

Dragon

Caroline Palmer

Vermilion, armoured and hideous, I skulked in my lonely cave. Everyone feared my huge horse-like face and fire-breathing nostrils...not understanding that I am a gentle, vegetarian dragon who enjoys carrots, peas and cauliflowers. I longed for friends. No-one would let me get close, just hid as I flew over. All I had was my internal fire to keep me warm.

I woke one night to a multitude of squeaky voices, feeling tiny paws touching my sides.

'Shove over you lot, I want to get warm.'

'This is champion, lads, full central heating free of charge!'

Gently I spoke to the mice. 'Stay as long as you want.'

'Thanks, Mister, that's right friendly.'

It's worked out well. I think I'm too big to worry the mice; they consider me talking furniture. I keep them warm; they keep me company.