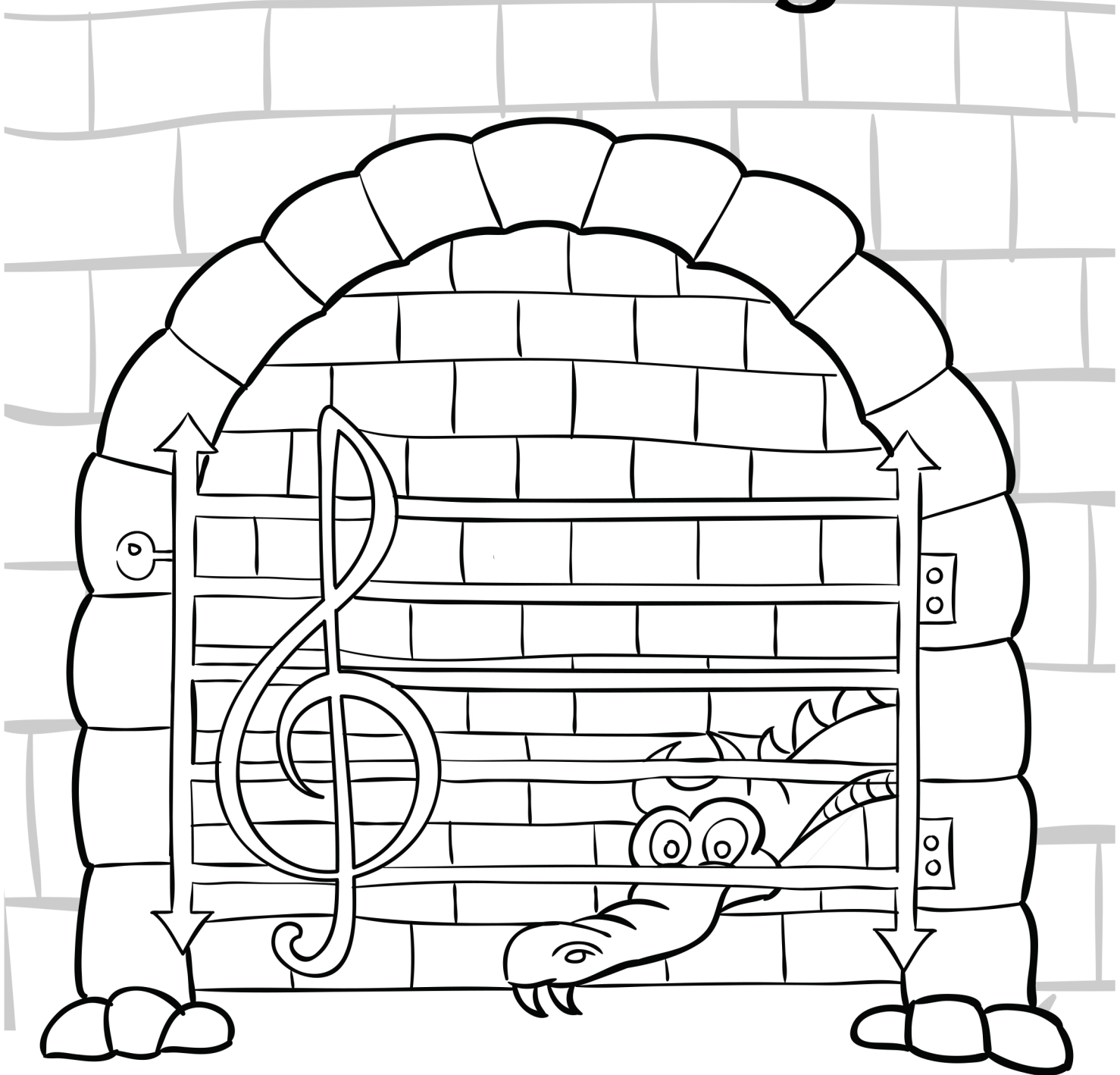


The Adventures of Dreary the Dragon

CHAPTER ONE

"D" is for Dragon



CHAPTER 1

“D” is for Dragon

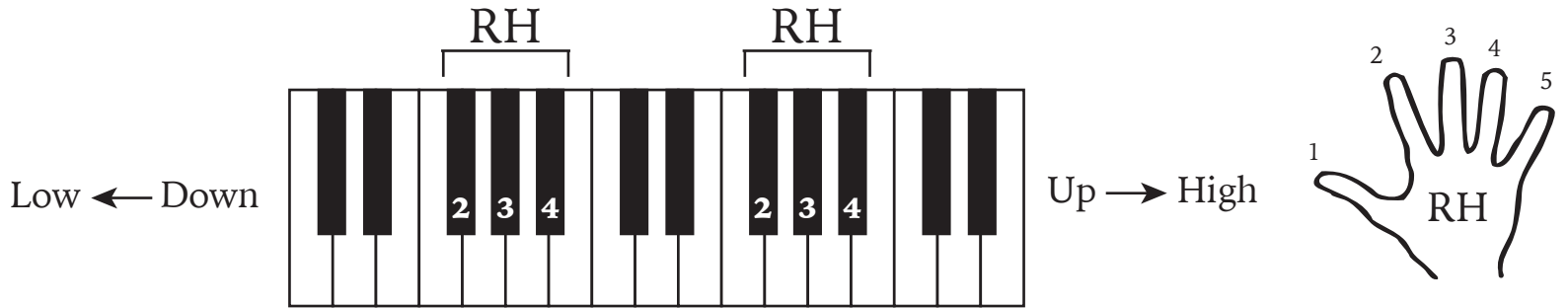
Prologue (Track 1)

Our story begins a long time ago in a far away place. It doesn't begin with kings and queens, but with a young man at his father's funeral. After the funeral, the young man set out to make a tribute to the life of his father. In his grief, he worked day and night until; finally, his project was complete. The son stepped back to admire his work, and quickly broke down into tears. The product of his labors was nothing more than a large, golden bell. He was angry at himself to think that such a thing could ever honor the life of his loving father. All night he wept and wept, his tears drenching the still warm bell. The next day, the young man set the bell on a traveler's cart, and watched it roll away. Little did he know what wonders he had crafted into the bell with his tears of grief. Each tear had sunk deep into the molding of the bell, carrying with it the grief of a son, and the hope of a father. Someday, those tears would be released, and the one who stood near would be showered in the magic those tears held.

