brogan thought to herself ‘But it can’t be possible. Creatures like these only exist in fairy tale books……. don’t they?’

     The small scaly creature snuffled and sniffled with its long snout, before letting out a rather abrupt sneeze. This, to Brogans slight amusement, was followed by two puffs of smoke rings which blew out of the creature’s nostrils. The creature then elegantly coughed and spluttered, as if to clear out its throat. Mrs Turner however seemed stunned at such a sight. She sat starring at the creature, wide eyed and speechless. She was filled with fear but couldn’t bring herself to move. Unlike Brogan, Mrs Turner was not filled with childish curiosity but rather shock and disbelief at the events unfolding before her. Her first instinct though was to protect Brogan and as such she wrapped her arms around Brogans shoulders and pulled her towards her chest. Brogan could feel Mrs Turner’ heart beating heavily through her chest.

     “, sorry my dear,” the creature said, as it stared up at Brogan, “I hope I didn’t startle you too much? It does tend to get a bit cramped when you spend so much time wrapped up into such a small space.”

     Brogans mouth opened in astonishment at such an unexpected announcement.

     “You’re a…. a….a” she stammered, still in disbelief.

     The thought kept running through her mind that this was nothing but a dream. Any minute now she would wake up in her bed, still wrapped up in the warmth and safety of her sheets. The storm would still be bellowing from outside the window.

     “I’m sorry,” the strange creature continued, “Where are my manners. My name is Darwin. I have been looking forward to finally meeting you again after all these years young Brogan.”

     A frown spread over Brogans brow. She had gone from nervous and unsure, to curiosity and astonishment; even Mrs Turner had a grin appear in the corner of her mouth. Her fear was replaced with wonderment at the mythical creature.

     “You’re a…. a….” Mrs Turner stammered.

     “Yes,” Darwin grinned, “I’m a Dragon.”

     “How do you know my name?” Brogan asked.

     “I have known you since the day you were born.” Darwin replied with a grin.

      Brogan edged forward. Even though Mrs Turner initially felt the need to protect Brogan from the strange creature, she gave way to her firm grasp on Brogan and allowed her to slide towards the Dragon. What tie did this strange creature had to Brogan and her forgotten past?

     “I have no memory of you.” Brogan said, as she scanned Darwin’s magical form. “How do you know me?”

     “I expect you have a thousand questions,” Darwin replied, “I can understand that this is quite a shock for you and I wish I had time to explain it all, but our time is running short.”

     Darwin was right. There were a thousand questions running through Brogans mind that she wanted to ask, but at the moment only one came to the front of her mind.

     “Why is our time short?” she asked, “Why can’t you explain everything to me now?”

     Darwin edged towards Brogan and placed one of his padded paws onto her knee. Her fear of the unknown was telling her to pull away but her feeling of curiosity kept her still. Even Mrs Turner found herself pulling her back away from the way and leaning in towards Brogan and the small Golden Dragon.

       The feeling of Darwin’s paw took Brogan by surprise. It wasn’t harsh and rough like she thought it would be, but rather soft and warm; similar to a kitten’s pad.

     “…Because it is time for you to return home.” Darwin gently replied.

     “Home...?” Brogan asked, shaking her head, “This is my home now.”

     “There is no easy way to explain this young Brogan,” Darwin explained, “But your home, your realm, needs you.”

     Brogans head was swimming. For the past ten years she had thought constantly about the life from which she had come. Where did she come from? Why had she been abandoned as a baby? Jean and Herbert had become her world until the bomb had destroyed her life of love and warmth But never in her wildest dreams had she thought that her questions might be answered in this way.

     “Realm….” Brogan asked with a frown of curiosity, “What realm?”

     “I knew that this day would come,” Darwin answered. “So, what I am about to tell you, you may find difficult to come to terms with.”

     “Please,” Brogan answered, “Please tell me.”

     “Ten years ago, you were brought here to this realm for your own safety.” Darwin continued. “You came from a realm known as Alahdorn. It is a wonderful place full of many magical and mysterious creatures from Dragons to fairies alike. Kind folk live in harmony with the creatures that surround them. It is full of planes of lush green pastures. Trees of a thousand different hues fill dense forests. Jagged mountains with snow crested peaks surround the horizons. But like any land it also has its dark side.” Darwin sighed, “Orcs and goblins fill caves deep within the mountains and underground. Dragons of devious and selfish alignment hunt and dwell in various elements.”

         “Why is Alahdorn a part of me?” Brogan asked.

