

Introduction!

Little Dragon and his Family***

Little Dragon is such a wonderful little dragon. (But a little mischief sometimes) He has 2 parents, which he calls “mama” and “dada.” Little Dragon also has a sister he calls “Sissy.” I hope you enjoy this book, because it’s based on *my* little brother in *my* family.

1 on the table! (Twice)!

“Time to eat!” announced Little Dragon as he pounced into his seat. “Put a video on!” he demanded. “Don’t be so bossy.” Dragnita his big sister said. “I want Anchelena Ballei...Ball...Don’t know.” “Silly Dragon!” said Dragnita as she turned to put ‘Angelina Ballerina’ on. It was a girls’ show but Little Dragon liked it, so-that’s all that really mattered. Oh, geez! He watched and it pretty much looked like a little dragon face glued to a TV by the kitchen. Little Dragon didn’t stay in long though. They had forgot to buckle him in, and Little Dragon soon noticed this. Little Dragon also realized his chance to climb on the table, his chance to grab the chandelier, to spill the milk, to make the broccoli fall on the floor, the thing he could do he had never done before.

Little Dragon’s bright blue face lit up, he had a happy chance to freak his whole family out!

How exciting! Now we are at the good part! He could just jump up and –O-everyone would scream!

Little Dragon took a nice deep breath, and up he went! He kicked and pushed at all the food; he also tried to grab the chandelier. He was having the time of his life; he was on the table! “AHHHHH!” Dragnita screamed, “GET OFF, GET ON-I MEAN GET OFF NOW!” “Ohh, you loud.” Said Little Dragon innocently. It took him a long time to get off though.

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Little Dragon’s big sister Dragnita was doing her homework. “Oh, boy!” thought Little Dragon, “I can mess Dragnita’s papers up!” so he ran as fast as he could to the table. “Percy’s gonna mess up your homwok!” “No, and don’t even think about it.” “Stiwl to do it.” Said Little Dragon. In a few minutes he was back, “I mess up! “Don’t.” Little Dragon was getting upset with all the “Don’ts and “Do not’s”. “Me going to do it wight now.” And he did. “Ohh, don’t you get on there again.” Was Dragnita’s fierce reply. But he did! He slammed his little engine

down on the seat, and then he was ready. He smiled that sugary smile, then – we’re excited – Little Dragon rolled! “Oh, not again!” said Dragnita in a very worried tone. Dragnita winched. She managed through. She tore her homework off the table and did save her folders too. The problem was, a sheet of paper had fallen out of one of her folders. Little Dragon grabbed it. LIL’ DRAGON, NO!!! Dragnita screamed on the top of her lungs. Too late! He had ripped it in half! “I wipped et!!!!” said Little Dragon cheerfully. “Yes. . . . you did.” said Dragnita gloomily. “Sometimes he is just impossible.” Dragnita whispered to herself. Little Dragon was so very proud of himself, so he rolled more. He rejoiced and threw Dragnita’s pencils, papers, and scissors, everything, against the walls. “Well, I’m telling Dada.” Said Dragnita. She did. “You’re getting a time out!” He threw Little Dragon in the crib. But he had fun. All he had to do was play with his stuffed bunny and jump. He liked being on the table too. He liked the attention. Little Dragon had now been on there, *twice!* (Where the flowers grow!)

2 *more mischief*

Dragnita was typing. Little Dragon was looking. “Wachadoin?” asked Little Dragon. “Nothing, and go away, I’m using my imagination on this and putting my heart in, and don’t you dare disturb.” “Okay wacherver ‘inaconation’ mean.” said Little Dragon. “Imagination .” corrected Dragnita “I go away now.” said Little Dragon. He came back in a few minutes. “Percy thinking.” he said. Dragnita continued typing. “Well, you look boed.” Little Dragon said. “I’m not.” “I cun do someding wor you.” “What?” “Cun put Percy on tepwitew!” “Don’t!” “Me know, but me do!” “I’m warning you not to.” “I do now.” He knew he shouldn’t do this, he really did. But the problem was he so loved messing things up. ‘Spandink or no Spandink, I’m going for this.’ Thought Little Dragon. Dragnita looked at him. He was still thinking. Little

Dragon closed his lips tight. Then he took his ‘small Thomas and Percy’ (as he called them) and started to run then over the keyboard.

