

The villagers and the red dragon

Once upon a time, up in the high mountains overlooking the sea, in a blessed place, hidden in the green forest, a terrible dragon arrived. Red with four legs, a huge pointy tail, and wings, he spewed fire from his nostrils that looked like enormous caves. Having yellow eyes, pointed teeth and sharp claws, he spread terror in his path.

At first, he raided the surrounding herds and devoured goats and sheep. He quickly became the fear and terror of the villagers, who locked themselves in their homes. "Disaster that has befallen us! He ate all our livestock... What else will he do next?" they whispered in dismay. The dragon was very glad that the people fled as if hunted. "Ah... we'll starve to death!" they were thinking. They quit their jobs, abandoned their possessions, and only went out at night.

Year upon year he was tormenting them. As livestock became scarce, he began to chase people as well. He ate anyone who stood in front of him. In fact, he showed a special preference for well-built and strong children. He was thirsty for young blood. Lament and despair. The whole village was dressed in black.

"Let's kick him out!" the villagers decided one day. "But how;"

That night no one slept. Four days passed and they did not find a solution. The dragon was sleeping in his lair when at midnight on the fourth day, three lads from the surrounding villages appeared. They had decided to get rid of him.

They organized secretly and prepared the attack. Visionaries with messages about freedom, chants and revolutionary songs roused the villagers. Everyone agreed to help. Each one any way they could.

The villagers left farming and started a stealth war against the dragon. They took up arms and ambushed him. As soon as he appeared, they drew their swords and clubs and blocked his way. When the dragon saw them, he let out a loud cry and rushed at them. But they didn't mind. For goodness' sake, it was freedom they were fighting for.

The fishermen gave up fishing, took their boats and sailed into the sea. Men and women in small boats assaulted the dragon's cave and with cannons and fires they scorched its interior. And when the dragon slept lying on the seashore, they would tie their fireships to his feet and jump with a heartbeat, maddened with joy and excitement, into the water. The flames would spread quickly and then the dragon would wake up and run in a daze into the sea to extinguish the fire that was burning his flesh. Great feasts were held every time the dragon gave up wounded...

And then he got even angrier. He roared wildly and grabbed anyone in front of him. He would lift them onto his back and carry them into his black dark cave. Babies, women, and old people without food, without water were hoping for their exit from there, determined and courageous. But whenever they tried to run out, he blocked their escape.

Years passed and the struggle continued. Everyone raised their hands to the sky and prayed with deep faith to God, to give them the strength to defeat the dragon and be saved from this misfortune.

And the heavens opened. Their prayers were answered. The dragon was full of wounds. He could no longer bear the beatings of these small, shaggy villagers who, however, hid so much strength of soul. In his last attack he screamed so loudly that his screams were heard to the other end of the Earth. Then he fell to the ground thrashing. The earth was divided in two. The blood was flowing like a river. He got up slowly after an hour and moved elsewhere. He would return to the country that gave birth to him. He would wait for his wounds to heal and then fly to another land, other places.

Woe to those who would submit to him ...

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