

A Sweet Story

By Kathleen Durand

So there I was, between two girls crying for stories.

“I wanna bedtime story! I wanna bedtime story!” moaned the girls.

I roared and bent down to gobble one of them up.

They dove under the bed covers.

I stretched my dragon wings and stood up and broke a hole in the ceiling.

The girls jumped out of bed and ran outside screaming. “Help! The bedtime story dragon is after us!” They ran down the driveway in their pajamas, waving their arms.

I roared, and the flames of my breath burnt a hole through the ceiling. I flew up and started toward the girls.

The girls were shaking, trying to run to the nearest house.

I reached the ground near them and the ground trembled.

The girls screamed as loud as they could for help. They sounded like little bitty prairie dogs.

I flew over them and grabbed them both. Then I ate them.

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“And that is why,” Mommy said, “you should never, ever, whine for a story.”

The girls jumped into bed and said, “Thank you, mother! What a sweet story!”