*The father had known that the gift he presented to his son on his 9th birthday was dangerous. However, he was prepared to take the risk of letting him own a dragon. One day in the future, Alfie would rule the kingdom, and he would need all the help he could get. No one could deny that a dragon was a powerful ally!*

*Before that day, though, Alfie had much work to do. He had to train his dragon. .....*

The first meeting between Alfie and his dragon was a total disaster. As Alfie approached the hall, he could hear movement from behind the huge oak doors. His eyes widened and his heart thumped in his chest, as the gigantic doors opened and revealed an enormous black creature chained to the floor. Its huge black wings filled half the room. Its eyes were glistening red.

Alfie felt as small as a flea on an elephant. After searching the room, the dragon’s eyes met with Alfie’s. Alfie gulped. Without hesitation he reached into his wicker basket and took out a dead chicken which he then hurled across the marble floor towards the dragon. The dragon slipped after it and sent a jet of fire to the chicken until it turned to ash. Then he ate the ash. It was clear that this dragon wasn’t used to solid meat.

The first flight was unexpectedly successful. The dragon seemed calm once Alfie was on its back. They soared over lush fields whilst watching a stream in nearby woods. Billowing upwards they soared through clouds and then dived towards the ground. At the end there was an enemy tribe. Alfie gave a long low whistle as the dragon streaked towards them sending balls of blue fire in every direction.