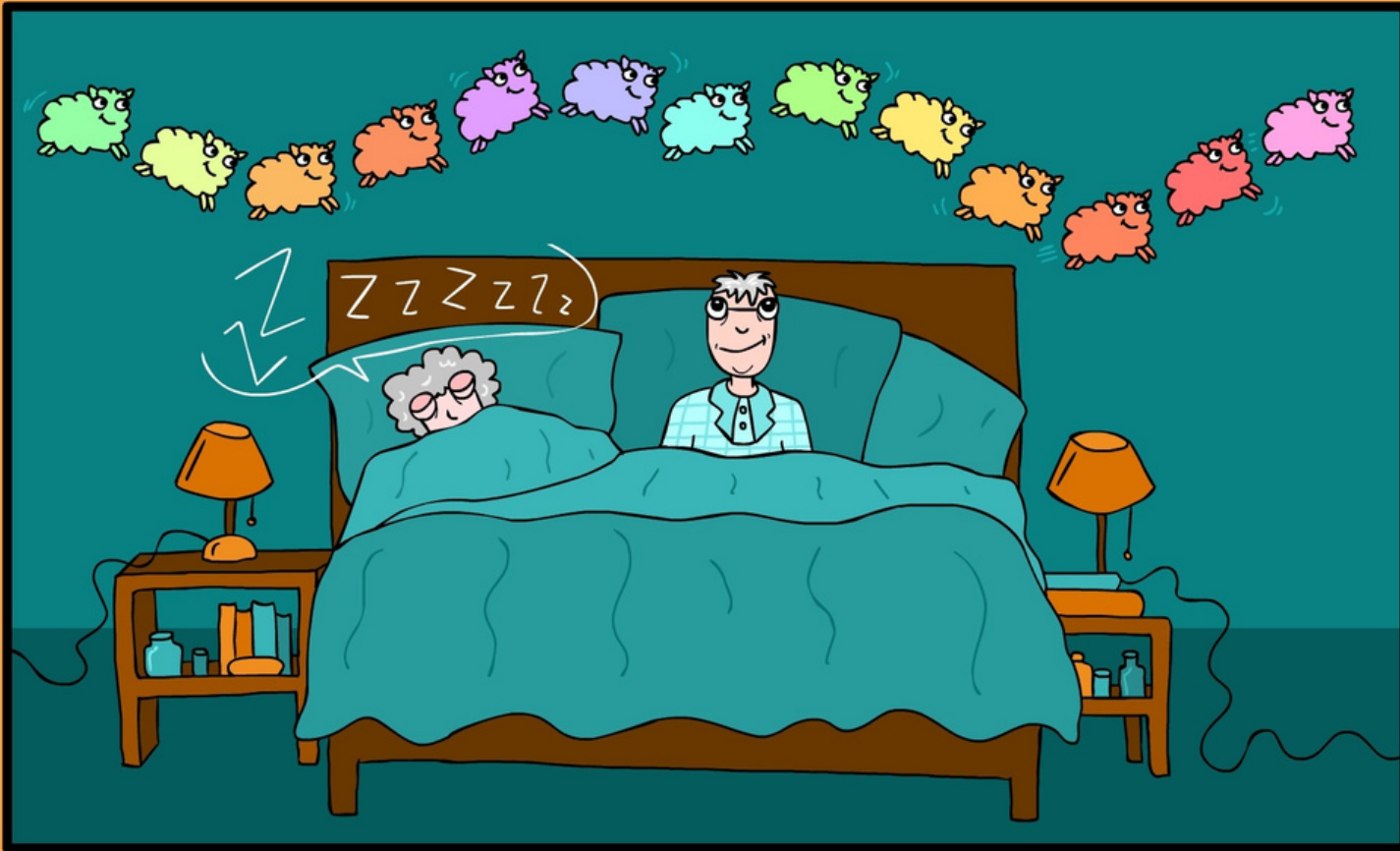


MY GRANDDAD'S A DRAGON

BY DAVID CLUTTERBUCK



ILLUSTRATED BY
ANDREA MIRONIUC



LATE AT NIGHT WHEN YOU'RE FAST ASLEEP
GRANDAD'S AWAKE, COUNTING SHEEP.

