

Charr



"Ive never been this surprised!" Ifrit the gnome told his friend Aasimar, an elf.

"Yesterday, while I slept in the grass, a wrinkly black creature wandered over me. Crawled over my feet and slipped behind my shoelace. Went back up my leg and played with the buttons on my pocket.

I laid as still as I could and watched. After a minute or so, the creature climbed the nearest tree and ignored me."

"How odd," Aasimar acknowledged. "Then what happened?"

"I watched it for a while longer and tried to figure out what it was. It didn't look like a slug, nor a caterpillar, and neither a snake. Tiny, black and wrinkly."

"How extraordinary!" Aasimar admitted.

"Yes," Ifrit concurred. "Amazing!"

"Is it still in the tree?" Aasimar wanted to know.

"It is and the funny thing is that it's building a nest."

"A nest?" the elf's eyes widened.

"Guess so," Ifrit said. "It's gathering tiny twigs and leaves and it's busy using it for something."

“That I must see!” Aasimar cheered. “Come, show me where!”

Together they wandered to the spot where Ifrit last left the small creature.

When they arrived at the tree, they couldn’t believe what they saw. Halfway up the tree hung a cocoon, made from twigs and leaves. But the weirdest thing was that it had a door.

“That’s one of my buttons!” Ifrit exclaimed. “That tiny rascal stole my button and used it for the doorknob!” He looked at his pocket and missed one.

“That’s smart,” Aasimar said. “Brilliant! We have to keep an eye on this cocoon. To see what comes out of there.”

“Yes,” Ifrit agreed. “But who knows how long it will take for it to morph.”

“We’ll take turns guarding it and remain patient,” the elf suggested.

And thus they waited, and waited, and waited.

After four weeks, movement showed inside the cocoon.

The two friends watched when the door opened.

Both their mouths fell open from astonishment when a juvenile black velvet dragon appeared. Spread its frill-like wings, shook its head and settled on the nearest branch.

Ifrit and Aasimar weren't sure if it should scare them or not.

The dragon spoke.

"Pleased to meet you. My name is Charr. I know it comes as a surprise, but I need your help to find The Lost Emerald in the woods of Dunmar."

Ifrit and Aasimar glanced at each other and didn't know what to say. A speaking dragon asking them for help was too much for one day.

"I can understand your hesitation," Charr continued. "Let me further explain."

When he finished his story, Ifrit and Aasimar knew they had a long journey ahead of them.

Who would have ever thought a tiny black creature could kick off an adventure?

Soon after, the trio went on their way to Dunmar.

