DRAGONWORLD

This was their favourite time of day to fly.

As the glowing, crimson sun dipped down below the vast horizon, retreating to allow night to take its place, the dragons took flight.

The sky looked beautiful: wisps of pillow-like clouds seemed to part in front of them as they flexed their powerful wings. Like sails from ancient ships, the wings beat in the dying embers of the sun's fire, embracing what little warmth remained. Thousands of tiny scales that covered the beasts' bodies glistened like rubies in the dazzling light.

As they reached full speed, leaving the world far beneath them, they almost grinned as they thought about where they were going. There would be others like them there. It would be paradise…