

THE SAND DRAGON

Sam lived by the sea. His house had big windows and a small pointy tower. Sam liked to pretend he was a knight living in a castle. When he went down to the beach he hunted in the rock pools. Most days he found slimy seaweed and scuttling crabs. But one day Sam found a small, sandy dragon.

“Hello,” said Sam.

“Go away!” said the dragon.

“Why are you so grumpy?” asked Sam.

“I can’t breath fire today,” snapped the dragon.

“Neither can I,” said Sam. “Can you usually?” he asked. He was very impressed.

“Yes,” replied the dragon. “But I’ve got a cold.”

Sam gave the dragon his scarf. “This will keep you warm,” he said. The dragon perked up a bit when it was wearing Sam’s woolly, red scarf. Together they searched the rock pool for crabs and little fish.

The sand dragon coughed.

Sam gave the dragon a throat sweet from his pocket. “This will help your cough.” The dragon felt a little better as it sucked the sweet. Together they collected shells in Sam’s bucket.

“I live in a castle,” said Sam. He pointed out his house.

“I prefer castles made of sand,” said the dragon.

Together they used Sam’s bucket and spade to build a sandcastle. They decorated it with the shells they had collected.

The sand dragon sneezed.

Sam gave the dragon his hankie. "You can blow your nose on this."
The dragon blew its nose and Sam's hankie burst into flames.

"Hurray!" cheered the dragon, "I can breathe fire again! Watch this!"

The sand dragon was no longer grumpy. It treated Sam to a magnificent display of fireworks and smoke rings.

That night Sam's mother asked him about his missing hankie.

"I gave it to a sand dragon," he said.