

# Tales from the Dragon's Wing

a project by Schrijfgoesting



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During the making of this book no Dragons were harmed or injured. The cover was designed with elements of A.I. and Vecteezy.com, and therefore does not contain actual Dragonskin.

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Trigger warning: as any adventurer knows, life consists of heavier and lighter moments. This book also contains multiple subjects that would not exist in a perfect tavern.

*For everyone who loves dice,  
dungeons and Dragons, or who loves  
to sojourn in a made up world*



Hailstones clatter against the windows and every gust of wind makes the glass rattle in its rebates. Now and then a flash of lightning illuminates the sky, but luckily inside the tavern the Dragon's Wing it's just as pleasant as ever.

Half-Elf Yuza is serving by herself today, even though her partner Alvin had promised to come and help. He's probably back to his research into the origin of the Dragon, whose wing forms the ceiling of the tavern.

Yuza looks outside through one of the round little windows, but through the heavy rain and gathering darkness she cannot possibly discern the red and yellow striped circus tents in the distance.

Next to the door her good friend Ziggy is sat upon a wobbly stool. Ziggy is a Forest Gnome who often comes to play music in the tavern after his performances in the circus. Today he plays a simple lute, from which he conjures a cheerful music.

Behind him on the wall hangs an enormous Dragon's head. It lay in the tavern when Yuza and Alvin came here for the first time and they found it fitting with the roof, so they hung it up as decoration.

In the middle of the tavern several beings are sitting at a round table. One of them is a male Human with a very handsome face, despite the many scars. When Yuza brought him a drink a little earlier, he complimented her for her beautiful hair.

He is currently busy in conversation with a fellow of his kind, who is wearing a dark robe with a collar ending in two points. The robe is adorned with markings that Yuza does not recognise and bright purple lines that crisscross each other.

The most particular about this man are his two companions. On his shoulder sits a tiny creature, barely the size of the flat of a hand. It has a mushroom shaped growth on his head and is wearing a vest and pants made of moss.

The creature looks somewhat nervous to the bell jar atop one of Yuza's book shelves. Beneath the jar sits a fat mouse leering hungrily at him.

On the right side of the extravagant man sits a bony Goblin with swamp green skin. He looks around the tavern suspiciously and occasionally mumbles something to himself.

The handsome young man takes a set of dice from his bag. "If you want me to play along, all you have to do is ask," Yuza says cheerfully, "I am often lucky at dice games, if I do say so myself."

At another table three individuals are seated. One of them is a giant and muscular man, the other two are rather scrawny. One of the younglings keeps his hand anxiously covered. The other wears many magnificent rings on his fingers and is obviously speaking most between them, while the other two laugh at his jokes.

The tall, muscular man slams his fist on the table laughing and Yuza hopes that the table or his chair won't break. She should buy new chairs for the tavern instead of this rickety furniture, but there is always something else to do rather than going to the city looking for a woodworker.

In a corner of the tavern sits an Elven woman with a gorgeous, wine red braid. Next to her against the stone wall sits a bow and she is wearing a quiver on her back. She is reading a book while eating a parizza, which she likely purchased at the circus.

"Are you enjoying that?" Yuza asks when she passes the table.

The Elven woman almost drops the parizza from her hand. "Uh, oh yes. Almost as tasty as those from the Bird People in

Paritia!" She puts down the book and Yuza sees that it concerns the detecting and dismantling of magical traps.

"That is a big compliment." Yuza resolves to pass on the beautiful words tomorrow to her friend Aurora, who bakes the parizzas for the circus.

At the table behind the Elven woman sits an extraordinarily looking woman, as she is wearing the typical, practical dress of the Amazons. A silver feather sits in her hair and Yuza had noticed a pendant shaped like a clef around her neck just now, when she brought over a plate of stew. The Amazon came here on horseback. When she arrived earlier, Alvin helped her unsaddle the horse.

Yuza wipes away a dirt stain on the counter with the sleeve of her robe. Gypsy, Yuza's black cat who sleeps every night on a corner of the counter, looks up drowsily. The hearthfire on the right side of the tavern is almost out. Should she throw a few blocks on top, or would it suffice for tonight?

At the bar two older men are sitting. They both have a magical seeming staff with them, with which they point to the dusty bottles on the shelf behind the counter when they order something.

The one man has a cup of fresh mint tea before him, the other is busy on his third cup of honey wine and by the sound of things is beginning to see little pink unicorns.

"I wonder if there is a spot open for me in the circus," the drunk man ponders. "An old Wizard such as myself would be an asset for the performance, wouldn't you think?"

It is not entirely clear whether he is talking to Yuza, to the man drinking tea, or to himself.

"You could always ask. Did you like the show?" Yuza asks in a convivial tone.

Tonight was the showing of Borkul's Bizarre Bazaar, hence the crowd in the tavern. Until recently Yuza travelled with the circus herself, so she is always curious for the opinions of the

spectators.

“It was fantastic!” shouts the drunken Wizard. “Amazing!” His outcry draws the attention of all other visitors.

“It was worth the effort,” confirms the other bar patron. “I...”

“Some of their tricks were so transparent!” yells the extravagant man in the middle of the tavern. He looks around smugly, but quickly backs down when he sees the frowning faces of the others. “But the show was well constructed,” he mumbles.

“I have heard that the circus settled here in Riderfield only recently, instead of moving around constantly,” the handsome young man with the many scars remarks. “What would be the story behind that decision?”

Yuza clears her throat and glances at Gypsy, who looks at her with interest, as if she wants to hear the story as well. As if she does not know precisely what happened.

“I could tell you,” Yuza finally says. She can see all the patrons watching her. “For years I travelled the world with the circus. But it all came to an end, shortly before my eighteenth birthday...”