

Legend Of The Jamaican Dragon

Original story and art by:
Rashaun Smith

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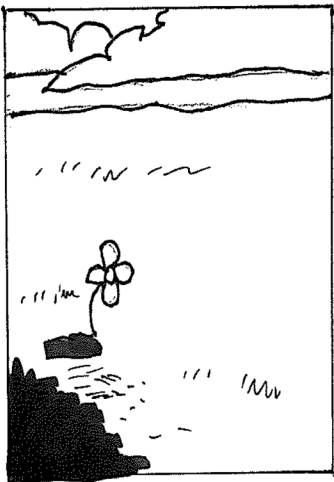
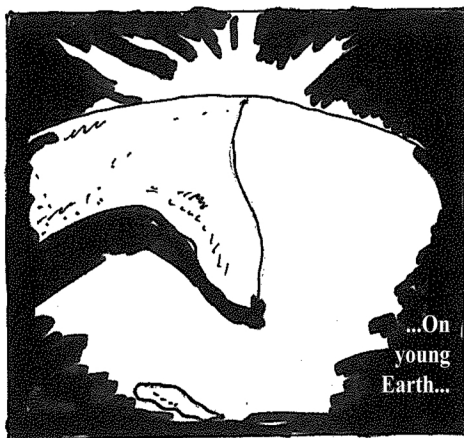
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Once upon
a time...



...On
young
Earth...

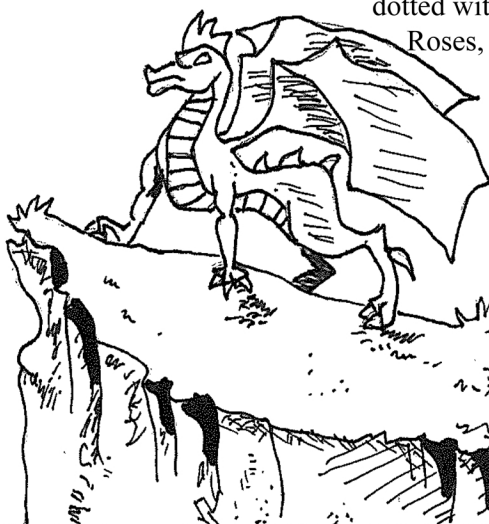


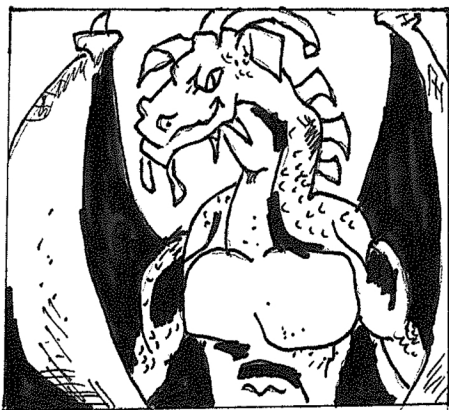
...there lived a land of
luxury filled with peace
and tranquility complete
with its own untapped
mystical creatures,
magical mysteries and
secret stories whispered by
the **winds**. Such secrets
that can only be heard by
the purest of hearts and
purest of souls.



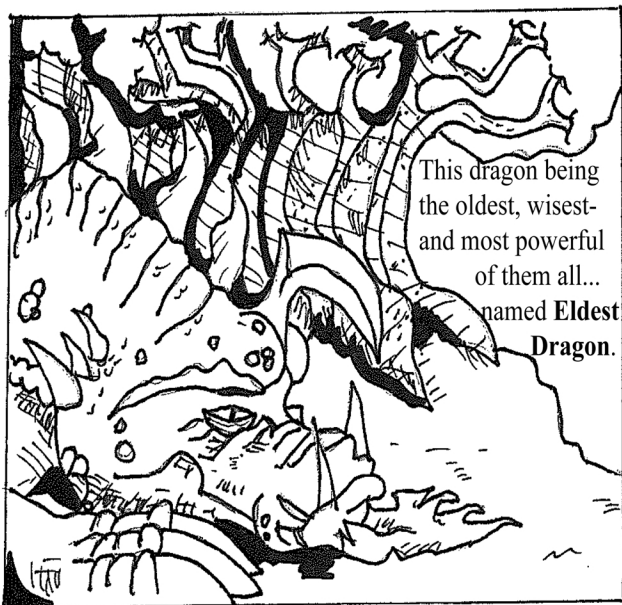
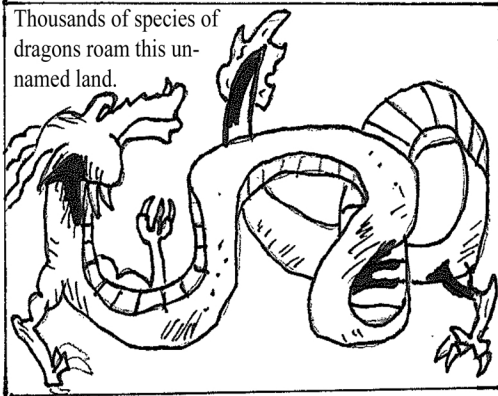
Acres of rolling grass
dotted with Dandelions,
Roses, trees and...

dragons.





Thousands of species of dragons roam this unnamed land.

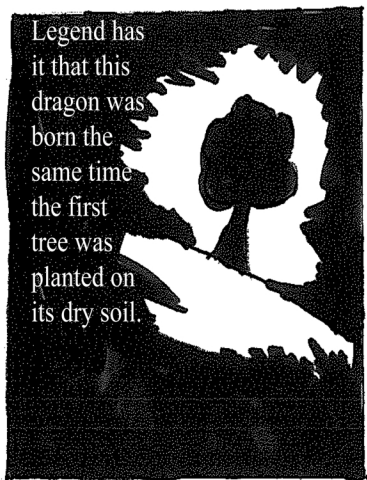


This dragon being the oldest, wisest and most powerful of them all... named **Eldest Dragon**.



Above all he is the kindest, gentlest loving of the dragon species.

