

# Quiver,

# The Brown Dragon

Book One of

## The Foul Lazy Dragons Chronicles



"Fairy tales do not tell children that dragons exist.

Children already know that dragons exist.

Fairy tales tell children the dragons can be killed."

- G. K. Chesterton

**By Thor Carden**

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**With Illustrations by Patricia Carden**

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These books are dedicated to my father,

**Philip Carden**

who taught me how to think  
and many other important things.

I have been writing *The Journey of Truth and Justice* for over 30 years. There are too many people to whom I owe thanks to list them all, or I'm sorry to say, even remember. All of these wonderful people helped in some way. Some in a large way, some in a small way, all in an important way.

Andrew Carden

Jacob Haywood

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Savannah LoTempio

Cory & Lachelle McCaig and children

Patrick Richardson

Ethan Richardson

Theresa Richardson

Belinda Scarlata

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The grade school students at Family Christian Academy and my wife, Trisha, without whom none of this would have been possible.

# Adventures in Logic and Virtue

## The Foul Lazy Dragons

### Chronicles

#### Book I Quiver – the Brown Dragon

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**Series One – THE JOURNEY OF TRUTH AND JUSTICE**

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Book III Cuz, the Green Dragon

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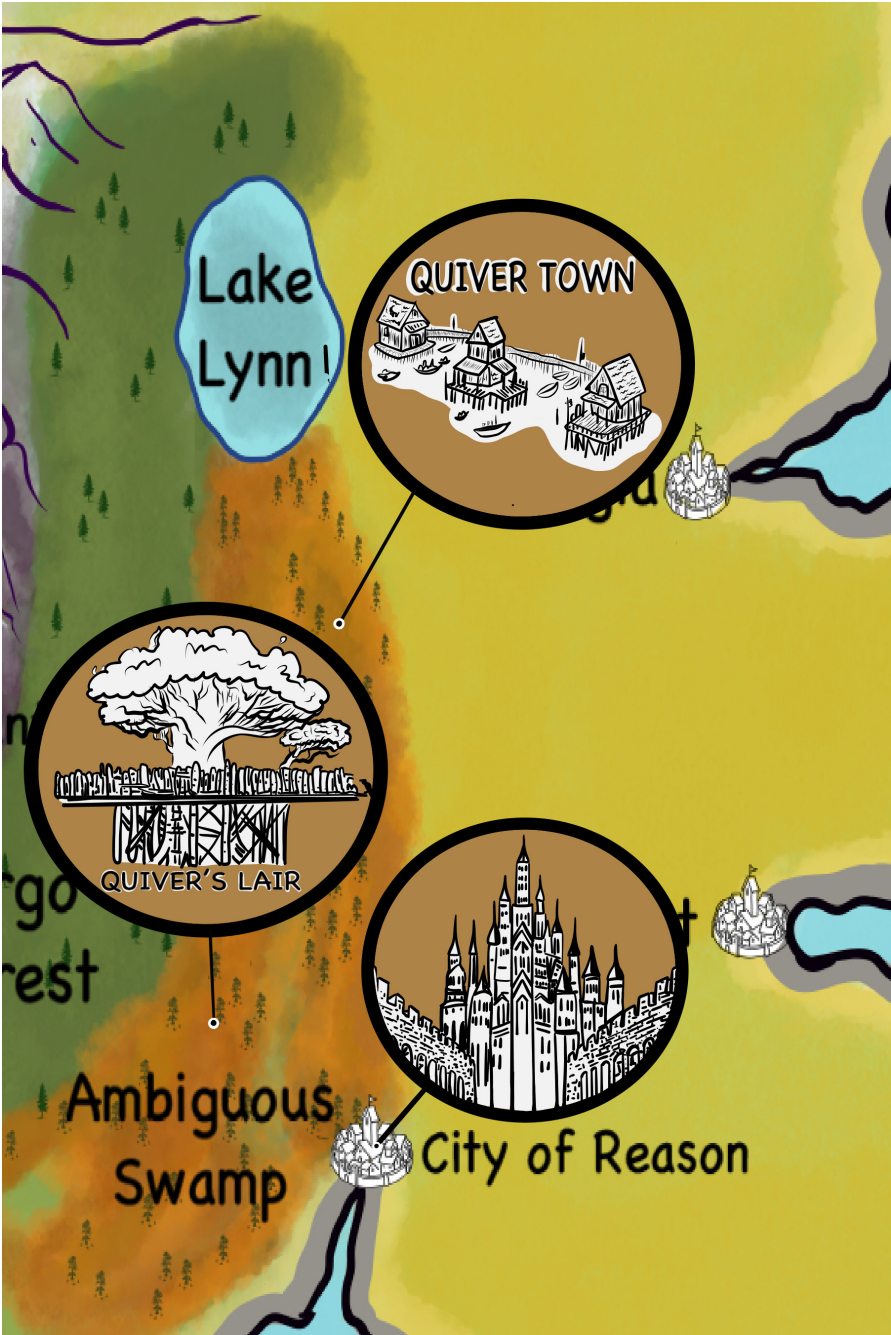
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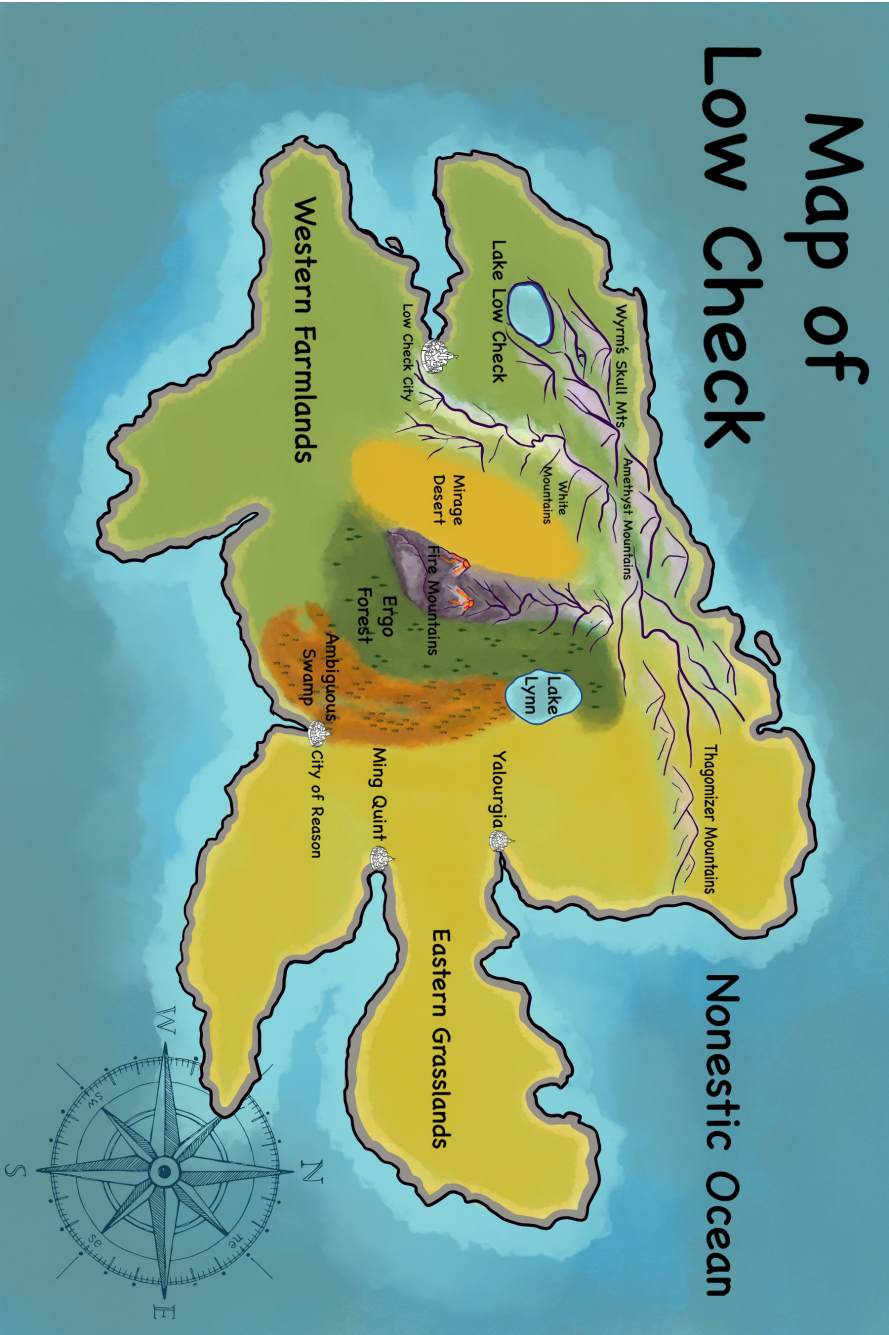
Book VIII Perf, the Black Dragon

