In memory of my granny, Gytha,
who filled my world with strength and colour.

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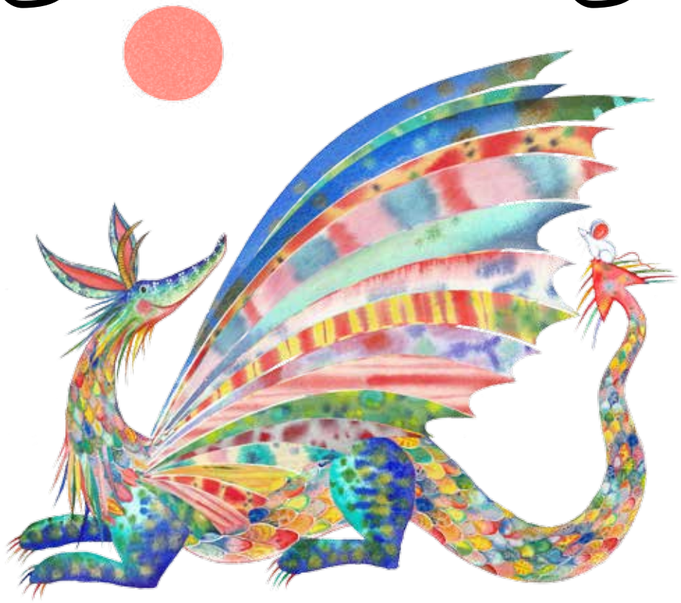
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The Night Dragon



Naomi Howarth

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On top of a very high mountain,
in a land far away, lived a dragon.

Her name was Maud.
Maud was one of five dragons,
but she wasn't like the others at all.
They were night dragons.

Every evening, when the sun was low in the sky, Delbert, Gar, Brimlad and Nelda would wake up from a long sleep. They would swoop into the air, breathing huge flames of fire, and fill the sky with great grey, sooty clouds. As these clouds covered the sun, darkness would fall, and day would turn to night.

But Maud didn't fly,

breathe fire,

or cast great grey, sooty
clouds over the land.

"Why don't you fly, Maud?"
snarled Delbert.

"She's a weedy wimp!
Her wings are too weak," croaked Gar.

"She's not tough enough to take
on the sun!" shouted Brimlad.

"It's best if she doesn't bother,
the pretty little thing!"
cackled Nelda.

"It must be true," thought Maud.
"I'll never be a night dragon."