



Fire Mountain
was named for
Fuego Mateo,
the
Dragon
who lives within.



As one might expect, dragon outbursts can cause serious damage.

Flames emitted from Fuego Mateo's mouth and nostrils burn vegetation, scorch the rock face of the mountain, and blacken willows in the valley below. Razor-sharp claws slash gashes into the rocks around cave entrances. One lash of the tail can snap trees like toothpicks.

Fuego Mateo also rests and sleeps, sometimes for long stretches of time.

When Fuego Mateo rages, there is no peace. On the other hand, when the dragon is calm, an extraordinary serenity pervades the mountain and the valley below. Such contrasts abound. Even the geography of Fire Mountain manifests broad extremes. Cold snowmelt runs down from the peak on the north side while a bubbling hot spring that once coursed freely now trickles over rocks on the south. Solid mountain above gives way to flowing green grasses below. Jagged, dark caves loom above massive round boulders.

The area became known as a place to avoid. That was until the key was discovered, the key to getting along

with Fuego Mateo. Then a small community formed and lived there until everyone either moved away or died. Now just one person lives there.

Her name is Josephine.

Josephine knows about twilight
when both day and night exist,
when neither day nor night exist.



She holds the key.

She knows what incites
as well as what tranquilizes the dragon.

She grows very old.

