

The Prince and the Baby Dragon



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Illustration provided by: *Pandalana Art*

As Ivandoe and Bert continued their quest for the golden feather, they wandered through a mysterious part of the woods. An area known as the forbidden forest. Monsters often inhabited this land, and very few survive a single day within it. Despite the obvious danger Ivandoe persisted through the forest along with his faithful and incredibly devoted squire. While looking down at a map of the land, Ivandoe accidentally smacked into a large egg. He backed away and noticed it was vigorously shaking and starting to crack. He jumped slightly and Bert hid behind him. "What's happening Bertie!" He exclaimed. "I think that egg is hatching sire!" Bert replied. The egg shook continuously until a little green claw popped out. Then, a short stubby tail. After a couple of seconds, a tubby baby dragon plopped onto the ground. Bert shouted and hid behind Ivandoe's ear. The little dragon opened its eyes and slowly started to stand. After gently flapping its tiny wings, the little dragon stretched, yawned, and tilted its head. "Mummy?" it said. Ivandoe held his sword in front of the young creature's face. "Back you ferocious beast!" he exclaimed. Suddenly, the little dragon grabbed Ivandoe's right leg and once again exclaimed: "Mummy!" Before snuggling into his fur. Ivandoe tried to shake him off, but he would not let go. "Bert!" he shouted. "Get this dreadful dragon off my leg!" Bert tried to intervene but quickly backed away when the hatchling snapped its jaws at him. After Ivandoe tripped on a rock, the little dragon crawled on top of him

and licked his face with a snake-like tongue. "Get...off...me!" Ivandoe said between licks. Ivandoe tried to get up, but the little dragon just wanted to play. He eventually jumped off him and helped him up. After regaining his balance, Ivandoe dusted himself off. "Now, where were we," he said. Ivandoe pointed his sword at the dragon, but it loudly exclaimed "Mummy!" once again. The dragon cuddled and sniffed Ivandoe while the young prince tried to push him away. "You're a monster"! Ivandoe exclaimed. "I am supposed to slay monsters not play with them!" The baby dragon ignored him and continued to bombard Ivandoe with affection. The prince tried to shake the pestering little beast off his body but the dragon persisted. Eventually, Ivandoe grew more irritated and pushed the baby dragon onto the ground. The dragon was confused and shook the dirt from its body. "Mummy, mummy, mummy!" It exclaimed as it ran to the prince. Ivandoe finally stood his ground and told the little dragon to back off. He grabbed Titans Thunder and threatened to use it if the little beast did not leave him alone. When the dragon tried to hug his leg again, Ivandoe hit him on the head with his wooden sword. "I warned you!" he exclaimed. The little dragon winced in pain and scrunched up his nose. Tears started to form in his eyes, and he let to a loud: "WAAAHHHHHH!" Ivandoe held his ears as the dragon started crying. "What did I do!" he shouted to Bert. "Why is it crying?!" Bert was also covering his ears and responded, "Babies cry for lots of reasons sire," Bert responded. "My guess is he did not like being conked on the noggin with your sword." Ivandoe did feel bad for him but remembered that he was still a prince, and slaying dragons was what he had to do. "Shh...shhh it's okay." Bert said to

the baby dragon. "Please stop crying." Ivandoe begged. The dragon started to dry its tears but was still sore on his head. The little beast rubbed the area where it had been hit with its hands. "There you go," Bert said softly. As the little dragon calmed down, Ivandoe and Bert discussed what they were going to do with him. "We only have so much time Bert!" Ivandoe exclaimed. "The feather is far more important than that flying frog!" Ivandoe crossed his arms and noticed that the dragon had wrapped its arms around his legs. Ivandoe looked mildly annoyed but continued the discussion with his squire. "Yes, I do agree sire but look at him. His mother is nowhere to be found and he will not survive on his own." Ivandoe still wanted to leave the little dragon, but it looked at him with puppy eyes. "No, no, no!" Ivandoe exclaimed. "Go back to the woods from whence you came foul beast!" The dragon lowered its head and started walking into the woods. Suddenly, he saw massive yellow eyes glaring at him and heard growling, so he ran back to Ivandoe and hid behind him exclaiming: "Mummy, mummy!" Bert begged the prince to let the dragon stay with them. "Please sire, just until he can fly!" Ivandoe hesitated at first, but finally gave in. "Only until he can fly; then, he is out!" Bert agreed and the dragon licked Ivandoe's face. "I am not your mum!" he shouted. Suddenly, a loud rumble echoed through the forest. Ivandoe noticed that the baby dragon's stomach was emitting a loud sound. The little beast pointed to his mouth and said: "Hungry mummy." Ivandoe gulped as the only thing he knew a dragon ate was princesses, villagers, and knights. Ivandoe looked at Bert and decided to take the little dragon to their camp. "I wonder where his mum is?" Ivandoe asked

