

# A new home

Another hot night in the desert but still life was crawling everywhere. The moonlight of both moons lights up the sand making it shine softly giving the darkness not much space to spread. Soaring through the clear starfilled sky is another of those entities using the milder temperatures of the night for travelling. Shvrils glowing blue eyes scan the desert while she holds her draconic child in her arms. She needs to rest. But Shuviel needs her protection. She cant go on like this forever. The little dragon girl playfully waves her arms around seemingly enjoying to fly with her mother. Screeching in happiness Shuviel holds on to her mother. Yes. They need to find a place to rest. At least until Shuviel is old enough to endure the stress of such a life.

Seeing a big city in the distance Shvril sighs and heads towards it. She has an idea of where they are and she would have wished it wouldn't be here where they have to start a new life, but the other options would put them at risk of their health and lifes. The blue dragoness lands in front of the heavy gates and slowly approaches the guards folding her large wings on her back. The Hrothgars standing at the gate look suspiciously at the dragoness and their paws move to their weapons ready to draw them.

"Who goes there? What do you want here?"

"My name is Shvril. And I only seek shelter for my daughter and me. Do I really look that scary that you have to lay hands on your weapons?" Shvril answers in a literate bozjan accent. She has learned many languages in her long life and is actually happy to use them from time to time.

"Why do you come at such an hour? Shouldnt you rest somewhere already? That is very suspicious."

"So much hostility against a mother and her child who only seek to find a place to stay at for a while. Tell me young man. Is that how you treat elders? After all I am over 300 years old."

"Huh?... You ... expect me to believe that?"

"At ease soldiers. Looks like you have never seen a dragon before." An older Hrothgar approaches the young soldiers and the dragons at the gates. He surely has seen some fights and is apparently a decorated man. "I beg your pardon Madam. Those youngsters are motivated. But sometimes a bit too motivated it seems. But I agree with them that it is quite an unusual hour for travels. May I ask for the reason?"

"You may. The sun in the desert is relentless. While I can endure it. My child cant. And I wont put Shuviel at any risk. She is everything I have and everything I need.",she said and unfolds her arms slightly exposing the Babydragon to the Hrothgars curious eyes. With a happy smile and a cute laugh Shuviel welcomes the furry men trying to reach out to them.

"So you rest during the day and travel during the night?"

"As much as Shuviel would let it happen yes. She has her times to eat and rest as well and I will make sure she will get everything she needs to become a strong beautiful dragoness."

"She is indeed a happy one. I am afraid that we can't offer a bright life to you here though. As much as it pains me. The strong rule over the weak and the rich over the poor. Is that really something you want for yourself and your child? You will never be more than a 2nd class citizen should you decide to stay."

"It is not like I have much of a choice. But my little girl needs rest. And I need it too. Please let us stay here. at least for a while."

The aged Hrothgar looks at the mother and her child and sighs. "Let them pass." "But...Sir...are you sure you want to let these..." "I said LET THEM PASS!" "Yes Sir!" With that said the gate was opened for the two dragons. The Hrothgar quickly writes something on a note and hands it over to Shvril. "Go there. Give the Innkeeper this note and he will offer you a room. But note that you have to pay for the room. I hope you have money on you."

"Let this be my worry. Thank you for your kindness and assistance. Let me give you a little advice in return for your hospitality. A man with all money in the world can still be the poorest of all souls, while a man who has nothing but his life can be richer than anyone else. Strength doesn't mean to have the power to oppress others. Strength is what you can endure to still walk on your path no matter what is in the way."

With that said the dragoness walks into the city but taking the note from the Hrothgar as she passes him. Slowly mother and daughter disappear in the dark streets of the citadel.

"Hmmm...what an interesting woman. I will remember you Shvril."

"Sir...?"

"Nevermind... return to your duties."

"Yes Sir."

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