

Dragon School

illustrated by
William Davis



Dibs was nearly eight. Soon he would be old enough to go to the Dragon School, where he would learn to fly and breathe fire. He sat at the top of a hill, looking down at the school, ringing the little bell he liked to keep on the end of his tail.



One of the older dragons flew over head.

'I'm sure I can do that,' Dibs thoughts.

But his little wings had not yet grown big enough to hold his weight, and he fell on his face.

Worse yet, his favourite little bell slipped off the end of his tail and went tumbling down the hill.



It bounced all the way down the hill and right inside the front gate of the Dragon School.

Dibs was nervous about going in. But he explained what had happened to his favourite thing and the bigger dragons let him go in.



Inside, Dibs saw a line of young dragons getting ready for a flying lesson.

Right at the head of the line, Dibs could see his bell lying on the ground. He didn't want to seem rude, so he joined the end of the line.





But before he got to the front of the line, another dragon scooped up his lovely bell with her tail.



And she launched off the
top of the rock before
Dibs could cry out.

His beautiful bell went off
into the sky with the
other dragon.





Soon, the dragon was at such a great height that she would not have heard Dibs' shouts.

Dibs tried to get the attention of the teacher to ask for help.

Clang!

The bell dropped from the sky and
landed on the head of the teacher.

Dibs cringed at the sound.





And instead of hitting the ground, the bell lodged firmly into the branches of a nearby tree.

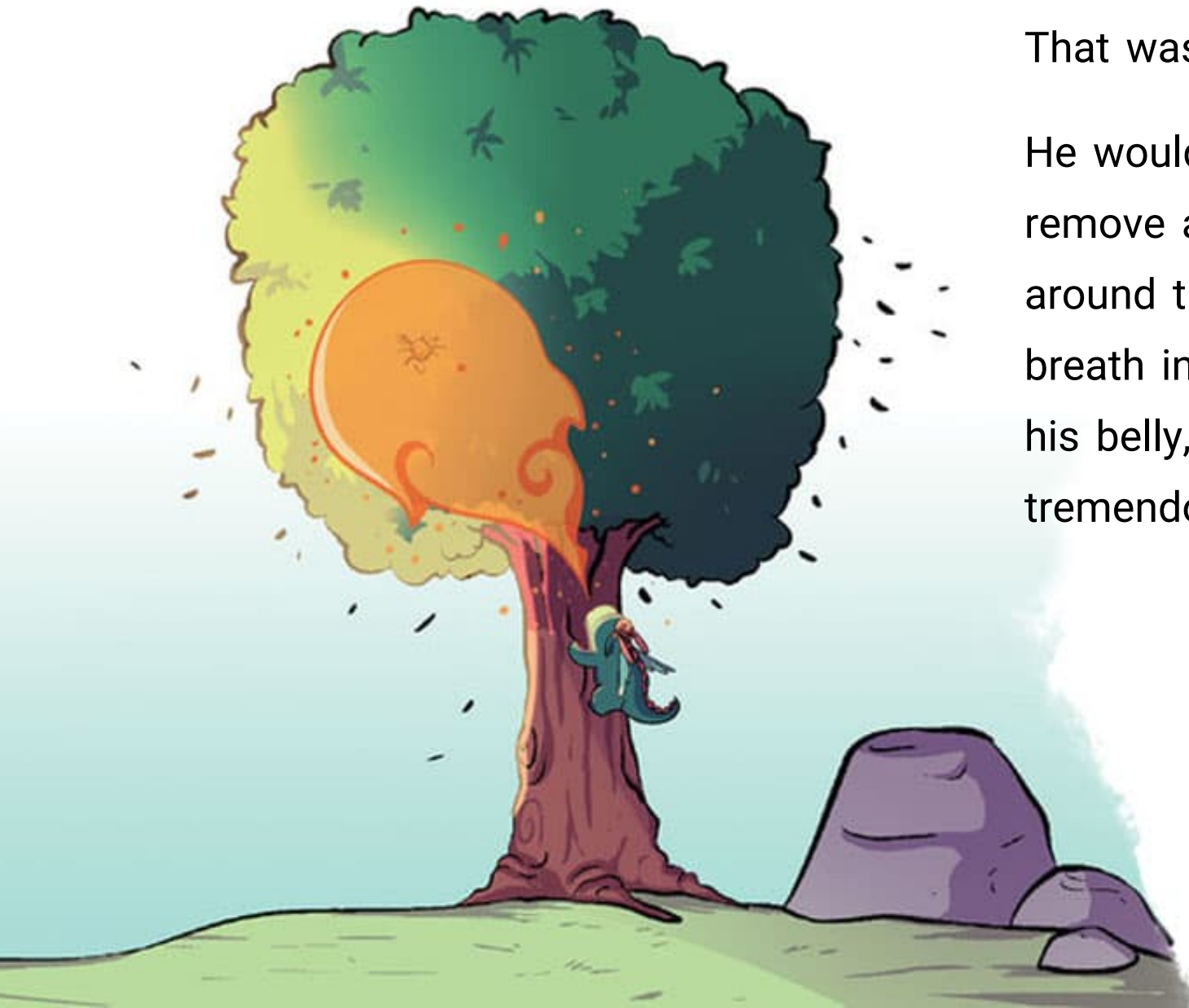


Dibs crashed all his weight against the tree. It was no where near enough to dislodge the bell.



When he couldn't knock it down, Dibs tried to climb up to retrieve the precious bell. The tree was high, and Dibs had not yet grown strong claws. He struggled up the trunk as far as he could, but the bell was still out of reach.

Frustrated, Dibs let out a little puff of smoke.



That was the solution!

He would breathe fire and remove all the leaves caught around the bell. He took a great breath in, gathered the heat in his belly, and let out a tremendous gust of hot air.

The leaves disappeared into
ash.



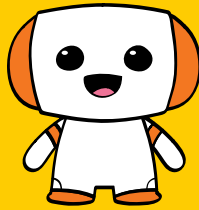
And Dibs could grab
his beloved bell!



The teachers weren't very happy with the scorched tree on their grounds, and Dibs got a bit of a scolding.

Maybe he could wait a little while to go to Dragon School after all. He was just glad that he had his shiny toy.





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