Venturing: Biting Tail

As the leaves turned from green to brownish and yellowish, we stopped and our faces turned towards the doors of our old school. It had been twenty years since elementary that we had entered in. And I was certain that all of us had any fond memories participating in. However, unlike your typically old normal students. We, me and Yang, were subjected into bullying. And guess who it was long ago? If you guessed Natty, you are right. Natty, the pink prick of our school; was the bully and the subject of torture against me and Yang. We were uncertain why. However, we had went along with it towards the end of our school year. Every fall it had happened so often that we were sick of it. But neither of us had done anything to prevent it. As I breathed a sigh exhaling a breath and closed my eyes, I shifted my glance over to the pink dragoness who looked more anxious than the rest of us. With the silence looming over our shoulders, I split my lips and spoke towards her.

Apparently, even a single word had startled her. And her expression had changed from becoming worried to surprise. In that quick of a second. For she turned to me and smiled only faintly; her wings flapped once to draw the cold refreshing air towards my face as she urges me mentally and silently to already opened the doors. I said nothing but extend my claws forth to the handles. Gripped them as tightly I could before pulling them away, thus the doors opened and allowed us through. A refreshing breath of air brushed against our faces as the three of us entered in. After we had entered. We were hit with the familiar grounds surrounding us. The walls remained two colors; pale at top and white at the bottom. The walls extended far into the horizon disappearing at the center point. A drinking fountain sits at a distance. Surrounded by two bathrooms; one male the other female. Before that was another hallway extending to another direction.

I heard Natty and Yang spoke something underneath their breaths as they marvelled over the familiarity of their surroundings. As if they had not visited inward before. I stepped forward and took charge; motioning them as they nodded slightly and followed me through the halls until we stopped at the first corner. Our first objective was to meet up with the other teachers and students that worked here. From what we had heard from Yang, was that everyone was gathered at the auditorium. Somewhere deep within the school. However as always, Yang does not know how to get there. Which left me and Natty to argue which path should we go. For the most part we had agreed on a direction. We went left onto a new hallway where brown doors sat on our right. Upon the surface of them were golden black numbers with sharpie outlines at the edge of them. I was not sure why the teachers would do such a thing. Perhaps it was to ‘pop’ the numbers out so it would be easier to read it. Even those hatchlings that were far sighted as well.

Regardless, we past through a series of brown doors and reached the end of the halls. A staircase awaits for us and we turned to one another in silence before descending the stairs. We were curious and yet surprise that there were two floors within the school yard. Before, twenty years ago, there was only one floor and all the classes took place only on that floor. Sometimes outside when it was sunny or cloudy. Otherwise, we were indoors. Descending to the bottom, we reached the flooring. And from here was when we were met with a door in front of us. It was opened, much to our surprise and we entered through. Entering into unknown territory we waltzed as our eyes opened to surprise of our own surroundings. The walls here were clean. The flooring was also clean too. Not a speck of dirt or dust lay upon the floor. Before us was a short walk towards the crossroads where three different directions leads us into unknown destinations. The walls on our sides were pure white. No one had the decency to even paint them a different color to make the school’s inner walls more beautiful. Ok. Then again, maybe not.

As Yang and Natty walked forward, stopping towards the edge of the path where they were stuck upon the crossroads before them, they turned their eyes leftwards and rightwards. Towards new paths and halls that laid before their eyes. For after they were done, they gaze behind me. That was my cue to walk to them. And started I had towards the dragoness as they waited for him in the meantime. Once reunited, Yang spoke out to us. ‘We should split up. Everyone knows what to do with their equipment if someone steps out of line?” There was an equal response of silence as Yang chirped grinning ‘great. Let just go.’ And go they did. Yang took the right path. Natty took the opposite of what Yang had. Which left me with one other path to go. The straight ahead. I gulped nervously; the butterflies flying in my stomach as I walked crossing the crossroads and ended up upon the other side. I continued onward without any hesitation to stop for I fear that either Yang or Natty would kill me if I had became late to arrive than them.

For ahead I walked and kept my eyes upon the horizon. Ignoring the mixture of bathrooms and brown doors to my right and left sides. I walked in silence through the halls. Luckily however, it was shorter than the other two. And upon the end, I stopped and turned my head left gazing down upon another hallway. With more additions of brown doors along the way, I squinted my eyes and stare out onto the horizon. Hoping that I be able to see our destination spot to which I perceived it as, the auditorium. It was there. Far beyond the horizon and grin I had became. Fast walking down the last hallway in existence towards the end. I still ignore the brown doors to both my sides; having seen them as commons and identical to the doors I had seen before. And down the halls I go, my footsteps clapping against the grounds making loud sounds that interrupted the silence surrounding me as I reached the end.

