

*Soli Deo Gloria***Last of The Righteous***By Linus Smallprint*

New Varnakai. Isaiah thought, watching the streets through narrowed eyes. **What an awful name for a city.** It sounded like something the sewers had thrown up. A disgusting mess that had been destroyed beyond recognition. But maybe that was because the word was constructed from many different languages. Languages that weren't meant to be mixed together. But they had been. And sticking the word 'New' at the front didn't make it pretty.

It was a disgusting name, fitting for the disgusting mess this city had become. All around Isaiah, a variety of people walked around him. There were rich and poor. Young and old. Their skin tones ranged from dark browns to so light that Isiah was surprised they didn't burn. Around him he heard the noise of many different tongues. Most of them he didn't understand. Some of them were forceful and bossy languages, as if the speakers thought they owned the place. Others were high pitched and fast paced, followed by giggles, as if everything here was only a joke.

The sixteen-year-old boy clenched his fists. This wasn't a joke, and this wasn't their city. They may visit or live here. But none of them owned this place. Not even the so-called 'leaders of the city'. They were all foreigners. Intruders.

Isaiah knew who really owned this place. A people who had lived here before any of these other nations had set foot in here. Back when it had been called Elydon. Unlike these unrighteous scum, those people had loved their city and treated it with respect.

And he was the last of them.

But unfortunately, he had to make his way among these foreigners today. For he was out of food.

Cedrick?

Isaiah looked down at a skinny brown dog with matted brown fur sitting next to him. The scratched behind his pointed ear, paying him no notice. Instead he was staring off in the direction of the market, which reminded Isaiah he was hungry. His stomach growled.

Cedrick..

The dog finished scratching, and let out a yawn. Isaiah grew annoyed. Cedrick was his only faithful companion, but the beast sometimes had trouble listening.

Cedrick!

The dog finally took notice of his master, looking up and... oh right uhh... yes, Master?

I thought I told you to stop narrating.

But master, you told me the stories of the true Elydonian were important!

Those were other Elydonian, in the glory days of the city. Not stories of the pathetic end of our people.

Doesn't that make your story all the more important? You're the last of the Elydonians, master. Your father would want your story to be told.

My father...

Well, if you must narrate, please keep your narration to yourself. I don't need you repeating my thoughts back to me.

Yes master!

Let's be on our way then.

Does that mean we are finally getting something to eat?

Patience Cedrick.

Isaiah waited a moment to see if I was hiding my narration from him. When I sent him nothing, he turned and headed towards the market. I got up and padded after him.

Yes, I am the dog, Cedrick. I have been Isiahah's faithful companion his whole life. You may wonder how if I am a dog I am able to communicate with my master. And with only my mind as well. You see, I have a telepathic connection to my master. But I'm sure you've also never heard of a dog able to share his thoughts with his master. And what dog is even capable of telling a story like this?

That's because I am not really a dog. Instead, I'm a...

Hold on. I smell food. Food!

We had reached the market stalls. Delicious scents of meats, cheeses, breads, and fruits met my nose. I immediately set to sniffing as much as I could. Oh so much food! I couldn't wait to sink my canine teeth into some. I would have gone dashing around if I knew Isaiah wouldn't disprove of it.

My master was much less excited than I was. He clenched his fists tightly, eyeing the nearest merchant. A fat man selling some purple fruits. A sign above advertised the product, written in Lingua, the common tongue of the city. Isaiah hated it, but had been forced to learn.

Cindrans - Fresh from the islands of Mahalla

Both my stomach and my master's growled.

Isaiah grimaced. Whether he liked it or not, he needed food. And his only option was these stalls. *And cindrans too! The delicious purple fruit! With its papery peel and sweet pulpy inside. The smell was reminiscent of that from a tropical beach in heaven! And the juice that squeezed out of them when you bit down, then ran down your-*

Cedrick!

Yes master?

Do I need to tell you not to narrate again?

