

I see that you have found that I am different than the other old one. I am different even than you, young ones. That I have not always looked the way I did now. I did not have wings or scales, and I used to walk on two legs instead of four. I can't quite remember what I looked like all those centuries ago. I don't remember if I was mostly skin with some hair or furred from head to toe. I have had scales for so long that the past has eluded me. But if you are really that curious, I can tell you how I came to be.

As I told you before, centuries ago I looked very much different. Furred or skin, on two legs and much smaller. If I recall, I was on a journey, and to those like I was, it took many days to cross where we could fly in short stretches. I was young, much like you, and wanted to see what the world had for me. I was a stranger to many lands and I had lived off the directions of rumors and myth. It was a meager living, but it was repaid in wondrous sights and occurrences. One of the most notable was these lands that we live. And my biggest life occurrence happened here as well.

The Drakenlands were a foreign place to me all those years ago. Where I could show you many fond memories now they were merely hiding spots or uncomfortable respites then. You all know that other beings are not welcome in our home and for good reason. These lands hold our nests, our stores, and all the things we hold dear. We make it clear and all others know this. But curiosity takes the better of some, like me, and they look for sights they couldn't imagine. The great spires, dens, and keeps in these lands are natural to you, but only equalled by the greatest feats of building to every other. I wanted to see these things. If this was such great a sight, it would be worth the danger.

I came on foot. The crags and rocky surface was hard going, but I steadily made my way in. I had to avoid the gaze of the older ones, like you troublemakers do, but I would have gotten much worse than a reprimanding. I could have been harshly injured or worse, eaten. I was fortunate that that did not happen.

What did happen is that I fell. I had stepped on a covered cave while trekking towards that large spire right over there. I remember my foot breaking through a mess of sticks and leaves and tatters, taking me down with it and falling for a moment. I thought I was done for and that I had made the gravest of mistakes. I then crashed into something else. It was hard and brittle and it stung my soft flesh. That impact dazed me. I slowly realized I was okay, no broken limbs or deep gashes. I was scraped up and lucky for such a small fragile thing. I think it was seeming light still that got me to focus again. I found myself in a small chamber and up to my chest in something gooey.

I was starting to sink in this small chamber. I came to realize that it must be a dragon's egg and I panicked. I did not want this cradle to become a tomb. As hard as I tried to kick and get out, I only sank deeper. I was starting to get a heavy feeling in my arms and legs. A feeling like I was no longer used to them. Soon my head sunk under the churned fluids, but I didn't feel like I was

dying. I was feeling strange and calm. I stopped trying to swim out. I stopped kicking and hovered there.

I always remembered this part so well. Like I have a book somewhere that I read again and again. Not only did my thinking change, but my body began to as well. My small arms swelled and rotated. My legs did the same. My body lengthened and widened. All these occurred so slowly and so intentionally. I could feel every little bit of my skin expand and stretch, then tighten and then expand again. And my hide became harder like it is now, second by second, inch by inch. At some point, my once arms split and the new set formed backwards into wings. My being was becoming something else and it felt natural. I don't know if it was accidentally swallowing some egg or if it was some magic seeping into me, but it was happening one way or another. It was all very strange and all very different.

I don't know how long I was in there, but it must have been a long time or something unknown. My clothes and gear had all vanished and I had broken out of that egg shell as something no bigger than you are, young ones. I remembered who I was, though it has faded so much now. I was something new and had a new chance to experience everything again.

That's who I am and that's how I am here. What? You want a moral or lesson? Not all of life is understood. Maybe there is more to come, but hopefully this will sate your curiosity for now.