Bert. "Same sire." Bert replied. Little did the prince and his squire know that the egg they found had rolled out of a nest on a nearby cliff. A large, green mother dragon had just started searching for her missing baby. Once they arrived at the camp, Ivandoe tried to give the little dragon something to eat. Unfortunately, it was not going to plan. "Do you want a turnip?" he asked the baby. The little dragon sniffed it and smacked it out of Ivandoe's hooves. "Yucky!" he exclaimed. As the turnip hit the ground, Bert handed Ivandoe a carrot. "What about a carrot?" he asked in a frustrated tone of voice. The little dragon sniffed the carrot and smacked it as well. "No!" the dragon exclaimed in a fussy voice. Ivandoe became even more frustrated and grabbed an apple. "What about an apple?" he asked with teeth grit. The dragon sniffed the apple and took a bite. "Finally," Ivandoe said to Bert. "I was about to-," Before Ivandoe could finish his sentence, the little dragon spit the apple in his face and exclaimed: "No, no, no!!" In a winey voice. Ivandoe was furious. "Why don't you let me try sire." Bert offered. Ivandoe agreed and went to grab a handkerchief. "Do you want... some bread?" Bert asked. The little dragon sniffed the bread and looked away in disgust. "Bleech!" he exclaimed. "Oh, do not be that way, if you try it, you might like it." Bert said. The little dragon stuck out his forked tongue and blew a raspberry at the bluebird before crossing his arms and turning his back. Bert sighed and tried giving him a worm, but the little dragon hated that too. "He's a fussy eater!" Ivandoe exclaimed as he wiped his face. "You're lucky I did not slay you!" he said to the dragon. As Ivandoe and Bert discussed what they were going to feed the baby, the little dragon saw two squirrels running around

the camp. He snuck up to them and devoured them while Bert and Ivandoe were not looking. He then found a chipmunk and ate that too. When Ivandoe and Bert finished talking to each other, the little dragon licked his lips and sat down. "All full." he said as he sat down on the ground. "What did he eat?" Ivandoe asked Bert in a worrisome voice. Bert shrugged his shoulders and looked slightly terrified. He eventually noticed that the little dragon looked distressed. He saw smoke emit from his nostrils as he held his stomach. "Sire," Bert exclaimed. "I think someone needs a burping." Ivandoe looked disgusted, "Absolutely not! I am a Prince not his mother! You handle it, Bertie." Bert started patting the young beast on the back, sadly; his little wings were not hard enough. "Sire," Bert said. "My feathers are much too soft; you may have to do it." Ivandoe looked upset but finally agreed to burp the dragon. Bert gave him instructions. "Now sire, you must lean the dragon over a log, put one hoof on his back, and pat hard." As Ivandoe did so, the little dragon's stomach lurched, and he let out a loud belch that shot fire onto his tent. "No!!" Ivandoe exclaimed. He quickly raced to put the fire out while the little dragon clapped his hands together and laughed. "Fire funny!" he exclaimed. Bert looked at the dragon sternly before running to help put out the fire. After a long day, Ivandoe and Bert ate some delicious vegetables over a warm fire while the little dragon was running around. "Why didn't I just slay him?" Ivandoe said to Bert. "Now I have a dragon, a creature notorious for causing destruction, running around my camp! I am not a babysitter I am a Prince!" he exclaimed. Bert understood the prince's frustration. "I am afraid this little dragon will halt the quest." Bert added.

