

Chapter 1

I go to a normal, boring old school where there are no witches or monsters. At my school we do spelling, not spells. I am not a wizard. I am just an ordinary kid. Well, that's what I keep telling myself.

So why do I see a dragon in the woodshed?

You think I'm making this up, don't you? You think this will just be some fantasy story I'm telling you. Some sort of Harry Potter tale. But I tell you, I've seen the dragon with my own eyes.

I didn't tell anyone else there was a dragon in the woodshed. I'm not silly. I'd be the joke of the school. It would have got around the playground like a forest

fire. Every kid would have teased me. There'd be kids lined up down the street, wanting to come and look in my woodshed, just so they can have a good giggle at our messy old firewood; the rubbishy, rotten and twisted old stumps from the forest that no one else wants.

No. I can only tell you, because I know I can trust you with my story.

The first time I saw the dragon was on a Sunday night. It was cold and I had to light the fire. I rugged Mum up in a blanket while I went outside to chop the wood. She smiled. That's how she says thanks.

Then I took the matches and the torch, went out the kitchen door and turned down the track to the woodshed.