

First Dragon

The following is a written interpretation of a recording that was made during an interview during the 'First Dragon' case. After the incident, the tape was found stored in government archives, but released publicly some time ago due to the 'Public knowledge of Magical/Mythical creatures' act of 2012.

The content is an interview between Sergeant James Tiberton (police unit unknown) and 'Dragoniade'.

There is a click as the recorder is activated, followed by a few muffles as the microphone is moved into position.

James: This is Sergeant James Tiberton of the...

This is followed by a long beep, as the police precincts location is edited out.

James: ...department. The time is ten-fifty-six PM. Persons present are me, James Tiberton, and...

There is a short pause.

James: Say your name please.

Dragoniade: My name? Dragoniade.

James sighs.

James: Your real name please.

Dragoniade: That is my real name.

There is a short pause, followed by another sigh from James.

James: Ok then, we'll do it your way for now. Interview concerns...

Dragoniade: Listen, mister Tiberton. I don't wish to be rude, and I know you have a job to do, but can we dispense with the formalities and get down to business please. I'd like to be out of here before the end of the decade.

There is a short pause.

James: Yes, very well. I suppose it is kinda late for this sort of thing.

Dragoniade: Exactly.

James: Right then. As you say, let's get down to it. Start from the beginning.

Dragoniade lets out a short laugh.

Dragoniade: Well, if we started from the beginning we really would be here 'till the end of the decade. Let's start earlier in the week shall we...

James: As long as it explains how this incident came about, then that's fine.

Dragoniade: Very well then. It was three days ago, Tuesday, which seems like an age ago now...

There is a short pause.

Dragoniade: Anyway, it was late on Tuesday night. I don't know the exact time, but I guess it doesn't matter. I was in town after meeting a few of my friends at the pub. It was when I was coming back; I kinda got this feeling that I was being followed. And I was. There was this guy in one of those tops with the hoods following me. Course, when I realised this I tried to ditch him. I quickly ducked into an alley and hid behind a pile of boxes. I waited for him to pass, looking through a small gap between the boxes. Only he didn't walk pass. He turned into the alley a few paces and stopped. The thing was, even though I was hidden, he was looking right at me. Not just at the pile of boxes, but he looked me right in the eye. He knew I was there.

James: So, you were hidden and he still knew where you were?

Dragoniade: Exactly. Course I was a bit creeped out by this, but mostly I was worried. I mean, people that wear those hoods aren't exactly known for their...friendliness, right?

James: That's certainly true.

Dragoniade: Well, he stared at me for a while, and I just stayed still, hoping that maybe he'd walk away. He didn't. Actually, he said: 'I know you're behind those boxes. Get your ass out here now.' I couldn't see a way out. I could run, yes, but I wasn't exactly quick on my feet, and I had a feeling he was.

James: So you stepped out?

Dragoniade: Yep. No other choice really. He smiled as I did it, and I figured that he was gonna do something...bad. He started walking toward me slowly, the whole time with that creepy smile on his face. I kept an eye on his hands, which were in his pockets. I had a feeling he was gonna draw a knife on me.

James: What did he look like?

Dragoniade: Well, even though what happened next makes any description I'd be able to give you redundant, I wouldn't have been able to give you a decent description anyway. The alley was lit, but not that well, and the hood put most of his face into shadow. I could barely see that smile of his.

James: So, what was it that happened next?

Dragoniade: Well, I remembered that one of my friends had lent me his toaster because mine was broken. He'd given it to me at the pub just before, and it was currently in a plastic bag in my hand.

James: Ah, I see...

Dragoniade: Yeah, well, as you can imagine, once I'd remembered this, I took my chance. I swung the bag once around my head and then whacked him hard on the side of the face.

James: Hmm...seems a bit silly really. If you'd missed him then...

Dragoniade: I know, I know. This certainly would have been different if I had missed him.

There is a short pause.

Dragoniade: Although, in the long run they probably would have been worse. But that wasn't what I was thinking after I hit him.

James: Oh?

Dragoniade: Oh yeah. You see, I hit his square on the side of the head. Hard. With a toaster. Not exactly a light item. But the thing is, he didn't go down.

James: What?

Dragoniade: Yep.

James: So what did happen?

Dragoniade: Well, this is the point where you'll stop believing me.

Although no response is heard, it is assumed that here James makes a puzzled expression.

Dragoniade: Heh, you see...I hit him on the face and he reacts as you'd expect. He twists to the side and everything, but he doesn't go down. While I stop the bag moving, he just stayed still, twisted to the side. Then something fell to the floor. I looked down and was both puzzled and scared at the same time.