But master, Cindrans! It's been forever since we've had one!

Cedrick...

Yes, master.

And stop drooling as well.

Yes, master.

I hung my head, peering up at my master as he prepared himself and walked over to the stall. About two meters from it, he stopped and stood there, keeping his eyes fixed on the merchant. He stood straight and with confidence. This was his land after all.

In the meantime, my stomach growled. I lay down. All I could think of was cindrans and their delicious juicy inside. This was going to take a while wasn't it? And knowing my master, this would take even longer than it should. Didn't he know I was starving? Couldn't he speed it up? I thought about sending my thoughts to him, reminding him of the exotic tangy flavour I longed to have. But then I looked down at my paws in the dusty ground. Isaiah was already annoyed with me. Any further annoyance may result in punishment.

My stomach growled again. I looked up at Isaiah. He was still staring intently at the merchant. I looked back down and shifted, dust rubbing uncomfortably against my hollow underbelly. Why couldn't he just make things go faster? Maybe punishment would be better than going on an empty stomach for another while. If my master wouldn't hurry things up, maybe I could.

I licked my chops then whined.

Cedrick! Isaiah scolded, though he still kept his eyes fixed on the merchant.

The command of my empty belly was stronger than that. I whined again.

If you aren't quiet, I'll- Isaiah stopped and he noticed the merchant was finally returning his stare. He took a step up to the stall.

The man finally noticed us. His eyes narrowed with suspicion, but he shifted uncomfortably. I could understand why. My master's piercing green eyes were hard to meet, even for my kind. "You want something, boy?"

Finally! I stood up again, my tail wagging behind me. But Isaiah made no response, keeping his eyes locked with the merchant.

The merchant snarled. "You're one of those thieves aren't you."

This godless man had the audacity to compare him to those scum? Isaiah clenched his teeth. But when he spoke he managed to keep his outrage out of his voice. "I do not steal."

The merchant considered him for a second. "Then can you pay? It is five clanks for one."

An outrageous price for fruit, even if it was rare. The thieving hypocrite! "I have no money." Isaiah replied.

"Then I got nothing for you." The merchant turned away. "Go beg elsewhere, boy."

My master didn't budge. "I can work."

"Hmm?" The merchant turned back to us.

"Let me earn my food." Isaiah told him. "Give me a job and pay me with some of these cidrans."

"And the dog?" the man asked, eyeing me.

I licked my chops and whined again.

"He stays with me." Isaiah replied. "Now do you have work for us or not?"

The merchant considered him for a second. "I suppose I do have something for you. I could do with some more traffic here. It's been a dull day. Here." He reached under a table and pulled out a sign. "You still have a good voice, advertise for me. Once I've sold fifty of these, you are finished."

Fifty? I looked to my master, hoping he would bargain for less.

Isaiah folded his arms. "And you will give us three cidrans as a reward."

Only three? *But master!*

Silence, Cedrick!

"Yes yes, I will." The merchant replied. "Now get out there and let me know once you are done." His gaze darkened. "And don't you even touch one of those cidrans or else you will regret it."

"I told you," Isaiah replied. "I don't steal."

The merchant snorted then turned away from us. Isaiah walked out into the middle of the street. He did not like advertising for intruders such as that merchant. But what other choice did he have? "Cidrans! Cidrans!" He called in the common tongue. "From the islands of Mahalla! Get them while they are fresh! Five clanks for one!"

Most people ignored him, barely looking in his direction. Like usual. They all thought they were better than him, didn't they? Those prideful intruders. But after a few minutes, Isaiah noticed one man wander over to the stand. To his satisfaction, the man purchased three. Forty-seven to go.

It occurred to him that he could yell out a cheaper price. Maybe force the merchant to lower his price. But he quickly dismissed the idea. That would be lying, and Isaiah didn't lie.

Cedrick? My master commanded me, as he continued to advertise.

Yes master?