“Don’t do that.” said Dragnita. “I helping you tip.” “That’s really not helping me type, it’s making me mess up my writing.” “It’s your fault so don’t mess it up.” said Little Dragon. “Sure it is, now get your Thomas and Percy off.” said Dragnita. She looked at the computer. He had *really* messed it up, her words were: “That’s great,” he said “but gtyoietpt, yuiewquetueijfbvncxzm, ityevthuyip. “Get your Thomas and Percy off!” Dragnita said. “Now!” she added. “Sowrry, dey havinc fun, and dey stuck wollinc on dere.” “Oh, messwing up too.” Little Dragon said. Dragnita was now impatient, “Never and I mean never do that again!!” said Dragnita as she pushed his ‘small Thomas and Percy’ off the typing board. “I do somding else next time.” “I take that back,” said Dragnita, “don’t be a nuisance to a great many of people or one person, remember that.” Dragnita said. “But me a bebey, a Dwagon too.” said Little Dragon, “and most Dwagons aw mishif.” “You’re one of ‘em.” said Dragnita, “But you are also one of the most loving, sweet, cute, and brotherly of the

Dragons.” “I’M NOT CUUUUTE!!!!!” Little Dragon screamed. “However you want to say it.” said Dragnita. “But always remember this, Mr. Sweet, I really love you no matter how much mischief you are I’m your big sister.” “And I’n a twouble!” Little Dragon said happily. “Yes you are, but you are one of the most irresistibly cute.” “I AM NOOOT CUUUUTE!! Did I almost break a window?” Little Dragon questioned. “Almost, said Dragnita, “Almost.”

3 My little preschool .

“I’m old enouf, I’m old enouf! I’m excited, I’n excited!” yelled little Dragon. It was Little Dragon’s first day of preschool, and-boy-he was excited. “C’mon, Little Dragon, let’s go.”GO! He light up at that word. He ran to his mama and dada, jumped in the van, and there they were, Preschool. Little Dragon met the Teacher, Mr. Hayflack. “You haf a funny name.” Laughed Little Dragon. “No use trying to say Mr. Hayflack, go out and play.” The teacher said. “Okay Mr. Hayfat.” Little Dragon said. And Little Dragon ran out to play.

“Okay class, we are going to learn about the alphabet.” “Yes, Little Dragon,” said Mr. Hayflack. “I eat the alphantret, I eat alphantret soup!” “Thank you Little Drag, and have you ever seen the shapes in alphabet soup? Good! Now, these are the letters: A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, Z. You must learn these and we’ll do them later. It’s recess now, go play. As they got in line, Little Dragon noticed something, Ed that

nice guy he met on family vacation. When they all got out on the blacktop Little Dragon called “Ed!” “Ahh-Paa-Paa!!” they yelled. “Let’s play!” Ed called back. Ed and Little Dragon started playing, they made up a game called “fart, fart.” Little Dragon and Ed would hide, and then they would jump out and make a really enormous FART! At a girl Dragon, the girls were so embarrassed. They played “fart fart” all recess and soon the bell rang and –opps- recess was over. Ed and Little Dragon ran as fast as their little dragon legs could carry them to the line actually they were the first ones. As soon as the class was into the classroom, Little Dragon called, “I needa go toa bafroon!” “Aw, Lil’ guy, ya should’ve gone at recess, but pee in your diaper I guess.” “No, I hava hemorrhoid!” Liana, who was just crazy about red said, “I wanna see da WED hemorrhoid! Pull yu pants down!” “Okay.” Said Little Dragon, and he did. “See the wed hemorrhoid? “There no hemorrhoid.” Liana said. Suddenly, a gust of pee shot out! “Oh, lala!” he said, and Little Dragon aimed his peewee at the class. Ahhhhh! Everyone screamed, Ed just dodged and smiled at his friend. Then Little Dragon aimed his pee at the

ceiling. “It wet too.” He said happily. Little Dragon smiled. He was having a lot of fun. But then the pee stopped. “I done.” He said sadly. But then Little Dragon brightened up. “It was a good show dow.” “A pee-pee show! It was gwaet!” Yeaaaaahhhhh!! Clapped the class, “Good pee-pee show!” said the class. “Next tribe I do poop-e show!!” “Yeaaaaahhhhhhh!!” yelled the class again. “LITTLE DRAGON!!!!!!” said Mr. Hayflack angrily. “I’m going to give you a straight phone call home!” “Tell Dada and Mama and Sissy about the really really really good pee-pee show?” “No, it was a bad one and I’m not telling your Mama and Dada, but I’m telling *you* that *you’re* sitting on the bench at recess and not playing!” “Now here’s the phone call!” “Hello, May I please speak to the parents of Little Dragon?” Hi I’m Mr. Hayflack the teacher. Your son did something terrible in class, and I need you to come here right now.” Soon his Mama and Dada and big sister Dragnita were there. “I made mishif ahain!” “Let’s go home.” Said his Dada. “So, Wat’d’cha do?” asked Little Dragon’s Dada, when they got home. “I hadda go wealie bwad and I made a clice pluppy

squirty pee-pee in class! But I was too busy to go to recess and I was playing “FART, FART!” “All right,” sighed Dragnita, “You’ll do better tomorrow.” “I hope so.” Said little Dragon.

