

The Dragon Cafe



illustration by Josiene Saibrosa da Silva

By Mr and Mrs Sproule

One day, William and his brother Timmy heard their parents talking.

“I see the village cafe has new owners,” said their father.

“Yes. Do we know who? I do hope they have some good food!” replied their mother.

“Nobody seems to know who’s taken it over but I’m sure we’ll soon find out all about them,” stated their father.

An hour later, the boys went to the back of their garden.

“We can squeeze through here and then we’ll go down that path,” said William, “we can get to the cafe without going on the road. Then no one will see us!”

They went down the path and sure enough, there was the cafe. They peered in at the front window and - it couldn’t be! Yes, it was! A young dragon was cleaning the tables. He had green skin, a short neck, large ears and a scaly tail. His wings were folded neatly over his back and he wore a clean white apron.

They stared open-mouthed until the dragon looked up, saw them and came to the door.

“Would you like something to drink?” he asked in perfect English. “You must be really thirsty on such a hot day!”

“Thank you, but we don’t have any money with us,” said Timmy.

“That’s alright. Sit down and I’ll get you some juice. I’m Dixie, by the way.” So the ‘he’ was a ‘she’!

“Hello, I’m William.”

“And I’m Timmy.”

An older and bigger dragon appeared and came towards them. William and Timmy backed away but the dragon didn't look threatening.

"Dad," said Dixie, "as these are our first customers, I thought we could give them some fruit juice."

"What a good idea. Welcome to the Dragon Cafe!"

"Thank you," chorused the brothers as they sat down. Then they saw and heard a whoosh of flames coming from the kitchen. They quickly stood up again.

Young Desmond Dragon appeared. He looked like his sister but had a chef's hat on his horned head. He smiled at the two boys. "I'm making a special dragon pizza for lunch. Would you like to try some?"

Try some they did. It was so incredibly delicious!

"I've never had pizza like this before!" exclaimed William.

"I never knew it could taste so wonderful!" echoed Timmy.

Soon it was time to leave.

"It's a shame you couldn't meet our mother," said Dixie, "but she had to fly over to Lapland for some supplies."

The brothers thanked the three dragons for their hospitality then ran back down the lane. They squeezed through their hedge and were soon playing in their garden, talking about their amazing experience.

"Did you want some lunch?" asked their mother. "There's pizza, your favourite."

They washed their hands then sat at the table. They tried to eat the pizza but it wasn't nearly as good as the dragon pizza that they had recently eaten.

"Don't you like it? I thought it was your favourite dish," said a rather anxious mother.

"It's not as good as....." started Timmy but he stopped when he was nudged by William.

"Not as good as what?" asked their mother.

Of course they had to say where they'd been.

"Dragons? Running the cafe? I don't think you should go there, it's much too dangerous!"

"But they're nice!" cried Timmy.

"And so friendly," added William.

"But dragons eat people!" replied their mother. "They always have and they always will."

"No, they don't!" exclaimed Timmy. "That's just a fairy story. Now they want to live normal lives like us."

"Why on earth would they want to open a cafe if they wanted to eat us? They could come to our house and do that," pointed out William.

Their mother realised that William was making sense. "I'll have a word with your father when he gets back," she said.

Their father heard both sides of the argument, thought for a moment then said, "I vote we go to the cafe and try this fantastic pizza!"

“So do we!” chorused William and Timmy, eager to see their dragon friends again.

They all tried the special Dragon pizza, smacked their lips and agreed,

“Dragon Pizza is the best!”