THEN AT MIDNIGHT, AS GRANDMA SNORES
GRANDAD'S FINGERS TURN TO CLAWS.

AFTER THAT, I TELL NO TALES,
GRANDAD'S SKIN DEVELOPS SCALES.

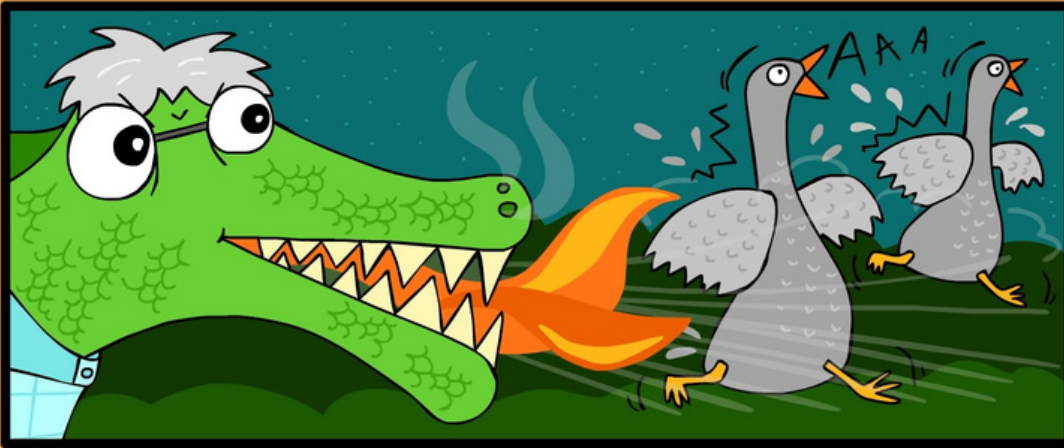


HIS TEETH GROW LONG AND HIS EYES ARE STAREY -
NOW HE'S LOOKING REALLY SCARY

WITH FIRE IN HIS BELLY AND SPARKS IN HIS EYES
HE SPREADS HIS WINGS AND OFF HE FLIES.

HE FLIES OUT TO SEA AND JUST FOR PLEASURE
FRIGHTENS SOME PIRATES AND STEALS THEIR TREASURE.

