



# *Fiery Rage*

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Animals

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Dragons once roamed the Earth. They were as beautiful as they were powerful. They reigned from the skies, watching over and dominating the land. All bowed to the mighty dragons except for the few that dared to challenge them. Each battle always ended the same way, with flames licking across the lifeless body of the challenger. These displays garnered both respect and fear, causing the world to bend to the will of the dragons.

While the race was somewhat sparse, with only a few hundred littered across the world, there was no soul unaware of their presence. Some lived in the seas, causing chaos for those even in the water. Many others lived atop mountains, claiming the surrounding miles as their own. The last lived in forests, hiding amongst the trees. They lived the quietest lives, often keeping to themselves. However, they were the most volatile. If upset, the whole forest could be set ablaze, demolishing every living thing too slow to run from the unstoppable force.

The Heavens, tired and saddened by the short lives of all the other animals, all their other creations, caused by the fury of the dragons, decided something must be done. They could simply create some sort of mass destruction and bring about the ends of the lives of the dragons. However, the dragons were still like a precious child to the heavens, even if their nasty temper had gotten out of hand. Instead, they created a plan in order to quell the fiery wrath of the dragons and help protect the other life of Earth. Mud traps were laid across the lands. When an unlucky dragon happened to stumble upon one, they were stuck to the mud. They began to sink, being swallowed up by the very soil below them. Sinking deep into the Earth, they were unable to escape. They were held tightly down in a dark hollow.

So as not to kill the dragons, the heavens left an opening at the top of the trap, allowing air, sunlight, and water to rain in. Food offerings were also dropped through the opening by other creatures to hopefully appease the dragons. Most, resigned to their fate, simply slept the days away. Their gentle snores rumbled throughout the Earth. While most were peaceful, some were still angered by this cruel destiny. Fire would spew from the openings in an impressive array of sparks and magma, melting anything in the area into nothingness. Ash filled the skies, blocking out the sun and heavens, and tainting the land.

Centuries passed, and the dragons still slumber in their traps. However, mankind, unwitting to the truth of matter, call these trapped creatures volcanoes.

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