## How To Slay a Dragon - Entry #9

My story begins in a small village nestled high in the Zargos mountain range, located along the Persian Gulf. For decades, our village had been terrorized by a dragon living at the top of Mount Dena.

Over the years, tensions grew strong amongst the villagers who were divided between those who demanded that our elders do something about the dragon, and those who knew the elders were helpless against its attacks. The darkest springs, summers, autumns and winters had all fallen upon those days. In those long, hellish years, we all feared that our fates were of fire and death.

My father, who was no great warrior but loved the village and our people, made it his mission to slay the fearsome dragon in order to restore peace to our village. My mother and I pleaded with him not to go, but he had witnessed too much pain and hardship and would not bear to see his beloved village endure this any longer.

Armed with his spear and bow, my father set forth on what we feared would be his final journey from our village. For weeks, the people waited with bated breath for his return. My mother and I spent sleepless nights praying that Ahura Mazd would protect him on his quest to slay the dragon.

Then on that one fateful morning, my father returned with the dragon's head in tow. Beaten and bloodied, his body nearly broken, the sight of his face gleaming with victory gave us all a feeling of pure admiration and love. He had slain the mighty dragon!

The village was filled with the sounds of rejoice by our people. My father lead the men to the place where the dragon's headless body laid. The women in full admiration began to prepare the village for feast and celebration. Families who had fought for years were now sharing in the glory of my father's triumph. My mother and I were so proud of my father for bringing the villagers together at long last. He truly was a hero.

In preparation for the feast, the villagers combined their most valued spices and provisions to dress the dragon for all to enjoy.