James: Mr Dragoniade, it's late and you're not telling this story to a five year old child. You don't have to build suspense or anything. Please, try to stick to just the facts.

There is a short pause.

Dragoniade: But where's the fun in that?

There's a short pause, presumably where James stares at Dragoniade.

Dragoniade: Ok, alright. I'll cut it back. Oh, and speaking of cutting out, cut out the 'Mr' stuff. My name is Dragoniade, that's all.

James: Very well. Continue.

Dragoniade: Now where was I? Oh yeah. Basically, the thing that fell to the floor looked like a mask. Not the solid kind, but the soft, squashy kind. I stared at it, and then I looked at the guy. I couldn't see his face then, but I remember thinking that I probably wouldn't want to. But then he looked at me.

And...well...

There is a short pause.

James: Yes?

Dragoniade: Sorry, it's just that I know that you're gonna think I'm nuts.

James: I'll be the judge of that.

Dragoniade: Alright, don't say I didn't warn you. Basically, when he looked at me I saw his face. And it wasn't human.

There is a long pause.

James: Not human?

Dragoniade: Not human.

James: How so?

Dragoniade: Well, it was human-ish, as in its general shape and layout of the features, but that's about it. For a start it was covered with scales. At least, I think they were scales. You have to remember, it was kinda dark and I couldn't see it too well. And I know what you're thinking; he's back from the pub and it was dark. He's just confused. Right? Well, I don't drink and it might have been dark, but I saw enough to know that what I was looking at wasn't human. And it wasn't just the scales. He was smiling as he looked at me, grinning even; and I saw his teeth. They were all pointed and looked very sharp.

James: So, what do you think he was?

Dragoniade: Well, even now I'm not completely sure what he was. I've been out of things for a while now, so there's a lot for me to catch up with...

James: What?

Dragoniade: Oh, sorry. Thinking aloud. It's not important anyway.

James: Riiiiight. So what happened next?

Dragoniade: Well, we looked at each other for a few seconds, and then I just dropped the toaster and ran.

James: I'm assuming that he followed...

Dragoniade: Of course. What else do monsters do when you run?

James: Uh-huh.

Dragoniade: So, there I was running away from...whatever it was. I remember that at first it didn't follow me and for a few seconds I thought that maybe I could get away. That was until it landed in front of me and I realised, in retrospect at least, that it hadn't been running, but jumping from the walls. Well, when it landed in front of me, it didn't just have its face-mask missing; it had taken its clothes off too.

There is a short pause.

Dragoniade: Remember how I said its face was covered in scales? Well the rest of it was covered in scales as well. In fact, the best way to describing would be some sort of lizard...human...thing. With the emphasis on the lizard part.

There is a long pause.

Dragoniade: Hey, you ever play that game...what's it called...the one with the zombies...

James: Dead Rising?

Dragoniade: No...right group, but the one they made before that. There was that trilogy of films too.

James: Oh, you mean Resident Evil.

There is the sound of Dragonjade snapping his fingers.

Dragoniade: That's the one. You ever play on the first one?

James: Err...yeah, a long time ago.

Dragoniade: Well, if you think of the Hunters in that game, then pretty damn close to what this thing was.

James: Right, I think I know what you're getting at.

Dragoniade: Yeah, just think: 'big lizard monster'.

James: Uh-huh.

Dragoniade: Right, now where was I? Oh yeah! Well, it dropped in front of me and when I saw what it really was, I think that was the point where my fear

level went, you know, sort of...beyond that point. And I just sort of, fell to the floor staring up at it.

James: Yeah, I know what you mean. Basically your fear gets so much you can't do anything.

Dragoniade: Yeah, that's it. So, I'm lying on my ass, staring up into the eyes of his god-awful monster, and I'm thinking 'This is it, I'm a dead man.'

James: Well, it's obvious it didn't kill you, or you wouldn't be sitting here, so can you drop the suspense and tell me what happened?

Dragoniade: Well, I'll be honest. I wasn't paying a huge amount of attention at that exact moment in time, but what I can remember is hearing this sort of...'woomppff' noise. It's hard to describe. Then I remember watching the lizard thing sort of...freak out...and then I remember a ball of flame fly at it and fry it in a matter of second. And it did happen, because I remember feeling the heat. Then I hear this loud-ish thump behind me...and then the next thing I remember is there's this guy standing over me.

James: Do you know who he was?

Dragoniade: Well, I do now, sort of, but I didn't then. Anyway, he's standing over me and looking down at me with a slightly puzzled expression. Then he holds out his hand and helps me up. And then when I'm up and we're standing face-to-face he says: 'I knew it. It is you!' And the next thing I know he's hugging me.

James: So, you didn't know him, but he knew you?

