

Peace  
to the  
Death

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Once upon a time, in a land named Vextelluré, two princes were celebrating their birthdays by doing what they did best: bickering. Their father, King Xanthous, sighed as he did this time every year. Today, though, he had a plan for Sanguine and Azure.

"Quiet!" Both fell silent at Xanthous's tone. "I have, as your presents, a great gift and noble mission." Their ears perked up. "I trust they'll bring out the best in you. Soon enough you will take on real responsibility. This is your test.

"You know the legend. The springs, granters of near-infinite power, lost to the skies. The rings to activate them, lost in the dungeons."

The princes caught on quickly. "We're-"

"Going to find the sacred springs!" broke in Sanguine.

"Indeed. And here are your tools." He pried open a box of gleaming violet rings. The doors to the stables flew open, rushing wind and dragons' roars sounding from outside.

"Have you ever even ridden one before?" Azure was struggling onto the larger of his two steeds.

"Of course I have." He was grimacing, wrestling the reins into a foothold. "Gerald, hang on, just let me-"

Sanguine grinned. "Why don't we up the stakes, little brother? We could do a race, give out points for finding springs. Winner takes all."

"No problem. I'll just win, anyways."

"We'll see."

"We will!" Azure paused. "Wait. What about the rules? And the scoring?"

"Rules are, let's see-"

"Hey! Write them down. No cheating here."

## *The Rules of the Race to the Death*

### *Definitions:*

*Spring - a big red, blue, or yellow thing with a tree and a basin*

*Ring - a wavy purple circle*

*Castle stables - a platform for dragons to stand on*

*Dragon - something that you can drive and pick things up with*

### *Objective:*

*To find springs, put rings in them, and bring them to your side*

### *Scoring:*

*1 point per ring in spring basin*

*3 points per ring on lower tree branch*

*10 points per ring on top tree branch*

*20 points per spring on your side*

*40 points per spring on castle stables*

*30 points per dragon on castle stables*

*Scored exactly two months after takeoff*

### *Rules:*

*Be safe out there, first and foremost*

*Don't intentionally harm your opponent or their dragons*

*Offensive dragon gets benefit of the doubt*

*Don't trap a dragon for over 5 minutes*

*No adult help*

*Don't force your opponent into violating any of the above*

*Lastly, follow the Vextelluré family motto:*

*Use common sense.*

*"Ready?"*

"Ready."

The dragons shook out their scales.

"3!"

Azure patted Gerald's head.

"2!"

Sanguine looked over his shoulder.

"1!"

"Go!"

There was only dust and an ashen smell left in the air.

They next saw each other one week later. They were on foot, no dragons in sight.

"Yours run away, too?"

"Yep." A minute passed. "Do we know why?"

"Nope."

"Hmm."

Then a roar split the sky. Both looked up to see a brilliant blue dragon yanking a sacred spring behind him.

"He got a spring all by himself?"

"So he did. Bartholomew! Amazing job!" Azure looked sideways at his brother. "Just for his sake, it might be nice if I, um, got points for that. Extra points."

Sanguine growled. "I'll catch up anyway, baby brother. Three points."

"Maybe Bartholomew'd appreciate six. So he can brag to Gerald."

"Six. Done."

*Appendix I: Autonomous or, When Your Dragons Run Away*

*For the first week, competitors will have no contact with dragons. This period is scored at the end of the week, and its winner is awarded 6 points.*

Azure caught up with his dragons and their prize. The spring gleamed a sunny yellow, a beautiful tree stretching from its center to the clouds. One down, six to go.

It took ten days to find another spring. Azure couldn't miss it; it shone his favorite color. Yet again, he found his brother closing in opposite.

"No way I'm letting you have this!" came his challenge.

"It's blue! It's practically my birthright!"

"Oh." Sanguine spun to a stop. "If this one's blue, do you think there are red ones?"

"Probably. Why?"

"Cause you can take this if I can take those."

The brothers' love for their colors of choice was great, perhaps greater than their love of winning.

"Absolutely."

*Appendix II: The Red and Blue Ones or, Color-induced Tunnel Vision*

*Red springs may only be scored for the red competitor, and blue for blue.*

Azure had a healthy lead. Sanguine had work to do.

