

The Adventures of Yon Forgis and Stalker

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Introduction and Background

This is a world in which there is no discovery of crude oil or natural gas, or any of the products that can be created from fossil fuels. No plastics, no combustible engines or asphalt, or any of the 6,000 or so products that can be created from petroleum.

<https://www.innovativewealth.com/inflation-monitor/what-products-made-from-petroleum-outside-of-gasoline/>

In this world, energy is exclusively electric, from hydroelectric dams, and windmills. Wood heat, and burning of other sources such as animal dung is common, although electric heat is preferred. (Consider dragon orb power).

The most wondrous fact is that humans and other mammals live in near equality as all mammals speak the same language, and even live together in the same community. Each species tends to keep to themselves and have their own hierarchy within, but there is still an interdependence among all species.

Reptiles, fish, insects, birds, amphibians, and another non-mammal creatures do not speak, and have little value other than food sources.

The one great violation to this rule is the dragons. They are neither reptile nor mammal, but an entirely different class that speaks its own language that no other species can understand, and they also speak English like all mammals.

The dragons, however, control all electricity sources, and therefore are in a great position of power. They sell the electricity to the villagers so that they can operate their businesses, live in their homes, and provide healthcare, religious and judicial services to their community.

The dragons are not however, autonomous or without judgement, for there is one higher authority that all respect, and must be obedient to. There is but one God, one religion, one true authority, and this is God the father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. His angels live among the inhabitants of the earth, and act as judges among God's mammals, and the dragons.

This is a ~~democratic~~ world, with no political activities within any nation, district, or town. There are no wars or battles, as all know the judgement of God would be upon them swiftly. It has been tried, and the world has been educated as to the consequences.

Instead there is trade, cooperation to an extent, and competition between nations, districts, and villages. Sport is almost a religion in itself, but not permitted to escalate to this point as all referees are angels of God. Sport decisions are good and true and never questioned. No one insults a referee for their decision as it is always correct.

Sport is big, but these sports are not to result in injury to others, or anger against another team. It is competition, not fighting, and breaking the rules results in more than just a penalty as the angels will also judge the individual for their sins.

While God will forgive any sins between any of his creation, there has to be repentance, and often accompanied with some form of punishment. The punishment always fit the crime (or whatever you wanted to call it), and there is no arguing as to the decision.

There are no prisons, no lawyers or police, but there are authority figures elected to serve the people as elders for seven year periods. The angels deal with the larger matters, while the elders maintain day to day order in each community, all based on rules set down by God himself.

This is just how things were. No one is foolish enough to rebel and tell God He is wrong.

Technology is limited, due to the non-discovery of the uses for fossil fuels, which does not exist in large quantities to begin with. God has enlightened many individuals with knowledge to create new things, to which these people would normally be considered inventors, but are not because all know that all wisdom and knowledge is from the Lord. New ideas are not inventions, but instead are blessings in the form of revelations.

There are no corporations or conglomerates, or franchises. Small family owned shops are plentiful, and provide everything that any mammal or dragon could need. Waste is not tolerated, and everything is made in an extremely environmentally friendly way. Glass or clay jars would be used and reused for containing all drinkable liquids. What a human would not eat, a canine, pig, cat or rat would. Things are built to last, and serve a purpose.

Humans wear clothing, but most other mammals do not. Hats or shirts are worn by many mammals, but never shoes except for by the humans. Interbreeding is never permitted or possible, so it is never even considered, just in case you wondered if a human could marry a dog or something like that. It doesn't work that way. Humans marry humans and live with each other, though they may have a dog or cat or dragon living with them in their house.

No mammal is owned by any human.

Time and seasons

Every month was defined by each new moon, which was declared by the angels. They had knowledge of the constellations, weather, and moon phases and revolutions. The months do not have names, nor do the days. A calendar day would be noted as the third day of the second week of the fourth month. There are normally twelve months, seven days per week, with the seventh day being referred to as the Lord's day. This was normally the day when angels would teach in the villages, and communal worship to God was celebrated. Each day was 24 hours.

Spring in the northern hemisphere was generally the third to fifth month, summer the sixth to eighth months, fall from the ninth to eleventh month, and winter from the twelfth to second months. The southern hemisphere would be opposite, generally.

