

The Dragon Egg

By Varvara Trofimova

Have you ever been to a family dinner? When the spoons are clinking, conversations are filling the room, and there is a smell of carrot soup in the air? Yeah, that's where I was. I'm Cristina Algor, the heir of the family of dragon hunters. My parents died fighting those beasts, and the only thing I have left from them is a small ring with an emerald-green stone. Over a thousand years, my family has been fighting those devils. On the walls of our giant mansion hang the heads of those monsters. Their scales shone with sinfulness, and their teeth were sharp like knives. Dragons... I hate those creatures. My grandma Belinda always told me,

"Those creatures are killers and they deserve to be killed."

Just then, I heard Belinda yelling from the kitchen, "Cristina! Come here and help me, dear!"

I walked into the kitchen and smelled spaghetti and meatballs. Yum!

Belinda, this tough old lady, was standing there, leaning against the wall, and looking at me with those dark eyes. It almost looked like they had no soul... She was wearing an inky leather coat and high black lacquer boots.

"Can you bring the plates from the living room? Don't go to the basement, though," she instructed.

"But why not?" I asked.

"I said no, and that's final," Belinda said, glaring at me.

As I walked down the stairs to get the plates, I wondered, what could possibly be in the basement? I decided that I was just going to take a peek, and that's it. The stairs creaked as I walked down, and then I saw an old wooden door that led to the basement. My heart was beating like a drum as I pushed the door open. The wood scratched my arm. Blood flowed, but I just wiped it with a piece of my shirt.

It was as dark as a grave in the basement. Though, I still managed to see a Brobdingnagian green stone lying on the ground—or at least I thought it was a stone.

The mysterious thing seemed to have a light within it. When I put my hand on the rock, it started to vibrate. Then it cracked, and a snake-like muzzle appeared from the rock.

"A dragon," I whispered.

However, it was not scary. No, it was really cute, and the creature looked like a cat with wings. Its emerald scales shone as the dragon tilted its tiny head. The scales were the exact color as my ring. Its eyes were the color of liquid gold, and they looked like lanterns in the dark.

Suddenly, I heard someone breathing beside me. I turned around and saw... Belinda. She was holding a sharp silver knife in her hand.

"Stupid girl," she growled. "I told you not to go into the basement, and you did."

She raised the knife toward the baby dragon. Her stare was as cold as ice, and her eyes did really seem soulless.

"No!" I screamed. "Don't touch the dragon! It has done nothing to you!"

The basement seemed dark, and I couldn't breathe, like I had fallen into a void. I jumped and got the knife out of my grandma's hand. I felt the metal in my hand—it was cold, just like the anger inside of me.

Belinda looked at me, and I could see disbelief in her eyes. "But Cristina, dragons are killers... and deserve to be killed," I interrupted her, "No, not this dragon. She is not like the others, and I feel the connection deep within me."

"But dragons killed your parents," Belinda argued, her voice getting sharper. "You hate them with your whole heart!"

"Not this one. It had nothing to do with them," I said, wrapping my hands around the dragon to protect it.

Just then, I felt my ring getting warm. When I looked at it, it was shining bright green, just like the dragon. The tiny dragon looked up at me, and I heard a soft, magical voice in my head that sounded like the beautiful melody of a violin:

"Hello, Cristina. Don't be scared. I am Firebreath, and from now on there will be a bond between us that will never be broken—the bond between a dragon and its rider," the voice said.

I jumped up, feeling like my heart was about to pop out of my chest. My eyes widened as I looked at the tiny creature. The dragon didn't open its mouth, so how could it be speaking?

"How... how are you speaking?" I asked, coming a little closer to examine Firebreath.

"Through telepathy, silly. This is how dragons communicate with each other," the dragon replied. "You have the ring, which means our souls are connected. Your parents didn't have it by chance. Their spirit lives in me."

Belinda whispered, "That's why I felt like the egg was connected to them."

“Exactly,” Firebreath nodded. “Now, if you excuse us, Cristina and I need to spend some dragon time together...”