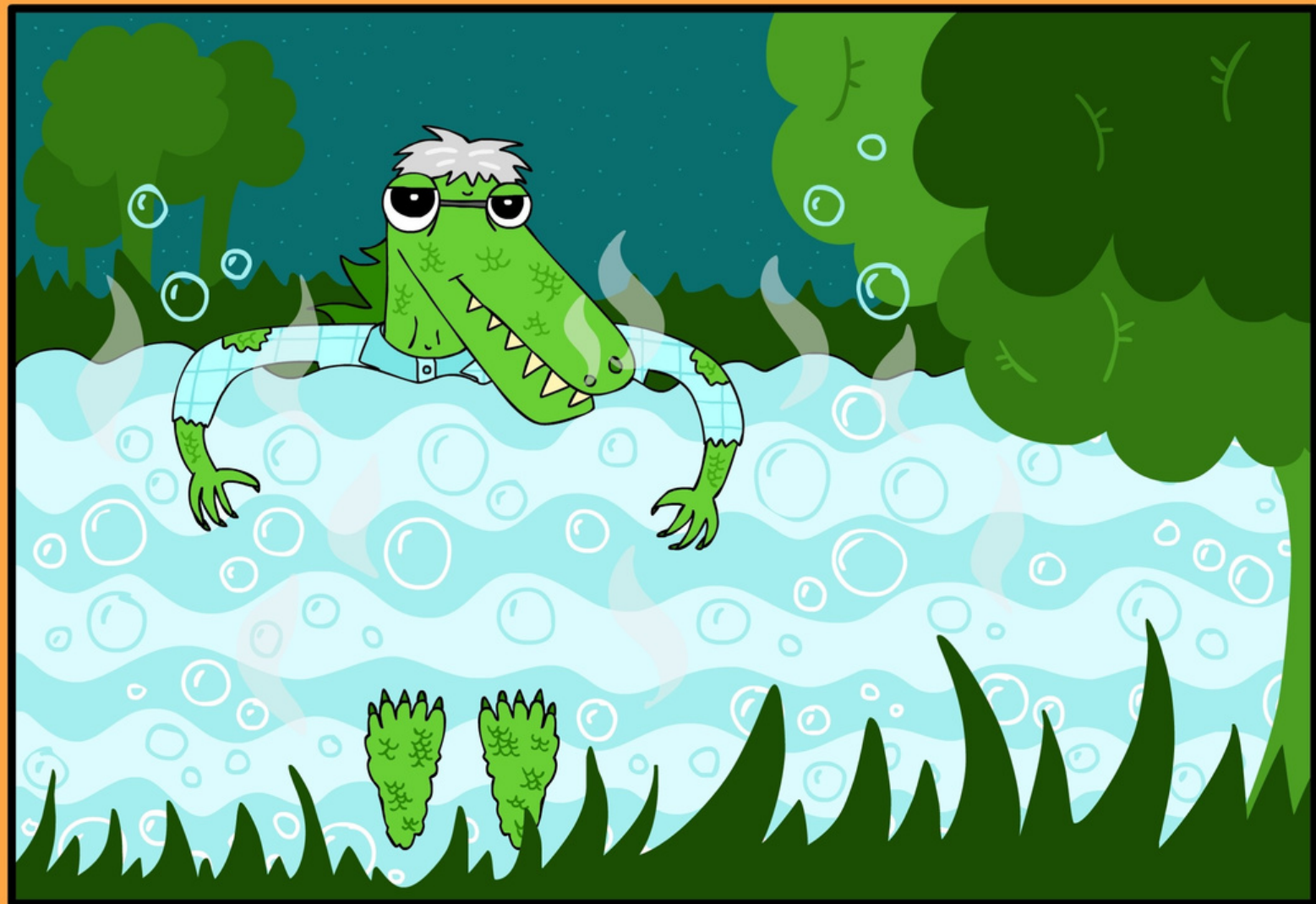
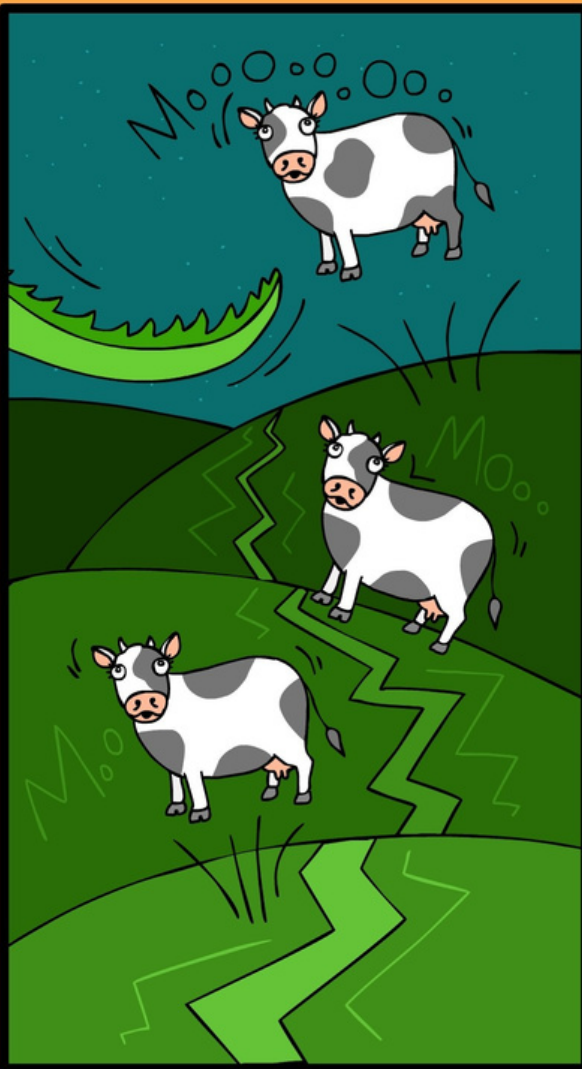