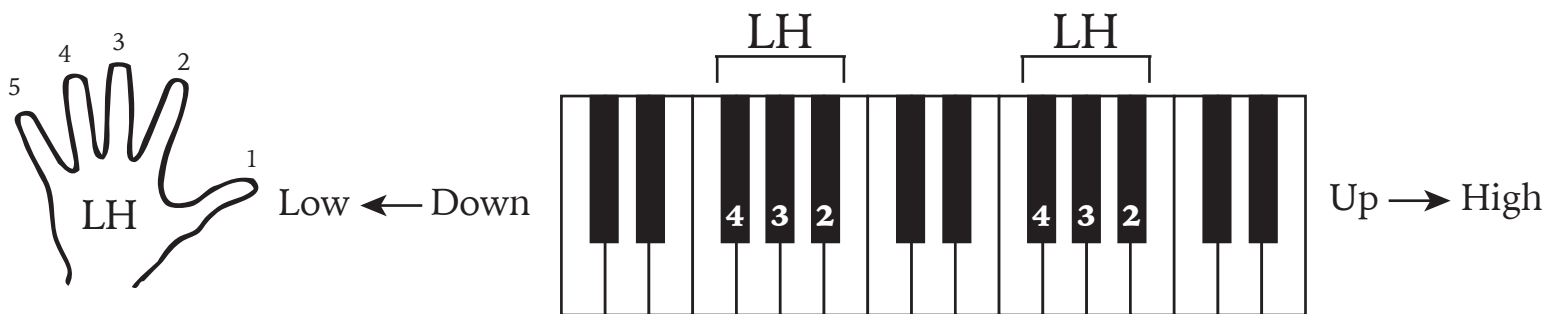
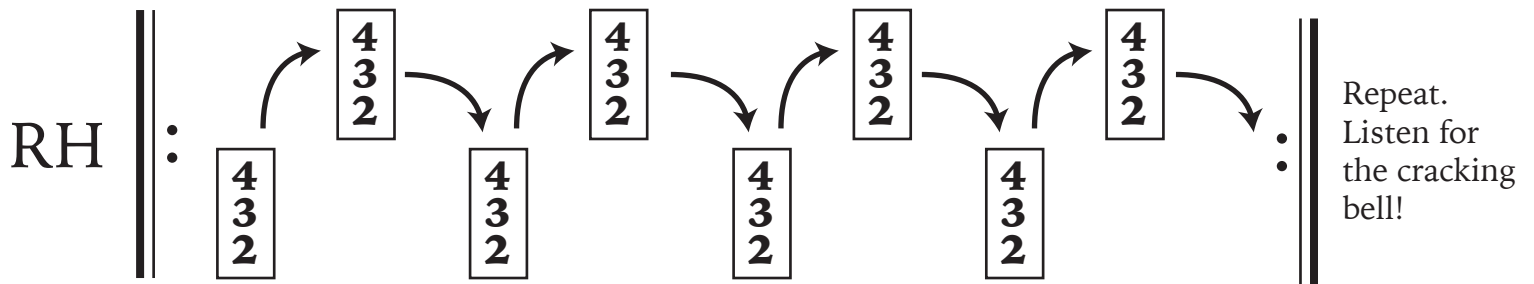
And so the bell traveled, far and wide. After journeying through oceans, deserts, forests and jungles, the bell finally came to rest, one hundred years later, in the Kingdom of Melody, at the Castle of Mirth. There lived a great Prince in the Castle of Mirth, a Prince known for his kindness, his grace, and his love of laughter and fun. On the fifteenth of October, the Prince decided to throw a costume party. The entire kingdom was invited to this merry occasion, and the Prince himself had decided to ring the royal bell, signaling the start of the party. Dressed as a dragon, the Prince climbed high within the towers of the castle, until he came to the bell. Picking up the gavel, he joyously began to ring the bell. Once, twice, three times. On the fourth swing, the bell suddenly let out a great cry, and cracked from top to bottom. With the sound of thunder, the Prince was surrounded by a blue cloud of smoke escaping from the crack in the bell. The smoke was dense, and he could not see. It filled his lungs, and lifted him off his feet. In his panic, the Prince passed out, and the smoke continued to encircle him, filling every part of the dear Prince's body. He awoke a few minutes later, confused and light headed, but still eager to enjoy a night of fun. He ran down the tower, and joined his party.

The Broken Bell

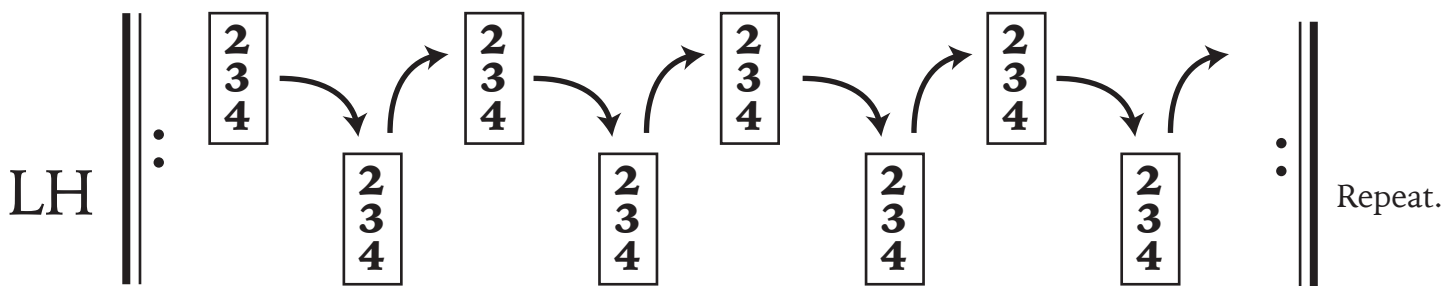
(Track 2)



Start with your RH. Pick 2 groups of 3 black keys. Pressing the 3 keys at the same time, move back and forth as you ring the bell.