The Adventure of the Brown Dragon





Map of Low Check



## Characters we will meet in this adventure:



Bowl E.



Hai Key



Jay



Locks



Luggage Key



M. Fee

Bowl E. -Snail of Nonsense Island

Hai Key – Dragon hunter from City of Reason

Jay – Dragon hunter from Earth

Locks – Wife of Magician Key

Luggage Key – Dragon hunter from City of Reason

M. Fee – Snail of Nonsense Island



**More characters we will meet in this adventure:**



Magician Key



Passie Key



Quiver



Rook



Rusty Gold



Trudy

Magician Key – Influential Citizen of the City of Reason

Passie Key – Dragon hunter from City of Reason

Quiver, the Brown Dragon, tyrant of the swamp

Rusty Gold – Citizen of Quiver Town

Rook – Spy, assistant & counselor for Quiver

Trudy – Dragon hunter from Earth

# Introduction

(for parents and/or teachers)

I began working on these stories late in the last century as a way to teach logic and critical thinking to my children. Life got busy, and I did not finish the project. Early in this century, I ran across my writings and began to refurbish them to use to teach my grandchildren about logic and critical thinking. I wrote the first eight stories about informal fallacies, and they were successful. (i.e., my grandchildren liked them and did learn from them.)

Now I have great-grandchildren who will soon be entering middle school, and I am expanding the project to include formal fallacies as well as informal fallacies. As written, I believe children will enjoy and benefit from all these stories. They stand on their own as a way for the children to develop their analytical skills. The target audience is middle school children. However, if you read the stories aloud to younger children, or read with them, I'm sure they will learn to analyze better as well. Also, if you are one of those people who never outgrew enjoying fantasy, such as myself, these books are for you.

My experience as a teacher in a homeschool tutoring center made me realize that these stories can be used as a basis for teaching a lot more in-depth. Using my experience as an instructional designer for the training department of an international corporation, I have included materials in a teacher's guide to help if you want to use these stories in that way. It should be available wherever you purchased this book.

But it is not necessary to use the extra materials for the young readers to begin to grasp the rudiments of logic. Each dragon tells a specific kind of "lie". The Brown Dragon, Quiver, uses fallacies of ambiguity to cast her spells. The Blue Dragon, Track, uses fallacies of distraction to cast his spells. The dragons are defeated by a team of children and talking animals by exposing the nature of their fallacies. The young reader will begin to comprehend these various families of fallacies as they continue through the series of adventures.

Each child is different, of course, so how in-depth you go, if at all, will certainly be a judgment call on your part. It is my hope and prayer that these books will bless many families by helping children learn to think more clearly and communicate their thoughts more articulately.

# Chapter 1 The Magic Key

It was a rainy Sunday afternoon. Jay sat at the desk in his sister Trudy's room, looking glum. Neither had any inkling of what was going to happen to them. In just a few minutes, they would escape their boredom and would soon strongly desire to be bored again. They were completely unaware that dragons of many assorted colors awaited them.

The chair Jay sat in was turned away from the desk, facing the bed. He was pitching an old brass door key up in the air and catching it. "It's not fair," he complained.

Trudy looked sadly back at him from where she was lying on her bed and nodded her head, saying, "That's true."

"It's raining and we can't go outside," continued Jay. "Our rooms are clean. Our homework is done. Why can't we watch any TV or play video games or even use our phones?"

