Venturing: A Talent and Colors

The meeting had come to a close and with it, we decided to walk outside of the large room behind us. So Yang motioned all four of us as her eyes darted to everyone that she had recognized. We nodded in response, Kyro and Natty smiled; relief that they did not had to endure the inflicted past that she had done with the three dragons she had recognized with. As our heads and bodies turned leftward moving up the hillside towards the doors, I turned around and noticed that Zander was following us also. A strict smile implanted his hardened face. As his eyes narrowed upon me, brushing past after our wings interacted and walked ahead, the black dragon had ignored me for some reason. I pondered over my thoughts, frowning while I resumed walking ahead. Following behind the black dragon by the time we reached the top of the hillside, upon the doors was when I grabbed the handle and pulled back allowing both me and Zander to entered in without hesitation.

And enter in we did; as our silence fell. Quietness and a slight ringing in my ear pings, I had to slap my ears to rid myself of that annoying ringing. As the remaining five dragons stared at one another; Yang coughed getting our attention. She wore the brightest smile upon her face as she grinned to the rest of us. I, along with Natty and Kyro could not help also; as she had already caught our attention. She spoke dropping her voice down so the audience inside the room would not hear. Not that it matters anyway, you know. She said, ‘So. All five of us are called into this schooling because of what purpose?’ ‘Everyone seems nice inside there. Including the principal. There is nothing wrong.’ I started, Zander growled at me narrowing his eyes pointing daggers before contradicting, ‘There is something wrong there. Me and this red muscler dragon had felt it from our hatchling years?’ ‘Excuse me?’ Kyro protested an eye twitched as he stared at him before adding ‘But I was not here at all. Only you, Ling, Yang, and Natty were.’ I nodded, agreeing with him.

Zander frowned at me and Kyro. However, Yang coughed again with more force as our heads turned to her. ‘As I was saying… before being rudely interrupted by you.’ She growled at Zander, ‘Like the past event; I bet you twenty years from then; that killer had come back here.’ ‘To perhaps… no definitely try things again to add to its score count.’ Natty muttered and shook her head, ‘No doubt about it.’ I stared at the rest of them as they were talking to one another; excluding me into the conversation. As I stared, I outburst and silenced the conversation that was happening at the same time and their heads to me. I narrowed my eyes and spoke; speaking what was in my mind. ‘So if the killer is trying again. Should we cover our bases and secure the perimeter of the schooling? If not, the auditorium?’ I suggested. They turned to one another; smiles came all around. As they nodded, Natty broke well into the pausing silence. ‘Well. let get started. I call the entrance doors of the auditorium.’ “Natty seems to be the best at finding all of the weak points of the schooling, you know.’ I started, ‘So are you two… and Zander.’ Kyro remarked replying to me as I chuckled; flattered by him.

‘Alright. Me and Yang should guard the doors then. Kyro and Zander should walk the perimeter of the schooling.’ Yang ordered, ‘That includes upstairs, right?’ Kyro asked Yang nodded. There was a sudden mutter that either me or Yang did not hear as our heads were turned towards the auditorium behind us, I frowned. My heart had started beating and thoughts entered my mind wondering about our suspect. Would it have any connections to the twenty-year massacre that happened before? Will history repeat itself? I had always wonder… As my thoughts trailed inside my head and begun daydreaming staring upon the ceiling above me, I had not noticed that Natty, Zander, and Kyro had already left us leaving me and Yang by ourselves in front of the door. A sudden nudge kicked me out of cloud nine as I returned into the reality of things and gazed to the sides before turning my attention to Yang for the fourth time. I think. As she deftly smiled and chuckled, saying nothing in response, she motioned to me. I came to her. Stood by the sides of the doors behind us while I faced out front staring down onto the hallway presented to me.

Silence had passed through us for nearly thirty minutes or so; I had lost track of time here now. I sighed, giving my breath of air to the surroundings around me as I lifted my feet from the grounds below me. Another minute had gone by. I started groaning, Yang shifted her eyes to me in silence. Tilting her head wondering what I was doing, but I remained stuck in my thoughts and body instead. Unaware of what others were staring upon me. Sometimes, I had hated attention. But I had to live with it at times.

Fifteen additional minutes had gone by; and still silence. Ringing had already started in my ears. The mixture sounds of laughter and talking heard in my ear that sometimes I wondered what was going on in there. ‘I could take a peak…’ I trailed mentally thinking as my eyes shifted to Yang who remained still like a statue staring upfront upon the horizon. I frowned in response and remained like her also. Keeping still and staring up front hoping that my thoughts would distract my brain from becoming too bored.