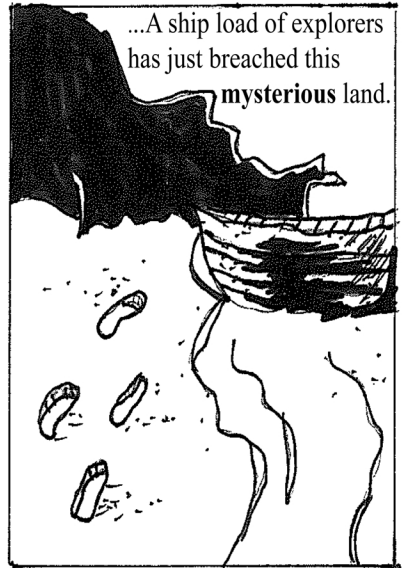
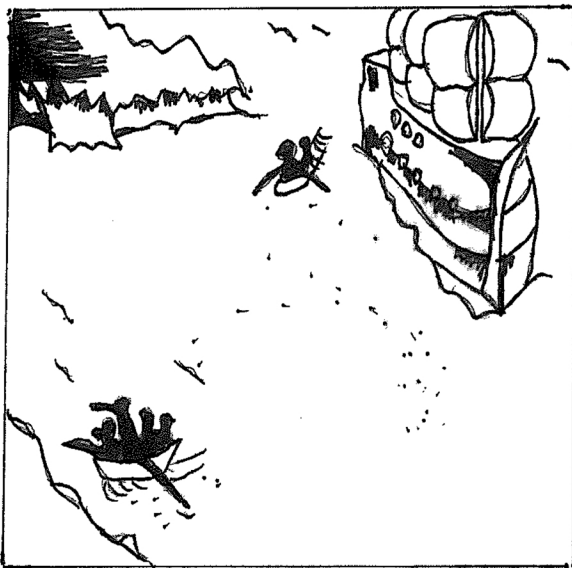
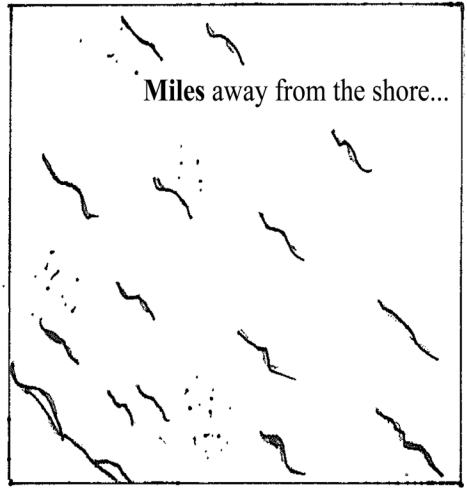
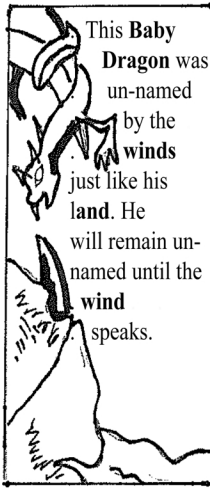
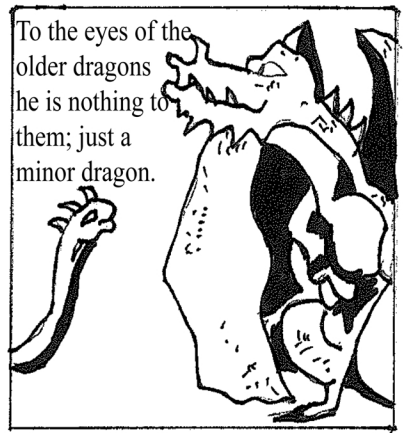
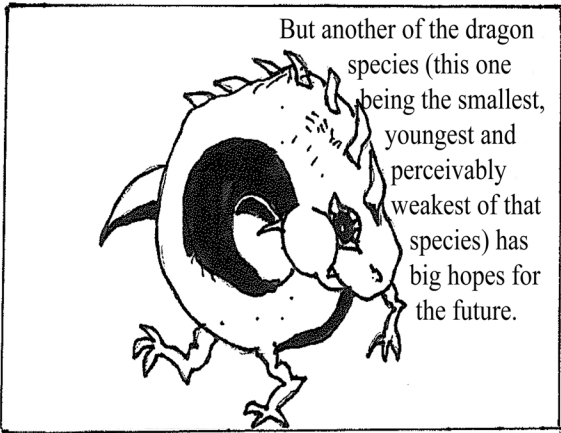
Legend has it that this dragon was born the same time the first tree was planted on its dry soil.

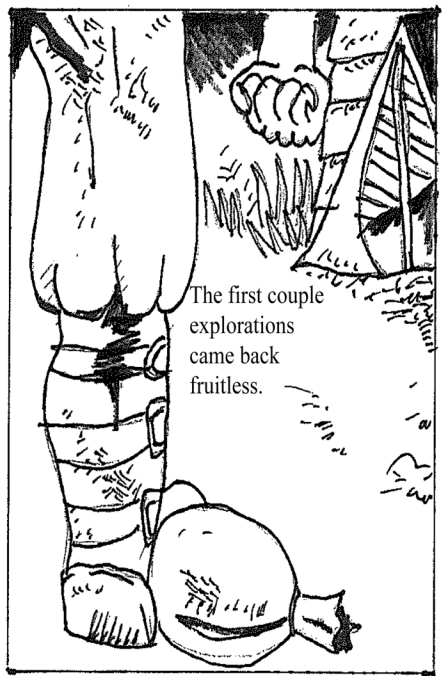
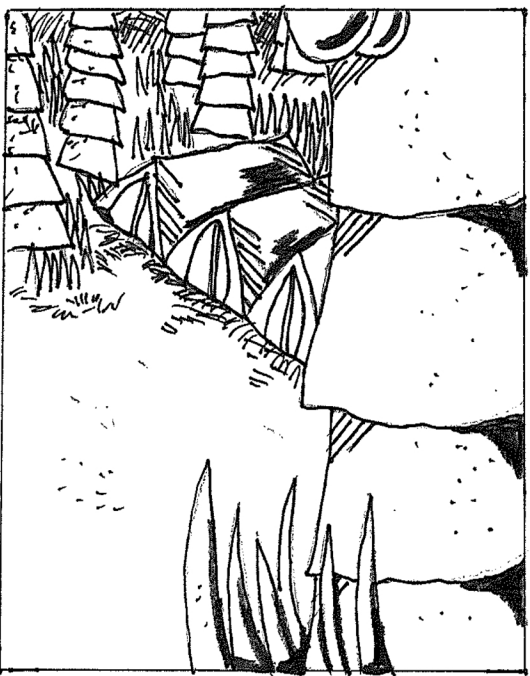
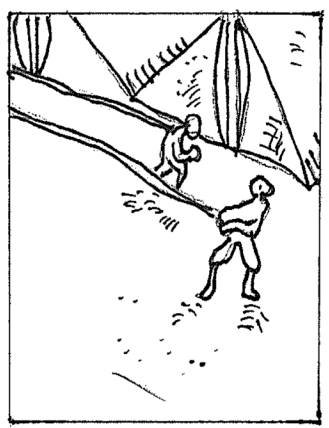
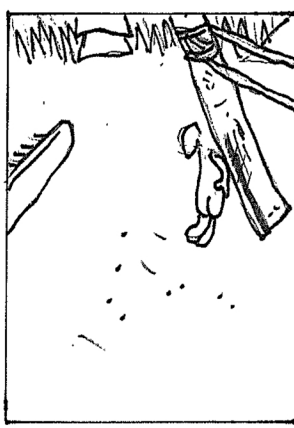
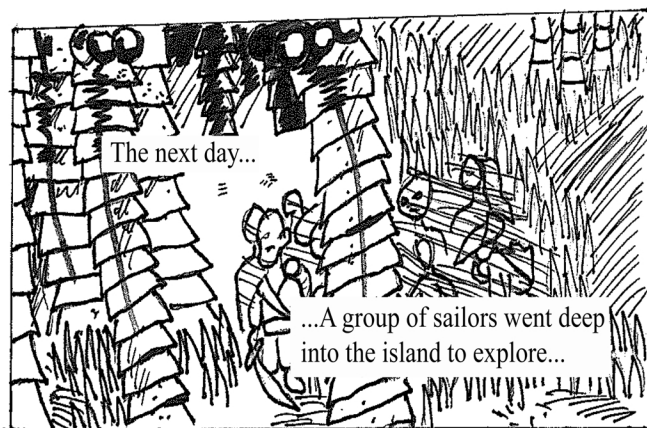