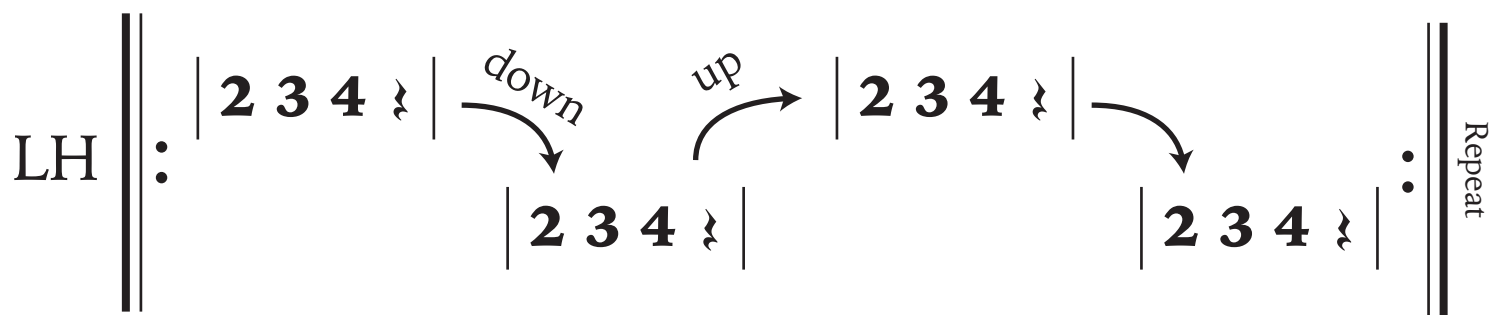
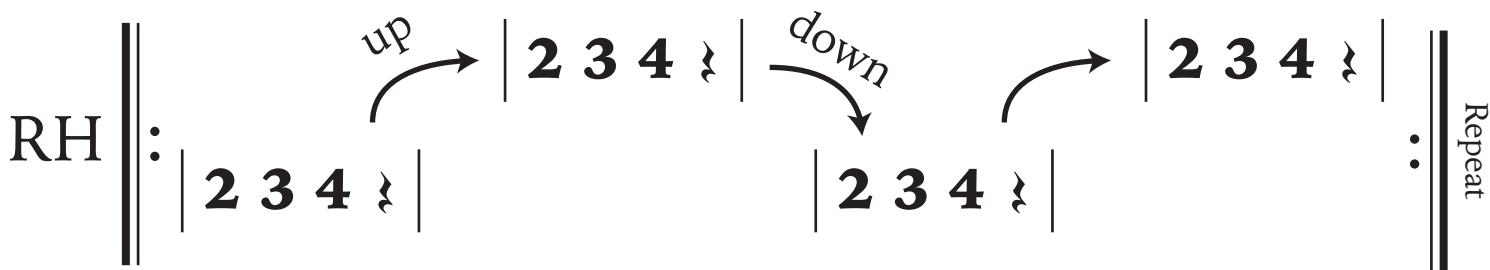
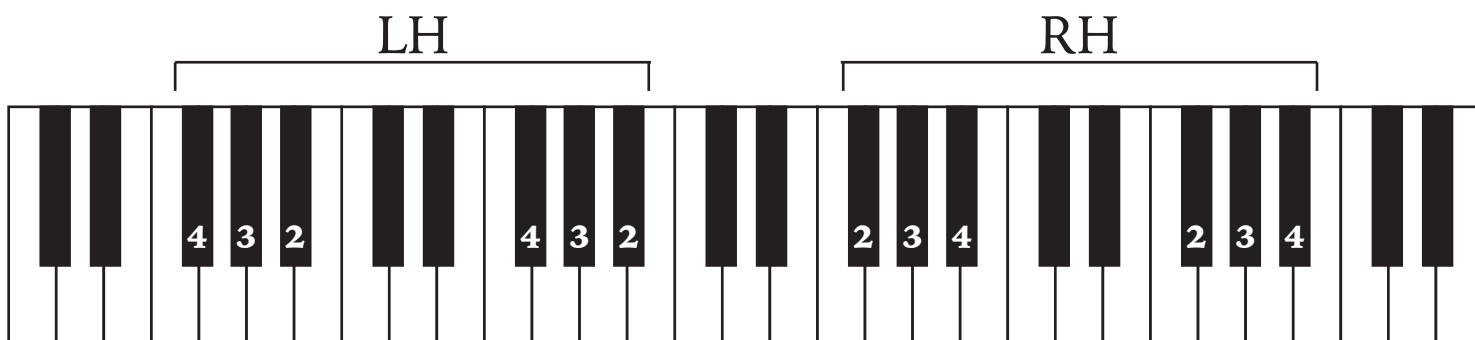
Now the LH chooses 2 groups of 3 black keys lower on the keyboard. Move back and forth.