The Animals, the birds, fish, reptiles, and insects

All are permitted to eat birds, fish, reptiles, even insects if they desired. Never is one permitted to kill more than is needed, as waste is an abomination. Mammals are equal, with humans being just as skilled or smart as a cow, sheep, horse, dog, cat, or whale. Hoofed mammals can walk on all fours or upright, whatever they choose. Their hoofs are actually the result of forming or clicking or attaching their fingers together. When not in hoof form, they had fingers like a human, including thumbs. It is a natural transformation that no one thinks twice about. It allows hoofed animals to build, to work, to play, and to live just like a human, if they want to.

Many of the grazing animals live together in the fields, growing crops for their own consumption or for barter or sale. They construct habitats for themselves in a design that works best for them. Fences are built to separate land between owners, not to keep anything out or hold anything in. Fences are simply about land division, identifying territories for each community of animals. No one ever eats a mammal. When one dies, the body is buried in the ways of their species, which could either be quite extravagant or repulsive, or anywhere in between. Their ways are respected, and none try to force their traditions upon another.

Certain animal species tend to have certain skills or talents. Canines were often seekers, or guards, and often elected as elders. But they could also be shop owners or teachers. Cats of all types are great doctors and health care workers, but can also be trackers or messengers or fishers.

The same goes for any mammal, even the mice have duties and skills to offer other animals or humans. They are great at finding lost things, and for janitorial services, which are often provided along with help from pigs or squirrels or apes.

Some villages are made up of mostly one animal species, or a few species, but often they are a blend of most animals. Some animals tend to prefer isolation, and live in their own communities far away from anyone. And there is no issue with this.

Many of the carnivores or omnivores as we would refer to them, would eat fish and birds as their main source of food, but fruits and vegetables or non-mammal critters would be a part of their regular diet.

The non-mammals are incapable of speech, and are either food sources or ignored altogether. An alligator attacking a mammal would result in a hunting party, as only this type of revenge was permitted by God. It was more of restitution or prevention of future attacks that would result in a hunting party, which did not necessarily involve humans, although Stalker would always sign up.

Whales and dolphins direct other mammals in search of food from the oceans, while beavers and mink and other swimming mammals will direct hunters and fishers in the lakes and rivers.

Many creatures are known to exist that live only in very particular climate, such as the Sasquatch, or unicorns. Only very occasionally would one ever go to a village that is not exclusively made up of their own kind. It was acceptable to try to visit a Sasquatch village or a unicorn village, but one has to respect their culture and traditions or they will be asked to leave immediately. There is no disagreeing with this decision. A mammal may seek the services of a sasquatch or unicorn, as they produced exotic goods that are highly desired. Stories are told of these goods, but none are rarely ever shown to others outside of their secluded villages.

There is mutual respect amongst all mammals, as the angels instruct and teach all mammals from the word of God to love their neighbour.

All mammals go to the many temples that are constructed throughout the land. Some are constructed specifically for humans, or canines, or what we would call livestock. Any and all are permitted to go to any temple, which includes the outdoor temples many of the cows, sheep, pigs, horses, goats, or other hooved animals attend.

The focus was on learning about God, and learning his instructions to all his teachable creatures. Instruction does not always result in obedience, as all have free-will, but hardly any have ever chosen to reject God. Those that do are dealt with by God exclusively, and no one really knows what happens to them. God takes them away somewhere, and they never return. That is all that is known.

Dragons

It is not clear why these non-mammal non-reptilian animals were given speech, talents, skills, and understanding like the other animals, or why they were given the authority to control electricity, but this is what God created, and it was never challenged. It was often questioned of the angels by the young mammals, but the wisdom provided to the angels would quickly dispel their misunderstanding. It was God's way, and it was good.

There were many types of dragons, and all could fly, and all lived for many more years than any mammal, but they had much more restrictive breeding patterns. The females could only lay an egg once every 40 years, and only after they reached age 40. A healthy dragon would often live to 200, so could produce a maximum of 5 offspring. They did mate for life, so if a dragon lost its mate, it could not find another. That often resulted in a shortened life for the widowed dragon, as young dragons were of immense pride to a dragon parent.

There were feathered dragons, scaly dragons, fur dragons, and cow hide type dragons, but they had all the same skills and abilities. Their main attributes were scouting, trade, diplomacy, and leadership. Their ability to fly over great distances to other nations and villages brought them into contact with many other nations to mainly discuss trade, and arrange for sporting tournaments.