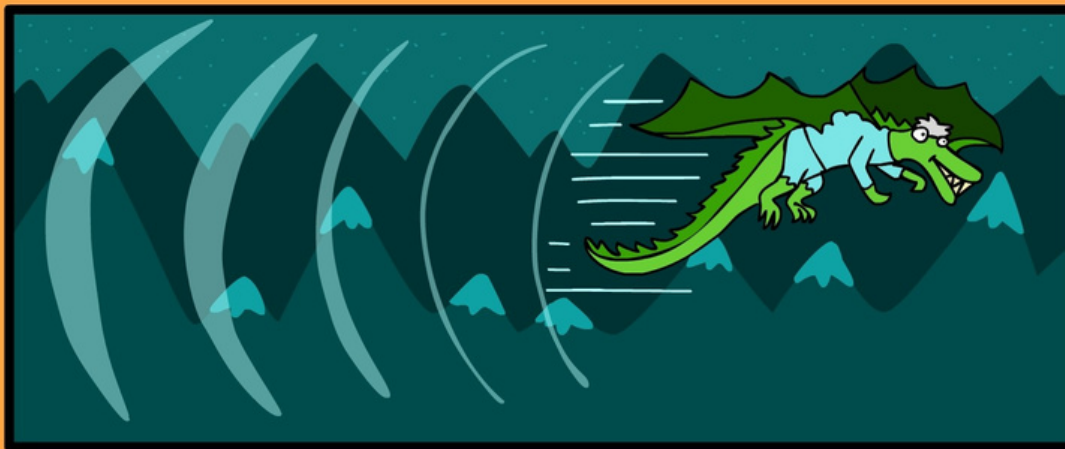


HE SNEAKS UP ON PIGEONS AND SCARES THEM TO DEATH
THEN ROASTS THEM WHOLE WITH HIS FIERY BREATH.

THE THUMP OF HIS TAIL MAKES A TERRIBLE SOUND
WAKING THE CATTLE AND SHAKING THE GROUND.

ONE PUFF OF HIS FIRE TURNS A POND TO STEAM.
HE'S MADE HIS OWN SAUNA, TO GET HIS SCALES CLEAN.





HE GOBBLES SOME GOBLINS FOR A LATE NIGHT SNACK.
THEY DON'T TASTE VERY NICE, SO HE VOMITS THEM BACK!