All night, the Prince was complimented on his dragon costume. As always, he was the star of the party. He danced and sang and laughed. Unaware of the great change that had taken place, the Prince celebrated until dawn, and retired to his room, tired, yet filled with joy.

Maskerade

(Track 3)

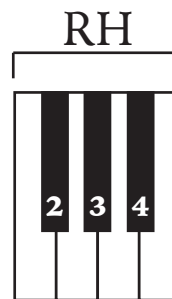


Too tired to change, the Prince fell asleep, still dressed in his costume. It was late afternoon when he finally awoke. Stumbling to the mirror, the Prince gazed at himself in full costume, still proud of the compliments he had received the night before. With a great yawn, he reached up to take his mask off. He pulled with all his strength, over and over again, but the mask would not budge. Looking closer in the mirror, the Prince realized that it was not a mask after all, but that his face had been transformed into the face of a dragon. In a panic, he searched the rest of his body, trying to remove the wings, the scales, and the claws, but to no avail. What was nothing more than a great costume the night before had become a part of him....he was a dragon.

Not knowing what else to do, he ran out of his room. The guards began to give chase, not understanding it was the Prince they were chasing. He ran out of the castle and into the streets. The people screamed and ran in terror of the Prince they had once loved. All they saw was a terrifying dragon. Summoning all of his strength, he tried to fly. He flew a few feet, and then came crashing to the ground, destroying houses and horse carts in the process. The dust from the wreckage got in his nose, and he sneezed. A great fire ball was released, and engulfed the entire market in flames. He stood and tried to fly again, this time with more success. He flew high and fast, but had not yet learned how to turn. With a great crash, he hit a tree and fell, tumbling down to the ground. The guards finally caught up with him, and captured him with a net made of chains. Too tired and sad to struggle, they dragged the poor Prince back to the castle, and locked him in the dungeon. With a resigned sigh, the great Prince of the Castle of Mirth became nothing more than a dreary, old dragon.

Who is this?

(Track 4)



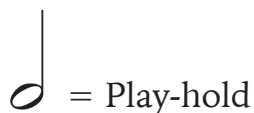
RH

Who is this in the mirror? What am I to do?

Dra- gons don't make great kings. Where to go from here.

Peo- ple run, peo- ple scream, at the sight of me.

Ter- ri- fied, tried to fly. Still, they cap- tured me.



Meanwhile, the castle was in an uproar over the sudden disappearance of the Prince. They searched high and low, but were unable to find him. All of his things were still in his room; it was as if he simply disappeared. One young lady took the news of the Prince's disappearance especially hard. You see, for years, the Prince had kept a secret. He was in love with a commoner; a beautiful woman who was nothing more than a blacksmith's daughter. Every day at dusk, the two would meet in the woods behind the castle. In this place, their love was born. The blacksmith's daughter went to the meeting place, but the Prince was not there. She was upset; afraid that maybe she had said something to make the poor Prince run off. She waited all night, but nobody came. The next day, and every day after, the blacksmith's daughter returned to the woods in hopes of being reunited with her one true love.



The Secret

(Track 5)

RH

Here I am, where we planned. Yet no sign of him.

Won- der if, could it be some-thing that I said.

Repeat.

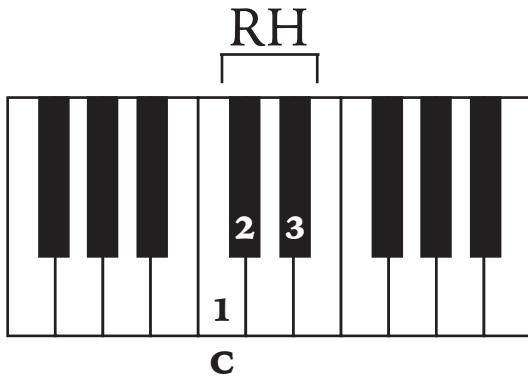
Months went by, and the Kingdom of Melody slowly went back to normal, putting the Prince's disappearance and the scary attack by the dragon behind them. As was customary in the kingdom, every April, to celebrate the coming of spring, a great Jubilee was held in the far away fields of flowers. Throughout the kingdom, the musicians were getting ready, tuning and playing their instruments throughout the kingdom. From deep within the dungeons, Dreary could hear the music, and knew that the spring jubilee would soon begin.