Dragons were often elected as leaders in the local villages, as a dragons commanding presence often brought attentiveness to a meeting. It was good to be friends with a dragon. They had knowledge of the world from their many travels, and understood electricity and its uses beyond that of most mammals (excluding Yon Forgus in particular).

While they did have authority over all electricity production over the entire earth, they were never the ones doing the construction. They relied on many other mammals to construct the dams, the windmills, and the infrastructure to deliver it to the villages.

Dragons ate fish and birds mainly, but enjoyed fresh vegetables or fresh fruit. While they were given authority over all electricity, they were very reliant on other mammals for their services.

Our focus is on two humans, Christopher and Karl, although we will address them as Yon Forgus and Stalker.

Yon Forgius

One of four brothers from the Ebullient line, Christopher showed clear signs of skills in physics and science. Understanding of technology and how things work was an obvious talent and interest. On his own, he would create useful gadgets and gizmos that would assist him and his family in their daily chores. With interference from Karl, he would be influenced to create good things that could be used in ways unintended. Karl would often describe what he would need in order to accomplish a certain task, but would not know how to make it, yet Chris would quickly come up with the solution. Karl would hold back as to the other uses this object may have, but that did not prevent Chris from taking on the challenge.

Without Chris, Karl was a constantly frustrated individual with plans to do many things, but with no skills or talents or knowledge to make it happen. Chris would have been fine without Karl's constant bothering to create this thing that could do that, or fix this so that it can do what I want it to do. They were friends from the time they could crawl, neighbours growing up, and only six months apart in age, with Karl being the older one. With six boys between the two families, there were always games and sports played amongst them, so that they were almost a team themselves.

Chris named himself Yon Forgius. The name has no meaning that he could think of, he just liked the sound of it. This persona required a symbol, which came in the form of a helmet that he forged on his own. This helmet did not seem to ever leave his head as a child, as he loved the whimsical world that swirled inside his head. His thoughts seemed to flow better with the helmet on, and it allowed him to focus on his craft and task at hand.

He did grow up, after all, to become a blacksmith, a carpenter, a jack of all trades for repairing things, and just an overall resourceful man that could fix or make pretty much anything you needed. Once he completed his education, he opened his own shop, hanging a rustic and simple yet masterful sign with the metal crafted words - Yon Forgius Repairs - screwed onto a finely planed oak plank.

This provided Chris and his family with the means necessary to live a modest and peaceful life. He had married young, at sixteen, before completing his education, and they had two young girls before he was twenty.

Much of his adventures with Karl were prior to becoming a husband and dad, but Stalker still enticed him away from the everyday routine into wild and sometimes not so intelligent adventures. His family and friends, and people in the village never called him Yon Forgius. This was reserved for he and Stalker, where they would live an alternative life as two adventurers taking on the sometimes made-up challenges of the world.

This was his source of joy in life.

Stalker

Karl was the middle child of the Johnites, with an older brother and younger sister, separated by two years between them. No one ever thought of him as trouble, because Karl never allowed witnesses to see his mischief, except for Chris.

He did not come up with the name Stalker on his own, rather, it was the brand name on the toy bow which he had received as a gift when he was six. Hunting was permitted for birds, and any non-mammal besides dragons of course. No one would be foolish enough to anger a dragon. Karl loved to hunt birds, and would provide a fair amount of meat for his family this way. He was quite adept with a bow, not stellar, but above average. He took his bow with him everywhere, although the toy bow was replaced by a number of higher quality and stronger bows, he still treasured his original Stalker bow.

While Chris was a fit, muscular yet toned man, Karl was quite flabby in the midsection as he had a severe attraction to sweets. Chocolate in particular. The soil in the village mountains was perfect for growing coco plants. All the ingredients he needed to make chocolate were readily available to him, and he took advantage of the resources to fill his belly with all sorts of chocolate creations on a near daily basis. It was no wonder he eventually owned his own chocolate shop.

That was just a bi-product of his addiction, his other skills were in business, particularly accounting. After completing his education, he eventually opened his own shop, which was actually a combination of shops really. His storefront included a chocolate shop, hunting and sports supplies, and accounting services. He had staff to help him, in fact, he spent most of his work time doing bookkeeping and accounting for other businesses in his village, and as a result had knowledge on a lot of the other businesses and the proprietors financial affairs.

He took advantage of this sometimes, buying farm land in the mountains where he could grow his coco plants and sugar cane. Milk chocolate was his favorite, and the cow community provided an almost unlimited supply.

