Dragons

Word Count: 681

                                                                                                                                                                                            Someday Dragons will take over. Hi, My name is Conner and if I had to choose, Zombies or Dragons, I’d choose Dragons. One day everything was fine, birds were singing, flowers were blooming, on a day like this, the world had to end, right? It started on the other side of the world in China. Once the incoming apocalypse came to Colorado a loud noise woke me. The building shook. I got up with messy hair and everything. I just sat there with a smile on my face, my roommate was wondering if I had anything to do with the dragons flying everywhere.

 I just silently said to myself, “Heck this is really happening, huh, wow”. Bozos like me have been waiting for this moment our entire lives. Nobody knows why the Dragons came, they just did.

I got up and went over to my closet and pulled out a hazmat suit. Why do I have it? Again, I've been waiting for this for a long time. I went outside and, yup, some have poison breath, I say ha to the people who said I was weird for having a hazmat suit, well who’s coughing up poison now?

 I live in Denver, Colorado so a lot of attention is on us as long as Colorado is concerned. As soon as I got out of the house, I ran towards the biggest Dragon. Should I be doing this? No, but I’m wild. My roommate wanted to survive I guess, so he was instantly trying to plan a way out of here. I said, “Might I suggest just to enjoy this while it lasts.”

Alex ignored me.  We're in college, or were and I hope we don't have to go to school in the Dragon apocalypse. Anyway, he suggested that we go to Howard or Cotopaxi, both places are hidden with mountains, so the Dragons won't be able to find us.

                  I agreed and hopped in the car, or wanted to, it was squished. “Gosh dang it, as if our lives had to get any worse.” Alex isn't breathing in poison gas because I made him buy a gasmask. So we started our 3 day long journey walking halfway across Colorado.

We got out of Denver relatively easy and we were on our way. Alex told me to take off the suit, I said no. “Off we go,” I say triumphantly. Alex never knew why I loved just jumping into danger, I don't know either, but I think I was dropped as a baby.

For some reason Alex was quivering like he was scared. I mean it's not like Dragons took over or anything. We found an unoccupied farm that was abandoned. Everyone evacuated. We found some sticks and made a small fire in the corn field. In the morning Alex stomped out the fire but got a little bit of fire on his shoe. He hopped around, and accidentally got a little bit of fire on the corn, but we stopped the fire from spreading quickly, “Fwew that could have gone bad,” said Alex.

We packed up and left. Along the way we ran into some baby Dragons, but instead of attacking us they looked at us like they were afraid. I held my hands out to show that I was not a threat. I had felt bad for those baby Dragons. I wanted to help them but we are on a mission to get to Cotopaxi.

Not that much more happened that day, just chaos and walking, so much walking.

I hate walking. Now on day 3, we got to Salida. There was still chaos, just less chaos. You know, like 2 or 3 Dragons, and no fire. It was getting dark and we made it to Howard, but we wanted to get to Cotopaxi, so off we went. By morning we got to Cotopaxi. The dragons never left but we became family.

PS. I hate walking.