

A DIFFERENT KIND OF DRAGON



Nestlé
Nesquik

UNFINISHED
TALES

Drick had always been different, ever since the day he was born.

“Hatching out of a blue egg, not a white one! Did you ever hear of such a thing?” the dragonesses would laugh.

“He didn’t breathe fire in our faces like all the other newborn hatchlings! There’s something not right about this one”, the scaly gossips hissed.

“You are my child, and I love you as you are!” his mother reassured him, taking him under her wing.



Growing up, Drick continued to get everything wrong. Instead of going off with his father to cause mischief in the farmlands with streams of fire, Drick preferred to read tales and poems.

“A dragon who isn’t bad - that’s no kind of dragon!” the others sneered.

While his brothers were burning down castles, Drick preferred to stay home.

He would make toast, prepare supper and keep the fire going while waiting for them to return.




That winter was terribly cold.
The villagers were freezing to death. A thick blanket of snow covered the countryside.
The river had frozen over.

Drick was having fun racing with birds in the white sky when he caught sight of two children who were chilled to the bone. Hearing them crying, he landed beside them. Strangely, they weren't scared of him. "What are you doing there, all on your own?" Drick asked.

Aelys and Eliot explained to him that they had been driven out of the village because they refused to help the villagers fight the dragons.

Drick invited them under his wing to warm up. He murmured softly to them, "There, there... Stop crying! I have an idea."



A watercolor illustration of a dragon breathing fire in a snowy landscape. The dragon's head and neck are on the right, with a long, curved neck and a tail that sweeps across the bottom right. The dragon's breath is a bright, glowing orange and yellow flame that melts the snow. The background is a soft, hazy blue and purple, with snowflakes falling. The ground is covered in snow, with some patches of pink and red. The overall style is soft and painterly.

**Drick took off.
With his breath, he melted the hail,
which was threatening the village.**

**With his tail, he swept
away the snow.**

With his wings, he
scattered the clouds.



“It’s a miracle!” cried the
stunned villagers, putting
their weapons away.

Drick landed in the town centre.

The two children jumped down from his back, shouting out: “This dragon saved us. He warmed the air, thawed the fields and the river, drove away the clouds, and melted the snow. Please don’t hurt him. This dragon isn’t a bad dragon.”

“Maybe not this one!” grunted the mayor.
“But we’ve just captured another one, and that’s another story!”

Drick, Aelys and Eliot entered into the castle courtyard, accompanied by the terrified villagers. A colossal grey dragon was imprisoned in a cage. He was breathing fire, rumbling like thunder and struggling to get free.



“Dad!” yelled Drick, jumping forward.
“Drick! You’re alive! I was so worried about you.”

Eliot and Aelys looked at the blacksmith, the cook, the baker, the glass-maker, the potter and the village chief.

“I’m sure that if you release Drick’s dad, we could make peace with the dragons!” suggested Aelys.



“And then they could help us more. Isn’t that right Drick?” added Eliot.

Drick looked over questionably at his father. The great, grey dragon nodded his head.



How do you think the dragons can continue to help the humans?

You can use this space to write or draw your own end of the story tomorrow at breakfast!

In the meantime, have a good night dreaming of dragons and snow-covered landscapes.

A large, white, rectangular area with a torn-paper edge at the top and bottom, intended for writing or drawing. The area is completely blank.

★
DISCOVER MORE UNFINISHED TALES



Nestlé
Nesquik

★
**UNFINISHED
TALES** ☀️