Bartering was a way of life in this world. You needed to have a trade or skill or resources to barter with the cows for milk, the pigs for labour, the sheep for wool, and even electricity from the dragons. Everyone had something to provide, and needed something to trade for.

Karl traded items from his shop, or accounting services for whatever he or his family would need. It was a few years after finishing his education that he eventually got married. Three children followed in the years thereafter. He wanted his children to be much like him, but he knew that would probably not be wise, as he knew he was slightly tilted away from centre.

Karl had a fascination with dragons. It was not their beauty, or their uniqueness, or that they could fly (a personal dream of his), but that they had such authority and distinction in the world. He wanted some of that, which he knew was wrong, but nevertheless, he was compelled to wonder what if...

Two very small, young and naïve dragon pups (Karl called them pups, dragon young were properly referred to as xxxxxx) became friends to him when he was around seven, and would ride around on his shoulders or fly around him in his travels. They were not pets, as no one was permitted to have a mammal (no human or animal) or dragon as a pet. They chose to hang around Karl, and he was thrilled to have dragons around him. He thought they would be a doorway to their power and authority somehow. Just wasn't really sure how.

Their names were Flint and Cinder. It was not an unusual thing to see this type of dragon hang around with mammals, it was just unusual how strong the bond was between them. They stayed with Stalker throughout his entire life, because their friendship was based on their mutual fascination with fire and destruction.

Stalker, was not-so secretly obsessed with fire. His siblings and Chris's brother's knew about it, but not any of their parents or people in the village. Flint and Cinder would provide the spark to ignite a fire, which brought a dangerous level of thrills to all three of them. One of the things Stalker loved to discover, was how each and everything would burn or melt or explode when fire engulfed them.

Take for example a can of beans. Food for many, but exciting to watch explode when it was placed upon an open fire. Cans of anything and everything were exploded while he was off in the hills away from the village, where no one could see his mischief (except God of course, who seemed to keep his angels away from Stalker when he went off into the mountains).

Flaming arrows and exploding arrows were also something he loved, which would sometimes require the assistance of Yon Forgus to create. Yon Forgus and Stalker, as youngsters, were often off in the mountains exploding and destroying things. No harm would ever come to it, but there was waste and destruction. They tried to keep it to one area, their bomb pit, so as not to cause destruction to God's creation.

Pollution and garbage were not tolerated as it was an insult to what God had created. There was no such thing as wasteful packaging, or toxic chemicals or things damaging to the environment. It simply was not permitted. Somehow, the destructive activities in the bomb pit went without much punishment. After all, YF & S thought it was just a healthy way to blow off steam, and provide entertainment.

Most of the tales you will hear will be about their adventures prior to becoming husbands and dads, but their growing up did not put an end to their misdeeds. What they hid from the world will now be revealed.

The Adventures of Yon Forgus and Stalker

Chapter 1: Flint and Cinder

The forest was generally quiet in the early morning hours, away from the village, alone with just his bow and some snacks. Karl wasn't much of an early riser, but it was a beautiful Saturday late spring morning. The sun was just coming up over the horizon, and it was a still, peaceful moment where he could get away without anyone knowing what he was up to.

His plan was to hunt for grouse, fish for a few rainbow trout in the streams, and hopefully start a morning fire to cook himself breakfast. The trails through the forest were easy walking, and he knew where all the trails went, be they hunting trails, grazing trails, or pathways to other villages or

better grazing areas. In the stillness, he didn't hear the chirpings of birds, or fluttering of wings. He was likely the noisiest thing around, but he wasn't too concerned. There wasn't a pressing need to shoot a grouse, or catch a fish, although he would very happily eat whatever he would be provided with.

Although he was only seven, he was not afraid of being alone in the forest as there were no dangers. There were no animals in this forest that could harm him, and there was no chance of getting lost. Hunting did not seem to be productive, all the birds were still resting, so he made his way to his favorite fishing spot. Here the stream widened at the opening of a small lake. His birch and poplar raft was tied to the shore, ready for use, along with a wooden paddle his grampa made him. He made a few casts into the water, near the mouth of the lake, but there was no action to convince him to persist with this spot, so onto the raft he went. After untying, and pushing himself off from shore, he paddled along the shore, about twenty feet out, heading westward with the sun behind him. The lake was smooth, clear, and clean, with just a few bugs testing the surface of the water.