“Indeed.” Ivandoe replied. After running and playing, the little dragon grew restless and stole Ivandoe’s sword. “Hey!” he shouted. “That is a powerful weapon put it down now!” The little dragon shook the sword, chewed on it, and accidentally lit it on fire. Ivandoe panicked and shouted, “Let go of Titans Thunder this instant!” The baby dragon did not like how upset his mother was with his actions, so he placed the sword down and looked guilty. “Good!” Ivandoe exclaimed. The prince stomped and blew on the sword to put out the fire. Then, he picked it up, and saw it was covered with drool, had bite, and burn marks on it. Ivandoe was furious and almost lost his temper. Luckily, the little dragon’s guilty face prevented him from losing his cool. “How can I be mad at you.” Ivandoe said. “You’re just a hatchling who does not know any better.” The little dragon hugged the prince and licked him once again. Ivandoe shook the dragon off and returned to the campfire. “That little beast ruined Titan’s Thunder Bert”! Ivandoe exclaimed in an angry voice. The dragon seemed to jump around happily as he said the name of the sword. Ivandoe repeatedly said Titans Thunder and each time the dragon would gleefully respond. “Titans.” Ivandoe said. The dragon shook his head and looked away. “Thunder.” Ivandoe added. The dragon jumped around and smiled. “You want to be called Thunder?” Ivandoe said in confusion. The little dragon smiled and exclaimed. “Thunder, Thunder, Thunder!!” “That’s a strange name for a dragon.” Ivandoe said to Bert. “Well, I guess Thunder is his name now.” Bert replied. Thunder smiled and collapsed to the ground. He was sound asleep and emitted tiny snores. “Well, that’s what happens when you act like a loon.” Ivandoe said. As the night

progressed, Ivandoe and Bert headed into the tent for some well-earned rest. After a long day caring for Thunder, Ivandoe collapsed, and Bert did the same in his nest. Shortly after he and Bert had hit the hay, Thunder broke into the tent and started chewing on Ivandoe's nightwear. The prince was extremely annoyed and tried to push the little beast off him, but Thunder was persistent and continued to chew. "Bert, please remove Thunder from my tent." Ivandoe mumbled under his breath. Bert yawned and nudged the young beast, but Thunder was not having it and snapped at the bluebird. Bert was startled and flew back into his nest. As Thunder started pulling away Ivandoe's blanket, Bert attempted to intervene. "No, no, no!" Bert said quietly. "That is not yours!" Bert grabbed the other end of the blanket and pulled it back towards the prince. Thunder sunk his fangs into the blue fabric and yanked the blanket off Ivandoe. Then he proceeded to chew and rip it. Ivandoe was shocked and upset. He stood up and grabbed what was left of the blanket from Thunder's maws. He gave the little dragon a stern glance and pointed towards a patch of grass outside the tent. Thunder lowered his head and whimpered as he obeyed the prince. He slowly walked towards the grass with his tail between his legs and sat down. Ivandoe closed his tent and placed the torn blanket onto his body. As he tried to sleep once again, he was interrupted by Thunder's cries. The prince woke up and went to the bawling beast; then he picked him up and placed him in the tent. Not long after, Thunder stopped crying and hugged Ivandoe. His tail wagged while Ivandoe had an annoyed look on his face. Bert flew down to the prince as he disagreed with what he had done. "Sire," Bert said. "I

understand that you are tired, but do you realize that giving in to his behavior will only make things worse?" Ivandoe ignored his squire and was simply happy that Thunder was no longer bawling. "Whatever it takes to get the little fellow to doze off Bertie." he replied. Thunder started ripping Ivandoe's pillow to shreds. "Thunder, no! Naughty!" Ivandoe exclaimed. Ivandoe and Thunder both ended up in a tug of war competition as the prince attempted to regain his pillow. Thunder continued to pull and did not let go, but the prince was determined to have his pillow. "Let...go... now!!" Ivandoe exclaimed. Thunder refused to listen, and the pillow finally ripped in two. Ivandoe fell as feathers filled the tent, falling onto the ground like snow. Thunder was excited and started snapping at the feathers. That is until one landed on his nose. The little dragon's nose started to scrunch, and he loudly sneezed fire inside the tent. There was now a large hole in Ivandoe's tent and some of the prince's fur was singed. Ivandoe was silent as his face turned bright red. Thunder was confused and started to suck his claw. Then, Ivandoe started to scold him. "You are lucky Bert is here, I would have slain you if it were not for him! You are in big trouble!" "Sorry mummy." Thunder replied. "You need to start behaving, and please stop calling me mummy! I am not your mummy!" Ivandoe exclaimed. As he started walking back to his tent, he noticed that Thunder had tears in his eyes and quickly ran back to him. "Please don't cry." Ivandoe said softly. "How about a... bedtime story!?" he quickly exclaimed. Thunder smiled and embraced the prince once again. Ivandoe sighed and proceeded to tell the little dragon a story. "Once upon a time there was a little dragon, just like you, who met a... puppy. The two were