You need to work for your food as well. Especially since you're getting more than I am.

But master, wouldn't a barking dog only scare people away?

Then don't bark.

I hung my head. I didn't want to work, but I knew there was no point in arguing, so I padded away.

It wasn't long before I found what I was looking for. A rich looking family. The father was dressed in a coat with tails and a top hat. The mother carried a parasol over her head. But most importantly, they had a young girl. My tongue lolling, I walked over to them. It wasn't long before the girl noticed me.

"Mom! Mommy!" she cried, tugging at the sleeve of her mother's dress. "Look! A puppy!"

Both her parents looked over at me. They did a poor job of hiding their disgust. "Oh yes dear... a puppy..." the mother said.

I walked over and did the most pitiable beg I was capable of.

"He's so cute!" the girl said. She ran over and gave me a hug. A little too tight. Why didn't she just pet me like most people did?

The mother cringed. "That's... sanitary..."

When the girl released me, I padded back a few steps before looking back.

"He wants us to follow him!" the girl cried.

"I don't think that's wise." The father said. "Come on Chloe, let's move on."

I resumed my begging status.

"Look at the poor thing!" the girl cried. "Please, please, please daddy can we follow him?" She put her hands together and started bagging as well. I love it when humans do that for me.

The parents looked from each other, to their daughter, to me. "Okay," said the father at last. "But please stick close to us, dear."

"Yay!" cried the girl.

My tail wagging behind me, I led them back to the marketplace. My master was still shouting out advertisements. I made eye contact with him briefly and sensed approval from him. My tail wagged harder and I led the family to the fruit stand. There I jumped up and down excitedly, which isn't easy to do on an empty stomach.

"He wants us to buy him some fruit!" cried the girl. "Please please, daddy, can we get him some?"

The father looked over the cidrans. "Well... I supposed we could." He looked at his wife. "You know, Emily, I've never had this fruit before. Why don't we get some for us as well?"

"That will be five clanks per cidrans." The merchant barked from behind the stall.

"Where do you get these from?" the mother asked.

"Read the sign," the merchant growled.

The mother looked up at it, her mouth forming an 'O'. "There aren't any diseases in these are there? We don't want our daughter to catch the flu or anything."

I cocked my head. Why would anyone care if you got sick? It was food! Humans are weird.

"I assure you, my cidrans are perfectly fine," the merchant insisted. "Now are you buying these or not? Because you won't find them anywhere else."

The parents exchanged a glance again. Then the father took out his wallet, and handed some coins to the merchant. "Four please."

Perfect.

The merchant checked each and every coin very carefully. Then he selected four cidrans, notably smaller ones, and handed them to family.

The girl squealed again, then grabbed two of them. She held out one cidran to me. It looked so plump and delicious. The smell was overwhelming me. I opened my mouth to take a bite and-

Cedrick!

I drew back and looked towards my master, who wasn't even looking in my direction. *Yes master?*

Keep working.

But the family bought one just for me!

We don't need intruders to pity. Now get back to work.

I hung my head and padded away, doing my best not to glance back at the confused girl.

For the rest of the afternoon I repeated this task, luring a few more people to the stand and getting them to buy fruit. It took forever. And sometimes it didn't work. People would ignore me, or refuse to buy anything once they reached the stand. And everytime someone bought a fruit just for me, Isaiah made me leave it. Eventually my stomach realized I was not going to be giving it anymore food and gave up growling. But I was still hungry.

At last, the fiftieth cidran was sold. Isaiah called me, and we returned to the stand. We entered and Isaiah stuck the sign back under the table the merchant had got it from.

The merchant didn't even notice we were in his stall, too busy looking through the coins he had received, a greedy look on his face.

Isaiah crossed his arms, hating each and every coin as it glinted and jingled in the fat man's hands. "We've helped you sell the number of cidrans we agreed on."

