

WENDY AND THE DRAGON Script

One day, Wendy was walking by the sea.

Suddenly, she saw an egg. It was a very strange egg. It was red, with white spots.

“How odd!” said Wendy. She looked around. No one was anywhere to be seen. So she put the egg in her pocket.

She went to bed that night but she could not sleep. Why?

Because the egg glowed with light.

“What should I do?” thought Wendy.

She took the egg to bed with her.

In the morning, Wendy made her bed, had her breakfast, and went to school.

She left the egg in bed, to keep it warm.

Days went by.

One night, Wendy was woken up by a noise.

She looked at the egg. It was broken. And a very odd creature was looking back at her.

“Who are you?” asked Wendy.

The dragon said nothing. He blinked at her. He licked her face.

Each night, Wendy fed the little dragon. He loved milk. He adored chocolate. He hated vegetables.

And he grew. And grew. And grew.

During the day, Wendy hid her dragon in the wardrobe.

At night, she played with him.

One night, he flew around the room. Then he pointed to his back.

“Do I want a ride?”

The little dragon nodded.

“Oh yes!”

She climbed on his back.

And the dragon flew out the window.

He flew high up into the night sky. Wendy clung to his back, laughing.

Over the town they flew – over the hills – over the sea.

They came to an island. It had tall mountains and deep forests.

The dragon landed by a dark cave. Wendy slipped off his back.

He licked her. Then he went inside.

“What should I do?” thought Wendy. She was a bit afraid. But she badly wanted to see.

So she followed him into the cave.

There she saw something amazing.

There was a family of dragons. Big dragons, small dragons, dragons of every kind.

And in the back of the cave, more treasure than Wendy could imagine.

“Wow!” said Wendy.

The dragons turned. They looked at Wendy. And they roared.

Wendy ran for her life. But not fast enough.

She felt herself picked up. She saw a dragon’s giant eye. She felt its hot breath. She saw it open its mouth to eat her.

“Help!” cried Wendy.

Suddenly, there was silence. Wendy’s dragon was flying round her.

The dragons were all listening. Her dragon was pointing at her.

The big dragon nodded. He put Wendy down again.

She rushed to the little dragon. She put her arms around his neck. The little dragon licked her. A tear rolled down his face.

As they flew back home, Wendy shivered. She was not cold. She was not frightened – not any more. But she knew why her dragon had shed a tear.

They came back over sea, over the hills, over the town. There was Wendy’s house, and the light in her own window.

The little dragon flew inside. Wendy slid off his back. She gave him her last chocolate.

She put her arms around his neck and hugged him.

He licked her and blinked. Then he flew out the window and up into the night sky.

Wendy climbed into bed.

She felt awfully sad without her dragon.

She turned out the light.

There was a glow.

Wendy looked.

Under the blankets was a giant pearl. It was the size of a dragon egg.

He had left her a gift from the cave.

But Wendy would rather have had the little dragon.