

## *Daradel the Dragon*

*I*t was a dark, foggy, rainy day in the country of Brownieville. Large, menacing-looking dark gray clouds poured rain onto the red-bricked Brownieville buildings with a pitter, patter, pitter, pat sound. Since the day was so foggy, and most people wanted to get out of the rain, no one noticed the small bright red creature slithering along beside one of those red-bricked Brownieville business buildings. It had bright orange wings, a reddish-yellowish head, a yellow tail with a bright red tuft of fur on the end, light red legs and orange claws, which made a strange scratching noise on the gray Brownieville sidewalk.

The creature was a dragon! Such creatures had never been known to roam Brownieville except in stories and myths. But now, one of those fierce little animals was actually creeping along the streets of Brownieville!

The small dragon would soon grow to be a bigger, more terrible animal and it would be eating and killing Brownievilleans and roaming all about the land of Cunburra Della Ledarro in no time! Survivors would live a life of fear for as long as they lasted...and then, I suppose, they would be gone, too.

Rocky, the Great Buffalo King, would have to deal with the dragon then. He would save Brownieville. Maybe. Or at least, what was *left* of Brownieville. Unless he stopped this dangerous creature first. He knew everything...he knew what was going to happen with this dragon...and he had a plan for everyone and everything, yes, he did! So perhaps, he would save the magical land of Cunburra Della Ledarro.

And all *would* have been lost if a red-haired teenager wouldn't have come to save the day.