Upon the doors, here I stopped. Planting my feet onto solid grounds, I breathed heavily and smiled faintly. But that smile was only short live as I raised my head high and glanced again, taking in the surroundings this time in hopes of finding the other two. Behind me was another hallway, a short one than the hall I had taken myself. But beyond that halls were two other paths. Left and right it seems. Contained within the hallway were the same brown doors and a single bathroom with its doors tightly shut. As I wondered why, I heard footsteps and leaving my eyes from the hall I was staring upon. I turned my attention towards another dragon standing beside me.

He looked muscler. His arms fat and his body ripped. Yet he was wearing the same clothing I wore. The same blue shirt and pants. The blue hat on top of his head with a badge at the center of it sparkling in my eye. I smiled only faintly; nervous that a newcomer had decided to walk upon my ranks. For the first few minutes within the silence remained awkward. Us two facing one another. Staring. Our eyes just met. As he wore a grin upon his face, he spoke out to me initiating the conversation between us. I nodded in response and said nothing afterwards. Gazing away towards the wall behind us as he started talking once again.

And our conversation had halted when I shifted my eyes away from the dragon; gazing down onto the hallway there I saw both Yang and Natty walking together. Chatting amongst themselves like teenage dragons on a typical shopping night. I groaned in response. But the dragon chuckled and stretched out its claw towards the two, screaming ‘Natty!’ ‘Yang!’ ‘Oh. Look who it is, Natty.’ Yang replied after a sudden pause of silence as her eyes shifted towards the boys. Yes, that means us. Natty looked over and smiled excitedly; as a warm feeling drifted upon her facial expression. I can only deduced that the two were friends. However, were they more than that? I shook that thought aside as the dragoness regrouped with us. Smiles were upon their faces, brighter than the sun. However their eyes were to the dragon next to me. Completely ignoring me while I growled at them narrowing my eyes to justify that I exist and not a ghost or anything else as of the matter.

‘Who is this guy?’ Spoke the dragon, Natty giggled in response and smiled as her eyes turned to me then reply. ‘He is Ling. Yang’s mate.’ ‘Yang finally has a mate huh?’ Replied the dragon, Natty nodded in response adding, ‘And. Get this, he is her childhood friend.’ Both me and Yang exchange glances towards the dragon and Natty. But only I wore blank expressions. Yang, on the other claw, was embarrassed as her face grew pure red like an apple. Her face hiding behind her claws as the two continued teasing her to no end. Saying nothing in response to both Yang and Natty, I turned my attention towards the dragon introducing myself rather quickly. But at the same time, butting in onto the two’s conversation.

‘Hey, I am Ling. Yang’s childhood friend and a victim of Natty’s bullying twenty years past.’

‘Hey!’ Natty exclaimed, growling at me. Yang and me started chuckling. And as it turns out, the dragon was laughing along with us. As a grin emerged from his face, he replied back to me while pointing to Yang. ‘Yeah, I heard about that. Yang told me all about it.’ ‘So what is your name them?’ I asked him suddenly,

The dragon turned to me then respond, ‘I am Kyro. A red muscle dragon working as an officer like you guys.’

‘So why are you here then?’ Yang asked, Kyro happily replied ‘came here as a support for you guys. Heard history will repeat itself twice.’

‘You mean the murder than happened twenty years ago during some play. That same murder that the two black dragons failed to capture?’ Natty remarked, her eyes opened wide. Both me and Yang could tell that she was nervous and anxious by her shaking body alone. Her eyes widened in fear and her arms and legs froze unable to do anything else but to stare at Kyro in silence as he nodded slowly. ‘Yes. That murder.’

Both me and Yang were confused as we had exchange glances to one another. Then looked to Natty and Kyro before quelling the silence surrounding us. ‘What do you guys mean about the murder?’ We both responded to them loudly as if they concealed their visions only to each other. They turned to us; shared a brief exchange before Natty explained. ‘As we were hatchlings and joining in onto some play in this very place. At that location…’ she said pointing to the doors to Kyro’s right. ‘A murder took place.’ ‘that was not very helpful you know…’ I remarked, unassumed as I crossed my arms glaring at her. ‘Yeah.’ Yang agreed, narrowing her eyes to Natty who frowned and waved her paws in front of herself. ‘Sorry guys! But that was all I know. Nothing else.’