The merchant gave a startled jump, giving Isaiah a small amount of satisfaction, but his surprise was quickly replaced by a grin. "Yes, you did. I haven't had such a successful day in a long time."

"Now our reward." Isaiah demanded.

"Reward?" the merchant asked, raising an eyebrow.

Oh no. Both Isaiah and I felt a spark of anger. "Yes, our reward," Isaiah said. "We agreed on three cidrans after you sold fifty with our help."

"I don't recall any such deal," the merchant said. He slipped his coins into his pocket and patted it. "However, if you still want some

cidrans, perhaps I will give them to you if you manage to get another fifty customers to my stall."

Yeah, right. I growled. It was a small pitiful growl. In my true form, my growl would have sent chills down that man's spine and he would have easily recalled his deal. But I couldn't change without my master's permission.

Isaiah gave the merchant a hard stare. "This was not what we agreed on."

The merchant's eyes widened in surprise. Then they narrowed. He and Isaiah stared at each other for a long time. Too long. My stomach eventually decided to growl again.

At last, the merchant spoke. "Perhaps I underestimated you boy. But you are still naive."

"You were never going to give us our reward, were you?" Isaiah accused.

"You offered work for me," the merchant explained. "Of course I accepted. You didn't think I was really going to pay, did you?"

"You are a thief and a liar," Isaiah said, giving the merchant a hard stare. "You are no better than the scum that steal your fruit."

The merchant grinned. An evil, wolfish grin. "Welcome to the real world, boy."

"This may be your world." Isaiah said. "But in my world, there isn't scum in the likes of you, filth. God will have no mercy on you."

"Pah!" the merchant laughed. "Well then there is a good thing there is no god."

I backed up a few paces, looking up at my master. I could feel an intense flame of anger, hotter than what I could shoot with my own fiery breath, flaring within him.

"There is a God." Isaiah glowered. "And you are a fool to say otherwise."

The merchant considered him. "You talk like one of those pathetic people who used to own this city. You would be wise to stay away from their beliefs. This city is far better without them."

Isaiah reached into his coat. "Say that again."

An amused expression crossed the face of the merchant, as if he found my master's anger funny.

Bad move! I backed up some more.

"I said, boy," the merchant gleefully continued. "That you would be wise to stay away from the beliefs of those who used to live here."

They were nothing. Look where it brought them. I'm glad the city decided to wipe them out after their pathetic 'revolt'. Now the city belongs to those who truly deserve it! And we shall--"

The merchant broke off, gasping. He looked down to see a knife in his chest, right where his heart should be. His eyes widened, looking from Isaiah's empty hand, back to the knife. Then he collapsed.

I padded over to the merchant and sniffed him. *He's dead.*

I sensed a strong feeling of justice from Isaiah. ***Thus you shall purge the evil from among you,*** He thought, bending over and pulling the knife out. He then began wiping the blade on the dead man's clothing.

I watched Isaiah for a moment, hoping that any anger left wouldn't be turned on me. But I soon found myself looking at the Cidrans again. So much juicy plump fruit! And now it was free! My tail thumped hard and I liked my chops, preparing to take a bite out of the nearest one.

Cedrick!

I jumped and looked back at Isaiah, who now had his cold gaze fixed on me. Shame washed over me, and I huddled down, my tail tucked between my legs. *But Master! He's dead. It's ours now.*

I didn't kill him so we could take his things. Isaiah replied. ***That would have been theft and murder. We do not break the ordinances.***

I looked away, unable to meet my master's piercing green gaze.

Isaiah stood up and tucked his knife back in his shirt. ***I killed him because he deserved it. This man was a disgrace. The world is better without the likes of him.***

Yes master. I replied, though I still didn't understand. I could never figure out my master's moral code.

Isaiah stared at the dead man for a moment longer. ***I truly am the last of the Righteous.***

He sighed. ***Now let's go. We will find other food elsewhere.***

Yes master. I repeated.

