

## LONDON 1910

Within the hallowed halls of the Academy Scientifica-Lucidus lay the night's quiet, as the great thinkers and doers of the civilized world slept and dreamed. Even in sleep, their imaginations fired away, formulating on, ephemeral machines ever in transit—and for Figment, sleep wasn't even part of the formula. Imagination and inspiration incarnate, the small purple dragon flitted, flew and (where appropriate) swooped around, bolting from bookshelf to table to doorway and back, a dervish of motion and action. Clinks and clanks came and went, punctuated by the flap-flap of scroll and tome pages, as his shadow darted by and by, throwing the candlelight into a dance. The windows of that particular laboratory bore the only light across the entirety of the property, though at such an hour, no one would have noticed them—and any who may would have thought nothing more of it. After all, it may have been the great inventor Blarion Mercurial's lab, but it was Figment's *home*.

"Alright," Figment sighed, setting a fifth wrench down, and eyeing his handiwork lovingly. The modestly-sized machine still managed to dwarf all three feet of the dragon, including his orange horns and comparatively small wings; even if it hadn't, he'd have still gazed up at it, all the same. "Hee! I do think it's ready! Blarion won't believe it!"

Even in the dimness, the machine gleamed and sparkled, polished unreasonably deep by the overeager dragon. Figment's tail, which had settled still in kind of a relieved sigh, began to twitch and stir, unable to restrain a wag as a smile found him.

"Though, he rightly *will* want to make sure it works," he hummed, at length, narrowing his yellow eyes the way his creator often did, whilst musing.

The countless days and endless nights of toiling, planning, collating, failing, regrouping—all of it had been building towards this moment, the moment that pure thought energy would enter the world stage, and alter it forever; for starters, the stage wouldn't need lighting!

Perhaps, *maybe*, he might have been better off waiting until the dawn, until Mercurial returned to finish out the last stages of the project—but Figment was part inspiration, and nobody had invented anything to make inspiration wait around, nor should they. Too many thoughts crowded his fevered dragon-brain, to the point where Figment finally took a deep breath, his violet-pink belly scales puffing out slightly. He held it, as constant training told him to, and then calmly let it go.

"Goodness, yes, ideas and ideas," he chuckled, rubbing up at his horns thoughtfully. "What to...ah, right, yes! I think a bit of a reward is in order..."

He remained just short enough to have to scale a few thick books, to better scale a wooden chair, to properly reach a large leather satchel, which he collected excitedly, before returning to the machine. He opened it wide, showing off the dozens of small orbs inside to the machine.

"We fed the mind, we did! Now...the stomach, heh, yes!"

He happily took a small candy from within, and popped it into his maw, speaking through it:

"Nuwf, t'tmm i' ohn!"

He leapt up to reach an unwieldy lever attached to the machine, and his body weight proved sufficient to gradually creep it down, until gravity did the rest; a wad of bright sparks sprayed loose as the lever *thunked* down, knocking Figment off and onto the floor, as the machine whirred and rattled and shook to life before him.

"Haha! If whkth!"

Here, the inventor's beloved companion would truly shine! Here, a new form of energy would be everyone's, and the future would be *theirs*! Surely, such an accomplishment would cancel out any possibility of Blarion *perhaps* being somewhat cross at his impetuosity. There was simply no way he could stay in trouble, should he have been courting trouble in the first place.

The opening in the machine's framework gave way to a glowing disc of energy, a sort of hanging whirlpool, which coalesced in waves into a widening disc; Figment gawked rather freely, the candy still in his toothy little jaw, delighting in what could only be victory of the highest order.

"Oho! It...er..."

His 'eureka' moment fell short, usurped by the dawning fact that the energy disc was still widening. Even beyond the machine. He swallowed, and nearly choked on the candy, backing away in a sudden fit of dread—only to feel himself jerked forth, beckoned into its spreading span like some slack-witted prey.

*Goodness. This was...unforeseen.*

Figment's little hands clutched the satchel tight, cutting it off at the neck, just as the suggestion of motion became a command. His little form had nothing to bargain with, as the widening disc's pull now yanked him closer, then closer still. His wings were beating without permission, yet to no avail; before Figment could even so much as yelp for assistance he knew wouldn't come, he was fully off his feet and spiraling headlong into the energy, passing clear through it, and vanishing outright.

