

The Dragon's Tail

Fritz	I'm Gonna Kill That Dragon
Greta, His Wife	Don't Leave Me
Their Children	Be Brave, Daddy
Villagers	Rhubarb, Rhubarb
Sword	Slash, Slash
Group Of Men	Go For It
Machine Gun	Rat A Tat Tat
Bows & Arrows	Twang, Twang
Dragon	Roar, Roar, Hiss, Hiss
Fires	Crackle, Crackle

Once upon a time in a village of Tageheri, The *Villagers* were terrorized by a fiery *Dragon*, something must be done cried the *Villagers*. *Fritz*, a man with short, fat, hairy legs, told the *Villagers*, "I shall hunt down and slay the *Dragon*". His wife, *Greta*, who also had short, fat, hairy legs, begged him not to go. Then realizing he was heavily insured, changed her mind. (Just like a woman). "What will you take for protection against the *Dragon*," said *Greta*. My trusty *Sword*" (Well it was good enough for St. George). *Fritz* bade farewell to the *Villagers*, his *Children* and *Greta* and strode off to the mountains to seek the *Dragon*.

Along the road towards the mountains, he met another *Group Of Men* from a neighbouring village. The *Group Of Men* were armed with *Machine Guns* and *Bows & Arrows*. They too were going to slay the *Dragon*. So they joined forces. Soon they neared the *Dragon*'s cave. The *Dragon* appeared in the mouth of the cave. The *Dragon* saw the *Group Of Men* and *Fritz* all armed. "O.K. *Dragon*, This is it." Cried *Fritz*, his *Sword* at the ready. The *Group Of Men* also raised their *Machine Guns* and *Bows & Arrows* and took aim. "Why do you steal our *Fires* and keep us cold in winter"?, they asked? (Really you should shoot first and ask questions later). Suddenly the *Dragon* began to cry and cry. "What's this they shouted – a *Dragon* crying." The *Dragon* then spoke in pure *Dragonese*, "Please, don't slay me for I have little *Dragons* to support. But, what kind of a *Dragon* am I, I can't breathe Fire. I thought that by stealing and swallowing you *Fires*, I could breathe flames like other *Dragons*."

Fritz replacing his *Sword* and the *Group Of Men* dropping their *Machine Guns* and *Bows & Arrows*, realized the answer. "Why *Dragon*, said *Fritz*, you are obviously a good *Dragon* for only bad *Dragons* breathe Fire, so worry not." The *Dragon* suddenly smiled as he realized he was not being slain, as he was really a good *Dragon*.

So *Fritz* and the *Group Of Men* bade farewell to the *Dragon* and the little *Dragons*; threw away their *Swords*; *Bows & Arrows*; and returned home happily to tell their tale to the *Villagers*; his *Children* and *Greta*.