The next day Little Dragon was a *little* better. “Little Dragon, please say the first 2 letters of the alphabet. We should know that. Shouldn’t we class?” “Yes!” answered the class from Mr. Hayflack. “Ahem!, said Little Dragon. “A, B, C, D”- “AT&T . . . That’s enough.” Mr. Hayflack said. “Okay.” As Mr. Hayflack babbled on about the alphabet, Little Dragon got very interested in trying to pull his shoelaces out of his shoes. “Mmmmmmmmm.” He grunted. He pulled hard, he pulled harder but the shoelace would not come out. Little Dragon got really angry. “Aaaawwwww!” Little Dragon screamed. “Da poop-ee shoe sase wone come out! He yelled angrily. Mr. Hayflack heard this. “Little Dragon, he said, “Don’t try to pull your shoelace out. Then your shoe might come off.” “Okay” said Little Dragon. And he stopped pulling his shoelace. “I wonder what the next 22 letters of the alphabet are.” Wondered Little

Dragon in his head. He only found out one more-E- and soon Little Dragon got bored again. He soon found something interesting to do. “Di di did di di you di di find di di your di di way di di in di di the di di corn di di maze di di did di di youuuuuuuuu? Di di?” He sang happily, nobody heard him so he sang louder. “Di di does di di any di di body di di hear di di me?!?!? This time he sang so loud that about the whole school had to hear him. “ You, Little Dragon, are not paying attention, we have probably learned 5 new letters already without you so pay attention!! Said Mr. Hayflack. “You were *not* vewy intewisting so me stwill pay attenshwn. . . . tenshwn. . . . tenshwn. . . . but wemember, you bowing.” Said Little Dragon. The next day, he was OKAY. “Little Dragon please sight the alphabet for me.” Said Mr. Hayflck. “Okay, Mr. Hafat.”said Little Dragon. “Poop-e A, Poop-e B, Poop- C, Poop-e D,-“ Little Dragon!” yelled Mr. Hayflack angrily. “Letters *do not* begin with the word *poop-e*!” Little Dragon scowled. He absolutely loved Poop-e. He looked at it in the toilet all the time. “Liana, you say the alphabet for me.” Said Mr. Hayflack. “A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H,” As

Liana babbled on, Little Dragon thought, *this is really going to be a hard pre-school.*

4 explaining what I did

While Little Dragon was at the table he tried to tell his family about preschool. It went like this: “Des is what me did tat weeshool Mama and Dada and Sissy. Fiwst I went out to weecess, and I play ‘Fart, Fart’ wit Ed. You fawt at the giwls. Then I made a red ketchup snack.” His “Telling about school” only got that far, because then when he remembered that he made the ketchup snack, and that he had chicken nuggets and ketchup on his plate he started to make a very big and mushy mess. The “mess” (now we are in a different story!) was made like this: 1. place claws in ketchup. 2. start rolling your claws around. 3. roll faster. 4. squish 5. start to be gross and annoy your family. “Look at this!” said Little Dragon. “AAAAAHHHHH!” screamed Dragnita. “GET YOUR CLAWS OUTA THERE!!” she screamed even louder. Little Dragon took his claws out. He sniffed. “It was fun.,” he moaned. “Well, Who wants to hear about what I did at school today?” asked Dragnita. “*NOT* me!” yelled Little Dragon. “

You don't always get what you want. Anyways, Today we had a math test, and I got a"-Dragnita was cut of by Little Dragon of course, what's new? " You got a zero!!" said Little Dragon. "Not exactly, Little Dragon, if I did, that would be obvisily terrifying. Useless!" she muttered to herself. " Wanna know what else I did at pwe-school?" asked Little Dragon. "I did a cwaft, and it was "Cow Jumding Over Da Moon" Anoder fact about da moon is dat it's made cov green cheese. And there's a really, really, really, really fat man there made cov pizza. I wanna poke his big, fat, belly!" explained Little Dragon. "Pretty bad explanation." Said Dragnita. "But me an' Ed did a new game! Slap the girls butts!"- Little Dragon was cut off by Dragnita. "Did you another word for butt is posterior?" asked Dragnita "I learned that from the synonym and antonyms dictionary." "I doesn't care." "Sorry, go on." "There was grasshoppers, ants, praying mantwis, and poop-e for lunch. They were cookies. Yum-Yum!" continued Little Dragon. " I like the poop-e best because it gross and freak Dragnita out." Said Little Dragon smiling. "How insulting!" yelled Dragnita. " Sometimes, Little Dragon, I think