That as time flew by, the dragon grew, the land expanded, and the bond between the dragon and its land became stronger and stronger. The dragon would protect the land from countless waves of evil in exchange for food, shelter and comfort from the land. Of all the evil encountered by the dragon only one gave him the most trouble; named **Culden**, that evil he had to seal in himself.

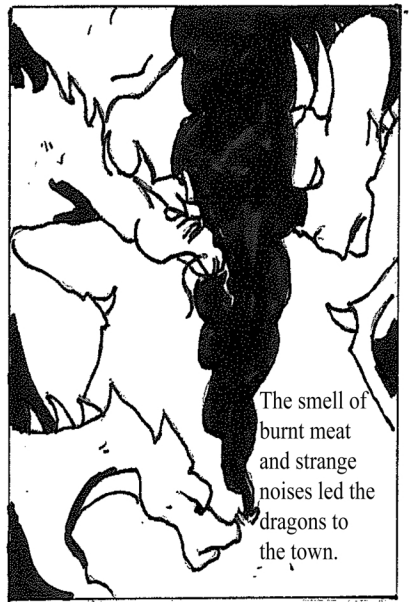
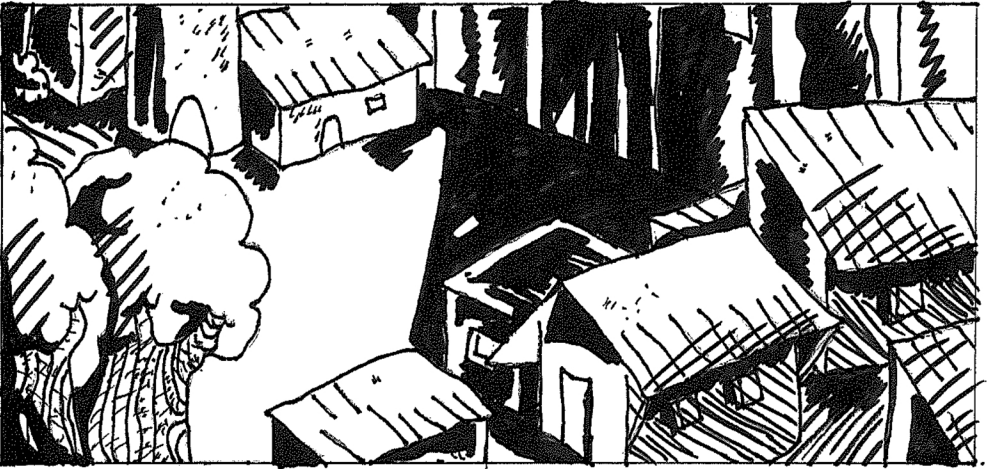
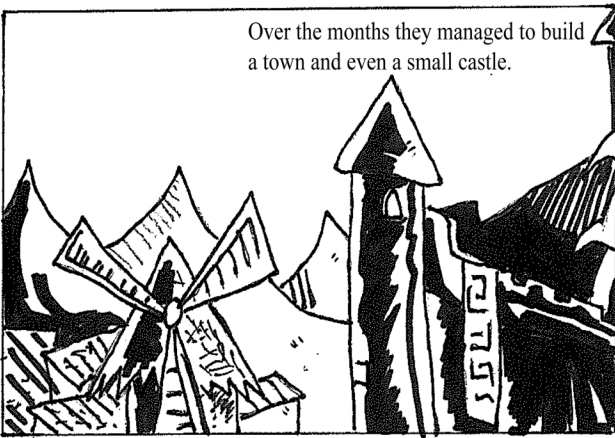


Over the years, the dragon has used up most of his power trying to contain the evil dragon spirit within him.

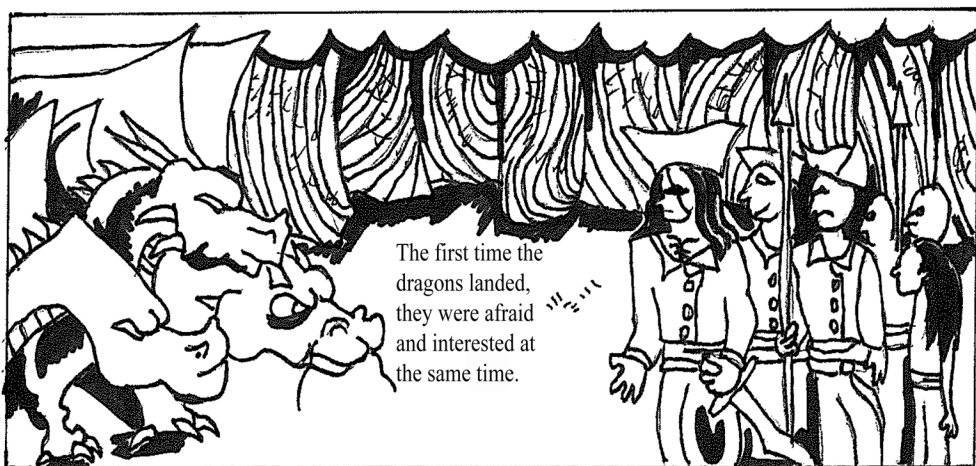




Over the months they managed to build
a town and even a small castle.



