

KILL THE DRAGON

Get the Girl

**KILL THE
DRAGON**

Get the Girl

by

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To Owen, the first audience to approve of this story.

~ *C.H.*

To my mom, for always finding time to take me to the
comic book store.

~ *D.D.*

A Note
TO THE READER

The story you are about to read is the story of the Bible. The story of killing the dragon and getting the girl. Think about it. In the Bible, who is the dragon? Who is the girl?*

In the world we live in, that story gets repeated over and over. Right now there are dragons to fight, and there are girls to save. This story will inspire you to take up that good fight and embark on that bold journey. Plus, it's just a whole lot of fun. It had me cracking up.

My family loves stories like this. We read them out loud around the dinner table, on the couch on a lazy Saturday,

and in our pajamas, cozied in our beds. Stories like *Kill the Dragon*, *Get the Girl* are exactly the kind of stories I want shaping my kids. Their imaginations, their loyalties, their passions. I want the truths of the Bible getting deep into their bones, and stories that reflect those truths help. That is why I am so excited to be presenting this book to you. Notice the size of the book. It's small. Notice the font size. It's big. This combination makes it easy to read and will hold the attention of even your most distracted children.

I hope that you enjoy it as much as I have. I hope that it blesses your family as your boys learn how to be selfless with Wayne and Tommy and your girls learn how to be brave and resourceful with Lacy. Most of all, I hope that it ignites imagination and passion for everything that is true, good, and beautiful in your home.

~ Kirk Cameron

*P.S. In the Bible, the dragon is Satan, that old serpent the Devil, who comes to steal, kill, and destroy. The girl is

the bride of Christ, the Church, whom Jesus comes to save. Jesus is the original dragon-slayer, who crushes the head of the serpent, rescues his bride, and one day will take her to live with him in paradise for all of eternity, having defeated darkness forever. Now you know where Hollywood movie scripts get their ideas from.

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Chapter One

FRIDAY

Lacy lurched up in bed, swallowing a scream.

She looked around. Pale gray sunlight glowed behind her curtains. Her heart felt like a frightened rabbit trying to escape a snare. Her hands were fistfuls of blanket. Her legs, as always, lay as still as dead branches placed in front of her. In the dream, she could still move them. In the dream, she was a happy eleven-year-old riding in the bus after the school field trip, laughing with her friends.

Until the hole opened beneath them.

Lacy closed her eyes and tried to slow her breathing. The scar in middle of her back tingled. She reached for

it and felt it smooth and hot under her finger. Three years of the same dream. Kids screaming, palms squeaking uselessly against the windows as the bus took a slow nosedive, tires spinning through mud. Then the blinding light. And sometimes, the hand.

Reaching down to pull her up.

It was almost better when the hand was missing. Then she wouldn't wake up clawing for an invisible hug. But when the hand wasn't there, she would wake up screaming.

The hand had been missing last night.

“Lacy!” her mom called from outside her room.

Lacy flopped back onto her pillow, covering her face. Friday. She could do this.

The door burst open. “Rise and shine!” Ellie Jennings sang.

Lacy sat up and folded her hands in her lap, chewing on her lip.

“Lacy? You okay?”

“Yeah.” Lacy picked at the stitching on her comforter.

Ellie put her laundry basket down and sat at the foot of the bed. “Again?” She reached forward and pushed one of Lacy's brown curls behind her ear.

Lacy lowered her chin. She never liked talking about it. It was stupid and embarrassing.

“I’m fine.” She looked up and forced a smile. “Really. I’m good.”

Ellie frowned.

“Is that a new sweater?” Lacy said, levering her body towards the edge of the mattress. “It looks great on you.”

“Nice try.” Ellie still watched her closely.

Lacy reached for the well-worn arm of her wheelchair. She was doing a bad job of distracting her mom from the dream, as usual.

“Well!” Ellie said after a moment. She stood up and grabbed the curtains in either hand. “A new day awaits!”

She flung back the curtains. Outside, the winter sky looked like a mud puddle. Thin snow had thawed in patches in the yard, revealing streaks of dead, wet grass. Bare weeds on the edge of the yard shivered in the wind.

Lacy grinned. “Sure it does.”

Ellie put her hands on her hips. “That was a bit anticlimactic.”

She began swiping laundry off the floor and tossing it into her basket.

Swiveling her hips, Lacy swung her near-limp legs over the edge of the bed. At one time, it had felt like throwing legs that had fallen dead asleep. Now it felt normal. She bounced twice on the bed and popped herself into the old, familiar chair.

“Stuck the landing,” she said brightly.

“Ten points,” Ellie said, but Lacy heard the note of longing in her voice. Her mom had supported the wheelchair at first, raising funds and pushing Lacy everywhere she could, but now...

Lacy swallowed. “Thanks for getting my laundry. Sorry I left it everywhere.”

“No problem, sweetie.” Ellie grabbed the laundry basket and turned to leave. Lacy saw her hesitate, looking at the crutches leaning against the wall. Beneath the dust, they were still shiny.

“No crutches today?” Ellie said wistfully.

“Not today.”

“Sweetie—”

Lacy spun across the room. “Gotta get rollin’ or I’m gonna be late.”