Trudy shrugged. "Ask Mom," she said.

"I just did," said Jay. "She said we are grounded from any electronics with a screen until we get our grades up, not even the phones, except for an emergency."

Jay pitched the key towards Trudy's stomach gently while exaggerating his movements as if he were throwing it much harder. At the same time, he said loudly, "Think fast!" Trudy gasped and clutched the key. Jay chuckled with satisfaction.

"Cut it out," said Trudy with annoyance as she sat up on the side of the bed. "This is serious. I would do anything to be done with this silly grounding." She reached out and offered the key back to Jay.

"Me, too," said Jay, starting to take the key.

There was no flash or sound to show that something astounding was happening. They were just suddenly in a different room. Instead of sitting on a bed and at a desk, they were sitting in old wooden chairs at an old wooden table that was empty. An old man stood across from them, dressed in a dark grey robe. He looked pleasantly surprised by his sudden visitors.

Jay stood up at once, but Trudy just looked around. Both children were very frightened.

The old man's voice was soothing. "Don't be frightened."

There was something very calming about the strange old man. Perhaps it was his long white hair and beard. Jay remained standing.

"Who are you?" asked Trudy. "Why have you brought us here? Where are we?"



**The Magician Key**

"Send us back right now!" demanded Jay.

The old man's dark eyes looked kind. "I will do my best to help you and answer all your questions. Please be seated. Would you like something to eat or drink?"

Jay looked around the room. The walls were covered from floor to ceiling with shelves. The shelves were full of old books, scrolls, stacks of yellowed paper, and strange knick-knacks. There was no door to be seen anywhere.

"I guess we have no choice," said Trudy, looking around as well.

"I'd like something to eat," said Jay as he sat down.

Trudy looked at him with mock puzzlement and real disgust. She whispered, "Don't you ever think of anything but your stomach?"

Jay shrugged and whispered back, "Sometimes, but in this case, I thought it might make him show us the door."

As understanding began to dawn on Trudy's face, the old man waved his hand in the air with a flourish. A large bowl of fruit, a plate with a variety of cookies, and a bowl of ice with several kinds of soft drinks almost buried in it suddenly appeared on the table. Both children gasped in surprise.

"Please, have some," offered the old man with his hands out, palm up in an inviting gesture. "Enjoy."

Jay shrugged again and laid the key he was holding on the table, and began with the cookies. Trudy joined Jay with a shrug and reached for a drink. As the two children began to help themselves, the old man sat down. Even sitting, he still looked very tall.

"I'll try to answer your questions," agreed the old man. "I am the Magician Key. You may call me Key. I haven't





### **Magic Snack**

brought you here exactly. We just provided a way for you to come, if that was your wish. You are in my humble house. I cannot send you back." Key pointed at the old brass door key on the table in front of Jay. "That key is the only way you can go back."

"What do you mean, 'a way for us to come if that was our wish' and who is 'we?'" asked Trudy.

"Didn't you hold onto the key and wish sincerely to be free of danger or difficult circumstances?" asked Key with a puzzled look on his face. He reached over and picked up the key. He looked at it closely and then, shaking his head, said, "At least, I think that's the way it's supposed to work."

"No, of course we didn't wish for any such thing," objected Jay.

"Yeah, we did, Jay," remarked Trudy. "Remember?"

Jay put his cookie down and curled his fists up next to his chest, and said, "Oh, my!"



Key's face brightened. "Oh, good. Then they are working properly."

"So, how do we get back home?" asked Jay. "Our parents will be worried about us."

Key looked puzzled again. "I don't understand. I thought you wanted to get away from where you were. You were safe at home?"

"We were grounded from electronics with screens," said Trudy. "We just wanted to get ungrounded."

Key cocked his head to one side. "I don't understand, 'grounded from electronics with screens?'"

"Our parents were punishing us, and we didn't like it," explained Trudy.

"Oh, no," said Key with a worried look in his dark eyes. "We hadn't thought of that. The keys were only supposed to rescue small people in trouble. I'm afraid we have done you great harm. I am very sorry." He walked to a corner of the room, got a long wooden staff. The staff came up to about his shoulder and was grey like old driftwood.

