

Chris ran quickly down the trail through the thick, green forest. Well, at the moment it seemed to look like the dark forest portrayed in the Harry Potter series. The small flashlight that was firmly gripped in his left hand guided Chris's journey well enough that he knew where to jump over a rock or swerve left when a thorn bush was sticking out.

"There are no such things as dragons, there are no such things as dragons," was what Chris kept mumbling to himself as a large black mass flew behind him, with white fangs the size of children reflecting the little moon light that could make its way through the tree tops. Chris decided it was best to keep his eyes forward because looking back would only increase his chances of tripping and getting eaten. Besides, he didn't want to look at the black figure going after him. Who would?

A large *roar!* escaped the creature's mouth and sent Chris to the ground. His flashlight flew out of his hand and rolled off into a bush. Chris instinctively covered the back of his neck and shivered in fear. He waited for the dragon's teeth to bare down on his body, instantly ending his life.

The creature landed with an echoing *thump!* and stomped its way over to Chris.

"Please don't eat me! I did nothing wrong!" Chris yelled. He head sniffing as a large nose pushed at Chris's body, making him roll over onto his back. He stared up into deep orange eyes and white fangs. "Please! You won't like my taste. I'm crunchy and all fat!"

The dragon continued sniffing along his body. When it reached his pants pockets it began to growl.

"What?" Chris looked down. "You want my... candy bar?" Chris shakily reached his hand into his pants pocket and pulled out the half-melted chocolate bar. He offered it to the still growling dragon above him. It quickly licked the chocolate, wrapper and all, into its mouth and swallowed. With what seemed to Chris as a grin on its face, the creature took off into the air and disappeared forever through the gap in the trees.

Chris laid on the ground speechless. He felt paralyzed and stared up at the quarter moon above the black trees. "Never walk in a forest with chocolate in your pocket Christopher," he thought to himself. "And don't listen to your own song and try to make a party while drunk."

Then his mind went black as he slipped into an even darker world that is his mind... he faints a lot when drunk.

Tonight is the night!

Everything's gonna be alright...

TA-DA!