Isaiah walked out of the stand and out onto the open street. I looked back to the corpse, wrinkling my nose at the smell. I wondered if we would be in trouble now. Hopefully not. But as far as I could tell, we had not been seen.

But I did not dwell on it long. My stomach growled and I looked at all those cidrans again. Each of the purple fruits looks gorgeous. I was sure just one bite wouldn't hurt.

But Isaiah had told me no. Hanging my head, I padded out of the stand after him.

Somedays, I really wish I had a different master.

Appendix

This contains some additional notes and ideas I have had for this story and world, as well as explaining some things I was not able to fit into the section above.

Planets

There are two planets in this world's solarsystem that are habitable. They orbit the sun on the same plane directly opposite from each other. However, despite the great distance between them, it is possible to move from one planet to another. Those who share a bond with drakes can use certain stones to travel back and forth between these two worlds, but there are other passages as well. Talk of rockets capable of. This could make travel between the two planets more accessible to the common folk. In the rest of these documents, the worlds will be referred to as The Mechanical World, and The Mystical World.

The Mechanical World is primarily dominated by humans, and of the two is the one more similar to our own. I think it will be similar to Jakub Różalski's 1920+ universe (Where the board game *Scythe* and video game *Iron Harvest* are set) or like what

Scott Westerfeild's *Leviathan* trilogy is set in. A world after a world war where there has been a lot of technological developments, allowing mechs and other inventions, along with animal companions.



The Mystical World is far more mysterious and is home to curious creatures. Humans have ventured to it a little bit, and there are a few structures here and there. Most of these buildings are ancient and extravagant. This planet hides many secrets and much history.

Drakes and Draconids

For those of you curious to know what Cedrick is, he is a drake, a creature from The Mystical World. Like dragons, drakes are a species of draconids, but they have been domesticated. And as dogs and cats are not as fearsome or majestic as wolves or tigers, drakes are only a mere shadow of their dragon kin. They are smaller, easy to tame, and obedient to their masters.

Like all species in the draconid family, drakes are capable of assuming the form of an animal. In the ancient days, draconids had some freedom to choose which animal they could mimic, but through the generations, this ability was lost.

Drakes usually take the form of tamer animals such as cats or dogs. Dragons will take more fearsome forms, like lions, bears, or pythons. It is rare to find a draconid that can assume the form of a herbivore. In his draconids form, some traits will remain of the other animal the draconid can assume. For example, a draconid that can assume the form of an eagle may still have feathery wings in his true form.

As we saw in this story, drakes can form a mental bond with their masters, allowing them to telepathically communicate. I'm unsure of the specifics of this. It is possible for the drake and his human master to hide their thoughts from each other, but some things are always open between them, such as emotion. This is how Cedrick was able to inform us of events from his master's perspective. This is also how Isaiah knew when Cedrick was about to eat a cidrans. Any species of draconid can form this bond, but it is rare to do this with wild ones. Dragons, for example, are more interested in eating humans than forming bonds with them.

Despite Cedrick being the narrator of this story, and being capable of reading, math, and understanding speech, it should be known that Drakes are not truly sentient. They are indeed animals. Notice how Cedrick was primarily concerned with things an animal would be concerned with, like food or pleasing his master. So how was he capable of reasoning then? Instead of being sentient themselves, drakes 'borrow' sentience from their masters. For example, a drake is not capable of learning to read. But if his master learns, the drake

can borrow that knowledge from his master, allowing him to comprehend letters and read words. The smarter the master is, the more sentience the drake is capable of. If the bond was broken or the master died, the drake would lose any of this borrowed sentience, his mind returning to a beast state.

It should be noted that people with confidence make far better masters for drakes than those without it. Individuals with enough confidence can even deny their drakes certain things. For example, from shifting into their true form in The Mechanical World. If an individual with a bond lacks confidence, he may find the drake trying to become his master instead.