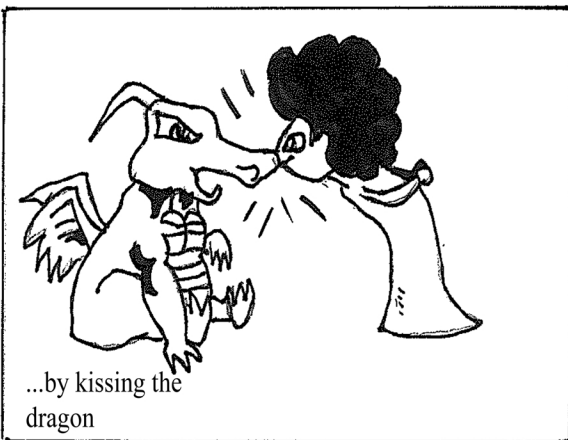
The smell of
burnt meat
and strange
noises led the
dragons to
the town.



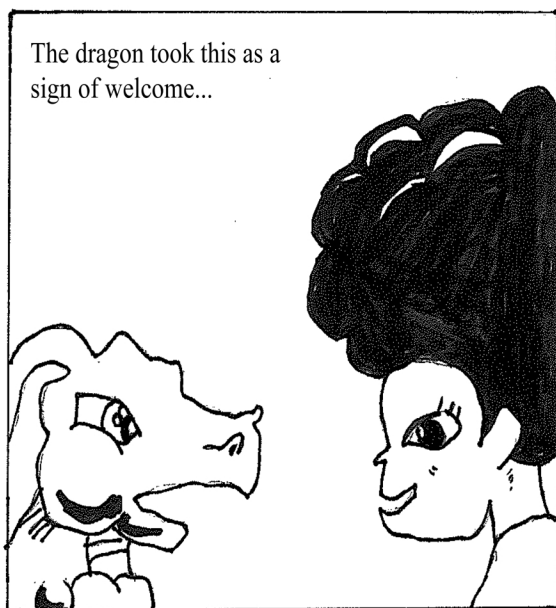
The first time the dragons landed, they were afraid and interested at the same time.



A child from the human side broke the tension...



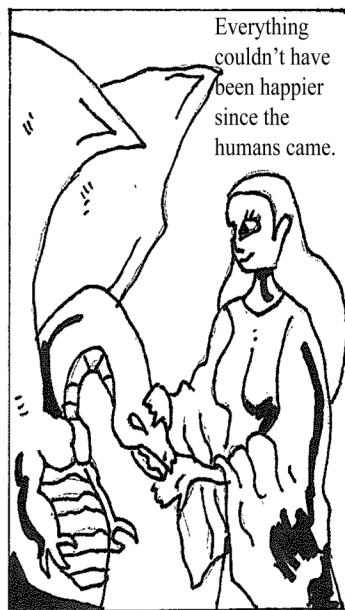
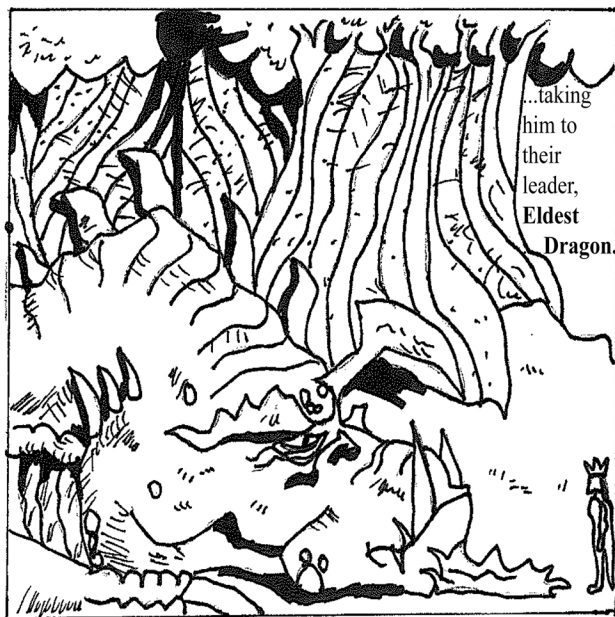
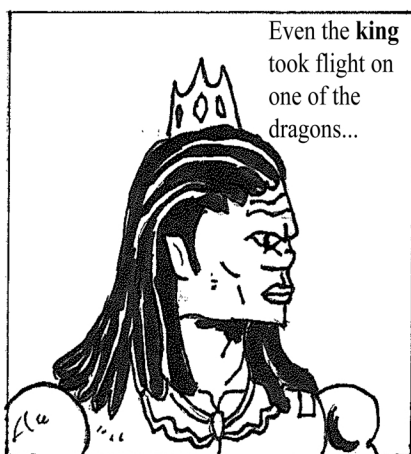
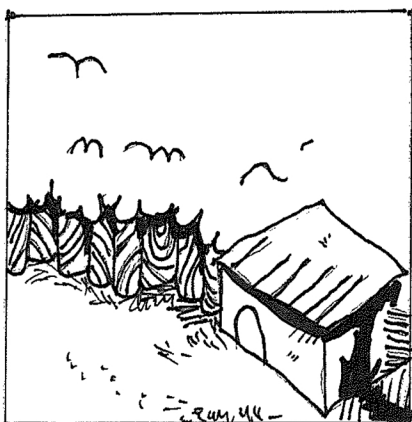
...by kissing the dragon



The dragon took this as a sign of welcome...



...letting the child fly on its back.



As the days went by...



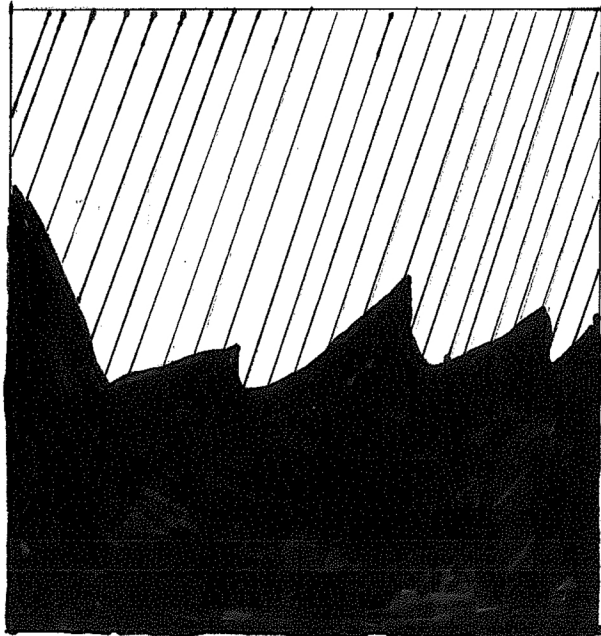
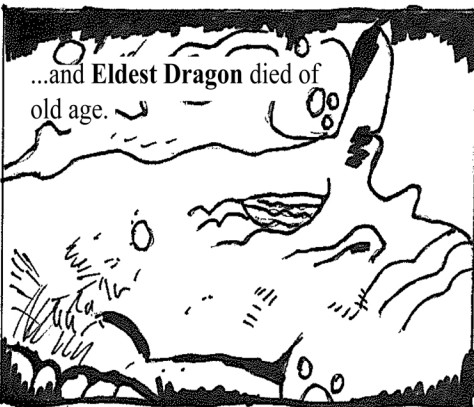
...Baby Dragon
matured...



