

Jonathan, Dragon Master.

**Book Two of
The Tales of Trymyll**

Joseph R. Mason

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Dedication

To my children.

To Rebekah, Jonathan, and Charlotte.

My Grandchildren,

Isabelle, Marley, Eden, Thomas, and Theodore.

And to Callum Short for loving my books.

Do all the good you can, by all the means you can, in all the ways you can, in all the places you can, at all the times you can, to all the people you can, as long as ever you can.

John Wesley

Everything will be okay at the end, if it's not okay, then it's not yet the end.

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Prologue.

Thomas was thirteen. He didn't believe in magic; he thought that dragons were only in fairy tales, and he didn't believe in wizards either, it was the 21st century after all. His father had left when he was only two weeks old and taken his two-year-old brother Jonathan with him, so he had never met his father or seen his brother except through baby eyes. Now Thomas was a typical thirteen-year-old, full of angst, rebellion, defiance, and a mistrust of adults, especially men.

However, in the space of a few hours one weekend, he went into a cave which was not there, met a sixty-foot Purple Dragon called Howel, who spoke with a very posh full-on Oxford accent, met a wizard called Flintock, the son of a tribal chief of the Yoruba peoples from Benin, in West Africa, a hideous beast called a trygall, with scales like a fish, flaming red hair and terrible looking teeth, and he had seen real magic performed before his eyes. Apart from all that, it was a normal weekend.

He had arrived in the land of Trymyll, a mythical and magical land in a slightly different dimension to planet Earth as we know it.

A few weeks on and he had been reunited with his father and brother. His father, Llewellyn the Brave, was an immensely powerful wizard, his brother, who despite being an acolyte for over ten years, was not. However, together, Tom and his brother Jonathan soon

became very accomplished wizards, and now have their very own dragons, Bevon, a fine Red Dragon who was partnered with Jonathan and Ren, a magnificent Golden Dragon partnered with Thomas. And, just in case you didn't know, Golden Dragons are the most magical creatures that ever existed and Red Dragons are very magical, fiercely loyal, and formidable warrior dragons.

Jon is feisty and always up for a fight, so his Red Dragon Bevon suited him well. By contrast, Tom is a healer and restorer and always tries to find a non-violent way out of trouble, both he and Ren have amazing and powerful mind-bending powers, they can see into the depths of most people's minds and subtly bend them to do their will when needed. Working as a team, Tom and Jon are nigh on invincible, working on their own inevitably led to trouble or disaster. But they are young, only thirteen and fifteen, so they are bound to get into trouble sometimes.

They have just battled with an unknown and enormously powerful dark wizard who calls himself 'The Master'. He has been defeated but not eliminated. After the battle, in which three high elders were lost, it is revealed that Flintock the Elder has a deep secret. He divulged this to Llewellyn, but not to the boys. He thinks they are too young and immature to handle the truth.

We left the last book, Thomas, Wizard's Son, with the news that Llewellyn and the boys are going back to Wales to visit their home and the boys' mother.

If you are new to the Tales of Trymyll series, then there is a useful extra chapter at the end of the book which is worth reading now, The Land of Trymyll will give you an insightful overview of Trymyll and some of the main characters. It is worth reading before you start on the main story, but not compulsory!

Chapter 1 - Home again.

Four people stepped out of a cave halfway up the mountain at the back of a village in Wales. No one else could see the cave, mainly because it wasn't there. They were dressed in the clothes of the twenty first century, jeans and tee-shirts, boots and jackets, their 'wizard clothes' had been magically transformed at the cave entrance in Trymyll ready for their return.

There were Llewellyn, Flintock, Jonathan, Thomas and a small Jack Russel dog called Howl. Howl was really a sixty-foot Purple Dragon called Howel, but he appeared as a dog so as not to draw attention to himself. He did, however, consider this to be a most demeaning and incongruous guise, and was always in a particularly bad mood when in doggy mode. Jonathan carried a cockerel, the alternate metamorphosis of a Red Dragon and Tom had a sparrow hawk sitting on his shoulder, who was, of course, Ren, his magnificent Golden Dragon. Jonathan slightly resented the others, a dog easily merges into the reality of normal, a sparrow hawk, whilst not a common bird to have as a pet, it still looked a whole lot cooler than a cockerel, not an easy pet to wander around with in rural Wales.

