



The Dragon Cycle

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The following are journal entries written by Pollock Drake, a citizen of the city of Drake.

I have been searching for many years to find it. There is only one of them on this planet, and I am hunting him. Does he know that I am hunting him, and that is why he is so elusive, or is that just his nature?

I have been hunting for many years honing the craft. I know that when I find him, it will be an epic battle that will be cried and sung for millennia to come.

I know what you are thinking, you think that I am seeking glory, honor and fame by killing this beast. For those are just some of the prizes that come with slaying a beast such as this. You would be incorrect in your presumption if you thought that I am seeking glory, honor, or fame. I despise them, as I despise the very people who refuse to help me destroy it.

The very people who will glorify and honor me later refuse to help me now and despise my name. They fear it so much that they sit in a corner and cry to themselves hoping that it does not come knocking at their door. Well, it won't be knocking on the door so much as destroying their place and turning them into dust. And good riddance because they deserve it.

I apologize, for I have gotten off topic. Now, back to why I am hunting this beast. The following is the journal entry that I made on that fateful day.

1/22/???1

They're dead! They're all dead! Everyone's dead, except for me.

Pull yourself together, nobody is ever going to read this anyway, so pull yourself together through this journal.

Mom. Dad. Sis. They are all dead.

Okay, stop saying that, it isn't helping.

Of course it is not helping, they are dead, and I can't do anything about it.

SHUT UP AND JUST TAKE A BREATH! Now, what did you see?

They're dead, so what does it matter what I saw?

It matters for posterity's sake.

What the heck is that supposed to mean?

It is supposed to mean that someone will look back on this day and want to know what someone who went through it was thinking.

I was thinking...I don't know what I was thinking.

Let's go back further, why are you alive?

I'm alive because dad told me to take care of the sheep today. The sheep were acting really strange, like they knew something was going to happen.

Be more descriptive.

Twelve hours ago, my dad told me that he was too tired to take care of the sheep. So he said to me, "Son, I trust you with my sheep, take care of them as best you can." He was wearing this crazy shirt that was the color of the rainbow. The blue was so blue that it made me sad. And I couldn't even look at the red, orange and yellow because they were so bright.

“I will dad, I will take care of those sheep as best as I can.” I went to my room and grabbed my shepherd's staff and journal. I brought a journal along because sometimes I get to a particular spot in the hills and I just had to sit. After sitting for a while and letting the calm quiet envelop me, I would take out a journal and just do some writing.

“Honey, breakfast is ready.” I heard my mom call up to me. I knew that I would have to leave pretty soon, so I ran downstairs into our kitchen and grabbed a piece of toast and started heading out. “And just where do you think you’re going?”

With a mouthful of toast, I said “I’m going to go take care of the sheep.”

My mom looked at me with scornful eyes and said, “What were you, raised in a barn.” I looked at her for a minute and then we both started laughing. It was an inside joke because I was actually raised in a barn, our house was originally meant to be the barn, but we chose to live in the barn because it was bigger. Our old house was turned into the barn where we kept the sheep. “Now, swallow your food and try and say that again, in english this time, not eatish.”

I smiled at her failed attempt at being funny, more out of pity than anything else. I swallowed the giant lump of toast and said in english, “I’m going to go take care of the sheep.”

She looked confused and asked, “I thought that it was your dad’s turn today.”

I shrugged and said, “He’s not feeling up to it today, so I am going to go and take care of the sheep today. He can work two days in a row once he feels better.”

Mom let out that sigh that meant that she was about to go on a long tirade about how I should be my own man by now and not still doing dad’s work for him. While she

was going on, I glanced around the room for what would end up being the last time. It was a comfortable kitchen, it had a refrigerator on the southeast corner of the room.

Attached to the refrigerator were three counters that were the color of red oak with a few stains where various kitchen accidents had happened throughout the years. Most notably the time when I had pranked my mom and acted like I cut off my thumb and she freaked out so bad that she dropped an entire pot of boiling spaghetti noodles on herself. I learned a lesson from that, don't pull pranks in the kitchen, someone might get burnt, charred, or cut if you do.

The stove was on the northeast corner of the room and it had a window right above it. That window was nice when you had been cooking for long periods of time because it would get hot and you would open up the window and there was almost always a breeze.

Mom was just finishing her tirade when I was done observing the kitchen. "That's all wonderful and great, mom, but it doesn't change the fact that I have to go."

"I just want you to know that you shouldn't be under our shadow all the time, do what you want to do. Don't do what others want you to want to do."

I said, "What does that even mean, mom?"

She looked me in the eyes and said, "Want what you want, don't let anyone convince you that you don't want it. I know I have experienced..." I could tell she was going to go on another story that would take a long time, so I said bye and left. I walked out of the house away from my mom and dad and I didn't look back. How was I to know that in a matter of hours, it and my parents would be reduced to a pile of ashes?

I went to the barn to get the sheep, and I knew that I needed a long walk today. No, it was actually my sheep that needed a long walk. I walked with my sheep up the evil hill that I hate and think is evil (Which is a large part of why I call it the evil hill). The evil hill goes up at a 55 degree angle for 120 feet. What those people who created it were thinking, I don't know.

