

Help Tom's cousin
find the missing dragon

Tom

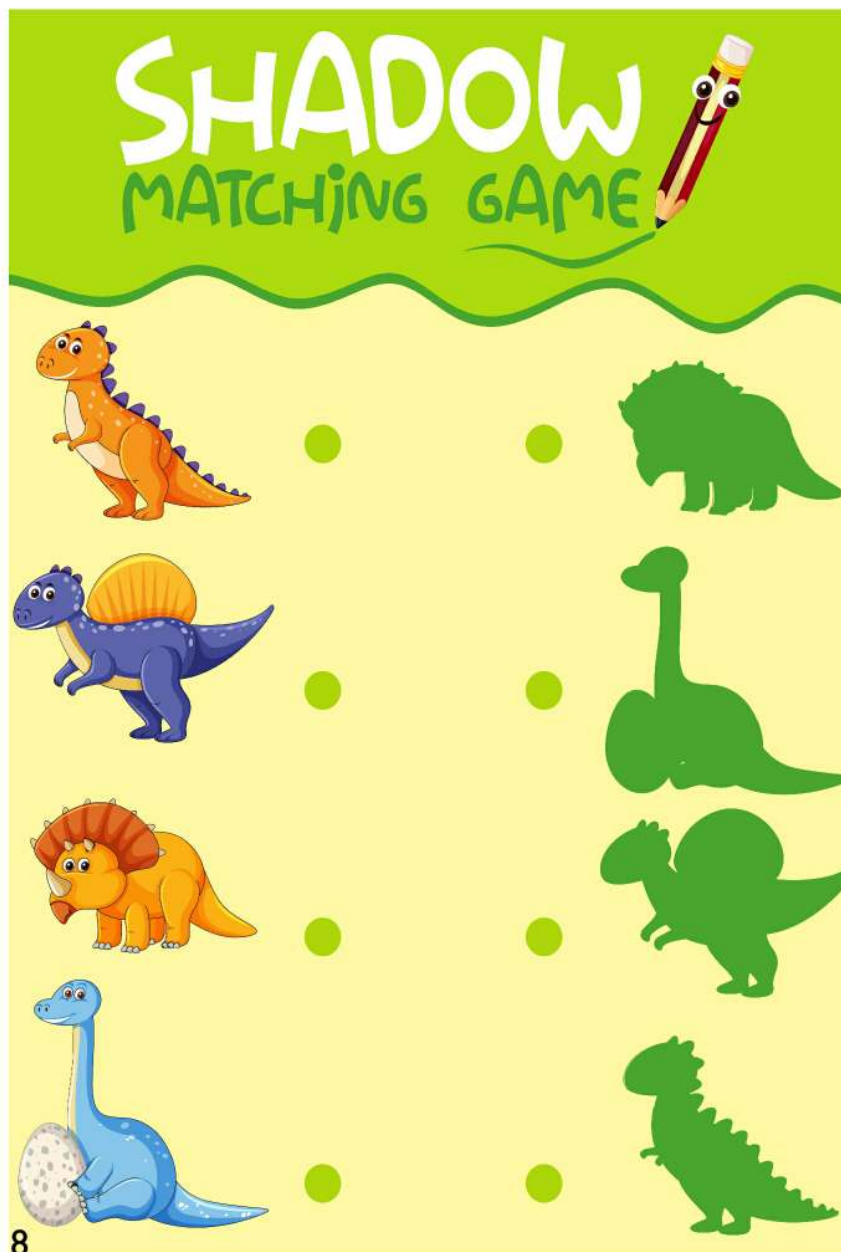
RESIDENT DRAGON



Gus Prouty

he enjoyed his favorite perk of the job he inadvertently found himself in here at Mead Valley elementary.

Finally he mused, sweet silence.



Tom

RESIDENT DRAGON



Gus Prouty

These people and their wiliness to believe in magic still exists in the world have contributed in someway in making these books possible.

Gus Prouty

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off balance onto the ground. Tom however was prepared for this and without ever letting go of his grip on the bunyip's front paws, quickly coiled around his opponent. Dazed and immobilized the bunyip could do nothing to dodge Tom's next strike as he finally sunk his fangs deep into the shoulder of the Australian monster. Pulling back Tom held firm despite



all manner of struggling as his venom took its intended effect. Soon the struggling of the bunyip became stiffer and more rigged until it finally stopped altogether. Only the occasional wine from the now paralyzed monster indicated that it was still conscious.

Tom, spent from the battle, lazily unwrapped himself from the frozen bunyip and recollected himself a short ways off to watch over his captive. Soon enough the guardians would be along to take care of the mess and return the bunyip to where ever it came from.

Tom almost snickered at the thought of the conversation the school principle would no doubt be having with whoever was responsible for this fiasco. That was one man it was wise not to cross.

Eyes already heavy with thoughts and musings, Tom decided to take a quick power nap. You know in case the bunyip managed to regain control before it was removed. Tom's venom wouldn't ware off for a couple of days at least but one could never be too safe, and he was willing to sleep here for as long as it took.

The sacrifices he made for his work. Just as he started to drift off the bunyip's wining started up again and Tom snapped an eye open. Grumbling, Tom slipped a heavy coil over the bunyip's mouth weighing it shut and muffling any further disturbances.

"Hush," Tom murmured head already nestled on folded arms. Eyes shut as

Instead the creature only got a mouthful of sod. Capitalizing on this opportunity, Tom struck his head forward trying to sink his fangs into the bunyip's neck but it recovered too fast. It twisted out of the way coughing and spitting out landscaping. The foes paused for a moment sizing each other up. The bunyip had Tom beat in terms of agility but Tom was slippery and would be a pain to pin down.

