



# Ignis and the Emerald Mountains

by Chris Bornman



Ignis, a magnificent fire-breathing dragon, was 200 years old. He lived in the hidden caves of the Emerald Mountains, his scales shimmering like a thousand sunsets. He kept himself hidden from the humans below, preferring the quiet solitude of his mountain home.



One night, as the moon cast its silvery glow, Ignis noticed a problem. From his vantage point, he saw the growing piles of human waste, a blight upon the landscape. The smell was horrendous and it was clear something had to be done.



With a mighty roar, Ignis took flight. He soared over the valleys and mountains, a fiery silhouette against the inky sky. He flew towards the largest of the rubbish dumps, his heart heavy with the task ahead.



As he reached the dump, Ignis unleashed his fiery breath. Not to destroy, but to incinerate! The flames were hot, but controlled, turning the mountains of waste to ash, cleaning the landscape with precise care.



The next morning, the humans woke to find their rubbish gone. They were confused and a little frightened, but also relieved. They saw the clean land and began to consider their own impact on the planet, understanding the need for change.



Ignis, back in his cave, watched the sunrise. He knew his secret was safe, and the world was a little cleaner because of him. He smiled, a secret smile of a dragon who helped humans, promising to continue his nightly duties.