

Oliver and the Dragon

One day, Oliver was playing in the forest when he heard a faint whimper coming from the bushes. What could it be? Some kind of an animal? Oliver crept closer and could hardly believe what he saw. Under the bush was a small baby dragon! Oliver had never before seen a dragon, a baby dragon or any other kind of dragon. But everyone can recognize a baby dragon when they see one: It had green scales, small wings, big eyes, and a lizard-like tail. It was very small, about the size of a cat. The dragon whimpered and looked unhappy. Oliver carefully moved closer and said: "Don't be afraid, little one. What are you doing here? Where is your mother?" Oliver stopped. Indeed, where was the mother? The boy looked around, but there were no big dragons to be seen. Oliver crept closer and reached out his hand. The baby dragon sniffed Oliver's hand and didn't look scared at all. The boy sat next to the dragon and stroked its head. The scaly skin felt weird. There they sat together, Oliver and the dragon.

The baby dragon whimpered faintly. "Are you lost? Are you hungry?" Oliver asked. The dragon looked like it was hungry. What do dragons eat? "Wait here, I'll be right back," Oliver said and hurried home. The boy opened the refrigerator. Ummm, what might a dragon like? He decided to take many different foods; hopefully the dragon would like something. The boy got his backpack and packed a cheese sandwich, an apple, a banana, and a carton of strawberry yogurt. Maybe one of those would work.

It turned out that the dragon liked everything. All the food disappeared in the blink of an eye. The dragon had a funny-looking pink tongue. The baby dragon was clearly very

hungry. Had it been alone for long? Had the dragon lost its mother? There had been a fierce storm a couple of days earlier. Maybe the strong wind had carried the baby dragon all the way here. What if a dog found it, or if it starved to death? Oliver decided to take the dragon home and look after it. He was allergic to dogs and cats. His parents wouldn't allow any furry pets. But the dragon was not furry. It had scales.

Oliver picked up the dragon, put it in his backpack, and headed home. From the kitchen doorway, he said to his mother: "I found a dragon, can I keep it? It's very small." His mother was not paying attention and answered: "A dragon? Sure, why not." Oliver was confused. He had been expecting some kind of protest. Then the boy understood that his mother didn't believe that he really had a dragon with him. Well, a promise is a promise. Oliver didn't stay to explain and went happily into his room. The dragon could sleep at his feet.

At night, the sound of something being scratched woke up Oliver. The sound was coming from outside. What was it? Oliver peeked out from under his blankets. Behind the window there was a huge dragon staring into the room. Oliver woke up the baby dragon and whispered: "Your mother must have come to pick you up." Oliver opened the window and carried the baby dragon onto the windowsill. Both dragons were overjoyed by the reunion. The baby dragon turned around once more and gave the boy a lick with its pink tongue. Then it climbed onto its mothers back. Oliver waved out the window as the two dragons flew away. A pet dragon would have been nice, but it was good that the mother found the baby dragon. Oliver went back to sleep with a smile.

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Kysymyksiä

How do you think that the baby dragon got lost?

Why was it good that the dragon mother found its child?

Tehtävä

Draw a small baby dragon.

The next time you eat, pretend that you are a baby dragon who hasn't eaten in many days. All the food quickly disappears into the dragon's mouth.