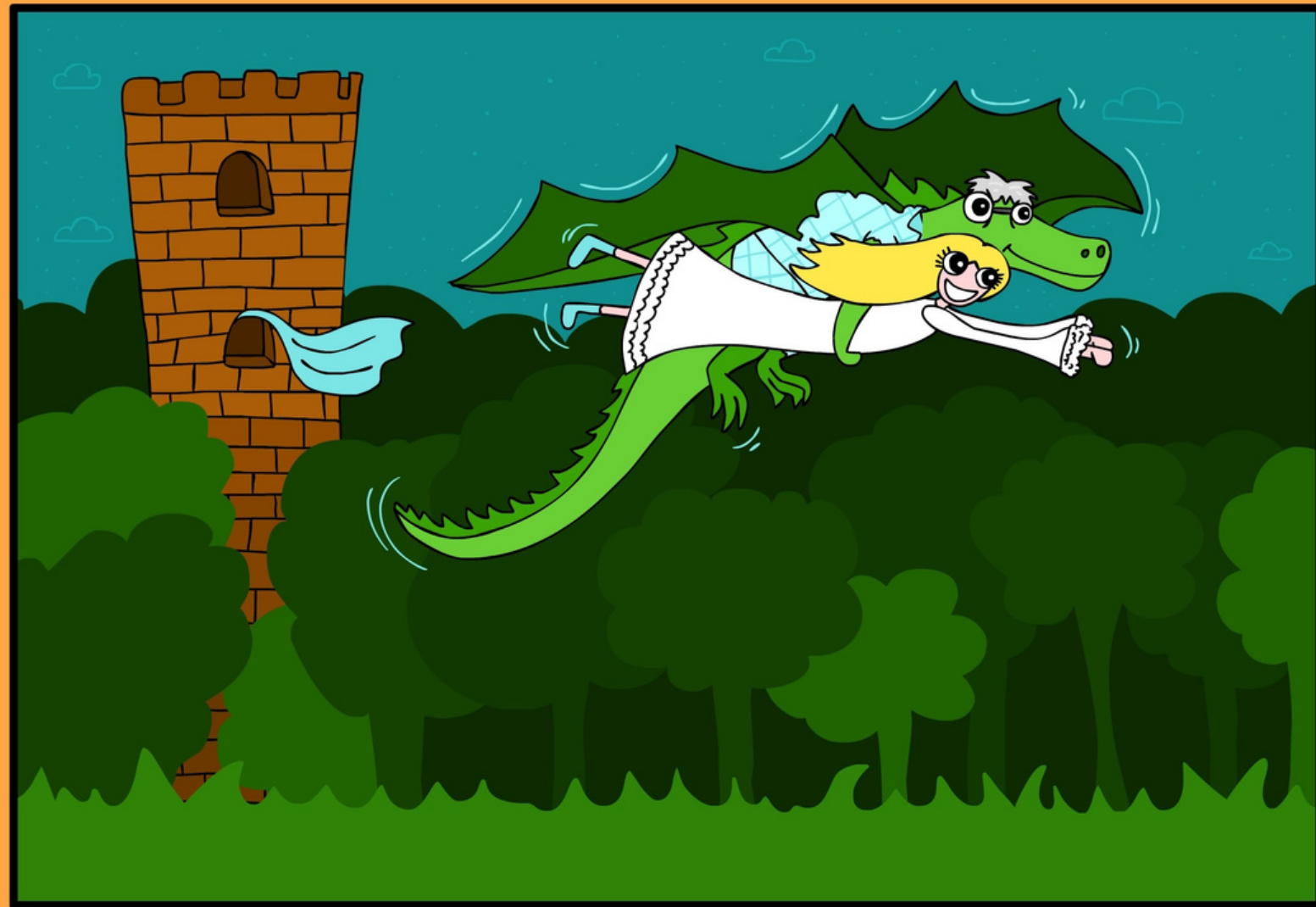
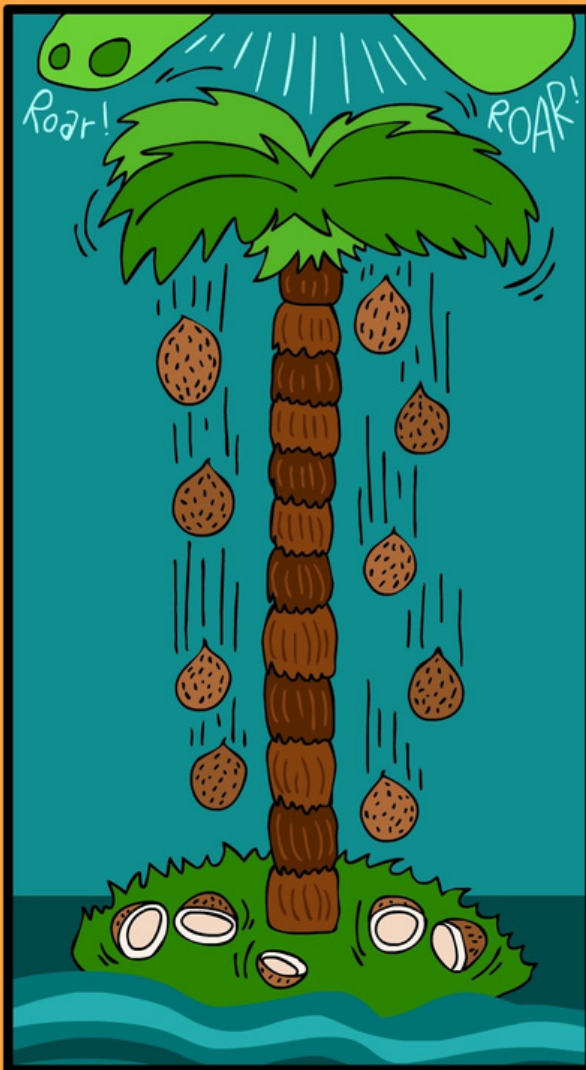
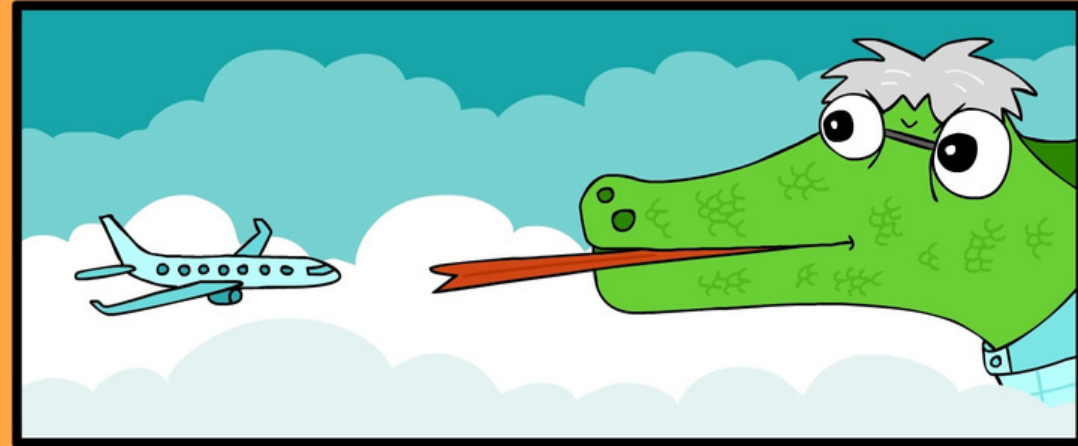
HE SPEEDS THROUGH THE TOWN WITH A CRASH AND A DASH
PAST TRAFFIC CAMERAS, MAKING THEM FLASH.