Minstrels

(Track 6)

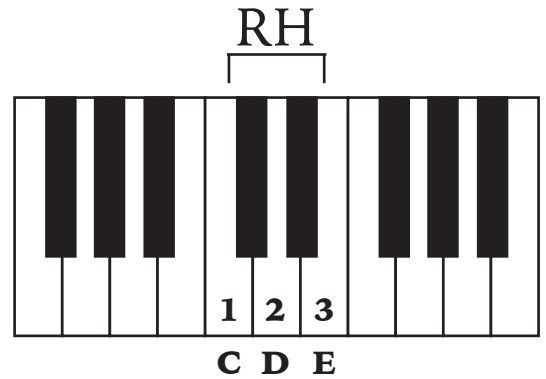
- Listen to Track 6.
- Use your imagination. Can you hear the minstrels warming up and playing?
- Choosing any black keys, try playing along with the band.
- Now, choose a voice. Pan flute, violin, recorder, harp or any voice. Listen to your classmates and create a piece for Spring Jubilee.

Finally the time had come, and every person in the kingdom packed their bags and headed out for the celebration. Alone and forgotten, Dreary began to think of a plan. He knew the Jubilee was his one chance for escape.

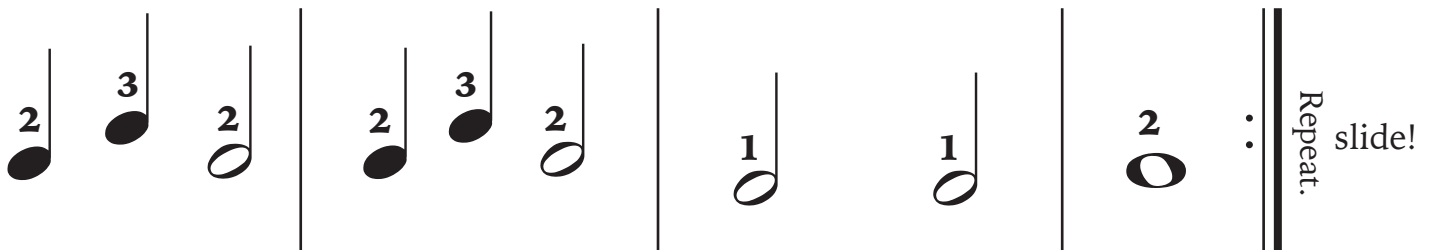
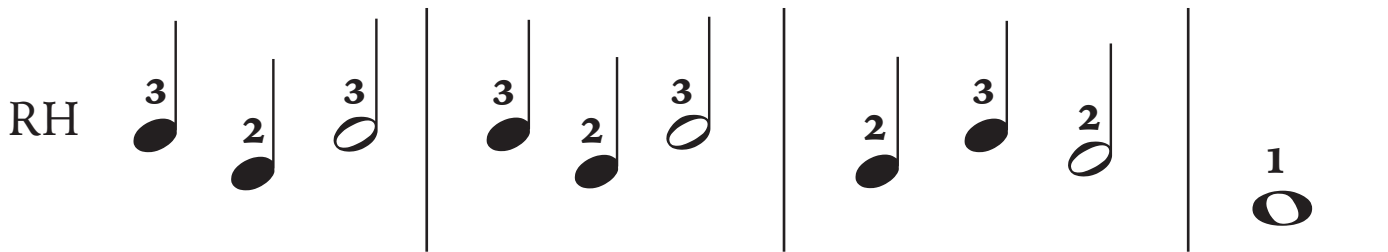


Spring Jubilee

(Track 7)



Spring Jubilee starts with fingers 2 and 3 on the 2 black keys and finger 1, thumb, on middle C.
At the repeat, fingers 2 and 3 slide to D and E.
Thumb stays on middle C.