He stopped in random places to cast, not yet getting even a nibble. Watching his efforts from above, were two young dragons, perched on the upper branches of a lone dead pine tree. They were hoping for a trout breakfast too, but little dragons knew it was not safe to fly low to the water. Only being around eight inches in length, from snout to tail, they were in danger of being food for an eagle or hawk, or a large fish, should they be foolish enough to glide over the lake or river's surface. Their vision was infinitely greater than any human, and they were great at spotting fish, but at their age, couldn't grab hold of anything bigger than a two inch minnow.

To all three of their delight, Karl just pulled in a two pound rainbow trout. The dragons flew down to Karl's raft to enquire if he would share.

"Mmmmm, we likes that!, We will help you cook it if you share some with us.", the furry blue dragon invited eagerly. Karl was not surprised to see the two dragons, but was concerned that they were getting too close to the trout. "How are you going to help me cook it? It's bigger than the both of you. Let me get to shore first, can you perch on my shoulders or something, to stay away from the fish and the water?", Karl enquired.

As the two dragons hopped up, one on each of Karl's shoulders, Karl paddled the raft back to his launch area, with his trout tied to one of the logs of the raft. After securing the raft, the dragons flew over to the small fire pit Karl had used on many previous occasions. They were eager to eat, cooked or uncooked, as trout was a favourite for most dragons.

"We will start the fire for you, need sticks first!", the yellow and red feathered dragon offered as the two dragons excitedly picked up twigs in their mouth, dropping them within the ring of rocks that had been the cooking place of many trout caught in this area. Before long there was a pile of twigs and dried grass, and both dragons were standing on their own rocks, stretching their heads towards their pile, and trying to bring forth flame to start the fire. Not every dragon could breathe fire, but these two were one day going to be capable of shooting flames and fireballs, as their breeds were normally the best firebreathers. They were still learning. After a few spits and gasps, there were a few sparks coughed into the pit, but not enough to cause an ignition.

“Maybe I can help...I have some magnesium that I can spread on your pile of twigs and grass, then even a spark should be all we need”, said Karl as he emptied out a small container of metal shavings. This was great encouragement to the two young dragons, as they each worked as hard as they could to bring forth sparks. All at once, simultaneously a spark came from each dragon’s mouth, causing a bright flash of light and heat to erupt, pushing back the two dragons as the flames brushed into them. Dragons were fireproof, so there was no fear in the blue or yellow-red dragon being burnt. In fact, they were so excited at the size of the flame they made, that they flew up and around the firepit, swerving in and out of the flames. “More fire!”, the blue dragon squealed, encouraging Karl to pour another container of magnesium into the fire.

Not being the kind that would say to this kind of request, Karl poured out another tin of magnesium onto the flame, with the two dragons dancing in the small eruption. Karl grabbed some more twigs and sticks, and added them to the fire. After building up the fire over the next fifteen minutes or so, Karl retrieved the trout and proceeded to gut the fish after first bashing its head into some rocks. He had a small pocket knife that was good enough to slice open the belly of a fish, but not strong enough to chop off the head. The dragons quickly ate up the guts, and waited for Karl to jab a stick through the fish so it could be cooked over the fire. Young dragons mostly ate raw fish, since they couldn’t bring forth their own flames to cook it yet. Cooked trout was better tasting, but they would usually only be given raw scraps from older dragons. They were eagerly awaiting a good helping of fire roasted trout.

“Thanks dragons, it usually takes me longer to get a fire going. My name’s Karl, but my best friend calls me Stalker, because I like to hunt and fish, and that’s the name brand written on the bow I use. I got it from my grampa for my sixth birthday. One day I am going to have a bigger stronger bow, but I am still going to be Stalker”, explained Karl.

“My name is Flint”, the blue furry dragon stated, “and this is my pal Cinder”, the young dragon stated while putting his wing around the drooling yellow-red feathered dragon. “Thanks for sharing your fish, we have only had a few small minnows this morning, and they weren’t nearly as tasty as this yummy rainbow is going to be.”