The clock ticked down to 24 hours remaining. Xanthous had caught wind of the race and not slept since, his window a beacon in the night. All he could do was watch for his sons, and wonder if this was all his fault.

Dragons flapped into view, struggling under the weight of the springs. The sky shimmered violet in their red and blue light. As the brothers drew closer, Xanthous couldn't tell if all the light shone from the springs, or if the boys glowed as well.

They touched down as abruptly as they'd departed. They were in worse spirits, if possible, after two months in the wilderness. Agreeing on a final score was a lost cause from the start. Xanthous heard the howls of the princes' argument and rushed outside. His robes gleamed in the sunrise.

The air was oppressive, thunder rumbling but no rain in sight. The tension crackling around the castle served as lightning.

Sanguine stretched his arms back towards his red springs. His eyes glinted bloodred.

"I will not let you take this."

Azure's dragons drew up behind him, fangs bared. A freezing wind nearly blew the rings from the tree branches. It wasn't obvious where it had come from.

"We finally agree."

Two battle cries melded into one vengeful scream. Ice drained blood, and blood shattered ice, and the sun was left too cold to shine.

Fig. 1 -  
Ring



Fig. 2 -  
Spring



Fig. 3 -  
Castle Stables  
Landing Platform

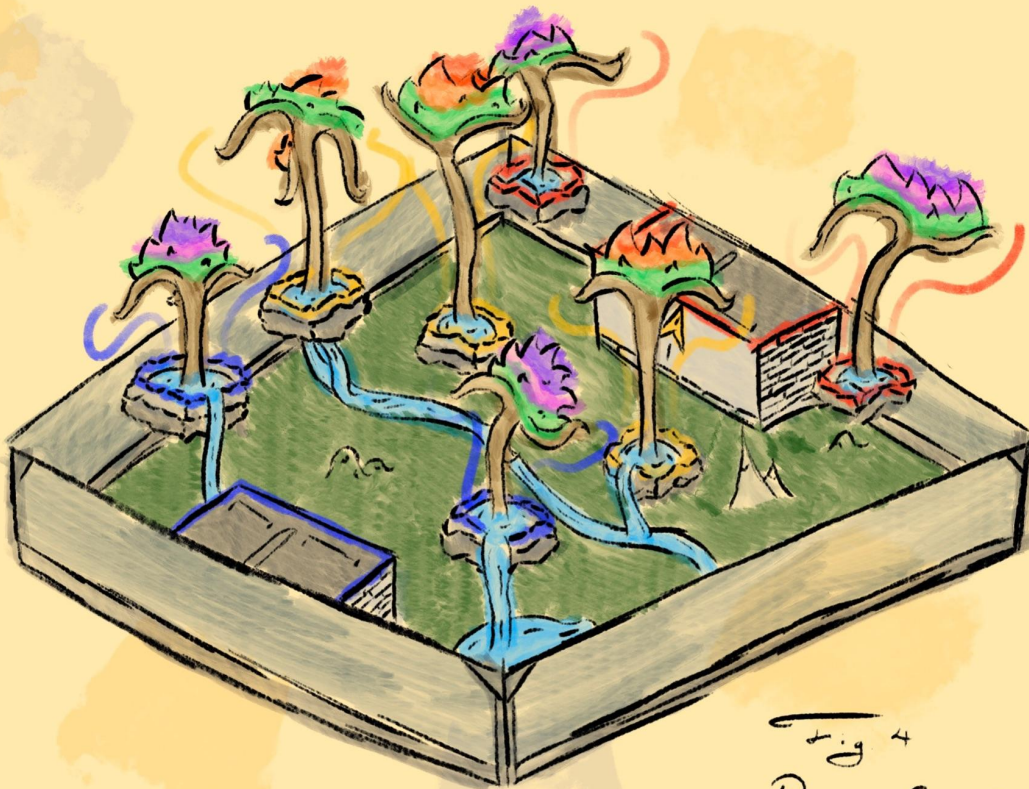
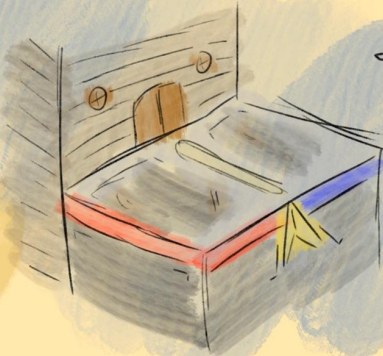
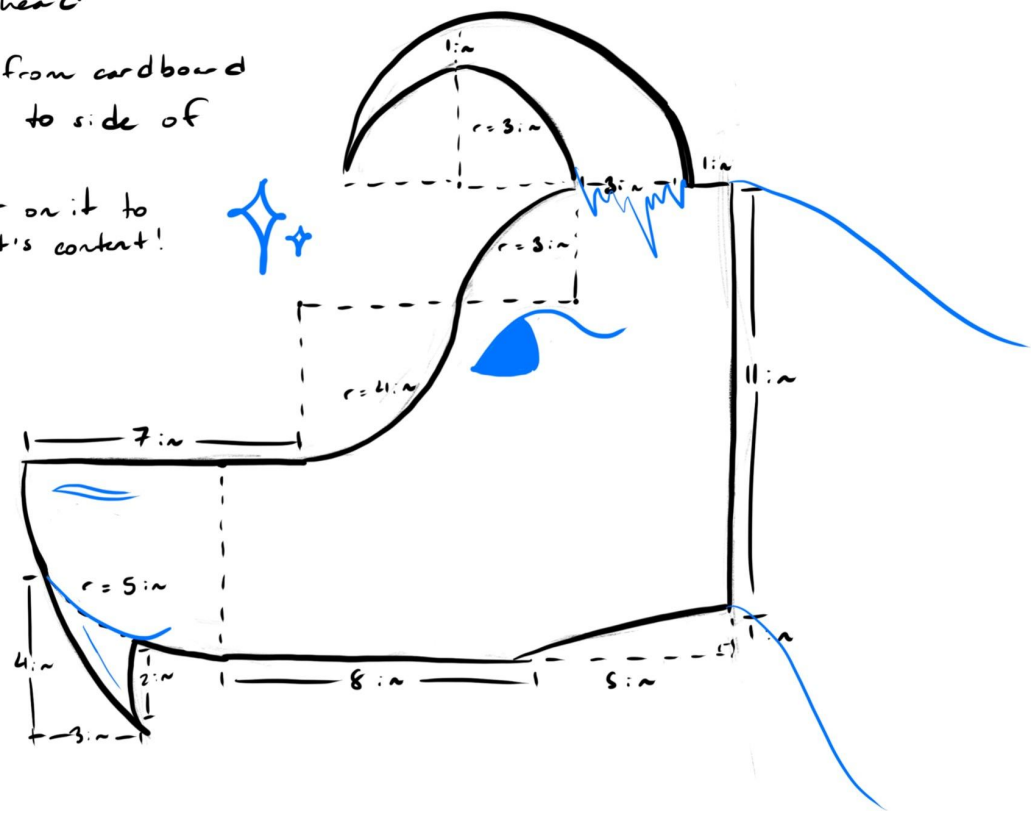


Fig. 4  
Racing Ground of  
Vexfelluré

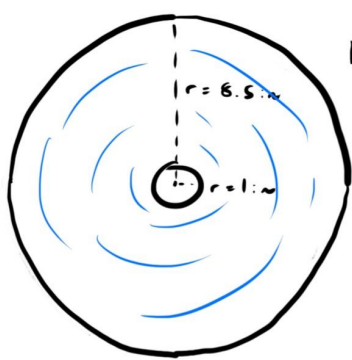
# Dragon head

to be cut from cardboard  
 + attached to side of  
 robot  
 draw + color on it to  
 your heart's content!



