

# The Friendly Dragon



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By

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## The Friendly Dragon

Timmy went out for a walk in the woods looking for dragons. His friends told him they didn't exist but he knew differently.

At night he would hear loud roaring far away and in the morning a softer roaring nearby as if a little dragon were calling to him. So he set off to find him. He carried his football and his toy monkey because he never went anywhere without them.

The woods were dark and deep and he could hear strange clickings and clackings. Occasionally he would hear a croaking frog, a chirping bird but no dragon.

Suddenly a large, scaly winged beast with a long barbed tail, a horned head and fierce-looking eyes swooped down out of the sky. He had clawed feet and sharp teeth and looked left and right, searching for prey. Timmy ran and hid up a tree, worried he might be eaten. Then he worried that this fierce dragon with his fiery breath might burn down the tree in which he was hiding.

Luckily, the spiky beast flew on, breathing fire and roaring loudly. Obviously Timmy was not worth eating so he climbed down from his tree. And came face to face with a dragon his size!

The little dragon had a prickly tail, a friendly face and he snorted but didn't breathe fire. He tried flapping his wings but was just too small to take off. Timmy was so amazed that he dropped his football. It rolled towards the dragon. The dragon kicked it back.

"He wants to play football!" thought Timmy. A dragon who wanted to play football! He had never heard of such a thing. Wait 'til he told his friends!

Timmy kicked the football back to the little dragon who leant back on his tail and gave the ball an almighty whack!

Unfortunately it flew right into the large, fierce dragon who had just emerged out of the undergrowth. He looked angry and he looked hungry. He also looked like he was about to eat Timmy.

The little dragon rushed over to place himself between the fire-snorting dragon and Timmy. The little dragon snorted several times at the large dragon and whistled as if explaining something.

The large dragon hissed, sneezed out some sparks and retreated, clumping back the way he'd come.

Timmy's friend scampered back to him, waving his small prickly tail and blowing out a puff of smoke, a happy puff of smoke. He flapped his scaly wings and jumped up to kick the football back to Timmy.

So every day after school Timmy would meet the dragon who loved football in the clearing in the woods for a friendly game. He would bring his toy monkey because you never knew when you might need another player. He never told his friends.