A Dragon’s Legacy

Donald the Dragon dwelled on his legacy as his life neared its end. It would all be over in two years. He might live a little longer, but did it matter? After that, his power would be gone.

He snorted, sitting on the mountain top, looking down at the city. Should he swoop down and breathe fire on it–remind the townspeople of the good old days? Should he eat a few cow burgers? Fly over courses and burn the trees to improve the straightaways? Incinerate immigrants, immigrant agents, his disloyal staff?

And his legacy. Two years, then oblivion. What legacy should he leave? And to whom?

Gawain, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, now approached, first in a car, for the last bit in a wheelchair. He told Donald, sadly, “Neither of us has been victorious. Our legacy is failure.”

Donald nodded.

“One more combat, Dragon? One more battle to the last?”

Donald leaned forward and ate Gawain (including the wheelchair.)

It likely would reflect poorly on his legacy. Donald belched. He was so misunderstood. Donald deserved the Nobel Peace Prize (for all the people he did not kill.) He should be awarded it–the first Dragon in history to be so recognized!

Donald left the mountain and flew to Spain, to make his case. They told him to fly to Norway. He made it to Sweden but it was too chilly so he flew towards the equator. Weary after thousands of miles, Donald and landed on a tiny volcanic island and died, his legacy immortalized in a You Tube video, being the volcano’s butt plug.

In Dragon Heaven Donald was beyond upset and flew back to the Buffet, which featured hundreds of Gawains covered in sauce coloured red to resemble blood, whipped cream on each head, each Gawain holding a Nobel Peace Prize.

No matter how many he ate, there were always more, and it took a few centuries before Donald realized he was in Dragon Hell.

(C) Victor Schwartzman 2025. All rights reserved. http://www.VictorSchwartzman.ca

(C) Victor Schwartzman 2025. All rights reserved. http://www.VictorSchwartzman.ca