In a moment's beat, the portal vanished as well, leaving a few windswept pages looping about in the air, before falling ungraciously to the laboratory floor. Only the candle stood witness, and it burned calmly on, uninterrupted, through the remainder of the night.

## 1.

Dawn's light held its perpetual sway over the stilled hills and stonework, the grass the only thing moving in the breeze. The Artisans realm found itself in a perpetual peace and quiet, even as its greatest protector surveyed and surveiled it for anything wrong, anything at all. Truth be told, anything at all would have been...kind of welcome.

"Geez," Spyro huffed, the dragon flapping his wings here and there, otherwise gliding on the winds overhead, "Not so much as a single Gnorc acting up...I know peace and quiet are good, and bad is bad...but a *little bit* of bad to deal with wouldn't be so bad."

The hard-won prosperity of the Dragons' realm had set the purple creature for life, in terms of heroism; the downside was, adventure was part of his being, and with nothing wrong, there was no adventure left to be had. The crisis of peace was the final opponent, and Spyro was losing badly.

"Guess I can patrol the portals for any signs of...well, *signs*."

A considerably smaller yellow light trailed alongside, property of a tiny golden firefly, his faithful companion, Sparx. Though silent, the small glimmering darted about, just as vigilant, just as eager, trailing right behind as the dragon suddenly swerved hard left, tucking and darting into a landing atop a hill. By the time Sparx caught up, Spyro was already circling around a stony arc, a portal, the jewel at its apex fading back down to its normal luster—which, naturally, meant that it had just fired up with energy moments earlier.

"I don't see anyone," Spyro murmured, squinting, scouring the hillside over for any signs of life. "Portals don't just activate themselves. So, who came through here? Do you see anybody, Sparx?"

The firefly-light shook 'no', and Spyro bit on his lip some, circling about in place as he checked the periphery again; halfway around, he yelped, nearly bumping into the bug as he stumbled back in shock. The actual cry caught in his throat as he blinked, looking up and down at...a dragon. This, in and of itself, would hardly have raised alarms, only...he didn't know this dragon, at all. It was roughly his own size, darkly-hued, and staring back at him with equally-wide eyes. Its jaw was slack, teeth hinting slight flashes of white, before it closed, then attempted words. Well, just one:

"...Spyro?"

The purple dragon's confusion compounded, shock atop shock. His brow knitted in low on one side, and arched up high on the other. Only his mouth dared to move.

"Uh, hi," he chanced, narrowing his eyes. "You know...my...do I know you?"

The dragon's voice finally registered as female in his near memory, as he watched her confusion surrender into unbridled joy. He didn't have time to step back, as she was upon him too fast. With a hard tackle and a sudden, great warmth, she had him pinned to the cool grass, either laughing or sobbing. There was no way to tell the marriage of sounds apart, as her muzzle pressed in against his, and held there.

"It's you!" she whimpered, slumping over his toppled form in a wave of exhaustion. "It's you, Spyro, I...I never thought I...hah!"

"H-hey," Spyro started, struggling as politely as possible to get upright again. "I'm glad you're glad, but...c-could you get off me, please?"

The dragoness nodded rapidly, sniffing, and she slid back off of him, offering her forepaw as a helping hand; Spyro didn't notice it as he helped himself up, shook the grass off, and cleared his throat in a bid at dignity. He took a precious moment to better see her; she was darker than him, dark-violet. Her pink belly ran in contrast to the dominant tone, as did lighter patterns tracing her muzzle and head over like runes. Multiple white horns differed so brightly that they almost distracted from a deep pair of emerald eyes, and he realized she was watching him watching her, and letting him do so willingly.

"You...don't know me, do you?" she said, more slowly, a little more guarded. "I'm sorry, I just...I think I can help you understand in a moment, just why...I'm so happy to see you..."

Her draconic muzzle pinched upwards as she stifled something, and Spyro took the initiative:

"Whoa, alright, that's...uh, fine. Just, don't cry, okay? Let's not do that?"

"I'm not sad," she laughed, sniffing harder.

"Yeah, great, but let's still not. So...what's your name?"

"...Cynder."

Spyro let the name settle into his brain, only for it to rattle around uselessly in the space.

"I'm really sorry, but that doesn't ring any bells," he offered, shrugging his feral shoulders, as Sparx willowed and wisped about the female, curious. "So, silly question, but...how do you know me?"

