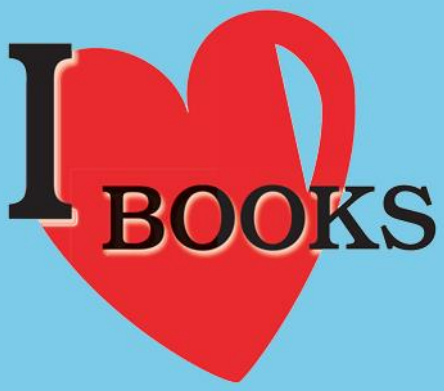


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Opening extract from

The Dragonsitter to the Rescue

Written by

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Illustrated by

Garry Parsons

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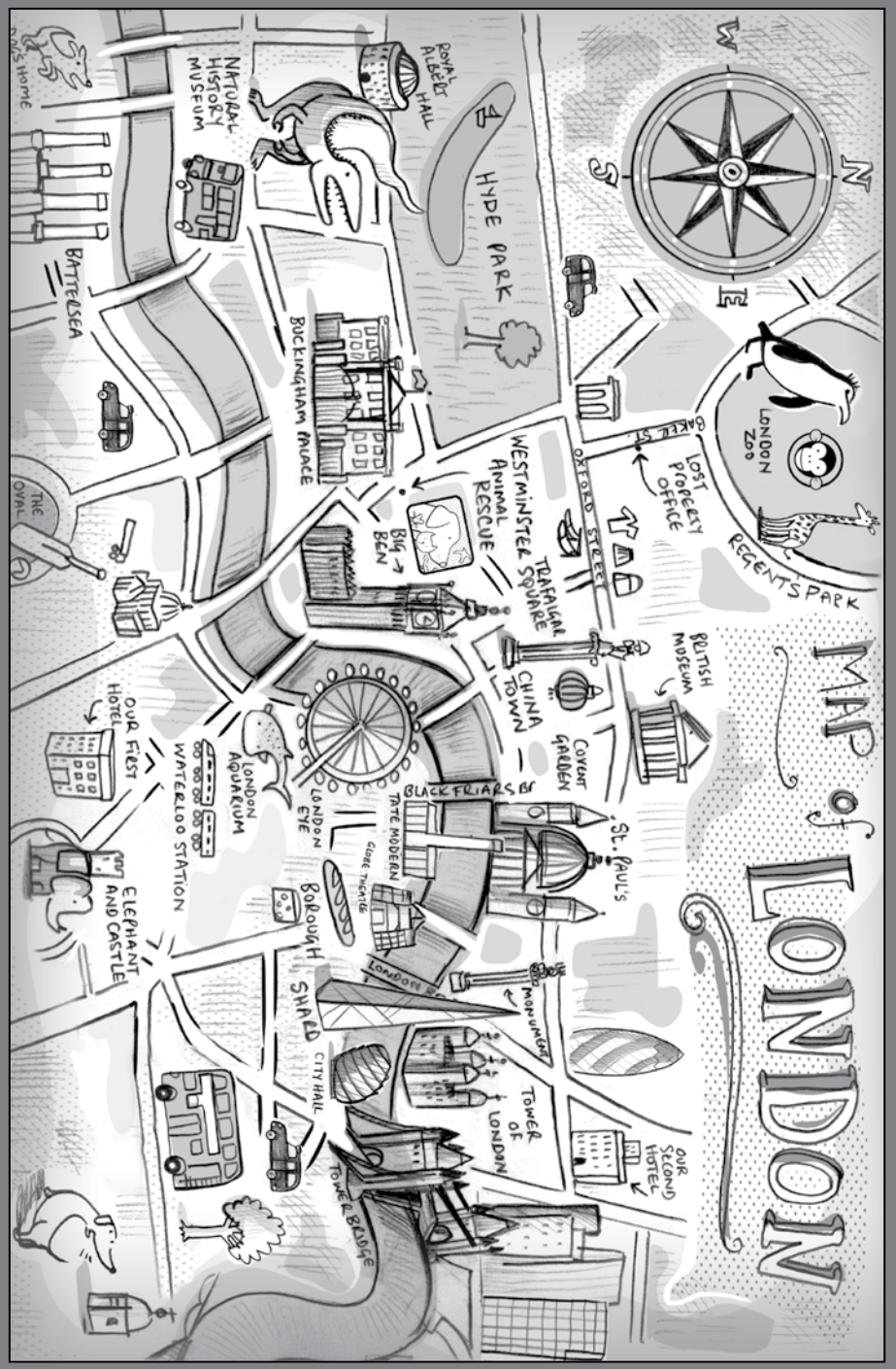
The Dragonsitter to the Rescue



Josh Lacey

Illustrated by Garry Parsons

Andersen Press
London



From: Edward Smith-Pickle

To: Morton Pickle

Date: Saturday 15 April

Subject: We've arrived!

Attachments: View; That's my bed!

