Walking in the dark wasn’t so bad for him; he knew that he was surrounded by people he knew. He kept walking onwards, blind without the sound of his own footsteps, just faint voices getting fainter as he headed toward the nothing. He didn’t know how long it had been dark, no one knew. It was soon all too quiet now, the child reflected on the many events in his life: the places he travelled to, the many faces he had seen, the ones who helped him complete his journey, his family...  
The last event was too painful; he didn’t want to tell that person and cause anymore worry. The person had already done so much to help. He wanted to have a complete family, he never wished to go out on a perilous adventure, he would have never had if evil had showed up and took away most of his happiness and kicked off a cliff in front of him. The future was unclear; did he destroy the world or help remake it? Had the great dragon abandoned the child who helped it reawaken it into the world? Anyone else would curse this damned end if they were in his position. Even that person couldn’t reach out and change the end, even if the person wanted to. A sigh echoed through the open, the boy carried on through the emptiness. He took one more step till a crunch was heard, the kind of crunch that one would hear if they were to walk on grass but slightly louder. At this point the boy had stepped back and paused for a moment in the soundless land then proceeded onwards, curious and unknowing of what was ahead. Soon he could feel long, wet strands brushing past his legs up to his knees. A fresh scent wafted through what felt like a cool breeze. The sounds of familiar voices whispered through the air guiding the boy as if a hand had held his hand and walked him somewhere. There was something in the distance, something... bright. His pace sped up till he found himself running toward the light till he tripped over something falling face first into the ground. He recovered only to realise that the light was closer than he had assumed, in fact it was getting closer. The boy froze in place, immobilized as the light consumed him like a wave, changing into vigorous colours and finally a liquidized version of light. Naturally, he closed his eyes quickly and held his breath, his body floating vigorously within the light as if being swept away in a current, then sinking down. Soon the sinking stopped; he was curled up into a ball, one hand over his mouth, the other pinching his nose, his eyes closed shut. Something touched his back, like a warm hand.

“Open your eyes...” A whisper echoed through his ears.

The boy kept his eyes closed shut.

“Don’t worry...” The voice added again with a soothing and familiar voice hummed.

Upon recognising the voice he opened his eyes and released his nose, gasping for air. There was no one to be seen, he was in the dark again only that there were various balls of lights floating around the place from the ground with a dragon like figure of pure light in front of him that glowed enough to show its shape. Astonished, the boy stayed transfixed at the wondrous sight, within the lights were sounds of life faintly twinkling, voices of hearts of many. The dragon turned its head towards the boy, tilting it domestically as if it were his pet. The child placed his right hand on the creature’s snout, soon colour returned to the boy’s form. Through the dragon’s heart he could hear a calming song.

‘*Go and make your wish’*

The child then removed his hand from the dragon and reached out to one of the lights, grabbed it and wished as hard as possible, holding it to his chest with both hands, gleaming with immense warmth within himself. Then the lights stopped for a moment, each and every one of them started to float toward the boy. He started to fade as the lights touched him and floated off, soon all that was left of him was that glow from his heart. He watched the lights form into worlds with all the people he knew with new ones both friend and foe. So many stories: some sad, some happy, some scary, some soothing, some bad, some good, all made by the ones who were touched by his story, all made by the ones who gave him an opportunity. The boy smiled at the dragon as he slowly started to collapse down slowly. The dragon opened its mouth and literally ate the remainder of the boy, absorbing him.

‘*Sweet dreams, young child... till the day you awaken’*

The dragon then dove in into the darkness and curled up to sleep, the lights now getting bigger as the new worlds formed into more complete tales. The dragon had nearly done its work, now it could sleep once more.

*One would doubt the poor boy ever having a true ending to his story; however it’s up to you now. Will you make his life happier or even more painful? You decide or it will be forever unwritten and lost to time...*