"We...you and I went through a lot together," Cynder began, trying to keep measured. "Though, from the looks of everything around us...that was another world. Had to have been. You and I, we made it to the end of the World, literally. You...well, you saved it. After that, I...think I drifted a long while, like in a sleep. I don't know how much time has passed, but...it looks like I wound up here. And here...you are..."

Though she didn't cry, Spyro still winced the slightest bit.

"Well...I admit, I've done some world-saving, of my own, heh," he chuckled, not hating the idea that another version of him was that awesome. "So, you woke up here, then?"

"Moments ago, I assume, yes."

"Wow."

The both of them stared at each other. Rather, he stared at, and she stared through, and he could feel it. He'd toppled countless nasty baddies, even at his young age, but there and then, Spyro felt absolutely helpless. There had to be a way around this. *Think!*

"Ah, it sounds like you might want to talk to the elders back at Stone Hill, then," he coughed, forcing the words out. "No point in standing out here! Let's get you back home...well, let's get you there."

She seemed all the more ready to faint than him; at least now, he understood why. Cynder took a sharp breath, paused, then let it loose again, simply nodding instead.

"...Okay."

The trek back was hardly a long one, but as silence settled in and got comfortable, it seemed more and more like it. What in the worlds he should say to her eluded him; nothing seemed apt. He did his best to look back at Cynder without looking, which indeed proved difficult. Stolen glints of the

periphery suggested she kept alternating between the world around her, and him alone. Sparx fluttered nearer, bobbing once, buzzing his wings. Spyro shrugged, defeated.

"You don't look *exactly* alike, you know," Cynder interjected, making his wings twitch.

"Really?" he said, finally taking permission to glance back. "How so?"

"You seem a tiny bit...smaller..."

"Puh. I'm a good size, for my age," Spyro answered, on reflex, regretting it instantly. "I mean, I'm young, still. I've got plenty and plenty of growing to do, you'll see."

"Sorry, it wasn't a slight," Cynder replied. A knowing smile was all over the words, he just knew it. "I mean, you just seem a bit brighter and younger, is all. It's not a bad thing!"

"Well. Thank you."

"And Sparx talked."

At this, Spyro halted outright.

"No kidding."

Cynder shook her head *no*, grinning.

"No," Spyro elaborated, "I mean, *no kidding*. I know he can talk, he's *been* talking."

Sparx looped a few times, buzzing louder. Spyro perked up, looked at the bug, and made what Cynder could only have understood as *a face*.

"I mean, kind of, yeah," Spyro quickly muttered to Sparx, eyeing her.

"I mean, he spoke *words*," Cynder corrected. "Lots of them. He didn't speak 'buzz!'."

This, of all things, did make Spyro think.

"Neat! Well...what did he sound like?"

"Hard to say," she sighed, walking ahead, against the breeze. "It kept changing—"

At the top of the hill, she paused. The metallic tip of her tail whipped back unhappily. The moment Spyro caught up, the same unpleasant recoil hit, and both parties stayed put and watched the span of Stone Hill down below.

"You smell that?" Cynder asked, wrinkling her nostrils some. Spyro glowered, snorting.

"...Yeah. And I know who it is."

The immediate area before them remained vacant, only for a moment. Before Spyro could

charge into any sort of action, a shrill cry broke the quiet, and something small and pitiful took off across a grassy opening, between stone pillars and a large dividing wall. It seemed too small and fast to make out on a glance, but what came rumbling after it was much the opposite.

"Oh, no," Spyro groaned, as a comparatively enormous reptile thundered clear through a wall, bashing it apart as it tore through. Clearly a dragon, albeit bluer and far larger than either of them, it flicked debris off with a single flap of its wings, looked in the direction the thing had screamed off towards, and roared in reply, charging into the wall it had just run behind. Its huge horns bore the crash easily, its massive jawline curled into a snarl as it quested for its prey.

"That's...an odd dragon," Cynder murmured, as Spyro took off toward the opening below.

"It's Crush, and yes! He's bad news!"

Cynder stopped thinking, straightened up, and followed dutifully, leaving her hesitation on the hilltop. Both of them bolted over a bordering wall to Stone Hill, skidding into fighting stances in unison as another section of wall exploded into a dust cloud nearby. Out from the dust came something much smaller, much closer to their size—and considerably more vocal.

"GRACIOUS ME, HELP!"