the best of friends until a hideous orc stole the puppy!" Ivandoe continued to tell the tale. He described how the young dragon went on a dangerous journey to save his best friend from the clutches of the dreaded orc. "In the end, they were reunited and lived happily ever after in the beautiful forest." By the time he had finished, Thunder was sound asleep. He lightly snored as he cuddled close to the prince. Ivandoe smiled and gently stroked him on the head. "He is much cuter when asleep." Ivandoe whispered to Bert. At the time, Bert was also asleep. He had made a miniature nest of moss and hunkered down. As Ivandoe started to doze off, Thunder crawled into his lap and nuzzled his chest. At first, the prince was startled, but he eventually accepted Thunder's affection, smiled, and drifted off to sleep. **

When morning arrived, Ivandoe was rudely woken by an energetic Thunder. The young dragon bounced up and down on Ivandoe's stomach while laughing and smiling. "Well... good morning, Thunder." Ivandoe said in an irritated tone. The prince was annoyed but ignored the young beast and went to eat breakfast with Bert. Before he could even take a bite out of his food, Thunder's stomach loudly rumbled while the young dragon whimpered. "Oh, you have got to be kidding," Ivandoe said. "He's hungry again!" Bert looked at the map hoping he could find a nearby town. "Well sire," he said. "There seems to be a town a few miles from here. We could get the Thunder some meat from a local market." Ivandoe sighed but agreed and followed his squire. "I guess I will have to eat my breakfast while we go find food for you!" Ivandoe said to

Thunder. The little dragon followed the prince and his squire through the woods. While Ivandoe was munching on a turnip, Bert continued to follow the map's directions. Thunder looked up at Bert and started to flap his wings. Ivandoe saw what the little beast was trying to do and picked him up. "So, you want to fly, do you?" the prince asked. Thunder nodded his head and flapped his wings once again. "Fly, fly!" he exclaimed. "Well, Bert is a bird, and you are a dragon. I do not think birds and dragons fly the same." Thunder sighed and started to wriggle free from the prince. Ivandoe quickly placed him down and watched as Thunder quickly ran ahead of him. "Thunder, slow down!!" Ivandoe exclaimed as he raced after him. Bert watched as the chaos unfolded and chased after Ivandoe. "Sire!" he exclaimed. "Careful sire!!" Thunder stood at the edge of a large rock and leapt from it. He flapped his wings but could not manage to stay airborne and fell. Ivandoe held his arms out and attempted to catch Thunder. "I got you! I got you Thunder!" he yelled out. Thunder landed in the prince's arms as they both tumbled down the hill. Once they were stationary, Thunder licked the prince's forehead and smiled. Ivandoe coughed and slowly stood. He was bruised and most of his fur matted. "Are you alright sire!" Bert exclaimed. "Yes," Ivandoe replied. "Just a bit banged up." Thunder licked Ivandoe's bruises while the prince gave a stern glare. "Why did you do that! You could have hurt yourself!" Thunder lowered his head and sighed. "I was just trying to fly mummy." he mumbled. "Thunder, you are a baby! Babies cannot fly!" Ivandoe exclaimed. "Never do that again!" "Okay mummy." he said softly. The little dragon snuggled up to the prince and licked him once again. The prince was annoyed