During the winter, that evil hill actually sprouts horns and the devil comes and sits on it. Well, that's a little bit of an exaggeration; during the winter, it is incredibly icy. It is fun for sledding, but not so much for walking up and down, which is what I had to do when I would go to get groceries.

Once I had gotten up the hill, the sheep started acting even odder. They were running as fast as they could away from me. I tried to figure out what had spooked them, but didn't have the time as they were still running away. I had to make a decision, did I want to let them run wherever or stop them now.

And then, something happened that I can't describe. I went against all instincts of being a shepherd and went running after them. Something inside of me was screaming **"RUN WITH THEM!"** And for some reason, I did run with them. I didn't know why, but I was scared shitless.

After we had gone over another hill, the sheep stopped, and I stopped. We were safe. But what were we safe from? When I had looked to find out what had spooked them, there wasn't anything. But the voice in my head whispered quietly, **"Anything visible, that is."**

I had thought at the time that that was crazy, but the feeling of something wrong stayed there. I tried to shake the cobwebs out of my brain, because was crazy and

absolutely illogical. I started talking to the sheep saying, "Gosh, this is crazy. I should have stopped you from running this far. It would have been a very bad thing if you had jumped into a canyon or had gotten hurt. My dad would have killed me if that would have happened."

I let out a booming laugh to try and calm my nerves down. Then, all hell broke loose.

1/24/???1

The following is an e-mail to the president of the United States from then Secretary of Defense Theodore R. Oliveri.

URGENT! MUST READ IMMEDIATELY!

At 11:00 hours, we lost contact with the town of Drake. There were roughly 999 people living there. We did not think anything of it until 11:15 minutes ago, we received a call from an informant living in Naga, a city west of Drake.

The phone call was deeply distressing, there was talk of a fire that was seen by all in Naga. The informant said that the city also heard a voice cry out, "The fire begins and will never stop destroying." We believed at that time that there had been a terrorist attack in the town of Drake.

At 11:30 we lost contact with Naga. We sent a fighter jet over to Naga to see what was happening. The fighter jets found Naga in ashes, apparently what had happened in Drake had happened in Naga. We feared that more cities would be attacked. For this reason, we set up a no-fly zone and a no-pass zone. Our thoughts were if the terrorist used a plane to attack, then we could end this here and now. If the terrorist was planting explosives, then he wouldn't get through our pass zone.

Our no-pass zone just outside of Naga caught a 15 year old male named Pollock Drake at 19:00. He was the great-great-grandson of the founder of Drake. He had a few hundred sheep with him. We tried to find out what happened and he was not making sense. He was fully aware of what was going on, and that multiple towns were attacked. However, when we asked him what happened, a look came into his eyes and he whispered something. When we asked him to repeat what he said, he looked at me with an evil look in his eye. Attached is the transcript of the interrogation.

Pollock Drake (henceforth called PD): My name is Pollock Drake, I am of sound mind, and I am here with a man who won't tell me his name. My personal guess is that if I were to find out his name, then he would have to kill me. "Matter of national security" and all that bullshit.

Theodore Oliveri (henceforth called TO): Let the record reflect that Pollock Drake has refused to answer any of our questions so...

PD: that is because I am being held here without probable cause and have been for more than 48 hours, which is against the law. But I suppose you people are from a shady, unknown about...

TO: You need to work on your grammar. To say unknown about is being very redundant. Do you know what redundant means? (PO shakes his head) Redundant means "no longer needed or useful." So, when you say that I a person who belongs to an organization which is unknown about, that is redundant because you don't really have to say both of things.

PD: Who the fuck cares. You people are still holding me against my will without proper cause after more than 48 hours. That is against the...

TO: It is not against the law if nobody knows about it. The law is only there to protect those whose rights need to be protected.

PD: Oh, and my rights don't need to be protected, is that it? You people think you can just use me and then walk off and say you didn't do anything. You probably won't let me ever leave this room.

TO: You will leave this room, whether that is by body bag or your own will. I like to call it the proverbial fork in the road. Do you want to do this the easy way or the hard way?

PD: Well, seeing how this is a fixed decision and how you won't let me take the easy way because I don't know the answers to any of your questions.

TO: Oh, is that right? You don't know the answers to any of my questions?

PD: Are you deaf? That is exactly what I just said.

TO: (chuckling) You have a smart tongue on you.

PD: (Visibly gloating) People say I've got a smart ass as well, want to see it?
(Gets up, undoes his pants, and moons TO.)

TO: (Sighs) Clearly you want me to do this the hard way.

PD: No, let's try it the easy way. What's your first question?

TO: Who are you working for?

PD: I work for my father who is a shepherd.

TO: Who do you really work for?

PD: I really work for my father who is a shepherd.

TO: Let the record show that PO is not answering the question.

PD: Let the record show that I have answered the question, truthfully, but apparently Mr. big ass here doesn't like the answer.

TO: Do you know anything about the attacks?

PD: Yes, I saw the first one in Drake.

TO: You saw it?

