

pleas, outstretched hands, and promises of great rewards. After all, he was Bramhold, the Saviour. The Saviour, who felled the ogre wanderers. The Saviour, who crushed the hobgoblin horde. The Saviour, dragon slayer. He could rid the land of this menacing flame beast. Whether he battles a huge, scale covered frame or a nimble, cloak-wrapped figure, the beast is sure to perish.

*TO THE DREADFUL, BEWITCHED PLACE WHERE THE DRAGON MUST LAIR...*

The villagers warned him to be most cautious when the trees grew thin and the noon sun's brilliance faded to that of a midnight moon. "It's best to fight dragons by day," he had replied. But they had spoke of the Darkness of Day found in the Dark Meadow. A warning to be heeded, indeed.

*BUT ARE THERE OTHER DANGERS THAT MIGHT LURK IN THE DARK MEADOW...*

He struggled on over the rocky, bramble and weed clogged pathway as stealthy as a figure of his ample height and breadth could. As he ignored the occasional scrape of tree branches against the scaling of his armor, he pondered what the village council had told him before striking the bargain. They swore a dragon slayer of his renown was their only hope.

He skillfully bobbed his tawny crowned and bearded head and wove his metal-shafted spear through the tangle of vine and branch while thinking about the evidence of Ravantown's Bane.

But, now the sun's brilliance began to fade, slowly. The trees began to thin. And there it was. Beside him on the path, striding silently along. A figure shorter and thinner than he, cloaked in a drab green. It did not struggle over the brambles. It did not stumble over the rocky terrain. It just glided along silently. No twigs snapped. No twigs even creaked. It just moved on silently.