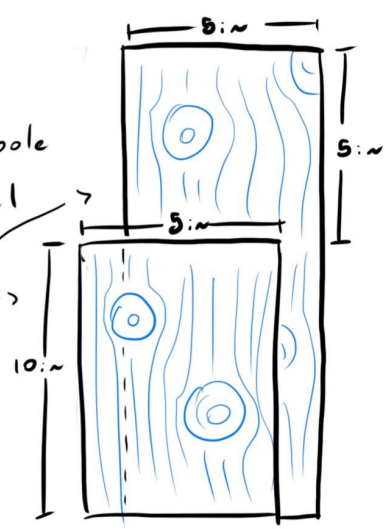
# Mobile Goal Decor

to be cut out of  
 paper (colored if  
 you like)



place inside basin of mobile  
 goal

wrap around pole  
 of mobile goal  
 alliance  
 or  
 neutral  
 (2x)





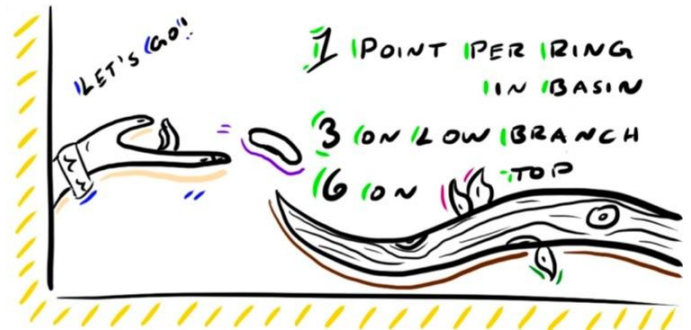
# Race to the Death Storyboard

## - SCORING

HEY! YOU TWO!



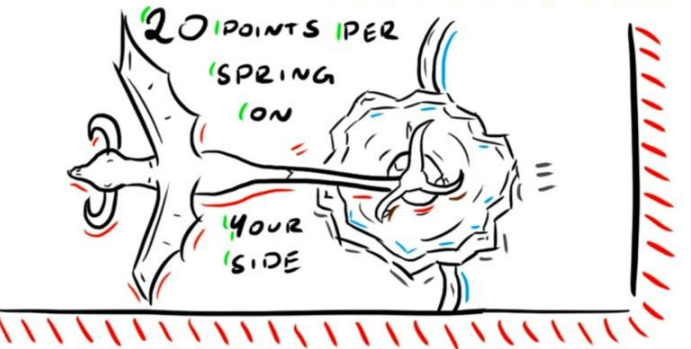
OH NO, WHAT NOW?



WANT TO HELP ME  
TELL THE PEOPLE ABOUT  
THE RACE?

WHAT PEOPLE?

SURE. LOVE TO...



AWESOME! LET'S DO THIS!



3, 2, 1, Go!

PLUS: RED SPRINGS COUNT ONLY FOR RED, AND BLUE ONLY FOR BLUE.

'SO, BOYS, HOW DID THIS RACE  
'GO?'

IT WENT OKAY,, AT -

WELL, FIRST, ALL OUR  
DRAGONS RAN AWAY.....

# - AUTONOMOUS

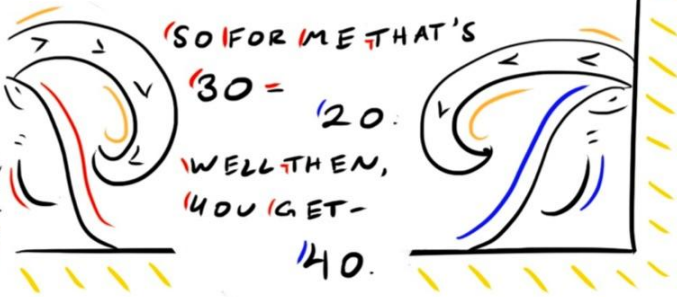


'SOON ALL WERE REUNITED  
AND THE RACE WENT ON  
FOR TWO LONG MONTHS..



LOOK! THERE THEY ARE!