It was another dragon, so far as either Spyro or Cynder could tell. He ran towards them, wide-eyed and agog, clutching a modestly-sized leather bag, just large enough that it put his run into more of an awkward stumble.

"Do... you know this one?" Cynder asked, staying in stance. Spyro shifted anxiously, shaking his horned head fast, just as the quaking of Crush's footfall interrupted.

"Nope!"

"PLEASEPLEASEOHPLEASE—"

With some small degree of surprise, the small dragon-like creature continued on past them both, as though caught in an all-consuming panic. With Crush emerging in ponderous slow motion from the cloud, however, priorities remained firmly in place, and the two dragons leapt toward him, claws out.

In the ensuing fracas, the fleeing dragon looked back, just long enough to take a tumble forward over himself. The contents of the leather bag, spilled out in a jumble of bright-colored candies, scattering through the grass, and the panicked dragon tried desperately to scoop them back in quickly, muttering verbal chaos as he did so. The sounds of roars of varying sizes and the thuds and bangs of battle drew too close, too quick, and Crush's clawed foot slammed down beside him, the dragon screamed and rolled off to the side, away from the fight. Well, the *attempt* at such was made.

"I thought the Professor...was teaching him," Spyro growled, narrowly ducking low as Crush brought a humongous bone sailing by, swinging it like a club.

"Maybe he flunked!" Cynder barked, flipping up over the same swinging attack.

Crush bellowed something in fluent roar back, incensed. Both dragons landed, with less than a

second to dart away as his oversized club bashed into the ground, sending shockwaves out. Spyro split to one side of the beast, drawing in a deep breath, and as a fellow dragon, Cynder knowingly did the same. Both of them blasted out a plume of flame, battering Crush's larger body on both sides; yet, as much damage as it did, the howling giant persisted, and caught Spyro in the ribs with a wide, hard kick.

"Spyro!" Cynder roared, seeing him sail off ahead of the battle.

His smaller body bounced as it met the turf, saying hello and goodbye, before finally reuniting with a dead roll on the grass. The dragon limply tried to stand, succeeding into a dizzy wobble on all fours. He shook it off, or tried to, spitting out some grass, before thoughtlessly swallowing, then coughing.

"Guh, what," he sputtered, swallowing again. "What was that?"

He looked down at the impact spot, seeing mostly torn grass and dirt—then, for a moment, what looked like a few small orbs, polished rocks. A sweet smell lingered around them, and he patted his scaled belly in confusion. Had he swallowed one?

"—ook out!"

The daylight flickered into darkness as Spyro saw the gigantic bone sail overhead, peak, then come crashing down with murderous intent. What he had swallowed seemed grossly unimportant, as he bolted right, the bone missing by such a sliver that the impact force flattened out against his back scales, his body tumbling out in a clumsy dodge.

He saw Cynder gliding over, eyes so wide that her green pupils were nearly specks on white. She wasn't looking at him. He quickly charted her gaze to Crush, whose massive scaly body towered overhead as the brutish dragon grinned, threw his thick arms out, and simply belly-flopped down over him, slamming the firmament.

"No!" Cynder wailed, using the force of her glide to bash into Crush's sides; for her troubles, she was simply bounced back, the impact absorbed with fair ease into the bigger creature's bulk. "No, no! Get off him!"

**"GUHEHEHEH,"** Crush cackled stupidly, all teeth and victory.

*"I said, get off!"* Cynder roared, headbutting into him again and again.

Smug as anything with no brain could be, Crush shook his large head, snorting dismissively at her as she seethed and panicked. The look on Crush's face only lasted so long, however, as a low, ominous tremor tickled out from under-bulk. His dim eyes blinked, then slowly looked down, as the light rumble swelled into an angry quake, right underneath him, and as he and Cynder both stopped to balk, something incredible happened.

One purple foot pushed out from under Crush, then another, followed by ankles, then legs. A tail lengthened free, looking thicker, longer ever second. Shortly after appeared one clawed paw, then wrist, then forearm, followed by the other. The rumbling increased all the while, all five digits unceremoniously swelling longer, yet.