It is possible for a drake to form a bond with two people at once. But this rarely ends well as no one can serve two masters.

Scales

The 'Magic' in Last of the Righteous is based on dragon/drake scales. When paired with the fire of the beast it comes from, it burns with a magical property, or chemical, known as drakoron. Depending on the scale used, drakoron can have different effects. Each dragon/drake has at least four different scale types that release drakoron. These types are of scales are Bonding scales, Concealing scales, Traversing scales, and a type that is unique to the breed of Drake/Dragon. Drakes usually have weaker unique scales than dragons do. It is possible to have multiple unique scales, but quite rare. Neither dragons or drakes have been found with more than three.

Scales can be burned multiple times, but their power decreases each time. Eventually the power will fade entirely. The drake/dragon will have to wait until he molts to regain scales with full power. The ability only lasts as long as the flame burns. Usually a minute at most.

It should be noted that only fire can light scales. Once it has been converted into a type of drakoron, it does not trigger any other scales.

Bonding scales

Usually found below the horns. These scales, when lit, can be placed behind the ear on a living creature, bonding it to the drake/dragon. The scale fuses itself securely on the creature's head, making it hard to lose or bond accidentally. However, the bond can be broken.

Concealing scales

Located at the chest, allowing the drake/dragon to easily reach it by bending down his neck. Licking it will cause the drake/dragon to be

concealed as a different sort of creature. These scales are always visible whether the drake/dragon is concealed or not.

Traversing scales

Located at the tip of the tail. Lighting these will open up a portal between the mythical/mechanical worlds.

Other Scales

Varies on each dragon/drake in levels of power. These scales can be located in different places and do different things. Some are located on the upper lip and allow the dragon/drake to convert his fire into something else. Others might be on the wings, and allow the drake/dragon to light his entire body on fire. Or on his feet, and allow him to heal wounds he touches. Stranger ones have been known to allow the creatures to eat anything they want (even metal), intercept radio lines (Cedrick?), or even talk, through the later only is effective if the Drake/Dragon has a bond that lets him understand human words.

The City, Isaiah's People, and The Ordinances

Long ago, the city this story takes place in was owned by Isaiah's ancestors. They had achieved something that few have. A large mass of them, including the king, had become Christians. For a few decades, it was a wonderful place to be for believers, and reached out to spread the truth it had learned to all peoples. Even now, there are Christians across The Mechanical World that were taught the truth by these people. The city also had a rare connection to The Mystical world. An abnormally large number of people had formed connections to drakes. Travel between the Mechanical and Mystical world was open to all its residents. It even had several majestic buildings in The Mystical world, many of which were dedicated to the one true God who was working so many wonders.

But this did not last. Only a few generations later, these people forgot the grace that had saved them, and relied on their own works to be saved instead. This is when The Ordinances were created. They were followed not to glorify God, but to save themselves. Seeing the corruption in the rest of the world, they proclaimed the rest of the world undeserving of salvation, and refused to tell anyone else about God. These people also became very independent as well, closing their walls to outsiders, claiming that they could take care of themselves. They thought their 'faith' would keep them invincible.

The Ordinances are a strict set of rules inspired by The Law in the Old Testament. Notice how Isaiah's rules seem to fit with the Ten

Commandments. He avoids stealing, lying, and murdering. However, The Ordinance' do. It should be noted that The Ordinances are not identical to the law in scripture. Some new laws have found their way in while other laws have disappeared. Those who break The Ordinances deserve death. 'Thus you shall purge the evil from among you.'

Too stubborn proud to recognise they couldn't save themselves, and too selfish of their independence, grace was taken away from them. Scripture was lost and there were only the ordinances. True Christians were dwindling, some even persecuted. Then their prosperity began to fall, and independent survival became hard. Still, the people did not repent and turn back to the God they had forsaken.