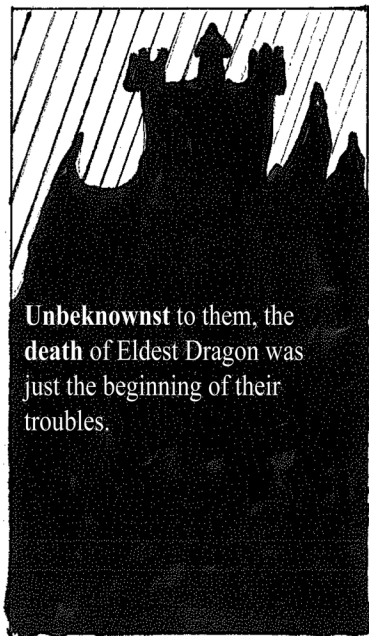
...the humans and dragons
came closer...

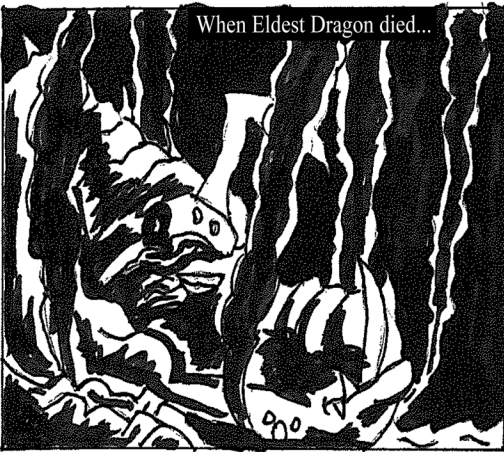


...and Eldest Dragon died of
old age.



Unbeknownst to them, the
death of Eldest Dragon was
just the beginning of their
troubles.

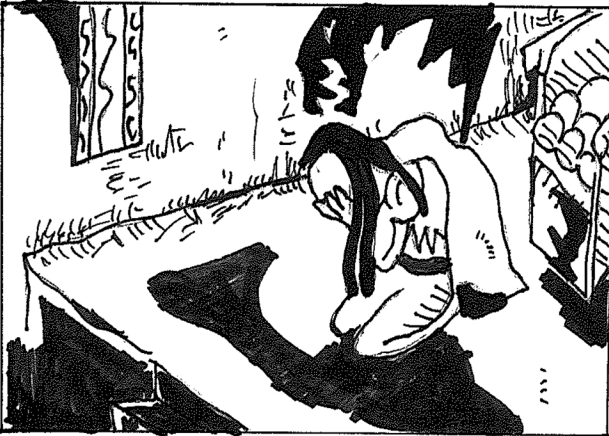




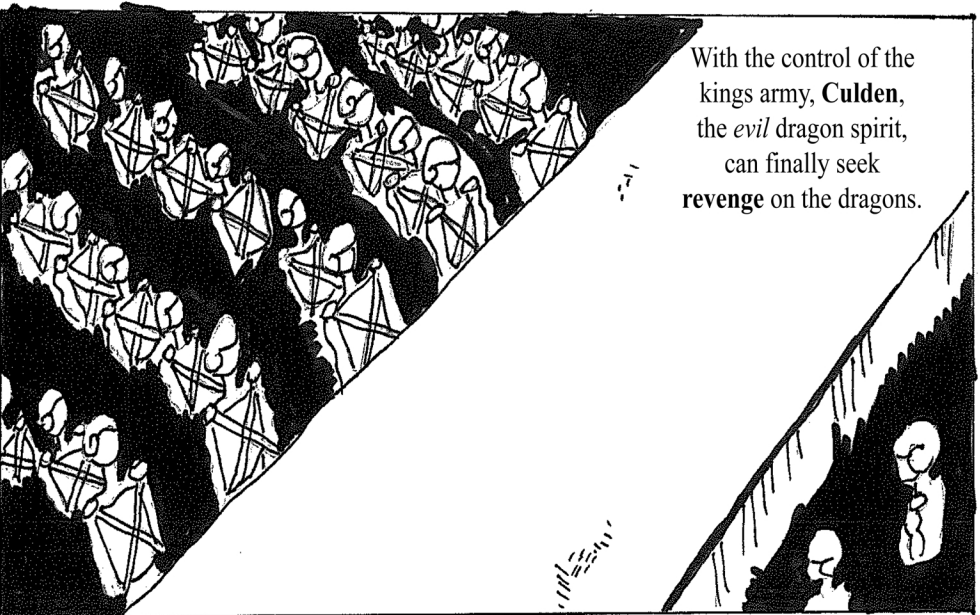
When Eldest Dragon died...



The evil dragon spirit was released.

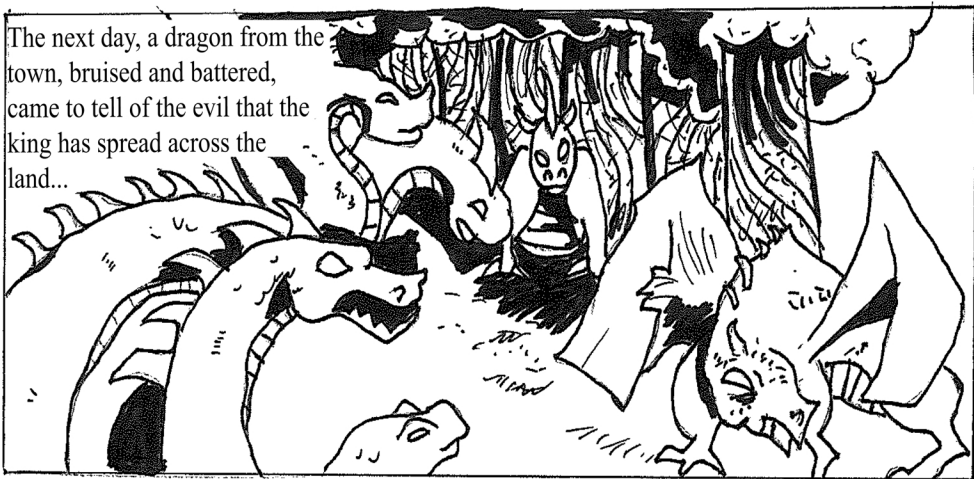


He quickly took control... of the human king.