*No, Cynder realized, watching on on fascination. Not just longer. Thicker, wider. Stronger.*

***Bigger.***

Crush's grunt fell into a surprised groan as his entire huge body started to jolt higher, lifting up with a sudden surge; at first, it was an inch, at best. The next lurch shoved him up half a foot, then a full foot atop that! Where there had been five digits, there was now Spyro, in full, every bit as big as Crush! No...bigger! His broadening arms found the ground, and the feral dragon's emerging head outsized Crush's as it raised higher. Within moments, Spyro had blown up from his usual three feet to nearly fifteen, edging out the huge brute in scope. Spyro's eyes opened, and it only took a moment's comprehension for the enlarged little dragon to smile, and smile wide.

"RUUUH," Crush gawked, suddenly riding the bulge of Spyro's huge chest plates. Before he could continue any nearer to a real thought, both of Spyro's massive paws were on his sides, and to Cynder (and yes, Crush's) amazement, Spyro was picking him clear-up off of him. Holding him. Handling him like a whelp.

"Save it," Spyro boomed, his voice having swollen powerfully deep within his growing body, as he brought himself up on two legs, held the smaller Crush out ahead of him, and then twisted around. he spun three increasingly-huge times, nearing 17 feet, then 18. At 19 feet, the third circling, he simply let go, and flung the massive dragon with embarrassing ease. Crush's wail went with him as Spyro sent him flying, in the manner most dragons would never choose. He landed so far away that only a new cloud of grit and grass could confirm he was anywhere at all. When his diminished figure shook it off, in the background, it yelped and darted away, fleeing in terror.

Spyro took in a huge breath, inflating his stretching plates nicely, before blasting out a strong, final snort. Two massive, treasure-chest sized mitts dusted one another, thick claws scraping together, as he thudded back down heavily onto all fours, then really stopped to look himself over.

"Spyro!" Cynder gasped, not sure where to even look across his 19-foot body, now lowered to about 13 in quadrupedal form. "That was...you...look at you!"

"Hah, I am!" he laughed, his voice so thick and strong that it echoed around her smaller body. He idly flexed an arm, then stopped, blinking. "Wait, no—are you okay?"

"I...yes, I am! Uh, t-thank you...Spyro..."

Despite the presence of scales, and all their heralded defenses, they did nothing to mask the sudden blush painted all over Cynder's muzzle as she drank him in. He smiled a much better smile, and nodded down at her.

"Good."

"OH—"

The little voice interrupted them both; the pair looked curiously over at the small dragon, who finally came shivering and wide-eyed out into the open again. His fists were practically solid masses, as he panted and knocked at the knees. He saw them both, nodded, then started collecting those odd balls from the grass...before he shot upright again, and stared in complete awe up at Spyro.

"Gracious," he said, looking between Spyro and the few collected little rocks in his hands. "Goodness, gracious, I'll be! Ah, aha, do pardon my rudeness! I, eh, see you dispatched that oversized fellow—thanks, that—ah, you were smaller a moment ago, I could have sworn. Did you...perhaps...eat one of these, beforehand?"

Spyro cocked his head, regarding him.

"I think I might have, yeah. Were those yours?"

The small dragon seemed rather like Spyro, upon observation—at least, in terms of hue. He too had purple scales, though his horns were more orange, and his belly plates were pinker, sort of. He had a bit more of a subtle paunch going, as well. A pear-shape, one might think. The stranger nodded briskly, getting the rest of the small orbs into the leather bag he carried.

"They were, yes, haha—well, they *are*. But how curious! How very, awfully curious!"

"You have a whole bag of that magical medicine, at your disposal?" Cynder asked, approaching cautiously. "And you never used a single one on yourself? I don't understand..."

"Hey, yeah," the enlarged Spyro seconded, nodding his huge head. He thumped down into a hefty sit, shaking the area, loosing a few more half-sundered stones from where Crush had broken through on the walls. "That's right! You could have outgrown Crush, no sweat. I mean, heh...I-I'm not exactly complaining..."

"Oh no, no," the dragon stammered, clearing his throat. "You see, these are mere candies! They shouldn't have...well, they shouldn't be doing *this*!" At that, he gestured elaborately at the towering giant Spyro had swollen up into. "This is remarkable! What would Blarion think?"

"Who?" Cynder asked. "Wait, no...who are *you*?"

"My creator, Blarion," the dragon hummed, already busy with poking and prodding scientifically away at Spyro, lifting his huge paw off the ground, only for Spyro to chuckle, and place his massive hand over all of the dragon's little head. "And ah, I am Figment! His creation, of sorts!"