"What harm?" asked Jay while Key was returning, "Can't you just use the key to send us back home?"

"Again, who are 'we?'" asked Trudy.

"No," said Key, shaking his head as he returned, looking at Jay. "I am very sorry." Then he looked up, tapped his staff on the floor, and said in a loud voice, "Locks! Patricius!"

Before the children could ask what he meant by that, suddenly a tall old woman with long locks of white hair, round, friendly facial features, and wearing a long light grey dress appeared. She also had a staff, but it was made of sugar maple, almost pure white. It had a few living buds

still on it, but they looked more like almond leaves than maple.

"This is my wife, Locks," said Key. "She and I are what I mean by 'we.'" He went on to introduce Jay and Trudy, catch his wife up on what had been said, ending with, "It looks like these children will be our guests for some time."

"Of course," replied Locks. She had a sweet tone to her voice.

Key asked Locks, "Where is Patricius?"

Locks replied, "The Purple Pirates are in port. He is visiting with his brother."

Key nodded and turned back to the children.

Trudy said, "A minute ago, you said, 'That key is the only way we can get back.' What did you mean when you



**Locks**

said that?"

Locks looked at the children one at a time, very seriously. "It can take you back home after it has unlocked a lock. Not before."

Jay stood up. "Where's the lock?"

"It is guarded by a dragon," explained Locks.

Jay sat back down. "You mean you have dragons here!" he exclaimed.

Both Locks and Key nodded.

"How can we get home?" requested Trudy.

"You can stay here with us in the City of Reason. We will be glad to take care of you," offered Locks hopefully. "Also, using what I learned from the dragons' keys, I'm constructing new keys that will work better and that can get you home. If you wait, I will be done soon, I hope."

Jay shook his head. "We would rather go home."

"When Truth and Justice come, they will slay the dragons and use the key to send you home," said Locks. "Or at least so it is said." Key and Locks both looked worried.

Trudy and Jay looked at each other. They were suddenly very frightened again.

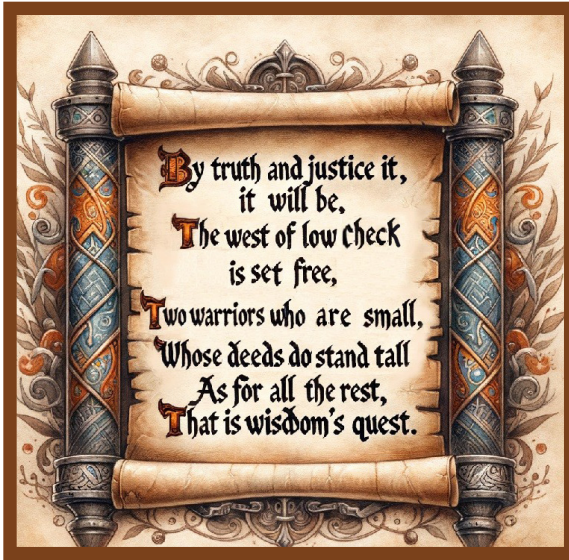
Key tried to comfort them. "Please don't worry. The prophecies are clear. He took a rolled parchment from a nearby shelf, unrolled it, and read:

"By Truth and Justice it will be,  
the west of Low Check is set free.  
Two warriors who are small,  
whose deeds do stand tall.  
As for all the rest,  
that is Wisdom's Quest."

"It is close to the time for Truth and Justice to come." Key continued, "I'm sure you will only be here a short time before they do."

"We will treat you very kindly. And maybe I will complete my work on the new keys before they come," added Locks.

Jay and Trudy looked at each other and then back at



**The Prophecy Scroll**

Key. Trudy said, "We are Truth and Justice."

Key and Locks looked very surprised and puzzled. Key's face thrust suddenly forward as if a closer look would reveal the mystery before him. "You are warriors?" asked Key.

"My name is Truth," said Trudy. "You may call me Trudy. This is my twin brother, Justice. We call him Jay. Our parents gave us weird names as sort of a first birthday present."