but was simply happy Thunder was safe. "Let's continue without any further interruptions." The prince said while glaring at Thunder. As Ivandoe, Bert, and Thunder continued to the town, the mother dragon found their camp. She landed harshly, sniffed the ground frantically, noticed burn marks around the area, and spotted tracks. Lastly, she picked up the scent of her lost baby and his presumed kidnappers. The mother dragon let out a massive roar, smashed the campsite, and took to the skies. Thunder noticed the ground had shaken for a second but ignored it and followed the prince. Ivandoe used his sword to break through the foliage and shouted heroic phrases like "Huzzah!" and "Take that!" Suddenly, a group of butterflies emerged from the bushes and Thunder let out a terrified shriek. The young dragon hid behind the prince quivering with fear. Ivandoe chuckled a bit and shook his head. "No need to be alarmed Thunder!" he exclaimed. "They are just butterflies!" Thunder looked up and watched as the insects fluttered around them. One butterfly landed on his horns and Thunder was still terrified. He shook the insect off and hid behind Ivandoe once more. Ivandoe sighed and let a butterfly land in his hooves. "See Thunder, harmless." Ivandoe said softly. Thunder sniffed the insect and was quite skeptical at first, but he finally managed to let it land on his horns. Thunder's tail wagged and his eyes lit up. He started to chase the butterflies and laughed while clawing at them. "Careful! They are very fragile!" Ivandoe exclaimed. Thunder started to slow down and observed the insects once more. Bert laughed and smiled at the young beast. "Are butterflies finally your friends, Thunder!" Bert exclaimed. Thunder licked Bert and nodded his head. As they exited the thick bushes, a

dragonfly shot out from the foliage frightening the prince. Ivandoe swung his sword at the insect and lowered his ears. Thunder's eyes turned bright red, smoke shot from his nostrils, he growled, and chased after the dragonfly. He snapped at the insect with his tiny fangs and exclaimed, "Leave my mummy alone!" He finally breathed fire at the dragonfly and watched as its ashes hit the ground. Ivandoe and Bert were startled but kept their composure. Thunder's eyes returned to their normal color, the smoke from his nostrils dissipated, and he hugged Ivandoe's right leg. "I protected you mummy! I saved you from the monster!" he exclaimed. Ivandoe was still shocked at how aggressive Thunder became and how he burned a dragonfly alive but smiled and petted him. "Good job... Thunder." he said in a worrisome tone. "Note to self, do not stand between Thunder and his mum." Bert mumbled. Thunder let out a small yawn, stretched, and sniffed the ground. He ate a couple of small insects like caterpillars and grubs. "Well, at least he has a snack to hold him over." Ivandoe said. Bert reexamined the map and started to head north. Ivandoe shouted for Thunder and the little dragon raced to be with the prince. That was until he tripped over a rock and landed face first on the ground. Ivandoe raced over and picked him up. "Careful Thunder, no need to run." he said. Ivandoe carried Thunder in his arms and laughed. "I think I should carry you, so you do not wander off into the wilderness." the prince said to Thunder. Thunder giggled and licked Ivandoe's face. "Yuck! Dragon breath! he exclaimed. "Now my handsome face is covered in dragon slobber." "Do not worry sire, it should wash off!" Bert exclaimed. After a mile of walking, they finally arrived at the town.

Ivandoe and Bert devised a plan to dress Thunder up as a cow so in case he was spotted, there would be no panic. Ivandoe found a white cloth while Bert used blackberries to create fake spots. They also cut four holes in the cloth so Thunder could see in the disguise and his horns could stick out. It was not the most authentic looking bovine, but they had no other options. Ivandoe tied Thunder to a post and patted him on the head. "We will be back okay Thunder!" he said. "Your job is to stay here and pretend to be a cow." Thunder tilted his head in confusion. "You know.... a cow... moo?" Ivandoe explained. "Sire, Thunder is only a day old. I am not sure he knows what a cow is." "Well... just stay here." Ivandoe said. "Be on your best behavior and make no noise! Bert and I will return with food very soon." Thunder licked Ivandoe and smiled. "Come back soon mummy!" he exclaimed. As Ivandoe and Bert began searching for the marketplace, Thunder saw some actual cows being lead through town by an elderly dog. The little dragon proceeded to make mooing noises and wagged his tail. The dog was nearsighted but caught sight of what he thought was a calf and walked towards it. "Why are you not with the herd little one?" he pondered. The elderly canine cut the rope from the post thunder was tied to and led him to the cows. At first, Thunder resisted and refused to go with the farmer. The old dog continued to pull and started dragging what he thought was a calf. Before he got even more angry Thunder remembered what his "mother" had told him and complied. "Hurry mommy." Thunder whispered as he joined the herd. After a few minutes of searching, Ivandoe and Bert managed to find a stand that sold meat. "Three chicken legs please." Ivandoe