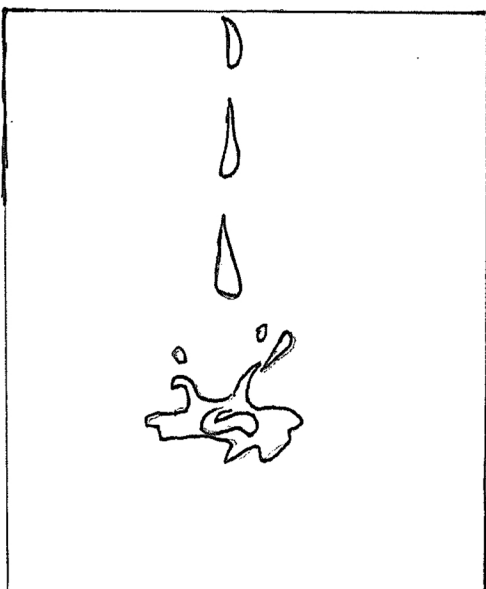
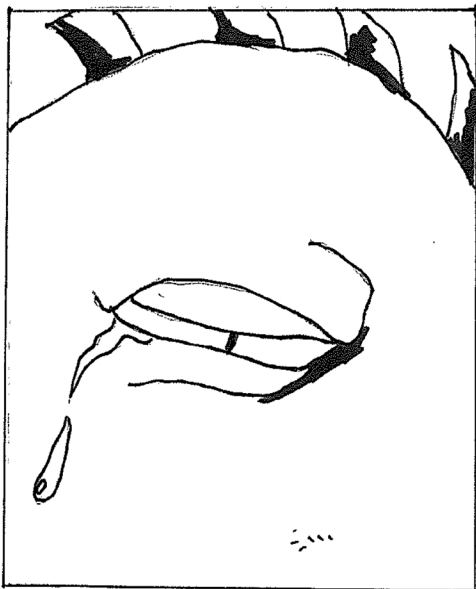
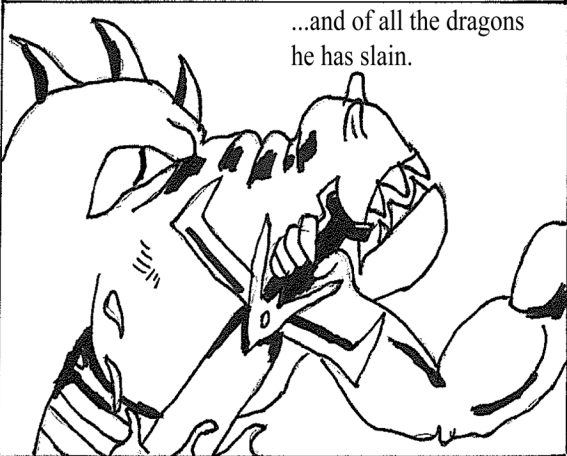


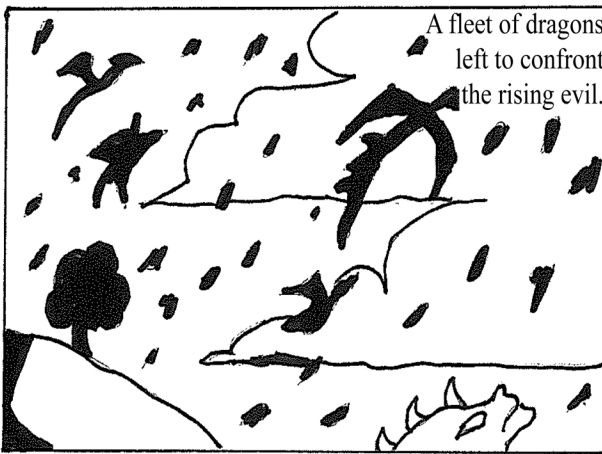
With the control of the king's army, **Culden**, the *evil* dragon spirit, can finally seek **revenge** on the dragons.

The next day, a dragon from the town, bruised and battered, came to tell of the evil that the king has spread across the land...

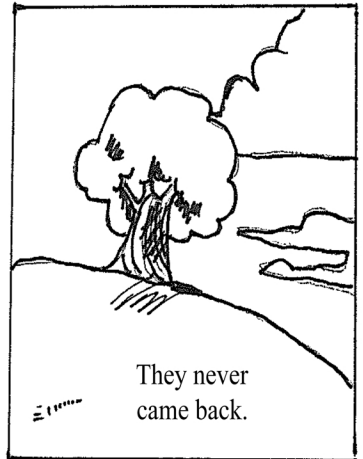


...and of all the dragons he has slain.

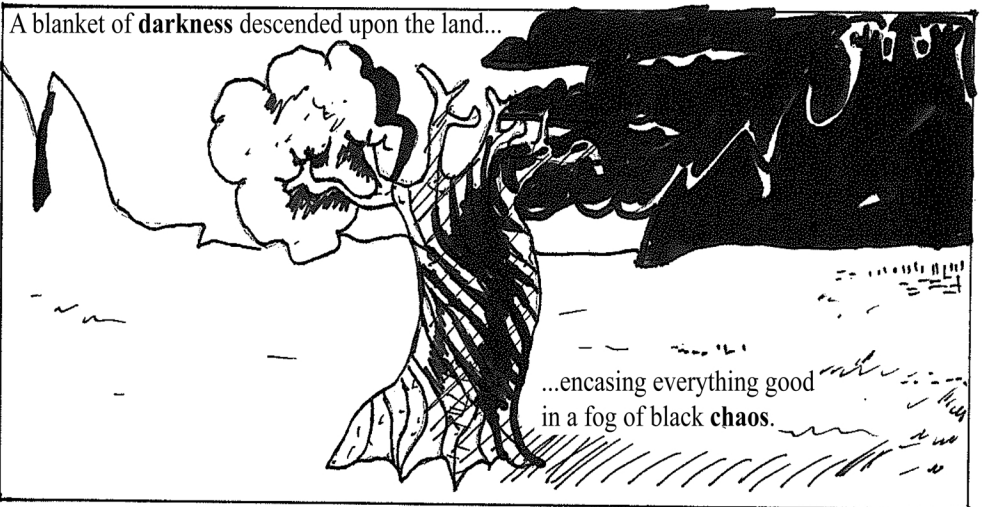




A fleet of dragons
left to confront
the rising evil.