The old magician sat back in his chair and sighed deeply. "Oh, my," he finally said. Locks looked down and sighed.

Trudy spoke up. "We don't know anything about hunting dragons."

Locks shook her head. "Of course not. We can't send children to fight dragons. If we could, we would have long ago."

"Then how are we supposed to get home?" asked Jay.

"Let me explain everything," said Key. The two children nodded in agreement. Key continued, "The City of Reason guards the gates of the Land of Low Check. In ancient times, the city guarded Low Check from invaders. Now, since those Fay Lacy dragons have taken over Low Check, our city wall serves to keep them out. Sadly, the people who live in the land are slaves of that evil dragon clan. The prophecies say that two small warriors, Truth and Justice, will free Low Check from the dragons one day. The stars say the time is now. I sent the magic keys to your world so that Truth and Justice would have a way to come here. Low Check needs to be set free from the lies that keep it in chains."

"You mean there is more than one dragon and more than one key?" asked Trudy.

Key nodded his head. "Oh, yes. Old Fay and his mate Lacy are dead, but their many offspring each have a part of Low Check that they keep in slavery. They are an evil clan of liars. Don't be fooled when I say 'offspring.' They are full-grown dragons. They are just younger than old Fay and Lacy."

"What strange names," said Trudy. "Which dragon has the lock that goes with our key?"

Key and Locks both looked uncomfortable. Locks said, "I don't know, each one has a locked door. We sent all

the keys over to your world after we took them from old Fay. I really can't say which key goes with which lock."

"Where are the other keys?" asked Trudy.

Key shrugged. "Your key is the first one to come back."

"How long ago did you send them?" asked Trudy.

"Twenty years or so," said Key.

Trudy looked at Jay and asked, "Where did you find that key?"

Jay shrugged, "It was lying on the floor of the attic



**The City of Reason**

when we moved into the new house last month."

Trudy looked back at Key and asked, "How did it get there?"

Key shrugged.

Locks said, "The magic I put in the keys was supposed to select places close to warriors who could help us."



"We'll never get home," cried Trudy. She looked away from the other two and began to cry in earnest.

Locks began to walk around the table to Trudy to comfort her.

Jay shook his head. "Better not. It'll just make her mad. She'll stop in a minute."

Locks looked at Jay for a moment and returned to her place.

"Why hasn't anyone fought the dragons?" asked Jay.

"No one is allowed to go in the land of Low Check unless they are small," said Key. "Those Fay Lacy dragons don't want any dragon hunters walking about, you know."

Trudy stopped crying. "Aren't dragons very big?" she asked, wiping her eyes on her sleeve.

Key nodded. "Fay Lacy dragons are twenty feet tall or so. Their body and legs are about the size of an elephant's, but with their head, neck, wings, and tail, they are much longer and taller."

"So, what difference does it make how big the dragon hunter is?" asked Trudy. "Four feet tall and seven feet tall must look about the same to them."

"If you have the key," explained Locks, "it doesn't matter how big you are. But I see you have an ear for the exact truth, word for word, even when you are upset." Locks looked at Key with raised eyebrows.

Key returned her look and said, "That is very interesting."

Jay replied, "If you mean she throws your words back in your face, yes, she hears the 'exact truth.' You have no idea how annoying that is. We have the key. How does it work?"

"The dragons cannot harm anyone who has the key or anyone who is with them unless that person believes a dragon's lie, or attacks the dragon," explained Locks.

"If we can't attack them, how do we slay them?" asked Trudy.

"Fay Lacy dragons are expert liars," explained Key. "It is how they weave their magic. Since they cannot attack you as long as you have the magic key, they will tell you lies. If you believe their lies, you fall under their magic spell and are cursed with believing lies, key or no key. But if you don't believe their lies, they will eventually become so frustrated that they will attack you, and the magic of the key will kill them. That is how we got old Fay, the King of Liars."

Jay was not satisfied with that answer. "Then why don't you get the others the same way?"

Key went on, "It was after his death that the Fay Lacy dragons made the rule about only short people can enter Low Check, which is where it got the name Low Check. It used to be something else. We people of the City of Reason are very tall."

