

Aidan stared ahead, eyeing up the wave that rolled toward him at surprising speed. At the last moment he twisted his surf board, flipped in the air and rode the wave. He would come down to the beach every day and it never grew old. The sand beneath his feet, the salty smell of the Hawaiian ocean and the squawking of seagulls nearby always sent a rush of adrenaline coursing through the boy. The adrenaline was the same as the type you'd get before shooting down a rollercoaster. His world was amazing. This tone of adventure and excitement is a nice start

The only difference to what it had been like around a hundred years ago, were that there were no dragons. Now, though, there were. Aidan hadn't been around when dragons had first been discovered, but his parents had been. They didn't know much about what had happened, but there was someone who did. A dragon. A great fire breathing dragon. A blue and gold dragon. One who spoke the human tongue. Aidan *had* been around when this dragon came to the very same beach where Aidan surfed. He had been very cautious and unnerved at first, as he had been taught all his life never to trust a dragon. But after a lot of persuasion and a little bit of dragon bonding, he and his parents had come around. Now the pair, Aidan and his dragon BlueFire, spent nearly all their time together, mostly talking about why dragons had finally exposed themselves to the humans.

The repetition of the word dragon here makes it sound like there's lots of them.

The reason why was that a great evil had taken earth into its vice like grip and the dragons needed to try and stop this evil and they couldn't succeed while trying to stay hidden, so they had come out into the open. Of course there had been a great uproar and many tried to capture dragons for entertainment or sales and using them for harvesting their scales. The humans and their greed had no such luck. So they had to choose between getting charred to cinders or leaving the dragons be. So they reluctantly agreed. Now, with the evil still getting stronger with each passing day, there wasn't much they could do anymore. The dragons knew that it was the evil spirit of the first ever dragon who had an insatiable hunger and greed for power and control. She had been killed, but not before making an unbreakable oath that she would be back for revenge. And she was, she was leeching off the earth's power and energy, and soon the earth be nothing more than a shrivelled up old prune and humans would simply cease to exist along with the dragons.

It also turned out that Aidan had been mentioned in a prophecy. The dragons had come to seek him out, believing that he could help destroy this evil. His parents had been worried but they let him go anyway, knowing that he could do this mission. He had loved the idea thinking that the dragons would have a plan, but they didn't. They had no clue. No-one did. So they just waited for something to happen.

This is a nice change - you are gradually introducing danger through these subtle descriptions

Right now, as Aidan surfed, being watched by his dragon, he felt uneasy. The waves beneath him felt more violent and unpredictable than usual and he felt as though danger was looming like a black, thunderous cloud glaring below. He was right to be, suddenly a huge beast, its head alone the size of a dining room table, shot of the ocean, spraying Aidan in a thick sheen of water and some other goeey substance. Its pale underbelly soared above and over Aidan, toward Blue Fire. Opening its jaws wide, it grabbed the dragon by its neck and rapidly dragged him into the sea. Aidan tried to swim after his dragon, but the sea slowed him down immeasurably, like thick treacle. It all happened so quickly that Aidan didn't really understand what had happened. Then realisation hit him like a clap of thunder directly in his

This feel like your climax - but i'm not sure what happened?!

face and he doubled over, racked with uncontrollable tears. His dragon, his friend, his family, was gone. He trudged over to the sand and sank down, seeking for comfort and warmth. He didn't receive anything. The world seemed to slow down with Aidan and mourn the loss of a great warrior.

Then, a few bubbles erupted the surface of the sea nearby. Aidan blinked, his eyes puffy and red already, he was sure he had mistaken it. Then it happened again. He got up and weakly walked over to the sea, its foaming surface spat at his feet. Suddenly BlueFire ripped through the surface of the water and landed with a thud on the ground beside him. Aidan felt a huge flow of joy tear through him as he sprinted over to his dragon. He clung on to the feeling like a child would a cuddly toy. That was until he realised that he, BlueFire was bleeding heavily and didn't seem to be moving.

Aidan wasn't sure whether to be happy that his dragon was here or if he should be dreadfully worried that he didn't seem to be moving and was bleeding heavily. He chose to be anxious instead and felt the iciness pricking of tears in eyes again.

A roar split the sky. A deep crimson red dragon descended, Aidan would normally be shocked, but he wasn't at the moment. This type of dragon was rare, they were known for their powerful urge to be kind and they had the power to heal the wounded, either physically, emotionally and mentally. Since dragons had no clue about what to do about saving the world, many just flew around doing good wherever they could. The dragon opened its jaws and began singing. Aidan was too grief racked to be confused. His body welcomed the song and it seeped in through his body soothing every wound, both physically and mentally. When he next opened his eyes, he didn't know whether he had been asleep for minutes, hours or days, but he did remember what had roughly last happened. He didn't see the red dragon anymore but he did see BlueFire sitting nearby, eyes closed as if sending a silent prayer so that Aidan recovered. The song that the red dragon had sung had made Aidan feel much better and well rested. [This might be a better ending - how can this tie together with the prophecy you mentioned earlier?](#)

As he got up, BlueFire opened his eyes and a look of immense joy and happiness flooded off the dragon in colossal waves. Aidan smiled weakly in relief. Everything would be alright. It had to be, hadn't it? Nothing bad could happen now. BlueFire must have gotten rid of that beast that dragged him into the sea. He must have done, right? He regretted his thoughts instantly.

Suddenly, the world went pitch black, as if the sun had been snuffed out. An icy cold chill grabbed hold of Aidan and he shuddered painfully. BlueFire screeched in agony and wretched desperately on the ground. Aidan could do nothing. He was frozen as if he was in a nightmare. Uncontrollable terror made him feel like his soul was being dragged out of his body. The air around him carried the presence of something dark and evil. He shuddered. Was this the end of the world? It had to be. There was nothing anyone could do. Aidan closed his eyes and let the cold unforgiving darkness seep through his skin and poured into his heart. He sighed deeply, and gave himself up to the darkness.

[This is an odd ending - you seem to be building to something else but haven't quite known when to finish the story](#)