"I've never seen you around any of the Worlds," Spyro said, as Figment hugged an entire clawed finger, looking it over and over. "Where are you from?"

"Ah! London!" he cheerfully replied, letting Spyro's huge hand thud back to the grass.

"Never heard of it," Cynder and Spyro both muttered, in sync.

"Well, if I am correct, I...do think I came from rather far off," Figment sighed, cinching up the neck of the nearby bag. "I am fairly confident I arrive through a wormhole."

"A what?" Cynder asked, narrowing her eyes.

"A portal, of sorts."

"We have those!" Spyro boomed, then apologetically winced, still adjusting to the sheer power of his voice, let alone his massive body. The smile was impossible to remove from his muzzle, a clear and certain glee plastered to his face as he kept looking himself over. "A bunch of them, even. Did you come through one of those?"

"Do you?" Figment asked, perking up. "Fascinating! I perhaps did!"

"Same as with me," Cynder mused, not sure where to take what she suddenly had, but sure she had something, just the same.

"You said those candies of yours, they didn't make you bigger, when you used to eat them?" Spyro asked, as Cynder thought on.

"Well, no, I've never been...well...big," Figment said absently, the thought hitting him for the first time in his existence. "I was imagined at a certain size, after all. Ah, I mean, heh, no, no, they merely taste grand! I...hmm, that is a thought! In passing between dimensions, encased in energy...I should wonder, did they take on certain properties?"

He opened the bag back up, and saw something he had utterly failed to note. Colors. Multiple colors, in fact! *Blue, green, gold, black, pink, red*, he tallied.

"Could you tell me, er..."

"Spyro," the much bigger dragon said, grinning.

"Spyro! Yes, would you happen to recall which color candy you swallowed?"

"Nope! I hit the ground so hard, I ate it and some grass. Couldn't say!"

"Drat," Figment sighed, undeterred. "Ah, well...I suppose with some dutiful cataloging, I can suss out what colors hold which properties...unless they all increase size?"

"I can help," Spyro instantly broke in, beaming.

"Ah, maybe don't, Spyro," Cynder added, having to stand up on hind legs to reach up and put halting paws on his gigantic hand, as he reached for Figment and the bag. "You may have lucked into the growth spurt, we don't know what any others may do to you!"

Spyro fought the logic a moment, and huffed and nodded.

"Ah, no, you're right, sorry. Just, kind of tempted..."

"No need to apologize, you look rather an incredible sight," Figment chirped, nodding. "I should wonder you don't revert by now. By chance, it's a permanent effect?"

Spyro should have gone pale at the thought, but his smile curled even higher.

"You're *sure* I can't help you figure these out—"

"No!" Cynder sighed, coming between them both. "I'm sure this isn't what Figment came here for, if he's this surprised. What *are* you here for, exactly?"

"A bit of a mistake, on my part, yes," Figment murmured, smiling crookedly. "A fault with a new energy device my creator and I worked on seems to have sent me here."

"So, a portal might return you home, then?" she followed up, as Spyro listened on, idly enjoying a stray flex. "I mean, if one of them brought you here."

"Indeed. Solid logic."

"Well, your magic candies helped out, bigtime," Cynder replied. "I think the least we can do is get you home, right?"

"Of course," Spyro added, puffing up proudly. "Just say the word, and we can get you to the nearest one, no problem."

Throughout, their conversation, the entire thing, someone watched. In the swirl of magic formulas in an old iron cauldron, the three dragons could be seen, be heard, discussing magics that floored their interloper.

"Impossible," the spy growled, watching intently from beyond the cauldron's rim. "Such a miraculous thing in this realm...and Spyro gets the first taste!? I won't have it!"

Amid all the sour grousing, the door to the lair was smashed off its hinges, and Crush limped through, just barely able to fit. The small reptile watching from the cauldron spun about angrily, standing on a stepladder to reach its rim. His robe swirled about as angrily as he as the diminutive, horned dinosaur regarded his underling, who whined and grumbled and gestured over his bruises.

"So what?" the dinosaur snarled, looking back to the cauldron. "You didn't even realize what sort of amazing stuff they had on hand, when you attacked! But I know now...oh, I know...Crush! Gulp! Hut-to! We're not letting this goofy little dragon get anywhere near anything that could take him home! Not when he has what I want! What I *need*!"