

The Mission

“Yes! I got it!” A shout rang out in the quiet research room of the Mythical Creatures Agency (MCA) Headquarters. All eyes turned to the source of the shout: a handsome, dark-haired man sitting in front of his computer in a far corner of the research room. The usually quiet, serious, and secretive dragon researcher was pumping his fists in the air triumphantly. “Yes! Yes! Yes!” Chen Long Er shouted once again.

“What’s all this noise about, Mr. Chen?” Mr. Cranes, the chief of the MCA, asked, raising his eyebrows at Long Er.

“Sir, I’ve found out why a dragon can sometimes spit poisonous fire and other times non-poisonous fire,” Long Er replied. “This is a magnified picture of an ice dragon’s mouth. See, on the roof of its mouth is a pouch containing poison. When the dragon flames, he can choose whether or not to press against the pouch with his tongue, which will let the poison into the fire.”

“Good work, Long Er. Meet me in my office,” Mr. Cranes nodded curtly.