She gazed away towards some walls in silence, her mouth opened muttering something underneath her breath that none of us were able to hear. Disregarding the whisper in the air, me and Yang turned our attention to the doors. We each grabbed the handle and pulled it opened. A fresh breath of air exited out and brushed against our scales as we stared up ahead of us. However, our expressions were mix. Me and Yang were astonished. Our eyes opened wide and gasped with excitement like little hatchlings. Meanwhile, Kyro and Natty looked to the room with great disappointment. Dripped with anger and anxiety mixed in together as Natty and Kyro walked in first. Afterwards, me and Yang. The auditorium was huge. Bigger than what I had expected. The walls were white sometimes red. As light flashed their colors upon them, mixing in colors to create unique and unfamiliar ones that perhaps neither of us knew. There were thousands of chairs sitting in front of us. All pointing forth to the horizon where the principal was standing with a great smile upon its face. In between them was a stand; a little microphone sits on top of it.

The dragon was male. His eyes were small. Wings were thin but longer. His body remained the same size as his wings. His horns were crooked and slightly off towards the right. The dragon was an emerald scale. Pure yellow like honey paints his underbelly. His wings were lightish purple with a hint of brown at the edges. The dragon wears huge glasses that covered both his eyes. However, he was nearsighted so it was hard for him to see far away.

I gazed towards the edges of the large room just as Kyro and Natty took their place on either side. There were few dragons. Mixed in genders. The majority of the dragons were indeed female. A few of them were male. But every dragon had a unique personality and favorite thing that perhaps indicates the subject taught. As I stared onto every dragon present, Yang nudge my sides and I turned to her revealing an scowling look on her face. I took it with granted and we both split up. I with Natty, Yang with Kyro. And the presentation continued.

As only one voice was present upon the hallow of the room, I heard a whisper to my side. I swatted it thinking that it was just Natty continuing to mutter. However, to my surprise it was not. The whispering voice was sly and high pitch, almost sounding like Natty. Almost. As I turned my head in the direction of where Natty was; my eyes opened in surprise as I realized who was next to us. The black scale dragon and the youngest of the three brothers. Zander. His face was sneering; his eyes narrowed at Natty. He smirked making a harded face as Natty tried to ignore him. ‘Well well… If it is not Natty. What are you up to this time?’ Zander recites an old quote, still having that little singalong in his voice. ‘Enough Zander. I am not like that kind of dragon anymore.’ Natty argued back. However, the black dragon continued his pestering. ‘You are not that little goody two shoes anymore, huh Natty? Always stealing our lunches. Making us eat things. Always calling us…’ He trailed off. But his voice remained there in Natty’s ear as he started dragging that last word from his mouth. Teasing and mocking her just as it was in the past. ‘Short’

“I have the right to detain and discipline you if I needed to, Zander.’ Natty replied, hard and cold but her voice remained steady and quiet as her eyes shifted sharply at the black dragon who smirked. ‘And what are you going to do about it, pink lemonade?’ I turned my eyes away from the principal and glared upon the conflict between Zander and Natty. Trying to defuse the conversation at hand, I whispered sharply at them ‘Can it. I know you two had a hard past. But can we save it for after the speech from the principal?’ Big mistake for my part however. As Zander glanced his eyes towards me a smile drifted from her face and spoke directly to Natty, ‘Your boyfriend? Ha. I would had never thought that a victim of Natty would mate with her.’ The dragon commented, almost snickering to himself. ‘Wait. You knew I was a victim?’ I exclaimed, blinking at him while Zander nodded with a reply confident smirk reappearing upon his face.

‘Oh I knew all along.’ Zander replied, ‘I knew all along. Every single detail from twenty years ago. You, Ling, Natty and those bratty officers from the station. Argon, Xenon and Leto.’

‘But how? You along with everyone else were hatchlings on that year. How do you still have knowledge twenty years duration?’

 ‘Because…’ Zander remarked, poking my chest with his pointy claw. ‘My brothers were famous police officers. You know their names?”

I shook my head, ‘nope. I do not.’

‘Zentro and Zane!’ He screamed in my face which got the attention of everyone else in the room. As all eyes were turned to the conversation between me Natty and Zander; Yang and Kyro facepalmed and shook their heads. There was silence after Zander had yelled. As his eyes turned away from me and stared onto the outside conversation surrounding the three of us, he gulped and leaned away from me. Settling back onto his position as his eyes glared to Natty and raised a claw pointing backwards. Me and Natty gazed away from Zander, curiously wondering what he was pointing to. However to Natty’s surprise, it was Lope and Sen. Both having become teachers. But their bodies were different. Sen was a bit taller than Lope also. Lope was an emerald scale dragon and Sen a yellow scale dragon. Their sharp long wings, thin narrowed and pointy tails and curved back horns were identical. Almost as if they were brothers or twins.

As the speech came to a close, I heard Natty muttered out loud ‘Oh crud. The trios are here…’ I had wondered what she had meant.