

He paused. For a few moments, he simply stared at that little pewter dragon. He could have sworn that when he'd left it had been facing his bed, but now it was facing the door. Had this been the first time it happened, he would have been inclined to believe he remembered wrong, but it wasn't. Ever since he'd bought that little trinket, there'd been little strange things going on. Several times now the dragon wasn't in the position he remembered it being in last, at night he'd heard odd sounds that didn't sound like bugs, the house settling, or one of his parents getting a late night snack, and no matter how long it sat in one place, it never, ever, accumulated any dust. Much to his mom's annoyance, that statuette was the only thing in his room at the moment that didn't need dusting.

Feeling paranoid and a bit silly, he slowly advanced towards the pewter dragon. It was just a little statuette, but there just seemed to be something wrong about it. Some distant part of his mind wanted to believe that this thing was the source of all the odd goings-on, but it was just cast metal. It wasn't alive and couldn't move. More likely than not his memory just wasn't as sharp as he wanted to believe, but he just couldn't get over the fact that everything else in his bedroom looked exactly as he remembered except for the one small pewter dragon.

Putting his face right next to it, he examined it in minute detail. Despite being a little pricy when he'd bought it, with the exquisite level of detail the thing possessed he still felt like he got a heck of a deal on it. In his mind, it looked true to life. If dragons existed that is. Looking all around it, he made his way to the head, finding himself marveling once again at the craftsmanship that went to far as to even etch the slit pupils of the dragon's eye.

The eye blinked.

He flinched in surprise, but unfortunately he also involuntarily took a step back right onto a pile of clothing, one that really should have been in the hamper. With his suddenly uneven footing, he fell back even as his mind was reeling over what he knew he just saw. When his head smacked unobstructed to the floor however, that high speed train of thought screeched to a halt, and he had to clench his teeth to keep from crying out at the sudden sharp pain at the back of his head. It took him a few moments to open his, but what he saw didn't help his mental state much. The pewter dragon was leaning over the edge of the bookcase, looking at him.

<Are you all right?> he heard a voice say in his head.

For some time, the two simply continued to stare at each other. The statuette was moving. It spoke to him. Logic told him that this wasn't possible, but his senses were telling him otherwise, and seeing as how he couldn't think of any reason he could possibly be hallucinating, he wasn't sure which to believe.

<Are you alright?> the voice repeated with concern. Seeing as how the dragon seemed to be the most likely source of the new voice, he decided to address it.

"I think so. My head still hurts, but I'm pretty sure I'm fine." In the time they'd been staring, the soreness had gone down, but he knew he'd have a headache for at least a couple minutes more. When he'd fallen, he hadn't even been in a state of mind to break his fall. But he was pretty sure he didn't have a concussion, and a bruise wasn't much to complain about.

<I am glad to hear that. I did not intend to startle you. I thought you already knew.>

“Well, I *thought* there was something strange about you,” he addressed the impossible creature as he lifted himself off the floor, “but what exactly are you?”

<I am unsure you would understand what my creator called me,> the dragon replied, sitting back on its haunches and looking far more relaxed. <But think of me as a construct. Do you understand what I mean?>

“An inanimate object given life or even sentience through magic,” he replied automatically, years of gaming bypassing his logic filter and forming words. “So, you’re magical?” Only after he asked did he realize what a stupid question that was. The only other “logical” explanation was that he was still out cold and this was some stress induced dream. Perhaps somewhat ironically, he found himself more inclined towards believing it was magic.

<That is correct. As inaccurately as such is often portrayed in this day and age, the principal remains the same. If I may ask, if you are unfamiliar with the practice of magic, how did you find me out?>

“Well for starters you’re not facing the same direction as when I left,” he replied, a hint of reproach in his voice. “And you’ve done that several times. Then you weren’t always too quiet at night, and I’m a light sleeper. You also never accumulated dust, as most stationary do after a time.”

He was amazed to see the dragon look at its claws, its tail twitching. It looked like a kid who’d been caught snitching cookies. <It seems you are far more observant than my previous owners. My creator would be quite disappointed with me if he knew about this. But he is gone, and for now there is just you and I. So where do we go from here?>

*That’s a really good question. What am I supposed to do from here?* Silence reigned once again as he like his mind was spinning its wheels, and this time not from a headache or shock. Once the gears caught however, the answer, or at least the short term solution, came rather easily.

“Okay, first off, no one else is to know about you,” he began as a new train of thought was picking up speed. “That’s the most important thing, and shouldn’t be too difficult. Next, we should get to know each other a little better. I can’t pretend this never happened, so we might as well try to live with each other as individuals.”

The pewter dragon nodded vigorously, bobbing nearly its entire form in its enthusiasm. <I had so hoped you would say that. My name is Pewter. It is a pleasure to meet you acquaintance.>

“And I’m sure you’re aware that my name’s Derek. Derek Joseph Parmin. So you’re names Pewter? As in the metal?”

<Yes. My creator originally made me for mere assistance, and so an original name was not needed. It also made it easy for him to remember what to call me, for he was horrid at remembering names. I was his pewter dragon assistant, and so I was Pewter.>

“Well, I guess it’s better than being called Servant for sure. Do you like the name?”

<I do not dislike it, and to call me anything else at this point is not worth the effort. Pewter is my name and forever will be.>