exclaimed. After purchasing the chickens, they were stopped by an old rabbit wearing a hood. "Beware of the beast!" she shouted. The prince and his squire were confused. "What beast?" they both asked. "The green menace!" she shouted. "Every night that horrible monster attacks our village! She usually takes all our money and livestock! We have not seen her lately though; many believe she flew into the forbidden forest." Ivandoe and Bert started sweating and glanced at each other. "Just before her long absence she tore away our straw covered roofs and stole all our wood!" "Oh dear." Bert mumbled. "You don't think..." Ivandoe sighed and nodded at his squire. "He isn't an orphan." Ivandoe whispered. "Vicious beast!" she exclaimed. "Her kind has caused nothing but suffering here! You boys be careful in those woods!" Ivandoe and Bert nodded their heads in agreement and watched as the rabbit walked away. "We have to get Thunder!" Ivandoe exclaimed. The prince and his squire raced back to the post but saw that the dragon had disappeared. "Thunder!" Ivandoe shouted. "Come here! Where are you!" As Ivandoe continued to shout, Thunder was in a field filled with cows. The farmer locked the gate and let the herd graze. Thunder's stomach growled and he thought the cows looked appetizing. However, the little beast was missing Ivandoe and whimpered. He ran to the edge of the fence and let out a small roar, hoping the prince could hear him. Ivandoe began to panic and frantically searched the surrounding area. "I told him not to leave this spot!" he exclaimed. "I am such a fool! I should have never left him alone!" "Thunder!! Come to mummy!" Ivandoe shouted as he wandered throughout the village. Bert started flying frantically and shouted,

“Thunder! Come here, come to Uncle Bert!” While Ivandoe and Bert continued to search, the ground started to shake. The trees creaked and some even fell to the ground. The villagers began screaming and hiding as a massive green dragon stomped through the town. “The green menace!” They shouted as they raced into their homes. The prince and his squire slowly attempted to hide behind a wagon filled with vegetables. Suddenly, the dragon looked right at them and flipped the wagon over. She let out an enormous roar and sniffed them. She picked up two scents, one was the chicken, and the other was her recently born hatchling. “It is not what it looks like.” Ivandoe exclaimed. “We did not hurt your baby!” Bert shouted. The dragon roared once again and slammed her claws into the ground. Ivandoe reached his hoof towards Titan’s Thunder and pointed the sword at her. “I am warning you! I do not want to hurt you!” he shouted. “Listen to us! We know where your baby is!” The mother dragon growled and grabbed Ivandoe and Bert in her claws. Then, she took off into the sky flying deep into the forest. “Well, I warned them.” the old rabbit stated. “Put us down!” Ivandoe shouted. “Please... listen!” Bert added. The dragon ignored the prince and continued deeper into the forest. “Thunder!!” Ivandoe and Bert shouted. Thunder looked into the distance and saw a large dragon flying away. He let out small roars and clawed at the fence. “Mummy! Birdie!” he shouted. Thunder started to cry and continued to claw at the fence. The farmer noticed this and nudged the little dragon with the edge of his pitchfork. “Come on little fellow, back with the herd.” Thunder became frustrated and smoke came out of his nostrils. He growled and the farmer backed away in fear. “It’s a monster!” he

shouted. "Some kind of evil calf!" Thunder blew fire onto the fence and finally managed to break through. The farmer was startled and realized he had just encountered a dragon. Thunder ran quickly to the town and overheard what the citizens were saying. "That vicious beast has two more victims." a fox shouted. "She has never attacked our village without completely destroying it before!" shouted a skunk. "Those two outsiders deserve it! Whatever they did managed to make her so furious she only targeted them!" shouted the elderly rabbit. Thunder was confused and sniffed the enormous tracks left on the ground. "Dragon!" one of the townsfolk shouted. Everyone dashed for their homes except for a couple of citizens with pitchforks. "Back beast!" they shouted. Thunder was terrified and climbed a house to escape. "That must be what she came for!" the elderly rabbit shouted. "Those idiots must have kidnapped that beast!" Thunder clung to the rooftop and watched as the townsfolk got closer and closer. He let out small roars and started flapping his wings. When one farmer raised his pitchfork, Thunder let go and flapped even harder. Just before he hit the ground, he realized that he was flying... sort of. He was only able to stay airborne for a few minutes at a time but took advantage of it. He continued to "fly" in spurts and headed into the forest. Ivandoe and Bert were dropped onto a large cliffside by the large dragon. The dragon landed and stood right in front of them. Her eyes were fiery red, and her growls shook the Earth. Bert hid behind the prince while the dragon let out a beastly roar and attempted to eat them. She had them in her maws, but Ivandoe held her mouth. "Please! Listen to us!" Bert shouted. She continued to close her mouth