There is the sound of a small laugh from Dragonjade.

Dragoniade: Don't worry; I'll get to that soon enough. Anyway, I've got this guy who's a complete stranger hugging me as if we're best friends. Obviously, I'm a little creeped out. Once I managed to get out of the hug, cutting a fairly long conversation short, we quickly establish that I didn't know who he was. Now, he's obviously a bit worried that, even though I'm supposed to know him, I don't. But at that point, there were other thing we had to take into account.

James: Oh?

Dragoniade: Yep; such as the fact that the lizard monster had actually had back-up. And that they were currently heading down the alley strait at us.

James: Ah.

Dragoniade: Well, my first thought is that now we really are fucked. I mean, I still hadn't quite got my head together enough to put all the pieces together, you know. But either way, my mysterious helper just pushes me back hard and takes a few steps forward. Now, I'm busy steadying myself so I pretty much miss what happened next, but what I do remember seeing was that guys form seemed to shift into something I couldn't quite see. That was followed by a huge jet of flame flying down the alley and roasting the creatures heading our way. Just as I steady myself, I see his form seem to switch back to what it was before.

James: And this... 'other form'... you didn't see it?

Dragoniade: No, but I don't need to. I know what he is.

James: Which is?

There is the sound of Dragoniade laughing.

Dragoniade: Now, now... you'll find out in time.

James sighs loudly.

James: Look, I've told you before. This is a story you're telling to a child, ok.

Dragoniade: I know. But if I tell you things now that are gonna come up later anyway; then things might not make since. So if I tell you things as I found out about them, then you'll understand this the same way I did, ok? Now, where was I? Oh yeah... After he'd fried the creatures, I was a little... scared by him. To say the least. Cutting the story short again, he said that there would likely be more on the way, and it would be best if we left. Which we did. Now I suppose that I was just dazed and confused, because as I remember it, we just walked around the corner. But somehow I don't think he would have taken me to a place that close to where they attacked.

James: Where did he take you?

Dragoniade: I'm not completely sure, but I think it was his house. So, anyway, once we were there and I'd settled down a bit, I started asking questions. Again, keeping it short, he told me that those things were kinda like mercenaries, only usually hired for specific kills. Which basically meant that, for some reason, they were after me.

James: Someone's out to kill you?

Dragoniade: They were. Although I don't think they'll be trying any time soon. Again, I'll get to that. Anyway, once he'd explained all that stuff, he started

going into more personal things. He started asking me questions about where I'd been born, who my parents were. You know; things like that. And then, after all that. We came to...well; I suppose you'd say the big point. Essentially, he told me that my whole life was a...fabrication. Completely made up in an effort to escape from reality.

James: What?

Dragoniade: Well, ok. If I explain it his way, we'll be here all night. But summing up...well...

There is a long pause, followed by a sigh from Dragoniade.

Dragoniade: I guess that just saying it is the best way...

There is a short pause.

Dragoniade: I'm a Dragon, and centuries ago I had to go on the run for...personal reasons...and because of that I stuck to my human form and erased my memories of my long life so if anyone came looking they wouldn't know it was me.

There is a very long pause.

James: Right.

Dragoniade: I'm not kidding you know. I'm being serious.

James: I'm sure you are.

Dragoniade: I knew you wouldn't believe me. You want me to prove it?

There is a short pause.

James: Maybe later. Let's see if we can get to the reason we found you in that pile of rubble first, shall we.

Dragoniade: Ok. Well, as I said, he explained all of this to me and, as you might imagine, I didn't believe him. He expected as much, and said that the only way to prove it to me would be for me to bring my dragon form and memories back from behind the seal I placed on myself. However, he also said that I was the only one who would be able to do that.

James: Right, I see.

Dragoniade: Somehow I doubt it, but it doesn't matter. Anyway, time passed and we both stayed there. I wasn't sure if I believed him or not about the whole dragon thing, but I knew that the monsters were real enough, and that was enough of a reason for me to stay put. It was earlier this morning, and my new friend had...

James: You never said his name.

Dragoniade: What?

James: This friend, the guy who saved you. You never told me his name.

Dragoniade: Oh. Right. Well, his real name isn't important...so just call him...I dunno...Dragon. It's appropriate. So anyway, Dragon had left to go out and do some checking around. You know, see what was going on. I can only assume that the creatures had been watching us. Because he'd been gone for about ten minutes, and then they attacked the place.

James: They were that desperate to kill you were they?

Dragoniade: So it would seem.

James: So, without out your wonderful helper, what did you do?

Dragoniade: Well, first, I hid. It was about the best thing I could do. But I knew that it wouldn't keep me safe forever. They were tearing the place apart looking for me.