It was an hour. Our legs had started cramping and hurting. Pains and needles had struck against our feet, making them fat and juicy for anyone to eat. As I grinded my fangs together tightly because of the pain, my face had started hardening. My paws were fidgeting as if they had wanted to move. But fought I had upon keeping still hoping that no one would notice us. This was what remained upon the hour; footsteps echoed faintly in our ears. Full knowing that Kyro and Zander were moving about. But were they okay? Upon that, my mind had split up into two. One claimed that Kyro was in trouble because of Zander. The other says the opposite. My head grew hotter and aching at the time and thought had passed through me. As the cells of my brain started fighting one another; each claiming that they were right, I break the silence. Yang turned to me. Giggling, trying to contain her laughter, as she taunted me when her lips split ‘Ling. You are not a hatchling, you know that.’ ‘I know. I know.’ I started, replying to her. ‘But the silence… The waiting… I cannot help it at all. It is too much for me to handle you know.’ ‘Yeah. I know.’ Yang remarked, saying nothing else in reply as the quietness fell upon our shoulders again. I sighed.

‘How long was the play again?’ I asked suddenly, curiously glancing at Yang who pondered. ‘Erm… an hour had pass right?’ I nodded in reply, ‘well… about thirty minutes or so. I think the play was like an hour and thirty minutes; perhaps forty-five. Am not sure. Should ask-’ ‘I get it thanks.’ I started, interrupting her. Yang blinked at me for a moment; then chuckled afterward at my impatience before drifting her eyes away from me and glanced upfront once again. But a short while of silence, she spoke to me when no one was around. ‘I had fun. At that one place, you took me to.’ ‘The ice cream store?’ I answered turning my head to her again; she nodded. ‘Yeah. Who would had thought it was opened. Even twenty years later, to be exact!’ Yang exclaimed with excitement boiling in her stomach. I smiled at her and added, ‘Yeah. So the date was not a failure was it not?’ ‘No. I just hope I can take you to a fancy restaurant after this. Heard they got some great food there-’ Our stomachs started growling, we laughed in response. ‘Heh. Guess we are hungry.’ ‘right.’ Yang replied smiling, ‘We should be done with this patrol when the school day is over.’ ‘When is that by the way?’ I asked, glancing at her again. Seeing her raised eyes onto the ceiling above, as she pondered. Then answered, ‘Around two. Considering this is elementary school; should be around three or four…’ ‘Right…’ I trailed again, letting the ‘t’ roll off my tongue as silence fell once more.

Thus in the twenty minutes, we had left; we had started hearing screaming and shouting. The doors burst opened with children and teachers all running out from the rooms. Both me and Yang widened our eyes seeing a long, almost endless, stream of dragon bodies moving about like one machine. For they ran away filling the hallways farther off into the horizon and disappeared. Leaving me and Yang to look upon one another and glanced towards the inner side of the room where we had spotted that it was empty. Also, we heard footsteps behind us; but we already knew that was Kyro and Zander who already came running. With panted heavy breaths, they asked us ‘What… happened?’ ‘Where did all the hatchlings and teachers left to? Is the play over that quickly?’ Zander growled weakly, while I motioned them forward towards our line. They obliged and stepped forth; staring at the room before us as their eyes widened also.

‘What… what happened here?’ Zander exclaimed, ‘it looked to be a massacre or something. Look, there were many bodies about.’ Kyro pointed out pointing to the bodies down below. Indeed there were. Hundreds of teachers; but so few students were about. Lying on the grounds dead and lifeless. As blood pooled surrounding their bodies, drenching their beautiful scales with their color. I and Yang gagged almost throwing up as the four of us returned to the room at hand. We all stared at our surroundings as we had walked into the room. There were bodies about, but the majority of them were at the edges. Hard to see from where we were standing, however, luckily we had Natty to pinpoint the body count from her side of view. And speaking of Natty, she just emerged from a couple of seats below us. She seemed preoccupied with something as her claws had rubbed themselves of some sort of white powder. ‘Is gunshots suppose to be white?’ I asked, glancing at Yang who shook her head, ‘no. Supposedly black or gray. Never white.’ ‘Then how come-’ I started, but Yang shook again and answered ‘I do not know. Let us find some clues about and hopefully we will solve this.’ ‘Hoping to end the twenty-year murder conflict at hand.’ I muttered as Yang regrouped with Natty…