

Swamp Life

By Zoey, MFP



He arrived at the surface of the mucky water. He didn't adore the swamp. It was definitely the exact opposite of flourishing. He was alone. Although he felt safe, he knew he wasn't. He couldn't trust anyone. No one at all. Not even his sister. Especially not his parents. They were always acting suspicious, always trying to put him in a cage. His name was Vine.

Mucky, dirty water dripped down his green and brown scales. There was something wrong with him. He thought he must be really important. As the sun was setting, he saw a brown tail darting behind the tallest tree in the swamp. It must be someone that is trying to catch me. He thought to himself. He was afraid, but he started to creep up to the tree silently. There's only one dragon waiting. But was there more than one dragon hiding behind the tree? Yes, there was in fact. "Why hello there!" one of them said. He was worried. He darted through the swamp at such speed that the adult dragons couldn't catch him. With some strength and courage, he was in a tree. But wait... there was his enemy... It was a trap! In seconds he was knocked out. He woke up, but he was as weary as a bubble. He was trying to figure out where he was but he couldn't. Was he at home? No, that was impossible. There were humans all around him. Why am I here? He wondered. "Why hello little dragon!" one of the humans said in a horrendous voice. Vine was afraid of him. He had to escape. Somehow. The problem was: He couldn't breathe fire. It was an absolute disaster. He flinched. Something had hit him... He collapsed in his cage and didn't wake up for a long time.

He woke up again. This time even more weary than before. It was night time. No one was around him. Now was his chance to do what he does best... escape! Could he do it though? He couldn't see with one eye. He had a scar across his scaly face. He stood up, but staggered back down to the ground. He realised he had chains across his snout. He couldn't talk, growl or roar. There was no way to call for help. He stretched his snout with all of his strength... SNAP! The chains that were now broken went. He felt proud. He was finally starting to adjust his eyes to his surroundings. There were no guards. He was in a cave. Everyone knew the story of the Dragonets Of Destiny, but there was no way he was one of them. His name was not Clay. Or Tsunami, not Sunny, Glory or Starflight. So, no. He realised that the satchel he was wearing when he was in the mucky water was still on him. He reached into it. There it was. The key to success. "Wait... there is nothing in here!" screamed Vine in a very high-pitched voice. He realised there wasn't a bottom to the cage. He lifted up the cage with all of his might... POP! He shot out of the cage at such speed. "OOF!" he said as he crashed into a guard that was walking into the room. "Oi! Stop trying to escape, Clay!!" the guard said in an angry voice. "I'm not CLAY!" Vine screeched in an extremely high-pitched voice. The guard screeched in agony, staggering and stumbling to the hard and rocky floor. "What was that?" asked Vine. Vine wondered if it was Glory, saving him for no reason. It wasn't Glory. It was not a mark from venom. The guard had been killed by an Icewing, so there were obviously more mistaken dragons here. He saw a hole the size of a golf cart that he could maybe fit through. Up to the hole he flew. He squished out of the hole like a slippery fish sliding out of someone's hand. Out he went,

into the astonishing night sky. He decided to find a cave to hide in where nobody could find him. He found a safe cave. It had a boulder that he could easily move to hide himself behind, and the cave was absolutely humongous. He couldn't resist finding sticks to munch on. He saw a little pile of sticks down below him. Down to the sticks he flew.

As he was flying down to the small pile of sticks, he saw the sun was starting to rise. No! He thought. It would be a lot easier to find him in the daylight. He was so stressed. He shot down to the sticks at full speed and he nearly lost control of where he was going, which wasn't good. He landed with a huge bang on the sticks. "OWW!" Vine screeched in pain. Several guards were in the sky and heard the bang. They glared down at Vine. Vine grabbed the sticks and shot back up to the cave. He shoved the sticks inside of the cave, and darted into it. He shoved the boulder across the entrance. He was safe. Finally, for once in his life, he was safe. It had been years since he was safe. He was so happy. He found some leaves in the cave and he decided to turn it into a comfy bed. He made a little campfire, but the problem was: He couldn't breathe fire. There was probably something wrong with him.

All Mudwings are supposed to be able to breathe fire, but he couldn't. That might have been why he was so important. It felt good to finally realise why he was being chased by so many people and dragons. Even though he hated it.

He realised that there was this small hole, and the smallest guard would definitely be able to fit through it. This was a disaster. If he went out of the hole, the guards would be there. If he moved the boulder, the guards would be there. He thought for a moment and then it came to him. He had a good idea. A very, VERY good idea.

Although he couldn't breathe fire, the thing he could do that no other Mudwings could do: Dig through rocks, but they couldn't be too hard, like the ones in the cave he was trapped in. But he could dig through this floor. He started digging, but little did he know, the smallest guard was already squeezing through the whole. He dug faster and faster, and in seconds he had made a hole big enough for him to fit through. Down he went, covering the hole with his bed of leaves. The smallest guard had made it through the hole in the roof, but he didn't know that Vine had dug a hole and escaped just moments before. Vine was out of the ground in seconds. Up into the sky he shot.

The day had gone very quickly and it was already dawn. He had to make it back to the swamp. It was his new mission. He didn't know how to though. He could barely see the swamp in the distance. It looked like a needle in a haystack from standing. He shot all the way to the swamp and he wasn't tired one bit. He made sure to stay low, but still high enough that he could see the swamp. He had made it. Into the swamp he scurried.

He was home. Finally, he made it back to the swamp. He decided to go into the mucky water and build a home. He wasn't too desperate to go into the mucky water again, but it was his best shot. Down he went. He was in the water, again, hiding from his fears. He thought to himself: **Why am I hiding from what I am scared of?** He wanted to prove that he was brave, so out of the water he went. He flew over to the cavern where the dragons trying to capture him lived. It was so new, he could smell the smoke from the warm fire, and he was forced to barge in. "THERE HE IS!" said one of the dragons that were inside of the cavern. "Wait!" said another. Vine was confused because it sounded like a girl dragon's voice. "Leave him alone" she yelled at the guards. "He is no different from all of us!" she explained. The other dragons thought for a while. "Oh yeah, you're right." said one of them. Vine was relieved that this female was in the cavern at this time. "Well, I guess you can stay with us..." said one of them. That is exactly what he did. He was so happy that someone was finally accepting him, without trying to capture him. Life was wonderful from then on, he and the guards had feasts, they hunted together, swam together and it was

like it was meant to be like this all along. Life was so perfect, just because of that female dragon. There was also another little dragon who wanted to join the troop and Vine managed to convince the other dragons to let him in, because he was just like him 2 years ago. THE END! Wait, no it's not the end! Another dragon was born in the troop, and the troop decided to make another house, the reason for this was because the cavern was way to visible for other dragons to see, and they had to protect the little one, so they made an underground tunnel that they could all fit in, it worked perfectly and the tunnel had all these different rooms, Vine had the second biggest one. The troop leader asked if he wanted the biggest one, but he said no, he knew the baby dragon deserved it more than he did. He had so much fun in his new house and it was just like when he lived peacefully when he was born, but then he was about to get captured. He was actually safe now, away from all of the unsafe things. He was finally safe. He was very joyful.

THE ODD END!