PD: Yeah, I was taking care of the sheep because dad wasn't feeling so well that day. I was walking up evil hill...

TO: Wait a minute, evil hill?

PD: Yeah, evil hill. That is what I nicknamed it because it is a really steep hill that I often have to walk on. Anyways, back to *my* story and I would much appreciate it if you didn't interrupt again until I am done.

TO: Okay.

PD: What the hell did I just say. You just interrupted me again. I'm not talking anymore.

TO: (Clearly running out of patience) Keep going. (Long pause of them looking at each other) Please.

PD: (Smiling) because you said it so nicely, I'll keep going. Anyways, so I was taking my sheep up the evil hill when they started freaking out. They were "baahing" like I have never heard before. I had been around these sheep for my whole life and I had never seen them act like this. They started running and I ran after them trying to make them stop.

They stopped after another hill, we were probably about a mile out of town. I let out a laugh because it was so unexpected that they just stopped right here. I looked south and I saw our town, Drake. Did you know that I am related to the founder of Drake? I know, crazy since my name is Drake. He was like my great-great-great grandfather. He was my grandfather to some extent, don't know how far back.

Anyways, I get off topic very easily, but I usually end up back to where I had started. And remember, no matter how annoyingly off topic I get, don't interrupt me because I will stop talking if you do.

So, I had just chased the sheep trying to get them to stop when they just stopped. I looked to the south and saw the town that I had grown up on. I let out a laugh as all the sheep were back to normal, almost as if nothing were wrong. Then, all hell broke loose.

(PD is silent. PD has his eyes closed and starts humming and rocking back and forth.)

TO: I know I am not supposed to interrupt, but you have been silent for five minutes now. What do you mean by the statement "all hell broke loose?"

PD: Drake and Naga are both gone.

TO: That's right, but what do you mean that all hell broke loose?

PD: My mom is dead.

TO: What does all hell broke loose mean?

PD: My dad is dead.

TO: Pollock, what does all hell break loose mean?

PD: (He finally opens his eyes and there is a rage in them. He says something, but we can't hear what he said.)

TO: What did you say? I know you said something. Can you say that same thing a little louder.

PD: (A smile appears on PD's face and he yells) DRA!

Error: Identifying Problem Error: Identifying Problem Error: Identifying Problem

Error: Identifying Problem Error: Identifying Problem Error: Identifying Problem

Error: Problem Identified Error: Equipment Virus Error: Equipment Virus

Error: Equipment Virus Error: EquipmentVirus Error:EquipmentVirus

Error:EquipmentV Error:Equip Error: Er ...

To help you understand what happened, I will explain it. We were having the interrogation when he stopped talking. I tried to nudge him into telling me what he meant by that last comment. He finally said something: Dra! He didn't finish what he was saying as the lights began to brighten to the point where they exploded. The machine that was transcribing the interrogation ended typing at the word "Dra!"

Apparently, this had happened in a five mile radius of the base that we had set up. According to our computers, a powerful computer virus got into every kind of system that we had on the base and shut it all down. Our air in a part of the base that was to be used for quarantine was shut off as a result of the virus. Because of this, two people lost their lives as the doors were electronically opened.

It appears that this was not just an isolated event, there was a 15 mile radius around us with us in the center where this happened. There was one airplane inside of the radius, it had 154 souls onboard. The citizens around here have a lot of burying to do. In total, there were over 10,000 deaths as a result of this attack.

As for Pollock Drake, he went into a catatonic state after the incident. He has not come to in the past 24 hours. I have talked with the doctors and they do not give much hope of him coming back. They took an fMRI of his brain and found an odd occurrence. The parts of his brain that were active were making a particular image. Some kind of bird. Attached is a picture of it.

The doctors don't know what is going on because they have taken the fMRI multiple times and found the same image there. They don't know what to make of it.

I think it is fair to say that we, as a nation are under attack from an enemy who we do not know and who has not taken responsibility. I defer to your judgment whether you want to let the public know about these things.

Signed with respect,

Theodore R. Oliveri
Secretary of Defense

5/24/???1

The following is a letter from Pollock Drake to the President of the United States

They, the doctors, say that I have been unconscious for four months. They are thinking about leaving me in here until I talk. I am telling you this, nobody can be trusted. Listen to yourself and only yourself for the betterment of people, don't listen to anybody else, they can't be trusted.

All of the doctors keep asking me if I remember anything. I tell them no, I don't remember anything. But that's not entirely the truth. I know that I can trust you to keep my secrets, Mr. President. I remember everything. From seeing the destruction of Drake and Naga to the virus attack.

Some people say that you don't have any dreams or memories while you are in a coma. I had dreams the entire time, but they were more than just dreams, they were universes of infinite possibilities.

In my universes, time passed by much quicker. I was able to see every decision that would be made and then the consequences of that decision. I was unable to go back and fix the mistakes of the few people who made them.

The biggest mistake that I saw when I was there was you announcing to the public about that event four months ago. It will have unimaginable ripples in the universe.

I don't know if I am making any sense, but I hope that you can understand this. Don't tell the public about the event that happened four months ago. It will not end well for any of us.

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