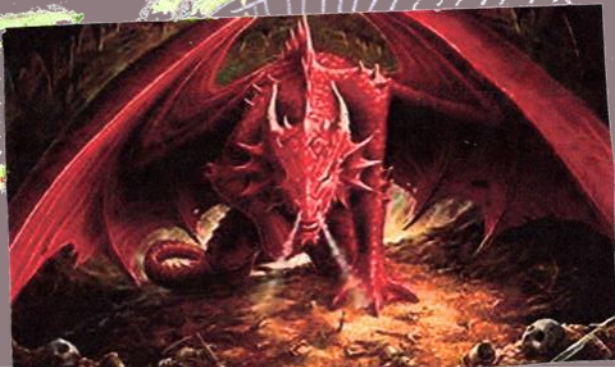


OUT OF THE DRAGON'S LAIR



“Out of the Dragon’s Lair”

*Is a Writers' Club Adventure Story
from Working Together Ludlow*



Part 1

I was escaping from the dragon's lair and the dragon is breathing fire from the lair and I was trying to escape from my imprisonment and I was captured and trying to run away. I was fighting against the breezy wind and the breezy wind is amongst my wildest dreams.

Harry and Claire Harper are brother and sister and were being trapped inside and escaping, they fought against the dragon's breathing and just smoke came from its nostrils instead and they had a sigh of relief there, and then they just walked out, then Harry and Claire Harper sang Puff The Magic Dragon together but then went back in and got me out as well.

I practically ran and jumping with glee and I am called Colette Harper for you see that Harry and Claire Harper were my brother and sister, and we were really adventurous ourselves as well and getting into scrapes and love horse riding and camping.

As I struggled to wake up, I wondered what adventures we would really have this summer.

Harry and Claire loved cycling and I didn't like that at all and I loved stories and writing them myself. I was reading *The Explorers* by Katherine Rundell myself, then the leaves were rustling in the wind outside my bedroom window and the sunshine was in full bloom and I was happy with myself. I also loved *The Famous Five* books as well and *The Magic Faraway Tree* series.

Harry was in his bedroom and with his toy models and Claire was doing her embroidery for a while. The dragon fiery tones were calming down now and I just sat in bed for a while and then Claire had come in with the cups of tea. She had pushed back my bedroom curtains and the sunshine and had come in with the egg yolk, and the egg yoliness.

As it was a lovely hot, sunny day, Colette said to Harry and Claire "Do you two fancy going for a walk in the countryside and do you two want to take a picnic?"

Harry and Claire said to Colette "Yes, please we would love to go for a walk in the countryside and take a picnic too."

"We would be like the Famous Five" said Claire.

"And can we cycle to the countryside?" said Harry.

Then Colette said "Yes, Harry, we can cycle to the countryside," and she put the picnic onto the back of the bikes.

And Claire said to Colette "When we get there, we can go for another adventure in the heart for the Dorset countryside."

Harry, Claire and Colette heard the birds singing up high in the trees. It is July, summer in the air and the sun warmed their faces. They had their picnic in the Dorset countryside by the lakeside. When they had finished, they packed the basket and Claire said to her brother Harry and her sister Colette, "Shall we have an ice-cream each?" Harry and Colette said yes. They decided on the flavours. Colette had chocolate, Claire had fudge and Harry had white chocolate.

After they had finished their ice-creams they decided to walk by the lake.

"Look" said Colette "What's wrong with that duck?"

It was struggling in the water with what looked like orange wool hanging from its beak. Harry picked the duck up and Claire said “It’s plastic!”

A strand of the plastic string had wrapped itself around the bird’s beak. Claire and Colette said “Poor beautiful thing! be careful!”

Harry got his penknife out of his shorts pocket and with his soft man hands, being gentle with the duck’s skin, he cut the strand of plastic. They released the duck to join its companions.

“Goodness, that has given me the shakes,” declared Colette, “I think we deserve another ice-cream.”

“Yes, please!” agreed Claire and Harry enthusiastically.

Feeling happy and comfortable, after the little adventure with the duck, Colette had just taken a lick of her second ice-cream when she suddenly froze, her eyes turned into saucers and in a wispy, weak voice she gasped “Oh! Oh!”

“Have you just remembered that awful dream you had last night?” consoled Claire.

"Wouldn't it be exciting if that really..."

Colette gulped and continued to stare over the heads of Harry and Colette. She was able to speak a little but in a very low, warning voice, “This isn’t a dream. This is worse than my worst nightmare!!!”

To be continued...

*To include people with
learning difficulties and disabilities*

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