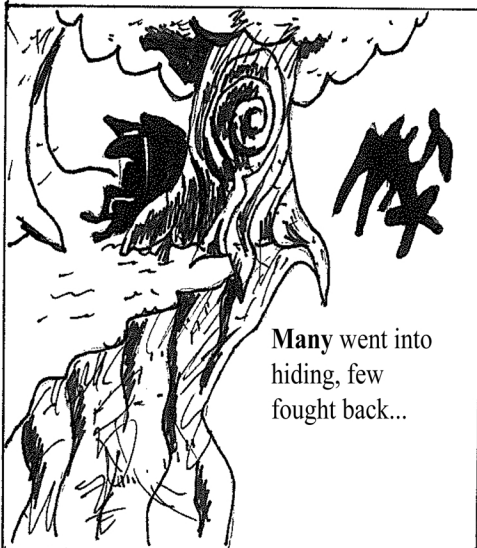


They never
came back.

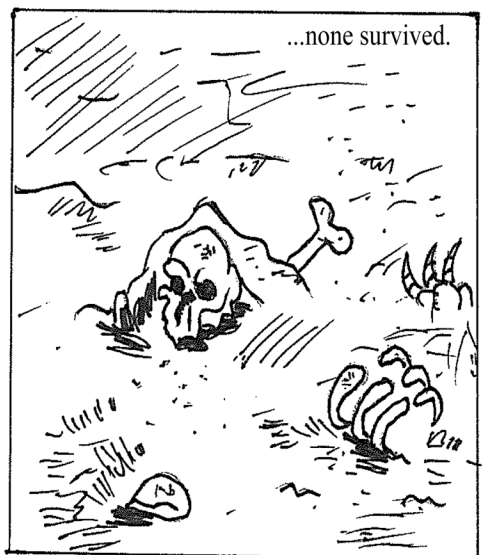


A blanket of **darkness** descended upon the land...

...encasing everything good
in a fog of black **chaos**.



Many went into
hiding, few
fought back...

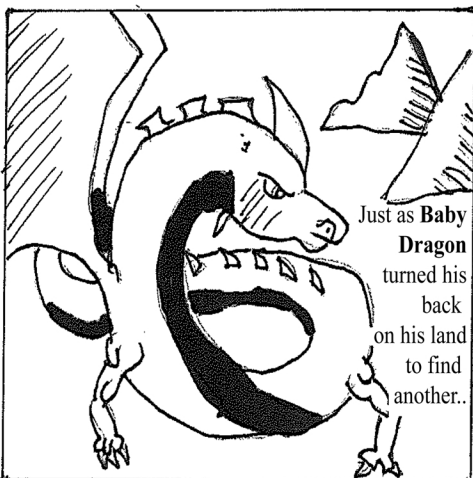


...none survived.

Only the much more mature un-named **Baby Dragon** was left.

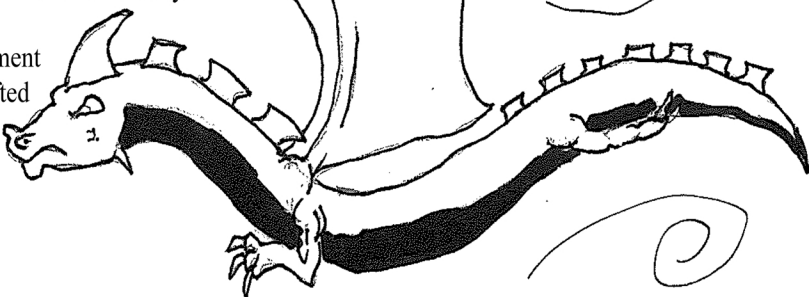


Just as **Baby Dragon** turned his back on his land to find another..

