



*...out of his nostrils flared not the scarlet flames of an unhappy dragon, but a succession of rainbows...*

It was the dragon laughing.

And out of his nostrils flared not the scarlet flames of an unhappy dragon, but a succession of rainbows, round gold suns and crescent moons, sparkling momentary slivers of light that appeared and vanished over and over again.

The King and Queen ran onto the beach, hugging Brenna and the dragon and the Prince with all their might.

“You were right, Brenna,” said the Queen. “Times and traditions do change, and good comes out of that. Welcome, Dragon, to the land of friendship! May you, and we, be happy ever after.”

And so it was.

The dragon went back to the palace with them and romped all over the garden, swimming in the lake and rolling down the sloping lawns. Brenna and Prince Caden rolled with him. Then they climbed on his back as he spread his great glorious wings, and he flew them all around Cornwall, and back in time for Brenna’s Birthday Banquet.

dream, they stepped forward... and...

“Oh!” cried Ivy, for there seemed to be no ground, just swirling mists into which they floated as if they were as light and supple as feathers in the wind.

“What’s going on?” she wondered, twisting and spinning, unable to find her balance.

“Try going completely still,” said Teddy. And Ivy looked over and saw he was floating on his back, arms outstretched, like a starfish in a strange airy sea.

There they floated together, while above them, out of the mists, came a great cloud of birds –

each one a dazzling blue. The birds flew over them, brushing past their arms, tickling them with their feathers. And, in their beaks, each carried a piece of paper, fluttering like tiny moths.

“I think...” Ivy began, “that the birds want us to take them.”

They reached out, and the birds dropped the paper into their outstretched hands.

“What do yours say?” asked Teddy. Being younger, he was a bit slower at reading.

“I think they’re ideas for the future,” said Ivy, peering at the sloping writing. “Oh, I like this one! It says that every pair of shoes has wild flower seeds stuck to the sole, so wherever you walk, you sow a meadow.”