

There once was a small grove. This grove was surrounded by very old and tall fir trees. Some of the roots were very thick and reached through all corners of the forest. An oddly warmth and greenish light always filled this well-hidden place. Next to this grove was a huge cave. This den was out of proportions but the scariest part of it was the sudden fear you got when you were near the entrance. The rotten trees and bushes around it also didn't help to lighten up the mood. But there was a reason why this lair gave off such a strange feeling. It was the home of a dragon.

The dragon who called this den his home was an Alzarnak. A beast from the north with sallow blue and metallic scales with black horns, razor sharp fangs, huge claws and a devastating blue flame breathe. His lust for treasure is limitless like the dark in the night sky. From time to time this dragon flew out of his nest in search of treasure and other luxurious things, returning when he found enough to still his lust for gold for the moment. But his flights weren't unnoticed.

Up on that grove next to the tall trees on a full moon winter night, came a little troll to live. His name was Firn. He had dark green fur like the fir around him with a slightly brighter skin-color due to the snow. As he stretched and yawned looking around what to do he heard a fearsome screech. It was from the dragon, landing and roaring in victory for finding a huge amount of treasure. Firn hid behind a nearby rock but kept looking at that beast. Gracefully the dragon landed with his hands overloaded with treasure. Stretching his huge wings and folding them again before vanishing in his huge cave.

Firn was fascinated, about this enamours creature flying through the sky with ease. This moment sparked something within the little troll. He wanted to do the same, he wanted to be a dragon.

Years passed by and Firn was watching every night if the dragon would fly off or come back with treasure. When he knew the beast was in his cave he sometimes carefully would sneak in there to gasp a quick look upon his great idol, before running out again in terror not to disturb the dragon.

With great care, the little troll worked on his outfit he wears proudly today. Out of bark, twigs and some old rope he crafted a headband which is supposed to look like horns. He also stitched on his clothes a few attachments. First of all, an extension for his tail so that it looks more like the one of a dragon. Firn also stuffed a few triangle shaped patches from his neck to his tail to mimic the back spikes of the drake. On the front, he tied up twigs and branches to look like scales. His most precious work are self-made wings. Out of scraps he found in the woods he attached them to his arms and body to look like a patagium. After some long

tests of falling down a tree he discovered that when the wind is in a good position he can't fly like his idol but he can glide for a short amount of time. That alone makes him very happy.

His biggest treasure although is a spike the dragon lost while he was taking off and piled a tree with his tail. He wears this spike around his neck as a talisman.

All in all, Firn is a sensitive, curious, helpful and innovative troll. When he has made up his mind for something he tries to accomplish this vision. On the other hand, he is hard-headed, a little know-it-all and sometimes chaotic. Basically, he gets along very well with the other trolls, although most of them think that it is childish of him trying to be a dragon. He even got into smaller fights when someone made too much fun of him.

Eventually, when he grows older he will understand that he can't be a drake, but as long as he is a child there is no doubt in his mind for achieving his dream to become a dragon himself.