Ellie set the laundry basket on her hip. “I just think sometimes you’re looking for the wrong thing,” she said softly. “Instead of looking back, why don’t you focus on looking ahead?”

Lacy stared at her old soccer trophies on her dresser.

“I just think you’d be happier on your feet, that’s all,” Ellie said, and quietly left.

Lacy took a deep breath, listening to her mom’s footsteps retreat down the hall. “Love ya, Mom.”

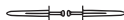
“Love you too.”

Lacy put her forehead in her hands. She remembered the first thing she had heard the doctor tell her parents when she’d woken up after the accident.

Listen, you should know how bad this trauma may be. There will probably be nightmares. She’ll probably wake up screaming. There will be hallucinations and fantasy explanations for what happened. In fact, I can tell you that those have already started. The subconscious mind is attempting to make some kind of sense of the tragedy. It’s very typical.

Lacy shook her head and opened her closet, glaring at her shirts. Whatever this was, it wasn't typical. None of it. Not the accident, not the scar, not her dream, not the fact that she clearly remembered that, on that horrible day three years ago, something—someone—had attacked that bus.

Nor the fact that, for the first time in her life, nobody believed her.



Tommy Jennings pushed his glasses back up on his nose and stared at his iPad. Horses galloped. Swords clashed. Screams echoed.

Emboldened by their success in Northumbria, said the British-accented narrator, *the Vikings set their sights on Wessex*.

Tommy tightened his tie and smiled as he watched. Vikings with swords. So much cooler than anything that ever happened to him.

Their vicious battle tactics—

“Alright, Tommy, time’s up.”

Tommy had barely heard his mom enter the kitchen. He barely heard her now. He watched a fur-cloaked Viking lop

the arm off a peasant. The peasant screamed.

His mom's shadow darkened the iPad.

"That's gross. What are you looking at? Turn it off. I don't want you daydreaming about whatever this is while you're in class."

Tommy kept his eyes on the screen. "I never daydream in school. And this is far more educational than Mr. Bryant's history lectures. He spends too much time talking about politics and geography and never talks about the interesting stuff. You know, battle tactics and weaponry—the matters of real historical significance."

Tommy didn't always make an effort to sound like a professor, but he didn't mind when it came out that way. He had the largest vocabulary of any seventh-grader at school.

"You know what," Ellie said, crossing the kitchen towards the sink, "I'm sure Mr. Bryant would love to hear your feedback, Tommy. But for now, I'm your mom, so a simple 'okay' would be just fine. Turn it off."

"Okay," Tommy muttered, slipping in a pair of earbuds.

He felt a big hand clap him on the shoulder.

“She said ‘off,’ buddy,” his dad said.

Tommy jerked the earbuds out. Bill Jennings smiled and cuffed him across his thick blond hair. Bill hadn’t played linebacker since he was in high school, but he still moved like one.

“Um, yes.” Tommy cleared his throat and shut off the iPad.

At least it’s dissection day at school, he thought. Which reminds me! He swiveled around on the bar stool.

“So...” Tommy folded his hands, raising his eyebrows at his dad. “Friday. Early dismissal.”

“Yes?” Bill poured himself coffee.

“If I remember correctly, you mentioned there was a surprise for us?”

“Well, I’m taking your mom to a concert tonight.”

“I meant a good surprise.”

“It’s what you would call a ‘hot date.’” Bill tilted his coffee cup towards his wife. “I did not invent the phrase, but I do plan on redefining it.”

Ellie returned his smile as she washed her hands. “I like the sound of that.”

“I don’t,” Tommy said.

“Every party needs a pooper,” Ellie said airily.

“Does that mean I’m in charge?” Lacy called as she wheeled into the kitchen.

“Not of *me*,” Tommy said.

“Well,” Bill began, “the concert is in Spokane.”

“So you’re going to be gone all night,” Lacy said, pulling her hair back into a ponytail.

“Not all night, but we’ll be late.”

“So who’s in charge?” Lacy pressed.

Bill grinned and glanced from Lacy to Tommy. “We’re going with the Mitchells.”

Tommy gave a clap. “Wayne’s in charge.”

Lacy felt her mouth fall open. Not Wayne Mitchell. Wayne might be six feet tall (and act taller), but he was only four months older than she was, and she was tired of the way he looked after her in the school cafeteria, in the yard, in the classroom—everywhere.

“No, he isn’t,” Lacy cried. “Dad, we don’t need a babysitter!”

“Not a babysitter; we just feel better when he’s here,” Ellie said gently.

“Because of my legs?”

“When was the last time you used your crutches?”

“I don’t need my crutches and I don’t need Wayne. He should stop acting like he has to protect me. It’s embarrassing. We’re in the same grade.”

“Oh, stop moaning.” Tommy sighed up at the ceiling. “You can’t change the nature of the male species. We will always protect the ladies, especially when we are six feet tall and you are a damsel in distress.”

“Disgusting,” Lacy said. “Dad?”

Bill raised his hands. “Listen. As long as nobody calls the cops and as long as you’re not calling *us* every twenty minutes—”

“When did we ever have to call the cops?” Tommy said.

“—then nobody needs to be in charge of anybody else. You’re all teenagers.”

“Except April.” Tommy pointed.

“But no one needs to be *in charge* of her.”

“And don’t go trying to scare her either,” Ellie added.