

Let Sleeping Dragons Lie

My name is Pepper, and I am a perfect panda made of polyester. I live in Toyville, which is the best place in the universe, in my humble opinion. We all love each other and always have. Actually, now that I think about it, that has not always been true. We didn't actually always love Dronal. Dronal is a knitted dragon. Everyone thought he was stuck up and creepy because he did not say much and kept to himself, but I think he was just shy. Turns out I was correct, of course.

Early one balmy, tranquil Sunday, I climbed out of my comfy soft bed. After a mouth-watering breakfast of sizzling bacon and three gooey soft-boiled eggs, I set off on a brisk walk to the Toyville Cafe where all the citizens of Toyville met up every Sunday. I arrived early to get the best seats for my second breakfast and only a few other toys were there. Hearing heavy footsteps, I turned to see which toys were approaching, and was shocked to see humans! We were all grabbed and shoved into a scratchy sack and then tossed into the back of a van. How undignified! Finally, after a very bumpy and uncomfortable ride, we were unloaded into a desolate and musty old shop. We were trapped and inconsolable. They had toy-napped us!

The next morning, three young school children peered in through the dirty shop window. Even though they seemed sweet, we were tremendously relieved when their mother refused to buy 'just one more toy'. We wanted to go home to Toyville. We had to escape, but how? Suddenly Dronal piped up meekly in a small, hushed voice, leading us to actually notice that he had been toy-napped along with us. Dronal never came to the cafe on Sundays, on any day now that I think about it - what a week to start! "I can try to shatter the glass window and turn us invisible by magic, if you think I should?" he whispered. We hastily agreed.

Dronal kept his word, and shattered the dirty dusty glass window with only a little musical tinkle. Next, he turned us invisible. I felt warm and tingly all over, like a pleasant static electricity. We poured out of the jagged gaping hole in the window and fled. Dronal led the way back with his magic compass. The other toys had been searching frantically for us, and were overjoyed at our return. We told them how Dronal had saved us, and they looked at him with awe and gratitude.

Now, we celebrate all our citizens in Toyville, including the quieter ones. I personally make sure Dronal comes to all events and drag him out of bed to come to the café almost every day. He loves it, I'm sure! I even petitioned to get him a brand-new modern Lego house and helped him move out of his old-fashioned cave. I practically had to push him into the new house and had to throw away all his junk

myself. Who knew dragons were such hoarders; purple pillows, bouncy beanbags, faded fluoro blankets! Seriously, no style. I redecorated for him – sleek panda black and white of course.

Dronal peeped out the window of his shiny new Lego house. In the dull twilight, not a soul was to be seen. He quietly took out the laptop hidden from a secret drawer under his uncomfortably hard Lego bed and typed frantically:

Dear Master,

I have gained their trust.

Stage 2 of Take-over Toyville is ready to begin.

Awaiting your instructions.

Your faithful servant

Dronal

Dronal carefully returned the laptop to its hiding spot and promptly went to bed. He was in for yet another night of tossing and turning on the hard knobby surface. No doubt that annoying panda would disturb him again tomorrow morning.

THE END

Note: the most inspired idea I have ever had was when I decided to become an author when I grow up, instead of owning a café. I think that every good story needs a good twist at the end.