“How much longer before you can shot flames from your mouth? I would love to have a couple of dragon friends with me when I hunt and fish because it takes too long for me to get fire going by myself. I’m not allowed matches or anything yet, so all I have is magnesium and a flint. It’s cool that your name is Flint, and he’s Cinder. I love fire! But I’m not supposed to play with it, just cook my fish or grouse, then put it out.” Karl further explained how he would love to be able to have flaming arrows, and maybe have some kind of exploding thing that would help him float fish to the surface. He didn’t know how to make things explode, but always wanted to see it happen. Flint and Cinder were a couple of young male dragons that loved this conversation, and gave Karl a few other ideas of how much fun fire could be for doing other things, like breaking rocks, heating up a sauna, making popcorn, and cooking lots of other different foods. After cooking and eating their fish (the dragons ate most of it), they chatted for about an hour, before Karl finally decided it was time to put the fire out, and head back home to his family.

“Do you two want to come with me, or do you have to be home with your family too?”, asked Karl, who didn’t know that dragons were independent from the time they learned to fly. They

could come and go as they please from their mountain nests, and no one was upset when they stayed too long, or stayed away even longer.

“Are you going to have more food, like maybe a nice breakfast at home? We would like to maybe try some of your human food”, Flint enquired.

“Sure, mom will cook me some breakfast, or maybe I will have some cereal, or eggs or something. You can stay with me as long as you like”, said Karl as he walked back home on his hunting trails, with dragons on his shoulder, not concerned whether there were birds to hunt or not. They struck up a quick friendship, which became a lifelong relationship for Karl.

A dragon aged quite slowly, Flint and Cinder were already two years old, but their wingspan was only a little over a foot and half. It would take forty years for a dragon to mature, and depending on the dragon breed, a full grown dragon could be four feet long, or thirty feet long. Flint, being a furry dragon, would likely grow to a dozen feet long or so, but Cinder would only be half of that. They would be small enough to sit on Karl’s shoulders for four to eight more years, but all dragons prefer to fly.

After sharing cold cereal, pancakes, and a half dozen cooked eggs with his new friends, Karl decided it would be cool to introduce them to his friend Chris. He lived next door to Karl, and was just six months younger than Karl. They were in the same class at school, and both would be finishing second grade by the end of spring. Most every day was spent with Karl and Chris playing together, along with their brothers. Together, there were six boys that played ball hockey, hide and seek, baseball, and all sorts of activities that kept them outside most of the day.

Chapter 2: Yon Forgus

Chris slept in that morning. He wasn’t aware of Karl’s unplanned fishing trip that morning, they only had plans to do stuff around 10:00 that day. No sense rushing into the sixth day, which was a non-school day. After eating a quick breakfast, he was at his workbench tinkering on his helmet. This was version one, using two empty metal paint cans and some other scraps of metal. Chris was fascinated with stories of knights, and battles, and being able to brandish a sword and shield as he ventures into the wilderness in search of treasure.

With the limited amount of tools he was allowed to tinker with, he was only able to fashion a crude helmet, but it was a start. The shield was the next thing that he wanted to make, but a metal garbage can lid was all he had to work with for now. It was hard for a nearly seven year old to obtain supplies, as he had no money to buy parts with, but could only scrounge from others whatever metal they were willing to give up.

Today was helmet testing day, as he stepped forth into the world as Yon Forgus. He didn’t have any particular reason or meaning behind the name, he just made it up, and liked it. After smuggling it onto his head, then making a few adjustments to get rid of sharp edges, improve his vision and hearing, and allow for eating, he was out the door to see Karl for the start of their daily adventure.

Chris was the third of four boys, and the most curious as to the workings of machines and tools, and what kinds of things he could create. He didn't have much in the way of ideas or supplies, but he had could grasp scientific and mechanical concepts quickly. Many of the neighbours were willing to lend him tools, and share scrap metal or broken equipment that they were not going to fix. When his supply closet became too full, he knew he had to find a hidden place to store it all that would be away from his brother's reach. The two boys had spent many days exploring the forest, looking for a place they could call their hideout. They were heading there that morning.

Karl spotted Chris on the path between their two houses, and pointed out his friend to Flint and Cinder, who then fluttered over to him to get used to his scent. They were a little surprised that there was a helmet on his head though.

"Cool dragons, are you guys hungry?", Chris asked while digging into his pants pocket and pulling out a piece of smoked fish that he had wrapped up.

"Mmm, more fishes!" Both dragons cheered as they swiped the piece of smoked fish from Chris, ripped it in two, and divided it equally between themselves. "You're our friend too, but why do you have a bucket on your head?"

"I'm Yon Forqus. Stalker and I are heading to our secret lair. Our adventures require us to be properly equipped, ready to defend ourselves from giant birds and reptiles that want to devour our flesh!" responded Chris, eager to have two fun dragons join them.

