Somebody was coming up the stairs! ‘The dragon!’ I thought to myself. Whipping out my wand, I whispered a quick ‘hiding’ spell which half-covered the creature but it was the best that I could do without being caught. Ducking down behind an old crate, I waited. I could feel my heart pounding inside my chest (I was hoping that they couldn’t hear it!) and my throat felt tight and dry: fear gripped me with its gnarled fingers! What if we were caught? What would they do with the rare scales and its heart which could be turned into an ‘everlasting life’ potion? The strange creature glanced at me through the semi-gloom and grinned a toothly grin.

Gradually, the door opened and we could hear someone tiptoeing in. There was a long pause before a torch flickered on. Its beam stabbed the darkness, seeking us out, nosing into all the hidden corners. Holding my breath, I tried to make myself as small as possible.

“I know you are in here, thief!” it hissed whilst smashing cauldrons and odd-shaped glass jars around the room.

After a few moments, the light switched off. Whoever it was stood quite still… listening. I could hear each rasping breath. Colour drained from my face and I felt sick. After what felt like hours, the door shut and the footsteps clicked back down the stairs. Relieved, I let out a sigh.

Using my wand to open the cell, the small dragon leapt out and unfurled its large, golden wings.

“THIEF! I can hear you!”

Panicking, I picked up the young dragon.

As we clambered out of the window and slithered down the wet roof, I was trying to remember how I had got into such a mess.

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It had only been half an hour ago when I was wandering through Murky Forest, looking for rare ingredients. When I reached Fairy Falls, I couldn’t help looking at the dilapidated alchemist’s house. It was once a meeting place for all magic folk, but now it was nothing more than a shell – a home for bats, fragurts and the occasional unicorn. It was then that I’d seen it; a light at the window. It was a green fiery flame which made my eyes light up: “A blood dragon?” my words echoed around the trees, waking up creatures all around me. Thousands of arboreal creatures’ eyes opened and watched me walk towards the large hut. In the uppermost window I saw a face. I stood there staring. It was a dragon with huge fangs and it was stuck inside a diamond cage.

That’s how it happened. I’d broken in around the back through a smashed window. Half a minute later and I’d found it, a trapped prisoner in an upstairs room. It was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen: red eyes that flickered like flames; millions of scales that were harder than any material in the known world and (of course) the legendary golden horns that protruded from its head.

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So there we were, balancing on the wall, as if we were walking the plank. Gripping the guttering tightly, I lowered the dragon down onto the leaf-covered floor before leaping down to join it.

Five hours later and we were back at Winterbourne in the ancient citadel.

“So, where’s the hogweed and flax juice?” she asked, eyeing me up and down suspiciously.

“I have something better,” standing to the side, I pointed my wand at the ground, “Expecto revealo!”

Her eyes sparkled bright like stars in the moonlight. “A blood dragon!” Suddenly her voice became distorted and she whispered incantations. My friend’s face melted away. “Why hello, thief!”

Somebody was coming up the stairs! ‘The dragon!’ I said. Pulling out my wand, I whispered a quick ‘hiding’ spell. The creature was covered. I ducked down behind an old crate. I could feel my heart pounding inside my chest and sweat dripped from my face. What if we were caught? What would they do with the rare scales and its heart which could be turned into a flying potion? The strange creature looked at me and smiled. I could see lots of sharp teeth.

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“I know you are in here, thief!” it shouted whilst smashing the table and chairs.

After a few moments, the light switched off. I could hear it breathing. I felt sick. After five minutes, the door shut and the footsteps went back down the stairs. I let out a sigh and wiped the sweat away. I used my wand to open the cell. The small dragon jumped out and licked me.

“THIEF! I can hear you!”

I felt really scared and I picked up the young dragon.

As we climbed out of the window, I was trying to remember how I had got into such a mess.

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Half an hour ago, I was walking through Murky Forest, looking for rare ingredients. When I reached Fairy Falls, I couldn’t help looking at the wizard’s house. I looked up and saw a bright light at the window. It was a green fiery flame which made my eyes light up: “A blood dragon?” I walked closer and looked up. I saw a face. It was a dragon stuck inside a diamond cage.

That’s how it happened. I’d broken in round the back through a smashed window. Half a minute later and I found the dragon. It was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. It had red eyes, hundreds of scales that were made of metal and golden horns that were on its head. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

So there we were, balancing on the wall, as if we were walking the plank.

We jumped down to the soft, muddy floor.

Five hours later and we were back at Winterbourne in the ancient castle.

“So, where are the magical roses and magical oak leaves?” she asked.

“I have something better. I have found a blood dragon!”