James: Right. Now, can I assume that the place we found you was the remains of that house?

Dragoniade: You don't have to assume. It was.

James: Ok, and I'm assuming that the reason it's now just a pile of rubble is because of those things?

Dragoniade: Err...no, not exactly. You see, my ingenious plan of hiding didn't work for long. Eventually they found me. The one that did threw me across the room. Hard.

James: And yet you don't have a bruise on you...

Dragoniade: Of course I don't.

James: You get thrown across a room, and you don't get a bruise?

Dragoniade sighs.

Dragoniade: Yep. I mean, don't get me wrong, it hurt. At the time I was...well...look...after it had thrown me across the room, I figured that I was probably gonna be a dead man soon, right?

There is a short pause.

Dragoniade: Hey, you ever see one of those films where it looks like the good guys are gonna get beaten and then right at the moment its needed something happens that turns the tide of the fight and they all live happily ever after?

James: Of course, most films are like that.

Dragoniade: Well, the same thing happened then. Right when I needed it, something happened.

James: You're friends showed up.

Dragoniade: No actually. I woke up.

There is a long pause.

James: What? As in... 'it was all a dream'.

Dragoniade laughs.

Dragoniade: No, no, not like that. What I mean is; the seal on me broke. I don't know if it was because of the danger or being hurt or maybe because I did believe it at some level. But something made the seal just fade away.

James: So what happened?

Dragoniade: Well, if you're a dragon and you've been sealed away for centuries, what do you think you're likely to do?

James: I dunno...but I can't probably guess...

Dragoniade: Well, yes.

There is a short pause, followed by a sigh from Dragoniade.

Dragoniade: I'll tell you...changing into my dragon form is...so...incredible. It's incredible...liberating...energising...it's such a rush. It doesn't hurt; my human form just sort of...fades away...only it's not really fading. It's kinda like you see in those movies, only it's faster. My skin splits and cracks into scales. Golden ones too. Wings grow out of my back and a tail out of my ass. Out of all of the changes the weirdest is when my faces changes. I mean, I grow a muzzle for crying out loud. Horns and scales and wings and...everything...it happens so quickly and yet at the same time it seems to happen so slowly. It's probably quite beautiful to watch; only I can't really watch it happen to myself.

There is a short pause.

Dragoniade: Heh, even all of that doesn't do it justice.

James: I see...

Dragoniade: Huh, I don't expect you to understand.

James: I'll bet.

There is a short pause.

James: But let's say you did turn into a dragon. How come you're human now?

Dragoniade: Duh! Because I can switch between human and dragon forms at will. It would be hard to hide in this world if we were stuck in dragon form the whole time.

James: Heh, that's convenient.

There is a short pause.

James: I'm assuming that you turning into a dragon is the reason the house is a pile of rubble...

Dragoniade: Obviously. I mean, I don't just change, but I grow too. Grow bigger...grow stronger. That's part of the rush, feeling the energy running through my body as my muscles expand and my body swells and grows. It's a little disorientating, I'll admit, but still so very awesome.

James: And the building collapsed because your increased size?

Dragoniade: Yeap. And that's why you found me on top of the pile without so much as a scratch. After I finished changing, I'll be honest, I fainted. It was the shock of it all. Not just changing form, but getting all my old memories back, you know.

James: And what about the Lizard things. I'm guessing they ran off?

Dragoniade: Most did, yes, but I'm fairly sure there's one or two in that pile somewhere.

James: Right.

Dragoniade: You don't believe a word, do you?

James: No offence, but no, I don't. And can you please explain why you keep looking at the clock?

Dragoniade: Oh, I'm planning on meeting my friend at midnight.

There is a short pause.

James: In five minutes?

Dragoniade: Yeah.

There is a short pause.

James: Right. Is there anything you'd like to add to that?

Dragoniade: Nah, you pretty much got everything. That and I only really did this to pass the time. But I'm afraid I must really be off now.

***The sound of a chair scraping along the floor is heard, presumably
Dragoniade standing up.***

James: Hang on a sec. You're not going anywhere...

Dragoniade: Actually I am. Like I said, I've got to meet a friend.

James: Look, you can't just...

***His voice fades away and for a time there is no sound. This is then
followed by a clattering sound and a yell. After a second or so of silence,
you then hear a crumbling sound, followed by three shots being fired
from a distance. Finally a very loud roaring sound is heard.
The tape then ends.***

After-notes:

Although the events in this incident are common knowledge, the location of this incident remains a mystery.

There is no record of both James Tiberton and Dragonjade in any archive, magical or otherwise.

Who recovered this tape and for what purpose, is also a mystery.