

Pyrris

ROCKETSCALE FIREWORK DRAGON



On the nights when the valley fills with laughter and the sky is painted bright, a dragon rises from the far meadows of Mystmere — scales rattling like paper tubes, tail trailing sparks that never quite land.

Pyrris is not born of fire. He is born of waiting. His body is lined with cylinders like tiny rockets yet to fly, each one a promise of something brilliant about to happen.

He does not appear for grand occasions. He appears for the small ones — the birthday no one else remembered, the quiet midnight of a new year spent alone, the moment you looked up and needed something beautiful to believe in.

To meet Pyrris is to remember that joy does not require permission. It only requires the courage to strike the match.

TEMPERAMENT

Joyful

ELEMENT

Fire

BOND TYPE

Spark

ORIGIN REALM

The Festival Meadows

❖ THE KEEPER'S OATH ❖

You who hold this dragon now — may you never wait for the right moment to be delighted. May you carry the spark that turns an ordinary Tuesday into something worth remembering. Pyrris asks only one thing: do not save your joy for later.

BONDED TO _____



FORGE MARK



DRAGON SIGIL



BOND MARK



❖ SCAN TO VERIFY · DRAGON REGISTRY N° 0 0 0 5 ❖