     “In Alahdorn there is a legacy.” Darwin continued. “Once every one hundred years there is a magical child born, these children are known as Light Shards. They are cherished children of flawless beauty. They are considered prophet like and are treated with regal stature to all creature of good intent. To each light shard child there is appointed a Golden Dragon like me to guide and teach them the old ways of Alahdorn and the teachings passed from Shard to Shard. When the time is right the child, under the witness of the twelve members of a high council, will stand upon a Glass Altar in a place known as the Glass City and release a magical light from within. It is a power; an ability they are born with. This light replenishes all the magic and splendour in the land. The beauty and mystique of everything living from the trees to the fish that swim the streams are revitalised. New life itself can be born of this magic.” Darwin frowned. “Unfortunately, there are some who think differently about this and do not wish for the child to stand at the altar. If they can prevent the light from being released, then they can destroy the magic that Alahdorn holds and take rule for themselves. Without the light, the land with fall to destruction and ruin. Hunger and war will rage its lands and ravage its beauty. Orcs and Dragons will take rule, enslaving each creature until Alahdorn is nothing but a husk of its previous beauty. We must prevent this from happening by returning the shard back to Alahdorn. It is time for you to take your rightful place at the altar Brogan.”

     Brogan couldn’t take it all, even Mrs Turner had a look of astonishment on her face. But at the same time, the whimsical tale of Alahdorn drew itself to her imagination. Brogans whole world which she had come to know had just tumbled in all around her in the most unexpected way. Anyone else would have probably gone running from the room in fear, but instead of fear, Brogan felt a deep-down feeling of curiosity. If this was the only way of finding the answers to her hidden past, would she be strong enough to go ahead and find them?

     “We really must be going,” Darwin said, as he yet again gently tapped Brogan’s leg with his warm, padded paw, “My power is only limited at the moment, I’m afraid I only have the power to take you and you alone.”

     Brogan looked over at her window in contemplation and watched the now fine spatter of rain from the storm, which flicked across the glass panes. She then turned her attention to Ms Turner.

     “What shall I do?” She asked Mrs Turner.

     “Go.” Mrs Turner replied with a glint in her eye and a smile on her face.

     “But I’m afraid.” Brogan answered.

     “What is there her for you?” Mrs Turner answered. “There is nothing but destruction and turmoil.”

      “But what about you?” Brogan asked. She liked Mrs Turner. Since being at the orphanage Mrs Turner had been caring and attentive towards the children unlike Ms Willsher and Mrs Gribble. How could she leave such a loving friend behind in a world of bombs, fear and destruction?

      “I could never leave.” Mrs Turner answered. “My place is here. My husband will return one day, and I want to be there for him. This is your chance for a new beginning; a new life. Take that leap Brogan,” Mrs Turner smiled affectionately. “If you have a chance to bring peace then do so, leave this hell behind you. Anything is better than to live in torn down crumpled buildings and towns, go and find yourself.”

       “I will always remember you.” Brogan glanced at her with glassy eyes.

        “…and I, you.” Mr Turner replied.

        Brogan the turned her attention back to Darwin.

     “What do I have to do?” she grinned; knowing that this was her chance, her only way of finding out the truth.

     “You must hold me in your arms and close your eyes.” Darwin explained. “No matter what you feel, or what you hear, you must keep your eyes as tight as you can until I tell you to open them.”

     Within the shadows of the room Brogan stood up alongside Darwin’s fractured egg shell. Mrs Turner watched in awe from her sitting position on the cold floor.

      Stretching out his leathery wings, Darwin beat them, fluttering a flow of air through Brogans long brown hair. The sound of his crisp new wings sounded like crumpled paper being unfolded. Darwin then leapt up from the ground and hovered only a foot away from Brogan. Reaching out her arms, Brogan allowed Darwin to land safely on her forearm, like a bird of prey landing on its handlers perch. She found it a little cumbersome with his wings beating and his tail balancing him up. But as he folded his wings back against his body, Brogan held her within the security of both arms and against her chest. His golden yellow scales gently brushed against the soft cotton of her long nightshirt, and the warmth of his small body felt comforting against her skin, Brogans heart began to pound with anxiety.

     “Now close your eyes tight,” Darwin whispered, “And repeat after me. By the power of the light shard, I demand that you take me home.”

     Before closing her eyes, Brogan glanced once more over towards Mrs Turner. She didn’t want to leave Mrs Turner behind, but the look upon Mrs Turners face gave her the reassurance she needed. Mrs Turner smiled and nodded as if giving her blessing for Brogans choice to leave.

      Closing her eyes, Brogan repeated the words. Slowly, she felt the heat from Darwin’s body emanate even more, as he lay quietly in her arms. This was followed by a tingling sensation deep within her chest, which gradually spread throughout her entire body and into the tips of her fingers and toes. Suddenly a strong gust of cold air blew across Brogan’s face and body, blowing her hair back from her shoulders and making the fine hairs on the back of her neck stand on end. She kept her eyes closed as tight as she could, but her small body began to shake, as a strong feeling of butterflies began to well up from the pit of her stomach and into her chest; making it ache.

