

Chapter 42: The Dragons Petition Catherine

Catherine was sitting in the throne room, getting comfortable in the seat. “Ah, how good this feels,” she said to herself. “How long it’s been since I had what was rightfully mine.” She then noticed two white fluffy cute bunny rabbits hopping down the long hall. “Hello,” she said to herself. “What are bunny rabbits doing in the castle? Who let you in?”

“We are guests, of sorts,” one of them explained, “of King Carlyle.”

“Don’t call him King!” Catherine yelled. “He was never rightfully King.” She paused, then added, “Your voice sounds very deep for a bunny.”

“We are dragons,” said the other rabbit, “Who were transformed from our true form into these rabbits you see before you by the wickedness of the sorcerer Talon.”

“Dragons!” Catherine started laughing, then tried to stop herself. “I’m sorry, but it’s too funny. Who would think to change dragons into such cute little rabbits?”

“It is a cruel injustice,” said one of the rabbits. “So the moment we heard that the rightful Queen of this castle had been restored, we decided to petition you to change us back to our natural form.”

“We figured,” said the other rabbit, “That you might find it useful to have two strong dragons as allies.”

“There are many things I would find useful,” said Catherine. “But dragons as allies is the last thing I could use. Do you think I know nothing of the world? I’ve dealt with dragons before. They are the most selfish creatures, and the most unreliable of allies. The moment I turned you back to your dragon form, you would promptly forget all the promises you made to me, and try to eat everyone in this castle.”

“We would not,” said one of the rabbits indignantly. “We would only eat some of the people in this castle--only the ones who deserve it.”

“There’s a certain soldier who we have promised to tear apart and devour,” said the other rabbit. “And a few more whose general presence we find annoying. The boy Thomas chews with his mouth open. And the girl Susan has an annoyingly high pitched laugh. And of course we must have our revenge on Talon, who turned us into these rabbits in the first place.”

Catherine snorted. “One, Talon is on my side now, so don’t even think about harming him. But two, how do you think you could get revenge on a sorcerer? Do you not imagine that he would turn you into rabbits again the very moment he saw you?”

“He wouldn’t see us,” said the other one. “We would sneak up behind him, and he wouldn’t know we were there until our jaws closed on him.”

Catherine laughed even harder. “How deluded you are! Dragons can’t sneak up on anyone. Especially in this old creaky castle. He could feel the floors shaking long before you reached him.”

“Nevertheless,” said the rabbit. “We believe it would be in your best interest to return us to our previous form.”

“I will do nothing,” said Catherine, “without consulting with Talon. It’s his spell, so you should ask him to undo it anyway. You don’t want me messing about trying to undo a spell I didn’t create. I might make it worse. Don’t you know anything about magic?”

“We believe we can be very beneficial to you,” persisted the other rabbit.

“I heard you the first time,” said Catherine. “Now begone. I’ll talk the whole thing over with Talon, and return to you an answer by tomorrow.”