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

The dragon ladies weren’t always dragons; they were just ladies that lived with their people just like any other ladies might. They cooked and washed and stitched, they chatted and danced, they chopped wood and carried pumpkins, just like any other ladies. No one was expecting what happened next; least of all these four ladies.

One bright day they were dancing in the wheat fields and singing the song that helps the wheat grow tall and strong, because that is what ladies did in those days, they helped the plants to grow. They helped their people to grow the good food they needed to survive and grow strong.

As the ladies danced, they bowed to the sun to say thank you for helping the plants to grow. They did not know that Boreas, the North wind was watching. He twitched his brows and pursed his lips; something did not feel right. He said to himself, “Am I not the one who pushes the clouds to bring water to their fields? Am I not the one who pulls the leaves from the trees to start Winter? Am I not the one who moves their boats across the waters? It’s me, I am the one they should bow to, not the Sun!” Then Boreas puffed up his cheeks and blew a huge gale of wind at the ladies in the wheat field. Their hair whipped across their faces and their skirts blew out like flowers around them. The wheat in the field bowed and blew flat. Boreas whistled to himself and laughed, “That will teach them not to honour me properly!”

The ladies caught their skirts, smoothed their hair and shook their fists at him.

“How dare you flatten our fields and mess our crops! Shame on you!” shouted Maxima Nicely.

“How dare you make our people sad and waste their work!” shouted Eleganti Enthusiastica.

“How dare you wilfully destroy our food and cause our people harm!” shouted Lithely Winsome.

“How dare you be so spiteful!” shouted Spikey Sharp.

“So, you think you can scold me, you old dragons,” growled Boreas in his storm cloud, “I will show you who is the most powerful and important!”

In a flash of lightning and a rumble and clash of thunder Boreas threw his nasty curse on the four ladies in the Mordenvale wheat fields. The sky grew dark and the wind thrashed around the four ladies as they huddled tightly together. In one horrendous bang and snap of lightning Boreas threw the ladies into the sky, the wind snatched them and hurled them to the furthest points on the Earth’s compass. They were no longer ladies, but dragons. Boreas had hurled them to the far corners of the sky and cursed them, there to be dragons forever.