How it comes to be, that Mordenvale has dragon ladies.

Part 2

The dragon ladies found themselves each one alone at the far ends of the compass. Maxima Nicely found herself at the far, far North Pole. Eleganti Enthusiastica landed in the far East, where the sun starts its journey every day. Lithely Winsome sat on a warm rock, way out West where the sun goes to bed. And Spikey Sharp found herself pacing around the desolate South Pole.

As the sun rose in the East, Eleganti raised her dragon head to sing greeting to the morning, as she had done everyday of her lady life. This morning no song came from her. Instead of song, a huge plume of fire, yellow gold streaked across the sky, just touching the far horizon. Lithely Winsome saw the flame touch her horizon in the West and immediately answered back with a huge blanket of bright orange flame. The dragon ladies knew in an instant they could find each other if they followed their flames straight and direct. At the four corners of the Earth, one by one they unfurled their great dragon wings and hoped they would be able to fly. As soon as the great wings lifted them into the sky, each dragon lady felt the pull of home, Mordenvale.

The dragon ladies flew straight and true, with each flap of their giant wings they drew closer and closer to their beloved home. In a day and a night of flying they could smell the coal, the shiraz and the semillon and the canola. And they knew they were near to home. Scanning the skies Eleganti could see three huge dragons scooping the air with their wings. She dipped her head and trimmed her wings close, landing gently onto the field of wheat they had been dancing in days ago. Lithely Winsome did a spin, and dived to the ground landing with a pirouette. Maxima zoomed low over the field, made a sharp, banked turn and landed neatly beside her friends. Then, with a rustle and a tussle Spikey Sharp came stomping onto the wheat field.

Four dragons sat looking at each other. All they saw were giant reptiles, with wizened faces, sharp claws and giant wings. Creatures to be feared. Huge dragon tears ran down their faces. They joined hands in comfort and felt the pull of the wheat dance. So, that’s what the dragon ladies did, they danced in the wheat to bless Mordenvale’s fields, to do their job and to protect the prosperity of their people. The giant wings flapped, huge feet stomped, they circled and spun, faster and faster.