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Opening extract from

Vigi the Viking and the Dream Dragon

Written by

Scoular Anderson

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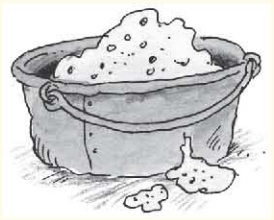
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For Edith, Ronin and Jean



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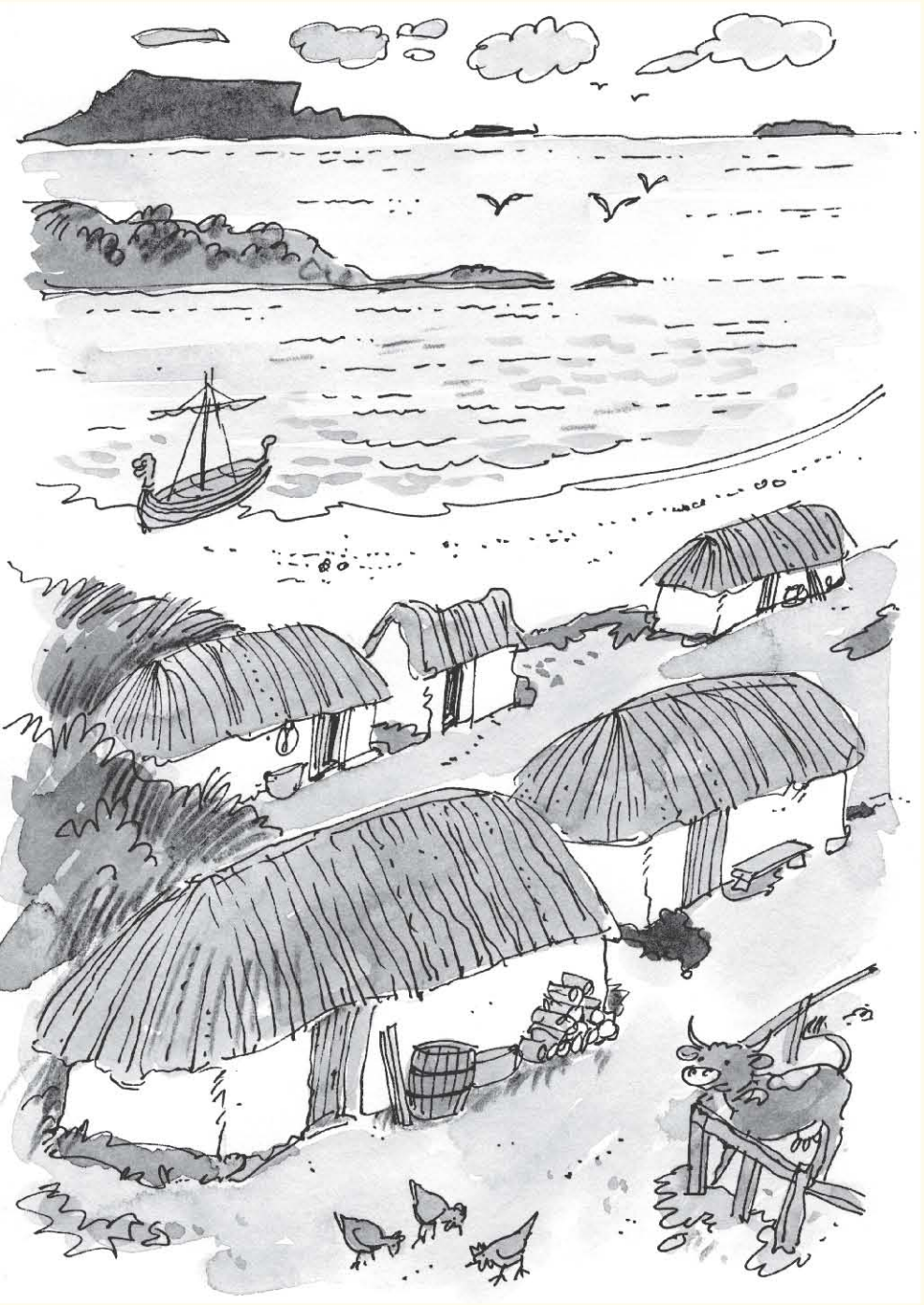
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CHAPTER 1

It was dawn in the Viking village of Snortwik.

In the longhouse of Magnus Bigbelli, Grandma Grumpit stood by the fire and stirred a big pot of porridge. Her porridge came in five different kinds –

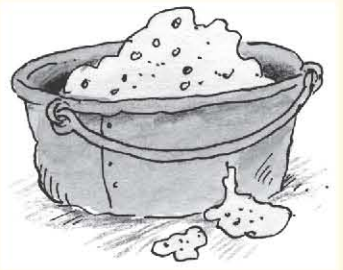
1. grey and gooey

2. grey and sticky

3. grey and slurpy

4. grey and lumpy

5. grey and drippy.



This morning it was the grey and gooey kind. Young Vigi wasn't eating it. He was flicking it. He put big dollops on his spoon and flicked them at the spiders that hung from the roof. His aim was good. He had knocked down five already.



Now Vigi put an extra big dollop on his spoon and aimed at an extra big spider. The porridge hit the spider and the spider fell to the ground.

Well, it fell *towards* the ground but it didn't *hit* the ground. In fact, it fell down Grandma Grumpit's neck. For an old lady Grandma Grumpit was very fast on her feet. In a second she had grabbed Vigi by the ear and pulled him to his feet.

"Ow!" Vigi screamed. "That's no way to treat a Viking warrior!"

"Warrior, my foot!" said Grandma. "You're just a messy, vulgar, little boy!"



Grandma dragged Vigi over to a bucket of water in the corner of the room. She dipped a cloth into the bucket and gave his face a wipe.

"Have you forgotten it's Parents' Day at school today?" she demanded as she took out her comb and tugged it through his hair.

"Your parents are waiting," she snapped.

Just then, a lump of porridge fell from the roof and hit her on the nose.

Vigi ran for the door as fast as he could.