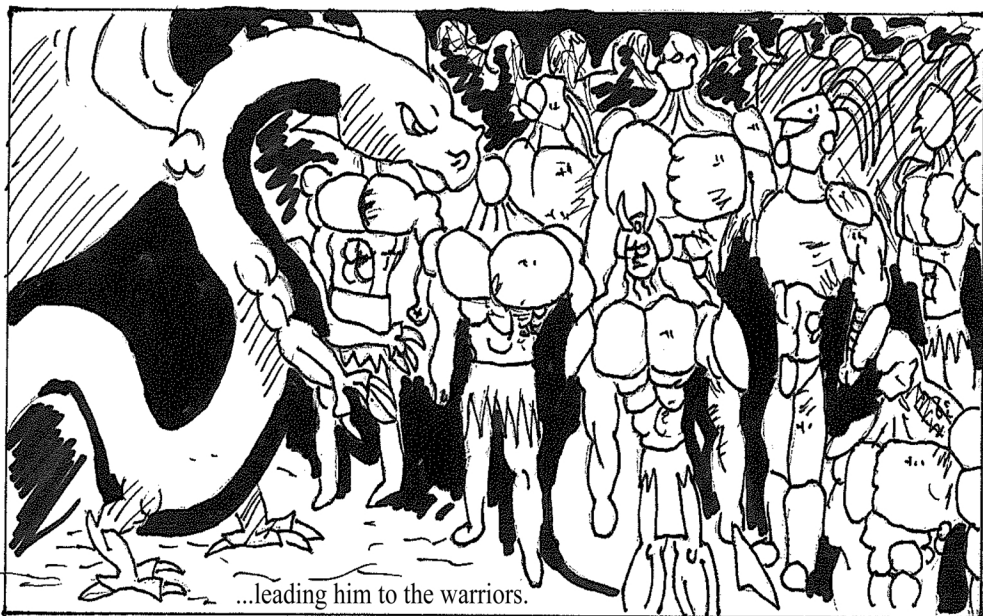


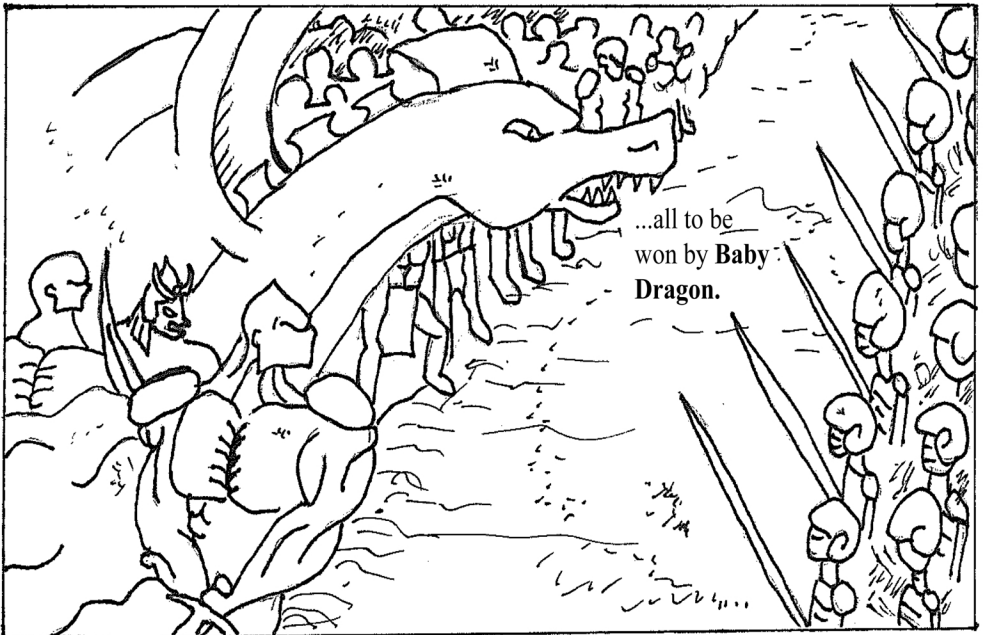
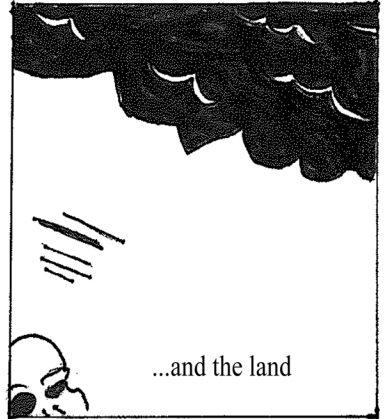
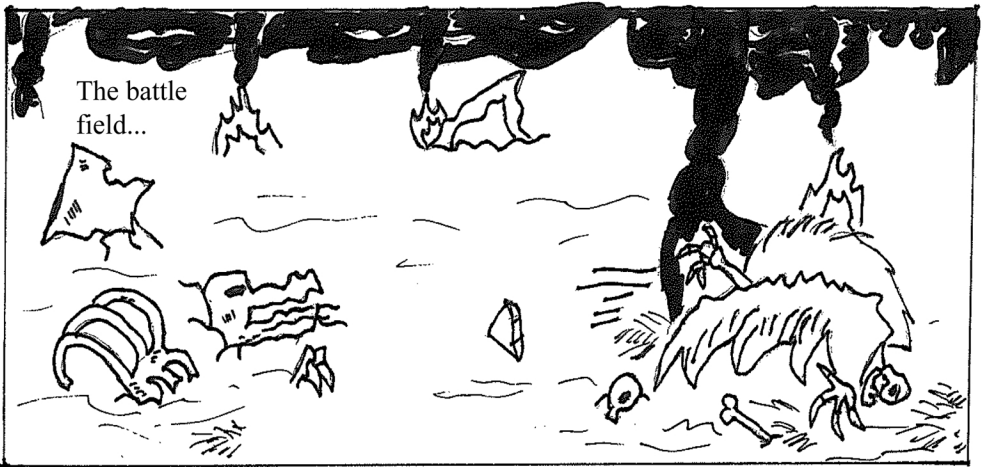
...the wind spoke. It spoke of a group of warriors that was waiting for a dragon to lead them to victory.

At that moment the wind lifted his wings...



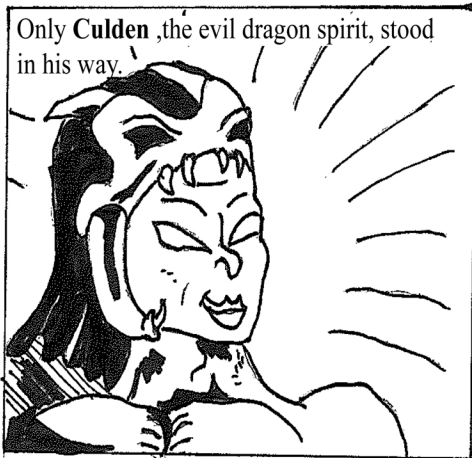
...leading him to the warriors.

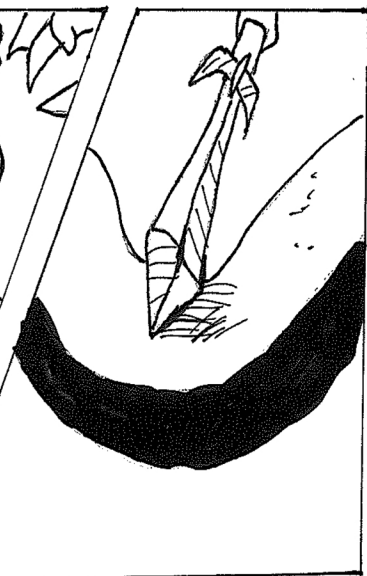
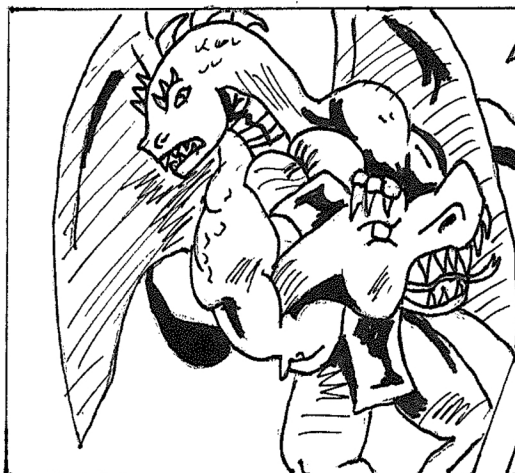
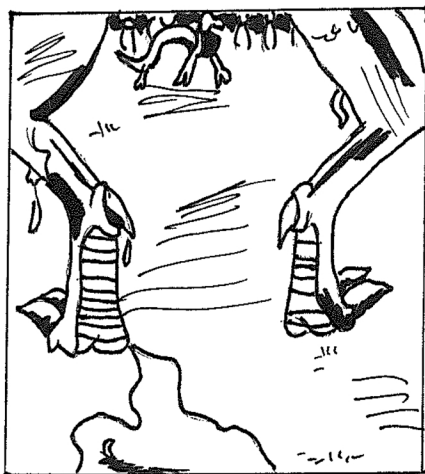






Only **Culden**, the evil dragon spirit, stood in his way.





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