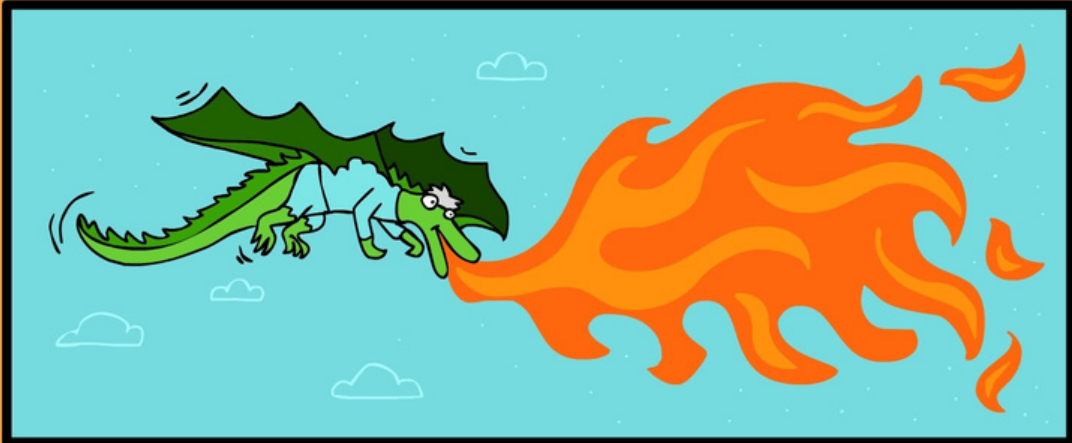
FASTER AND FASTER OVER MOUNTAINS HE ZOOMS
LEAVING BEHIND HIM GREAT SONIC BOOMS.

HE'LL REST ON A CLOUD, ALL SWOLLEN WITH RAIN
THEN POKE OUT HIS TONGUE AT A PASSING PLANE.

ON A FAR DISTANT ISLAND, HE'LL JUST STAND AND ROAR
TILL COCONUTS RAIN AND BOUNCE ON THE SHORE.

HE'LL RESCUE A DAMSEL FROM A WINDSWEPT TOWER
THEN RACE ROUND THE WORLD - HE'S BACK IN AN HOUR!