Meanwhile, other nations had heard of the city's prosperity, and thought to take it for themselves. Several armies invaded. Many of the citizens were killed in the attack. Much of the city in The Mechanical World was ruined. The people tried to flee to The Mystical World, but were followed, and dragged back to The Mechanical World. The invaders destroyed the glory of the city and shut down the passageways to The Mystical world. The citizens were forced to watch their 'invisible' city fall, confused why they had been able to do nothing.

In its place was built a different city, one many men sought to claim. After many disputes and battles, an agreement was made. The result was a mishmash of cultures the surviving citizens found repulsive. Languages they did not understand were shouted in the streets, and nowhere they heard their own. Temples were built to foreign gods. Their ordinances were neglected. Rich men from foreign lands walked and lived in fancy mansions as if they had always owned the place, while the true citizens had nowhere to live but the streets. They were treated as the scum and beggars of the city. Nowhere did they see any respect for their history.

Which brings us to Isaiah's time, in the 1920s. The heart of his people remained stubborn, and they sought to take the city back with their own hands. They sought to reestablish The Ordinances and . A revolt was organized. Isaiah's father was a leader in it. But it failed, and the revolters, including his father, were killed. In retaliation, the leaders of the city sent out a massacre, ordering the death of all the original inhabitants. Isaiah survived, but as far as he knows, all the others, including his mother didn't.

The former name of the city was Elydon, but when it was conquered, it was renamed to New Varnakai.

Characters***Isaiah and Cedrick***

Isaiah is, to his knowledge, the last of the original citizens in the. Cedrick is his loyal drake whom he has had since he was a young boy. I don't want to say too much about him and his drake since you've learned a bit about them already, but here are some other things.

Isaiah is a collector. He prides himself in having the largest collection of an item I don't know yet, but probably something that was important to the city before it was invaded. Maybe scrolls, or something else. He appreciates his city's history. He and Cedrick have a hideout in The Mystical World's side of the city, which since the invasion, has mainly avoided being touched by humans. His hideout is in an old and worn church. He also collects pieces of artwork from his culture. He will not leave his city.

How I imagine Cedrick's dog form ->

***Hana and Nala***

Hana is a blind (and possibly lame) nine-year-old girl who has a bond with a rare drake named Nala that can take on the shape of a tigress. Hana relies heavily on Nala for transportation and to know what is around her. This character could be used to explore the limitations of borrowed sentience that Nala has from her master since Hana won't be able to provide Nala with what it is like to see the world through the eyes of a human.

Hana is also from the same line of people as Isaiah, and he first encounters her not long after the scene I shared above. He is happy to find out there is another of his people, and takes her in as his little sister. However, Hana is in fact a Christian, and doesn't understand Isaiah's need to keep the ordinances. Being limited to seeing the world through her drake's eyes, she isn't so much interested in seeing her kingdom returned to its glory and places little value in the things of both the Mechanical and Mystical world (with the exception of Nala).

The Snooper

Another character who owns a dragon, but is not of Isaiah's people. Someway into the story, Cedrick will realize that someone else has discovered Isaiah's hideout in The Mystical World and has been visiting on a regular basis. When they do meet, he will provide no grounds for Isaiah to justify killing him. He will be dubbed the snooper. His drake may take on the form of a boar, but uncertain on that yet.

The snooper is not an enemy of Isaiah. He is merely a rival. He has ulterior motives for visiting the hideout. No one can figure them out. (When these are finally revealed after the snooper pulls off his plan.)

Others

I'm thinking of a few people who are often in the area Isiah uses to access The Mystical world that take pity on him:

- A kind woman who tries to give Isaiah food and clothing, which he rejects.
- An officer with a dog (large breed like german shepherd) who keeps the area free of crime and encourages Isaiah to live a more civilised life.

Theme

I'm thinking this story will likely be about storing up treasure in heaven and not on Earth. Loving enemies is another possible one. Or looking forward to Christ's kingdom instead of being stuck in despair on this world. Possibly a mix of these.