



**2nd prize**  
**8-10 years age**  
**group**

**Name:** Yalena Z

**Age:** 9

**Bio of author:** Yalena is a creative and curious girl who loves asking questions, creating art, and read!

**Title:** The Fiery Dragons

**Judge's notes:** "Dragons eating kebabs and a moral of never giving up? Great story!"

"Deep in a faraway forest lived three kebab loving dragons" LOVE THIS STORY. And PicklePops is such a wonderful name."

"Great story - dragons always get my vote. Story flowed well too."

## **The Fiery Dragons**

Deep in a faraway forest lived three little dragons who loved eating kebabs. One day, the dragonlings decided to cook some kebabs. First, they would have to use their fire skills to set up a bonfire... but they were still growing

their fire-breathing skills! The three young friends: POCO, Picklepops and DoeDoe would have to persist...

"I can't wait for the feast!" exclaimed POCO and Picklepops, their tummies rumbled in agreement.

"DoeDoe has not arrived, why don't we start cooking and surprise her with some flavourful, juicy kebabs?" suggested POCO eagerly.

She reached out for one of the kebabs, drew in one big breath and blew, another big breath and blew, yet another and blew. Beads of sweat started forming on her forehead, but there wasn't even a puff of smoke! Warm salt-laden tears began streaming down her face and she soon started bawling like a newborn baby.

"I can't do it! I just... can't!" she screeched and threw the kebab away. "I'm not trying ever again, it's just too hard!"

The red-faced youngster stomped away, dismayed. Just then, DoeDoe arrived.

"What happened to POCO?" asked DoeDoe, clearly puzzled.

“Poco couldn’t breathe out any fire so I guessed she rage-quit. Is it really that hard?” said Picklepops, his eyebrows furrowed.

He took one kebab and started huffing and puffing. Just when a small fire was starting to form around his nostrils, some other dragonlings started a game of Four-square nearby. Picklepops couldn’t move his eyes from them.

“I’d rather play Four-square with my friends, it’s much more fun,” exclaimed Picklepops.

So off went PicklePops, running toward the group of dragons, and soon disappeared from DoeDoe’s sight. Now it was just DoeDoe, one lonely dragonling. Was she going to give up? Or was she a persistent youngster? DoeDoe closed her eyes and focused...sparks of fire started appearing around her fuming nostrils. Was she going to succeed or give up like the last two dragons? Was she going to obtain the skill of fire-breathing? Beads of perspiration trickled down her slick and wet forehead when- swoosh! A medium-sized fire appeared, which soon evolved into a colossal flame! DoeDoe closed her eyes, fighting off nausea and dizziness to keep the fire going. Suddenly, the pile of wood in front of her flared alight.

“Hooray! I did it!” DoeDoe leapt into the air and let out a joyful roar.

Before long, the delightful smell of kebabs was wafting through the lush-green forest, attracting her friends to the bonfire. When Poco and Picklepops saw what had happened, their eyes went as big as saucers.

“How did you do that?!” blurted the pair. “We thought you were going to give up!”

DoeDoe chuckled, “Well, I persisted and learned the skill of fire blowing. I can teach you later, now let’s first enjoy our lunch.”

Deep in a faraway forest lived three little dragons who loved eating kebabs. Better still, they loved cooking kebabs and sharing the treats with all their friends in the leafy paradise.