      Brogan felt as if her body had begun to spin. She had every intention of doing as she was told and keeping her eyes closed, but the spinning sensation was making it difficult. Brogan crunched her eyes even tighter, to make sure that she did what she had been told by Darwin.

        As quickly as it had begun, the flowing of air across Brogans skin and through her hair; the tingling upon her skin and the beat of anticipation gave way to a serene silence. Brogan stood for a moment with her eyes still tightly closed in what had become an almost eerie silence.

     “It’s ok now young Brogan,” Darwin whispered; breaking the quietness, “We are here. You can open your eyes.”

     Brogan obeyed, nervous at the thought of what she would be faced with, but to her surprise there was nothing. Brogan found herself surrounded by darkness to the point where she couldn’t even see Darwin still resting within her arms. Although she felt blind to her surroundings Brogan felt no fear with Darwin resting against her chest.

     “Darwin.” Brogan whispered nervously.

     “It’s ok young Brogan,” he replied, “you are safe here.”

     Darwin turned his head and with a few puffs, released several small balls of fire from his nostrils. The balls spun in a magical dance of swirling circles around Darwin and Brogan. Brogan watched at the beauty of the delicate flame balls and the tender, warming light they gave off as they danced around her, before swirling off into different directions. Each flame approached several very old gothic type metal lanterns, which were mounted on the walls of what appeared to be a very large cave. Thick spider webs had formed over the lanterns, showing many years of dormancy.

      As the light of the lanterns wick burned, the delicate lace webs encrusting them melted away within the heat of their flame. The light was dim, but it was now enough for Brogan to scan her new, strange surroundings. There seemed to be only two exits either end of the cave, both of which were rather large and led off into darkness. The walls themselves glistened as if they had been sprinkled with shimmering glitter. The walls didn’t seem cold or hard, damp or drab for a cave, they had a dark burgundy hue to them. Just like the flames flickering in the lanterns, the walls gave off a warm, welcoming feeling.

       “Let me down.” Darwin asked Brogan in a kindly voice.

        Moving her arms out, Brogan allowed Darwin to unfold his wings once again and take a balance on her forearm, before gently jumping down. Although he had talons and scales he was so delicate with his movements as to not harm Brogans skin in any way. With a few flutters of hlden wings Darwin glided down from Brogans arm. He then walked his way over to a darkened alcove dug into the side of the cave wall. Darwin then let out one more ball of fire which lit up a pile of very old, dusty logs.e lanterns they too had a thick layer of velvety web laced across them which melted away as the fire took hold of the wood pile. The pile of dusty wood crackled, bubbled and spat from the heat.

       Brogan stroked the wall of the alcove. She could see thousands of broken geodes, which glistened and sparkled with fantastic shades of purple and reds, as the light of the fire flickered off their jagged surfaces. A number of thick grey and brown furs lay besides the alcove. Unlike the rest of the cave; dusty and dormant from years of solitude; the furs looked clean and fresh as if they had only just recently been left.

     Looking around Brogan could see many brightly coloured stones, all of different shapes and sizes lying around in mounted piles upon the floor. Looking more closely Brogan noticed that these were no ordinary stones. Brogans eyes widened as she noticed that they were piles of large diamonds, topaz and rubies, pearls also shimmered with an opaque essence as the fires light reflected off their milky surfaces.

     “Well,” Darwin said, “welcome to my home. It’s not much, but us Dragons don’t often have visitors you see. Many of my kind prefer to keep ourselves in the solace of our own company. Well,” Darwin said with a deep breath, “everything is pretty much how I left it. They fur I asked to be brought here when the time came have been rested there for you.” Darwin then held out an inviting paw to Brogan, “Come…lay the furs out and rest by the fire. There is much for us to do and even more for you to learn. But you need to rest and gather your strength.”

     Brogan pulled some of the furs from their pile and laid them out in front of the fire. She yawned. The transition from her world to this had taken its toll on her but only now she felt at ease did she realise just how tired her young body was. She glanced around at the glittering effect of the walls and precious, bright gems which lay scattered upon the floor.

     “You have nothing to fear here.” Darwin said as Brogan rested her head down upon one of the furs.

      Although Brogans head was spinning with questions and curiosity, the events which had taken place had taken their toll on her and with the silence of the cave and the warmth of the fire surrounding her, she found herself slowly drifting off into a deep sleep.

      Watching over her as she rested, Darwin too rested himself beside Brogan near the fire. He let out a deep sigh. He knew what faced Brogan on the journey to come. The evil that lay ahead and the ghosts of her past that she would one day soon have to stand and face.

     “Rest now young Brogan....” He whispered with one last thought running through his mind. At least Brogan was safe for now…. but how long would that safety last for?