For those who have not studied dragons, they are in the main very magical, intelligent, and wise. All dragons have an alternative shape which they can change into when needed. For Purple Dragons, this is a small dog, not unlike a Jack Russel, for Red Dragons, it is a hen

or cockerel, according to their gender, and for Golden Dragons; the most magical of all dragons, it is normally a sparrow hawk. However, being so magical, they can take on whatever shape they wish, even appear as a human if they so desire.

They stopped at the cave entrance and looked across at the valley and the mountain beyond. The air was different here, it had an industrial smell, a mix of rusty iron, diesel fumes and coal. The mines closed years ago, but still, the stench hung in the air. To all except Flintock, it still smelt like home, so they breathed it in like it was a new rose on a summer's day.

Yes, they were now 'home'. This is where Llewellyn's wife Gwen lived, in a small looking miner's cottage at the end of a terrace of cottages on the edge of the village. The boys were excited. The last time Tom had seen his mum, she was in a wheelchair, 'crippled by life' she used to say, with an oxygen bottle fastened to the frame to help her breathe.

Tom ran on ahead into the house, and fell into his mothers' arms, tears running down his face, he hadn't seen her for eight months and had missed her terribly.

"Ma, ma, we're home!" he sobbed, "all of us, dad, Jon and Flintock as well."

His mum hugged him and kissed him dearly on the top of his head. Next, it was Jon's turn, he was not as sentimental as Tom, so his

greeting was a little more restrained but no less warm. Finally, their dad arrived. He flung his arms around Gwen, lifted her clear off the ground and spun her round in a deep embrace.

“Sorry it’s been so long; we have had big problems in Trymyll so we couldn’t get away. All sorted now, a lot of it by the boys, they’ve made me immensely proud.”

After a decent interval of a few minutes, Flintock came in, he also embraced Gwen, “Well, look at you Gwen, you’re looking so well now. No wheelchair, no oxygen.”

“Well, a miraculous cure came over me as soon as young Tom was gone, must have been him that brought me down!”

They all laughed. They all knew it was part of what Howel called, ‘the deception’.

“Oh, and thanks for your deposits, I found them in the garden. You know I don’t need any more gold, I have more than a lifetimes supply, several times over,” Gwen said addressing Llewellyn.

“That wasn’t me,” said Llewellyn, “We’ll tell you all about it later, but the gold came from Jon and Tom’s dragons, allow me to introduce them.”

Ren apparated to Tom’s shoulder, “This is Ren,” said Tom, “he’s a magnificent Golden Dragon, the most magical of all dragons.”

“And this is Bevon,” said Jon, “an equally impressive Red Dragon, a proper battle dragon.”

“Oh dear, where can we keep them? They can’t stay in that form for long, they’ll get a cramp,” Gwen laughed.

“Oh, don’t mind me,” said Howel, “they have been like that for about twenty minutes, I had to stay in this shameful guise for two whole months.”

“Oh! Hello Howel, come and cuddle mummy then.”

“No,” was the prompt and bad-tempered reply from the small white, black, and tan Jack Russel dog, who, to demonstrate his foul mood, cocked his rear leg up and peed on the table leg.

Llewellyn stepped in, “Don’t worry, Ren will apparate all three away to the mountains where they can’t be seen, they’ll be fine.”

“Right, in that case, I’ll get the kettle on, you must all be thirsty. And I’ve baked a batch of crystallised ginger rock cakes as well because I know how much you like them. But make it soon, I don’t want the other two pooping on my carpet!”

“But how did you know we were coming?” inquired Tom.

Gwen just tapped the side of her nose as if to say, “that’s for me to know.”

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