Jay looked frightened. He stood up and, with a cracking voice, said, "I'm ready to hunt dragons. They can't fool me."

Trudy stood up as well. Her voice was also shaking. "Me, too."

Key sat looking at them. "But you ..." His voice trailed off, and he looked at Locks appealingly.

Locks said, "They are indeed older than children, their height would be among our people. Perhaps they can do it. After all, strength and fighting ability have nothing to do with it."

Key stood up with the children. "Okay, we will go."

"Aren't you too tall to enter Low Check?" objected Jay.

"Locks will transform me with a magic spell, and so I can go with you," answered Key.

Trudy did not understand. "Why didn't you do that before?"

"Well, she has to break me into parts to be short enough to enter Low Check," answered Key, handing his driftwood staff to Locks, "And each part is not as smart as I am. Also, I will not be able to do any other magic until we come back to the City of Reason and Locks puts me back together again. But my parts should be able to help you."

Locks faced Key, raised both hands above her head, each with a staff, and brought them down quickly, tapping the floor with the staffs.

Trudy was mystified. "Parts?" she asked.



## Chapter 2 Into the Swamp

The scene around them suddenly changed again, and again without sound or flash. The two children found themselves facing an open gate. Walls extended on either side of the gate as far as the eye could see. Behind them was an elegant white city. Tall, graceful people, with skin and hair every color of the rainbow, went about in the city. As the children looked around in bewilderment, some of the tall people were beginning to stop and gather to look at the children and their strange companions, who had suddenly appeared in front of the gate. Standing with the children was a small gray donkey, a gray and white monkey, and a gray and white bird. The two children were very surprised that the old magician and his wife were nowhere to be seen.



Gate to Ambiguous Marsh

Adding to the surprise of the children, the monkey said, "This way." And began to walk through the gate. The donkey and the bird followed him. The children were so confused by all the sudden changes, appearances, and disappearances that they just followed along as well.

Jay noticed a sign that read, "If you are taller than this line, you cannot enter this gate." A red line was painted above the words on the sign about an inch above his head. He was still reeling from the idea of talking animals.

Many of the tall people gathered at the gate and waved. One called out, "Good hunting, Key!"

When Trudy looked back at the people at the gate, she noticed a sign that said, "Not an Exit." She, too, was befuddled by the sudden appearance of talking animals.

When she turned back around, she saw the rest of the party walking up a hill on a narrow dirt path through the grass. She ran to catch up. In a moment, they were on the other side of the grassy hill, looking at a swamp.

"Well," said the monkey, "there is nothing else to do but to plunge ahead. Come here, Lug, so I can ride you. I don't want to get wet or drown wading through this swamp." The donkey obediently walked over beside the monkey.

"Wait a minute!" objected Jay. "This isn't fair. What is going on here?"

From his perch on the donkey's back, the monkey chattered, "We are on our way to hunt the Fay Lacy dragons. Didn't you just say you were ready to go?"

"We meant we were willing," said Trudy.

"I expected we would get some supplies and weapons and stuff before we left," objected Jay. "This is ridiculous."

"Well, it is not my fault if you don't say what you mean," said the monkey impatiently.

"An hour ago, we were in our house," said Jay, looking down at Trudy's feet. "She doesn't even have any shoes." Sure enough, socked feet peeked out from below Trudy's blue jeans.

"Perhaps, we should stop and make a plan," said the bird.

"All we need to do is march into the marsh and slay the dragon," said the monkey.

"What happened to Key?" asked Trudy.

"I'm Key," said the bird and the monkey together.

"I have it," said the donkey.

"Please allow me to make some introductions," offered the bird. "I am Passie Key," she said, putting the tip of one wing on her chest. "This is Hai Key," she said, pointing to the monkey. "This is Luggage Key," she said, pointing to the donkey.

"Just call me Lug," said the donkey. "Pleased to meet you."

"All of us put together are the Magician Key," said the monkey, Hai. "I, we, had to be broken into parts to fit under the line at the gate. Wasn't that explained already? I, we, can't make myself less than I am, or we are, so Locks

Passie



Hai



Lug