until she heard a roar behind her. "Thunder!!" Ivandoe and Bert exclaimed. The young dragon flapped his tiny wings and landed face first onto the ground. "He was flying... sort of???" Bert said. The mother dragon spit the prince and his squire out of her mouth and raced to aid her baby. She licked Thunder and helped him up. Thunder was still extremely angry and growled at his real mother. He quickly ran to Ivandoe and Bert licking them vigorously. As Ivandoe stood up, Thunder hugged him and shouted, "Mummy! I missed you mummy!" Ivandoe patted Thunder on the head and watched as the mother dragon approached. Thunder bared his fangs and stood in front of the prince. Smoke poured from his nostrils, and he let out a small roar. The mother dragon was confused and visibly upset. She tilted her head in confusion as Thunder refused her affection. Ivandoe sighed and looked at Bert. "Thunder," the prince said. "I... I am not your mother." Thunder nuzzled the prince's shoulder and looked confused.

"Seriously... look at me! I have fur, hooves, and antlers. You have scales, horns, wings, and claws." Thunder looked at the prince then at his real mother. "I am Prince Ivandoe that is your mother. She is a dragon just like you." Thunder started to calm down and lowered his head. "You should go to her." Bert added. "I am a bluebird, and he is a young buck. We cannot take care of you like she will." Thunder whimpered and slowly advanced to his mother. The large dragon licked him and smiled. "Mummy?" Thunder asked. The dragon nodded her head and snuggled her hatchling. "Do not eat them please." Thunder added. "They protected me!" The mother dragon was surprised and approached Ivandoe. At first, the prince was skeptical, but he slowly approached her as well.

“Thank you.” she whispered. Ivandoe was startled to hear her speak but replied simply with, “No problem, he was not much trouble.” The mother dragon led Thunder to the nest she had built for him, but before she placed him in, Thunder pounced onto the prince. He licked and hugged him once again. “We will ever see each other again?” he asked with tears in his eyes. Ivandoe was not sure but responded anyway. “I am sure we will someday.” “I love you... Ivandoe.” Thunder said solemnly. Ivandoe had tears in eyes and responded, “I love you too Thunder.” Bert gave Thunder a hug on his right leg and exclaimed, “Farewell little Thunder.” Thunder licked Bert and responded, “I will miss you too birdie!” After the three of them embraced for the last time, Thunder sat in his nest and was tended to by his mother. She gave him fish and several small animals. When she was finished, the mother dragon allowed Ivandoe and Bert onto her back. The prince and his squire waved goodbye as his mother flew them back to their camp. “Goodbye Thunder!” Ivandoe and Bert shouted. Thunder waved goodbye and exclaimed, “Bye, bye Ivandoe!” Ivandoe could barely contain his emotions. Tears formed in his eyes, and he felt sorry for leaving the young hatchling, but he knew it was the right thing to do. Once the mother dragon landed back at their camp, she thanked the two heroes once again and flew off. Ivandoe smiled and waved goodbye. “Even though she tried to eat us, she is a good beast at heart.” Ivandoe said to Bert. “You know something Bertie,” Ivandoe added. “What is it sire?” Bert responded. “Maybe dragons are not as bad as we think. Might be misunderstood. The only reason Thunder’s mother nearly devoured us was because she was furious and thought we hurt her baby.

My mum would have reacted the same way if something happened to me. Minus the... eating thing of course." "You may have a point sire." Bert replied. Once Ivandoe and Bert turned around, they noticed their camp had been destroyed. "Thunder's mum must have come through her." Bert said nervously. "What was it I said about dragons being misunderstood?" Ivandoe said to Bert jokingly. The prince and his squire started to rebuild their camp and decided to continue their quest for the golden feather the next day. All throughout the day, Ivandoe could only think about that little dragon who had managed to touch his heart and hoped to see him again someday.

The End.