The peace lasted only a heartbeat before the combatants engaged again. Grappling together and just as quickly breaking apart as neither was able to keep a solid grip on the other. As the bunyip side stepped another strike, swinging its claws at thin air occupied by Tom's head a moment before a sharp pain shot up its side and it jerked its head towards the new threat.



The shimmering ward that enveloped the student library building sparked and crackled under the beast's inadvertent contact. Enraged by this new invisible threat the bunyip turned and tried to pounce on the defensive spell,

which snapped and wined under its weight. Sizing the opportunity Tom rushed the creature body checking it away from the building and sending it sprawling across the greenery. Not wanting to lose his chance Tom pressed the attack intending to pin the bunyip to the ground. It was too quick -



rearing up on its hind legs to meet Tom who was also raised up not unlike a cobra. Scaly clawed hands met massive paws as the two beasts collided, each trying to out muscle the other and force them to the ground.

Tom may have been larger but from this position the bunyip have the leverage and was slowly forcing him closer and closer to the ground. If he got pinned like this he wasn't getting back up and Tom's mind raced to find a way to turn the tide of this struggle. Than like a flash he had it, sweeping his powerful tail around himself, Tom slammed it into the bunyip's hind legs knocking them out from under it and sending both of the monsters tumbling

Tom enjoyed people watching. Back in the old days he just never got the chance to do it much. Between all the sleeping, extorting villages for food, lounging, fighting dragon slayers, and basking he just never found the time for it. Not to mention he still tried to squeeze in the occasional nap every now and then. There was also the issue of most people not sticking around him long enough to be watched.

Mead Valley elementary school was different. Tom considered himself quite lucky for that fact. From his favorite spot, coiled snugly around the Mead Valley bell tower, scaly head propped up on his hands; he could observe all the hustle and bustle of the school campus. Students of all ages' races and mystical backgrounds scurried to and fro, some typed into cell phones, others handed books off to familiars, pulled class papers from pocket dimensions, there were even a few with automatons that buzzed like mechanical bees behind their masters heads playing music. All told it was enough to keep Tom entertained in-between afternoon naps.

Still lately an air of dread hung over the campus. Tom knew it had to do with the recent disappearances that plagued the school. Even in all his years Tom had never seen anything quite like it.

Worst of all there was no sent, not even a vaguest hint of bad magic in the air to go off of. It was enough to make even him uneasy. He shook his head slightly trying to clear his thoughts, long ago he had learned not to worry about things over which he had no control. It was just a good way to lose sleep.



“Lazy bast...” a voice grumbled from below him. Case and point. Tom mused as his gaze shifted to the young Japanese boy stood below him. Kyou Kobayashi was the guardian assigned to patrol the Mead Valley bell tower.



Kyou, as he never failed to remind people, was a kind summoner with an unpronounceable name from some far off eastern land. Tom didn't see how he was much different from any other wizard, and never understood human's obsession with making a dozen names up for the same thing. They all reeked of magic the same way, so why bother?

Currently Kyou was fuming over something a coworker had said over his ear piece. His long black cloak billowing in the wind as he tried to scowl despite his spirit partner Mana's best attempts at levity.

Tom couldn't help but

snort in amusement; he noticed the way they looked at each other, it reminded him of when he was younger and starting to approach mates for the first time. The pleasant memories weighed heavy on his eyelids and he hunkered down for a quick snooze. So he wasn't listening when Kyou got yet another call over his earpiece and he didn't see the way it caused him to stiffen up his hand going instinctively to the hilt of his sword. He did feel the winds change. The scent they brought roused Tom from the precipice of slumber.

Brackish water backed in the searing heat of summer. He didn't recognize it exactly, couldn't name the beast it brought with it, but he knew well enough what it meant.

BATTLE!

“We have an angry bunyip heading here fast. I'll start clearing the students, you wake up the dragon, this is his kind of problem.” Kyou commanded his



partner as he was already sprinting towards the students in the cafeteria area.

Nodding Mana floated up until she was eye level with Tom.



“Hey big guy, we got an outback-sized problem headed our way - no time for your beauty rest.” She shouted before stumbling back as Tom's head jerked up into alertness.

“I know. I smelled, it's already here.” Tom spoke in a low rumbling tone. He tested the air in all directions trying to pinpoint the scent's direction.

“Good morning to you, too” Mana muttered, already floating off to help Kyou with the students.

“It was!” Tom growled. His eyes finally locking in on the creature that had disturbed his peaceful afternoon. It looked like a cross between a river otter and a tiger with dark matted fur and was bounding towards him at an impressive speed, for something the size of a dump truck.

Tom hissed a challenge and slithered to meet the bunyip on the grassy lawn, west of the bell tower. The few students unlucky enough to be in the way sprinted for the nearest building and the enchanted safety they provided. Soon it was just Tom and the bunyip rushing towards each other as fast as legs and coils could carry them.

The bunyip made the first move, bounding over Tom and landing behind him. It gripped his tail in its mouth and yanked back, the sudden pull unbalanced him and Tom's upper body slammed into the ground. The bunyip leapt again, intending to end this quickly by sinking its



fangs into the back of Tom's skull. Anticipating it this time, Tom spun around and slammed one of his hands into the side of the bunyip's face. Then his feet before its open jaws bit into him.