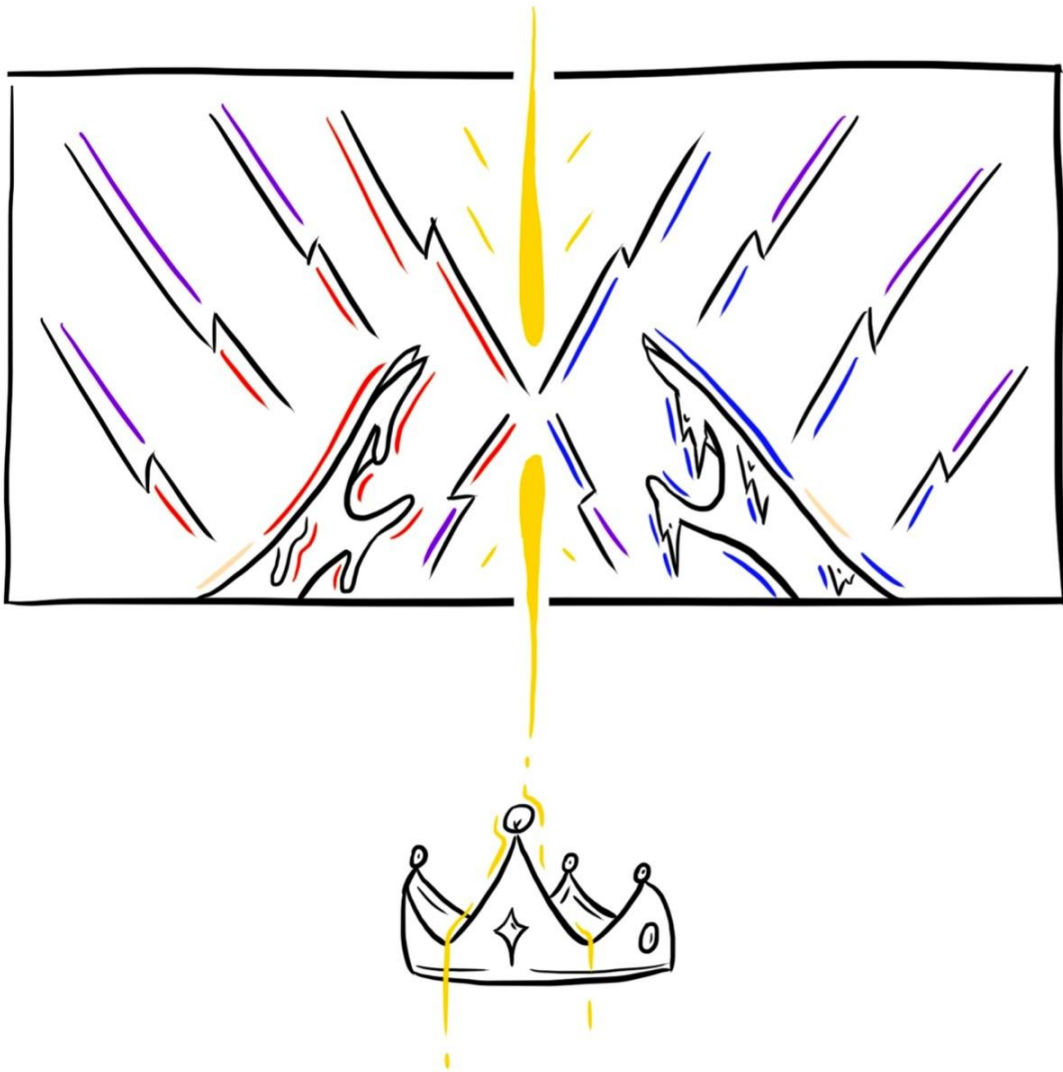
FOR A WEEK, THE DRAGONS  
RACED ALONE. AZURE SCORED  
6 POINTS FOR HIS 'STEEDS'  
INITIATIVE.



IN YOUR  
DREAMS!!  
(YOU KNOW  
WHAT, I'M  
COUNTING=  
WHAT=  
THIS MESS=  
OH THAT'S=  
WHAT ARE YOU -  
WE HAVE TO -  
WE HAVE TO -  
WE HAVE TO -  
WE HAVE TO -

I WILL NOT LET YOU TAKE THIS..

WE FINALLY AGREE..



ICE DRAINED BLOOD, AND BLOOD SHATTERED ICE.,  
AND THE SUN WAS LEFT TOO COLD TO SHINE.