"We didn't know you had a secret lair, Karl, will you take us to it?"

"Do you have more fish there?"

"Are there secret doors, and spy nests, and is there a secret password to get in?"

The two dragons were very easy excited, and were very interested in the fun things that Yon Forqus and Stalker had planned. The boys told Flint and Cinder all about their secret place, and made them promise that they wouldn't tell anyone about it, but they could go there anytime they wanted. The only other rule was that while they were at their secret lair, they must be referred to as Yon Forqus and Stalker. In the village they were Chris and Karl. The boys didn't pack anything with them for this trip, except what Chris had in his pockets, and Karl didn't go into the forest without his bow, and his fishing rod. They kept their hideout well stocked with necessities.

The walk through the forest was about an hour long, and the four of them chatted the whole time, allowing the dragons to get familiar with Yon Forqus and Stalker. After eventually walking through a clearing just before the Teardrop mountains, they wound their way up a hidden trail through a thick bush that required the boys to crawl part way, while the dragons watched from above. They weren't able to spot the boys, even though dragons are known for their eyesight, as the bush was so thick, but they could hear them scuffling along. Then there was silence. The dragons zipped around the bushes, trying to see, hear, or smell their friends, but there was nothing for several minutes.

"We're up here!" whispered Karl, down to the dragons below. That surprised Flint and Cinder, who were normally excellent trackers. They flew up the mountain about twenty meters, and found

the boys perched on a ledge. Behind them was a crack hidden away around a corner, that was wide enough for the boys to walk through. Following the crevice, they found a tunnel into the mountain that widened into a round cave, which was about forty feet in diameter, and twenty feet high. There was a pear shaped opening near the front side of the cave that allowed light to come in, but not snow or rain. In the opposite corner was the tunnel that wound down inside the mountain to the thick bushes that the boys disappeared in.

“Our secret lair!” Yon Forgius showed the young dragons around, while the dragons flitted into every nook and cranny to see what was hiding. There were shelves and cupboards along the walls, an extra bow and quivers filled with arrows, and a crude wooden table in the middle of the room with two small wooden chairs. “We made our own chairs from some fallen trees, but the table was here when we found this place. We have snacks in the cupboards, and tools on the shelves. We haven’t had any success making beds yet, because we haven’t been allowed to stay outside overnight.” Continued Yon Forgius.

The cave was cool, and a little damp, but it was dry and comfortable. The ledge the boys called the dragons from allowed for a fantastic view of the clearing, and the paths that lead into and out of it in various directions. Yet the ledge provided cover above them, so that birds and dragons could not spot them from above, and they were hidden from view from anyone in the clearing.

They could see the stream and lake that Stalker was fishing from that morning, as well as the many mountains that adorned the horizon.

“We love it!” both Flint and Cinder chirped in unison, as they parked themselves next to a jar of dried fish. “Can we have some please?”

Dragons would not take food from humans or mammals, as they would be disciplined swiftly by the angels. Even at a young age, the dragons were polite and respectful, even though their hunger made it difficult. Yon Forgius opened up two jars of dried fish, and allowed each dragon to help themselves. Stalker was already into his chocolate stash in his private cupboard, where he had a number of treats stored in jars. The cave was a great place to store jarred food, but not a good place to cook anything as the smoke would be spotted by any number of animals in the area.

Yon Forgius shared his plans of what he wanted to build in the lair, from hanging beds to small catapults and other weapons. There was really no use for weapons, as there were no dangers to fight or protect themselves from, but Yon Forgius still liked making them. In one corner near Stalker’s private cupboard, was the starting works of several wooden shields that Stalker had started. Carving wood was something Stalker enjoyed, even if he was still just a beginner. He had a small kit of carving tools that his grampa had given him, and Stalker treasured greatly. Anything from either of his grampas was highly valued to him.

The four of them spent time together in the lair for a couple of hours, before retreating back to the village. The two dragons excused themselves, as they wanted to head back to their home for the rest of the day and night. They promised to return in two days.

As there was still a little time before supper, Chris and Karl played a little bit of catch outside, and joined up with their brothers for a short time. Tomorrow would be the Lord's day, so much of the day would be spent with family, and learning from the angels in the village square.

Chapter 3: The Lord's day

For the entire day, from sunrise to sunset, the angels were available in the village for teaching, for sharing of the Lord's wisdom, and for providing guidance. Angels would be available for all that needed