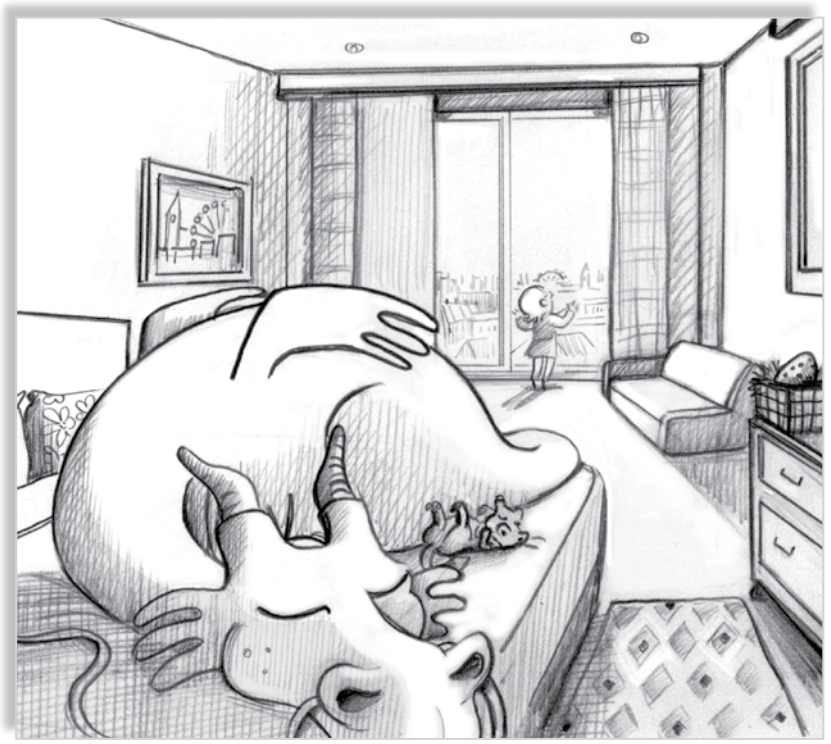


Dear Uncle Morton

Here is the view from our hotel window. If you look very closely, you can see Big Ben.



As you can also see, your dragons are fine. They both had a good supper. Now they're fast asleep.



Dad didn't actually want to bring them. He asked Mum to take them to Paris, but she said, "No way." She said she didn't want two badly-behaved dragons spoiling her romantic weekend with Gordon.

Dad said wasn't a romantic weekend in Paris a bit of a cliché, and Mum said she'd rather have a cliché than nothing at all, which was all *he* used to give her.

Gordon looked really embarrassed while they were shouting at one another, but Emily and I didn't mind. We're used to it.

Mum won. So the dragons are here. I have brought the egg too just in case it hatches. I wouldn't want a new dragon to arrive in an empty house.

I have to go now. Dad says it's bedtime. First thing tomorrow morning we're visiting the Natural History Museum.

Emily wants to go on the London Eye instead, but Dad says we'll do that the day after.

I hope you're having fun in Tibet. Have you seen the yeti yet?

Love from

Eddie

From: Edward Smith-Pickle

To: Morton Pickle

Date: Sunday 16 April

Subject: Bad news



Attachments: Croissant; T-Rex; the blue whale

Dear Uncle Morton

I have to tell you some bad news.

We have lost Arthur.

He's somewhere in London, but I don't know where.

Today we went to the Natural History Museum. I've always wanted to go there, so I was *really* excited.

The only problem was Dad said the dragons had to stay in the hotel without us.

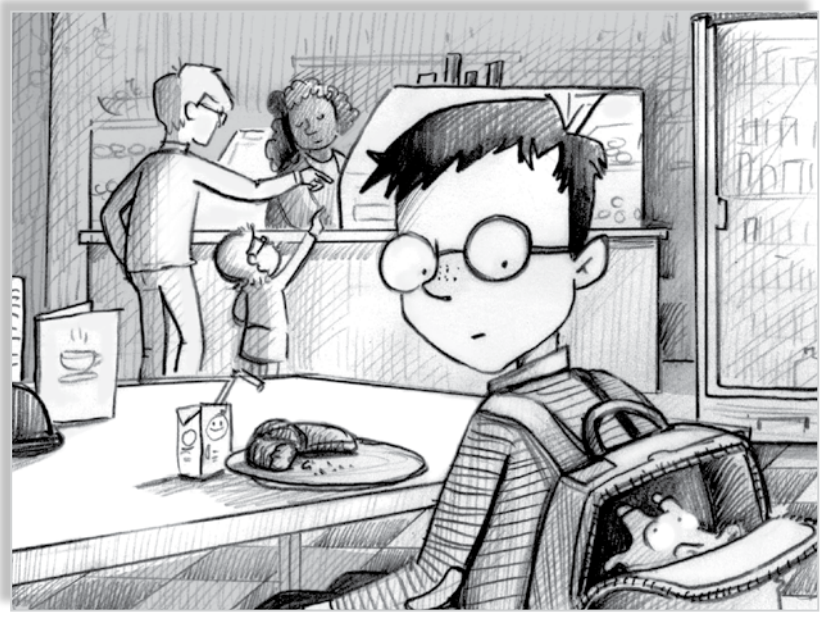
I said that was very unfair, but Dad said he wanted to spend some quality time with his children, not a pair of fire-breathing lizards. He said we could take them to a park later if they needed to stretch their wings.

He absolutely definitely no-question-about-it refused to change his mind.

So I hid Arthur in my backpack.

I knew I shouldn't, but I couldn't stop myself.

I told him to be quiet in there. He *was,* on the tube. Very. And he carried on being quiet in the cafe where we stopped for elevenses. I dropped some croissant through the top of the backpack, which seemed to keep him happy.



He even stayed quiet in the museum. He didn't make a squeak while we looked at the birds and the bears and the earthworms and the giraffe and the rhino and the dodo and the dolphin and the blue whale.

But when we got to the T-Rex, he wriggled out of my backpack and flew off to have a look. Maybe he thought it was a long-lost relation.

He flew the entire length of the T-Rex from tail to head and landed on its nostrils. People were pointing and shouting and taking pictures.

Dad said, "Where did that come from?"

I pretended I didn't know.

Guards came running. One of them said, "You're not allowed flying toys inside the museum."

I explained, "He's not a toy, he's a dragon."