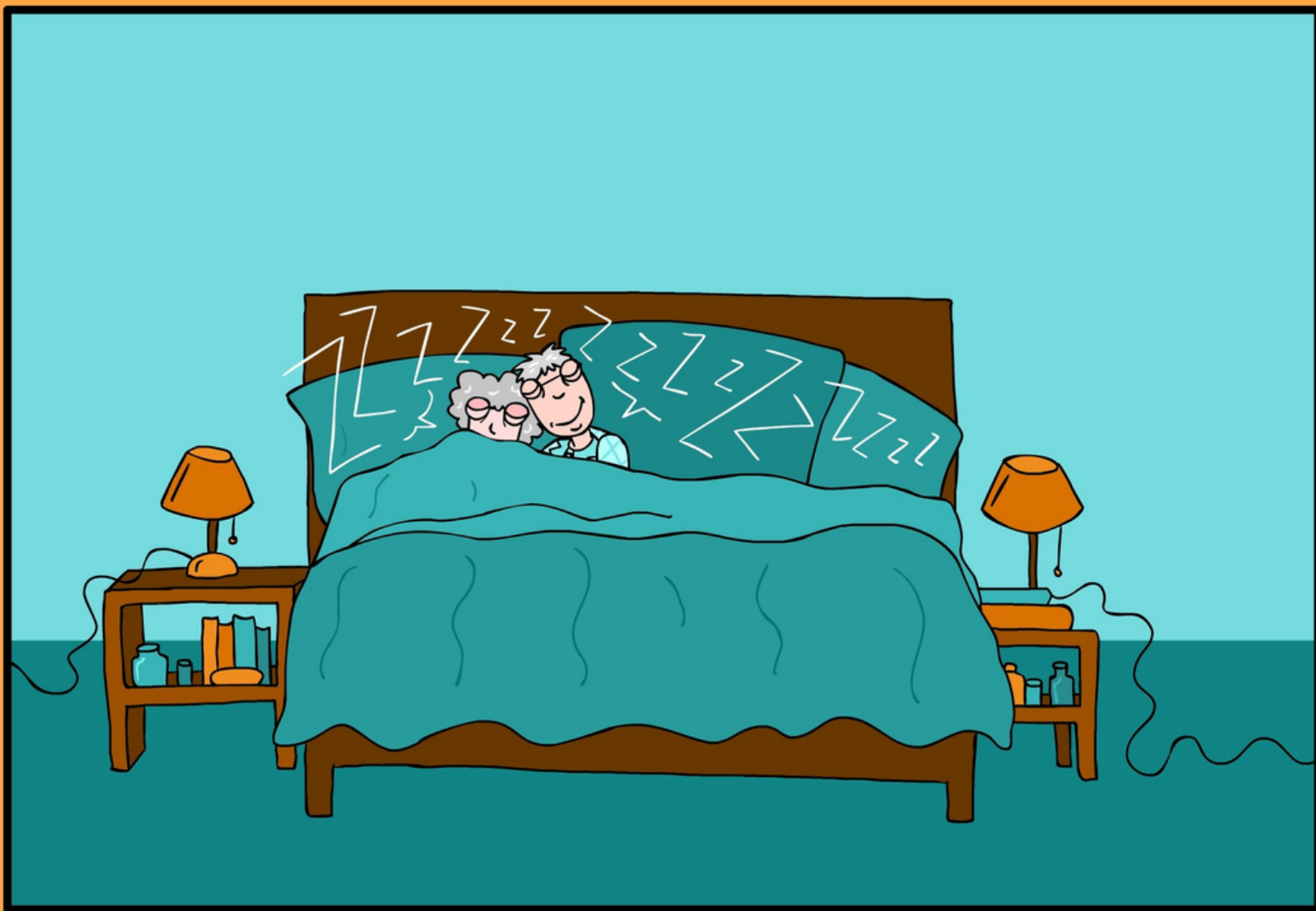




NOW HE'S QUITE TIRED - IT'S TIME TO RETURN.
HE SWOOPS TO RELEASE A FINAL LONG BURN.

HE'S LOOKING LESS FIERCE AS HE LANDS ON THE ROOF
ALREADY HE'S SEEMING LESS LONG IN THE TOOTH.

BY THE TIME HE'S IN BED, HE'S HIMSELF ONCE MORE
HE CUDDLES WITH GRANDMA AND BOTH OF THEM SNORE!



My Grandad's a Dragon

Visit David Clutterbuck's website www.clutterbuck-cmi.com for more of David's serious and not-so-serious writing

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