Untitled

Nadia A. & Ammie W. – 5th Grade

 Chapter 1

Granite stretched his wings. He used to be natural dragon and he *finally* got reincarnated, but when he woke, the world was smaller. A human sat in front of him. He cocked his head, wondering why she wasn't fleeing in terror. Then again, he was smaller. The girl picked him up and pet his nose. Her hand was soft.

Granite eased himself, enjoying the hand. The girl brought through a tunnel, down a hill, and on to a flat slab of stone. She smiled at him, and Granite smiled back. Granite tried out his wings. He noticed an extra set of smaller wings next to the main ones. For control, perhaps.

The girl walked away, shouting something to herself. Granite flapped his wings, and flew towards the girl. She was grabbing something that was small, brown, and smooth. Granite touched it. Hard. *Definitely* not cow dung. The girl said, "I'm Choi. Welcome to my house." Granite cocked his head as she took a bite out of the mysterious brown thing. She handed it to him. "Try it," she said.

Granite nervously took a bite. It was *very* sweet, in fact, sweeter than the spring water or the berries. Granite smiled, and hugged the girl named Choi. She smiled. "Will you stay?" she asked. Just as Granite was going to nod, a loud *thump* came from up the hill. The sudden noise shocked the girl, making her jump.

She ran up the hill, Granite following her. If anything endangered his new friend who give him sweet brown stuff, they would have to go through him first. Choi stared at the floor of the cave where he woke up.

Layed on the flood was another girl.

Chapter 2

'How did she get in?' was the first thing that popped up in Choi's mind. She glanced back at Granite, the dragon she was befriending. Granite looked as shocked as she was. The dragon squinted at her. Her hair was white, fading into a blood red.

'What if that's real blood?' Choi thought, making a shiver go down her spine. The other girl's white-red hair was so different than Choi's creamy beige hair. Her clothes were what an inappropriate girl would wear, a blood red crop top, a long black jacket, and a pair of black shorts. *'Talk about revealing clothes'* Choi thought, looking at her puffy skirt and beige top. She glanced at Granite, who was scowling. "Hey hey hey! Calm down," said Choi.

Granite stopped, sitting down on the table. Choi glanced back at the girl. She was very thin, and almost resembled a skeleton. Choi felt sad for her, whoever she was. Granite fluttered downstairs. Choi picked her up to put her on the bed. She was surprised at how light she was, but was also sad. *'Is this girl under weight?'* The Demon thought. The girl twitched, but was still enough to get under the covers.

Choi went downstairs to check on Granite. He was eating an apple on the talble, munching happily. Choi smiled at him, walking to her laptop. Granite zipped past her, clicking the keyboard. Choi was confused.

Granite typed in S-H-E I-S A V, when a groan came from upstairs. Granite zipped up, and Choi followed. *'The girl is waking up'* Choi thought. The girl, opening her eyes, was surprised where she was. Her eyes were pearly white. Granite hovered around her, trying to get her to calm down.

That's when Choi noticed the sharp canine teeth.

Chapter 3

Yui woke up in a bed, the soft, white, and thick blanket was still curled around her boney body. She was supposed to teleport to the bakery where vampires usually teleported to, but she was here. Maybe she was too young to stay on course with teleportation. Either way, there were worse problems. There was a human watching her.

No, not a human. A beige demon? Yui had barely seen demons, and when she did, they're colors were black and a shade of red, and had larger wings, and longer tails. Their horns would also be larger, and separated wider. *This* one was different.

The demon spoke, "H-hi. I'm Choi," she said. Choi offered her a hand, and Yui shook it. Yui glanced at the dragon flying around her. Yui always loved dragons, but none – Pennykettle or Natural – came down in the vampire village. She only knew them by books and scrolls.

This one looked like the one called Granite, but he was dead, waiting for reincarnation. What if…? "That's Granite," Choi stated. So it was true. The great dragon had been revived. "But H-" Yui was cut off by Choi speaking. "Hush, hush, hush! Rest, while I get you some soup. You look like you haven't eaten in days!" Choi exclaimed. Yui glared at her, and scoffed. '*Jeez, totally feel welcomed'* Yui thought. Looking around, she saw some photos, what looked like a bag, and other things laying around. She laid on the bed again. *'What is soup?'* Yui thought. In the vampire village, the townspeople would battle every day, one on one. Whoever died, the other person would steal their yowad, the only food there. The stains of blood would stick on the person's hair, and it would stay there.

Choi came back, holding a bowl full of the … *soup*. It looked liquidy, and even Granite stared at it curiously. "Ginger my other dragon, made it for you," Choi said. "You have more?" Yui asked, wonder-filled. Choi sighed. "Only these two. You could make your own though."

Yui took this in. Her own dragon? Crafted by her own hand? It was too good to be true. "Yes!" Yui exclaimed. Choi ran downstairs, and came back with a piece of clay. Yui grabbed it,and closed her eyes. She imagined a dragon, misty gray and pale blue, with oversized thumbs. When she opened them, the dragon was sitting on her lap. Yui said, "Your name is Gizzy." Then there was a flash of light.