C⁵

RH

C G

Freedom Flight

(Track 8)

C²

RH

C D G

RH

C⁵

C²

Repeat

C⁵

Play Play Play hold

C²

Repeat

C⁵

C²

C⁵

Play hold hold hold

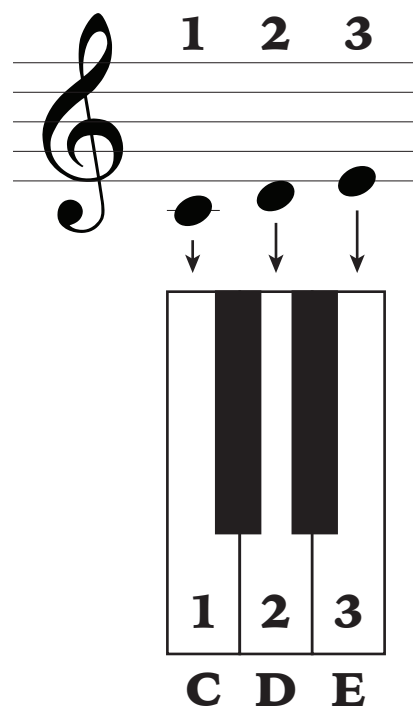
When a keyboard player plays in a band, they are given a chord chart. Above is an example of a chord chart. Play the chords and rhythms indicated with the right hand. Notice in the second line: Play, Play, Play-hold, and the last chord: Play-hold-hold-hold. Listen to Track 8 and enjoy vamping the chords with the band.

Dreary sat in his dungeon, listening as hard as he could. There were no sounds outside, no chattering, no more sounds of instruments being tuned. Finally, the coast was clear for his escape. Using all of his strength, he pulled back the bars, and ripped them from the hinges. He ran out of the dungeon, and stumbled into the moonlight. He spread his wings as far as he could, enjoying the night air and the feeling of freedom. He took a deep breath, and began to fly. He flew higher than he had before, farther and farther into the night sky. He laughed within himself, feeling a sense of joy as the wind rushed past him. How he would have loved to just fly forever! But, he couldn't leave the Kingdom of Melody, not just yet anyway. His thirst for freedom was no longer as strong as his desire to see his one and only love; the blacksmith's daughter.

Dreary had to be careful not to be seen. He flew high above the woods where he and his love had met so many times before. His eyes filled with tears at the memory of all of those happy evenings. Slowly, he flew closer and closer to the trees, being quieter than any dragon had been before. Within the dense woods, he could hear the sound of his love. She was singing a sad song, a song that made Dreary's heart break even more. Holding his breath, he inched closer to see the blacksmith's daughter. With all his heart, he wanted to break into the clearing, grab her hand, and let her see that he was alive and still there. But Dreary was scared. Would she love him despite what he had become? Would she run in terror, screaming for help as she fled? Or, worse, would she choose to stay with him even though he was a dragon. As much as he wanted to spend the rest of his days with her, he loved her too much to put her through the struggles of loving a monster. With tears of grief falling from his eyes, Dreary backed away. With one great flap of his wings, he was in the air, flying away from the only person he had ever truly loved.

If I Confess

(Track 9)

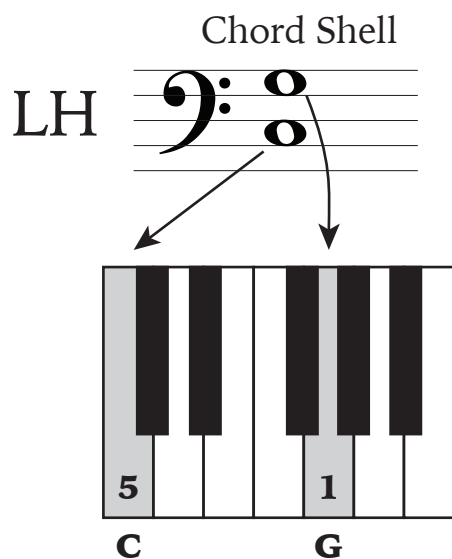


2 1 2 3 2 1

Here she stands right where we planned. Stop. I dare not breathe.

2 1 2 3 2 2

Could it be, if I con-fess, will she still love me?



Brave Heart

(Track 10)

2 3 3 2 3 3 1 2 3 3 1

2 3 3 2 3 3 1 2 3 3 1

Now, do not feel too sorry for Dreary, his story is not yet over. His heart is broken, and he cries himself to sleep, but not forever. There is much more in store for this young dragon. He didn't know where he was going, but he flew anyway. Farther and farther from the only land he had known. We leave him now as he searches for a new home. The story is over for the great Prince of the Castle of Mirth, but the story has just begun for our new friend, Dreary the Dragon.