like your being a pest.” “I doesn’t care.” “Sorry, go on.” “Well, we had naptime, and I don’t like naptime. It boring. So I told Mr. Hayfat that naptime is boring, ‘cause all you do is lay on a towel and go to sleep. But I wanna talk with Ed. So I went, “Ed, let’s play the hit the girls butts, then Fart, Fart.” Then the mean o’” Mr. Hayflack said we can’t talk. He a bad teacheo. Then I boldly went up to his desk, and I said- “Whoa, whoa, whoa, where did you learn the word *boldly*?” asked Dragnita. “I don’t know what it means.” Said Little Dragon. “ And I said, I hate naptime, why can’t I talk to Ed? Naptime should be not here!” “ That’s enough talking, Little Dragon,” said his Mama. “Let Dragnita tell about her school day a little too.” “Okay.” “Today we had a math test, and got an A, because there was this question and it said something like, 15 ducks are in a pond. 19 join. How many ducks are there now?”- “1, 247 ducks.” said Little Dragon (even labeling his answer) “Sorry, there’s 34 ducks, Little Dragon.” “Oh.” “I’ll put on Thomas the Tank Engine.” said Dragnita. Soon Dragnita had “Thomas the Tank Engine” on. Little Dragon soon got very involved in watching it. But I also

think he had a really, really, good time
explaining pre-school, don't you?

5 *Star Student*

Little Dragon was Star Student. That meant you got your body traced and everyone thought of complements and the teacher wrote them around your body. (which was traced) “Okay, Little Dragon,” said Mr. Hayflack “You can pick some friends to help me write complements.” “Ed!” “All right, he thought, the first one to say a complement.” “He is brilliant at spider-ing up doors.” Suggested Ed. “Yeeeeeeaaaaaahhhhhh!” said Little Dragon. “ Good compladrent!” “Excuse me young Dragons, but what is all the climbing up doors stuff?” asked Mr. Hayflack. “Well, at Ed’s house he had a little hallway by the door of his room and we put one claw up, then the other claw, then we did one hand on the door one hand on the wall, and on the other side our claw on the other side went up higher. Then I kept doing that and we went up higher, and higher, and higher, and higher till we were really close to the top of the roof and we went even higher, and then we actually touched the roof of Ed’s home!” said Little Dragon. “Huh, Ed?”

“Yeeaahh!” “Okay, I don’t think you should do that,” said Mr. Hayflack, “But anyway, I’ll write it down.” Mr. Hayflack wrote the sentence on the outline of Little Dragon’s body. “We got snack too.” Said Little Dragon. “Next dwagon is Liana.” “I hate him.” Suggested Liana. “How insu.....soap. . . . lemme figuwe out how to say this word. wait. . . . How *insultingly* wude!!!! Said Little Dragon. (Very proud of himself saying such a big word) “You mean!” said Little Dragon. “Liana,” said Mr. Hayflack. “Don’t say things like that.” “Yaw, but he’s so annoying sometimes.” Liana said. “I agree *sometimes*, but that’s not a good enough reason to write on the outline.” Liana just crossed her claws. “Sit in the chair for five minutes please, Liana.” Said Mr. Hayflack. Little Dragon had been there before. It had been really, really boring. Little Dragon stuck his tongue at Liana as she turned to the chair in the corner. “Oh yes Liana, and do please write 50 times in nice neat writing, I Will Not Say Mean Complements.” Mr. Hayflack said. So Liana did. Little Dragon continued with the complements. Fira.” Said Little Dragon. “He is always funny.” suggested Fira. “I am!” added Little Dragon. Mr. Hayflack

wrote it down. “Can I call a complement too?” asked Irra, who was Fira’s twin, and I suspect you already know that because the names rhyme. Fira looked at Irra. Irra looked at Fira. Then both of their eyes brightened up. “He is the best dragon we have ever knowed!” The dragons said together. “Girls the word is “knew” not “knowed” it is not the proper pronunciation.” Mr. Hayflack said. “Oh.” Said Fira and Irra. Soon Little Dragon’s outline of his body was filled with complements, and Little Dragon got the chance to pick friends to color the body with him. There were 3 friends to pick. “Ed, Fira, and Irra.” Those were the 3 friends he had chosen. Soon they were in “*color it*” heaven. “What color do you want your horns?” “A little lellowish.” “Do you want pants?” “Yeah.” “Do you want a shirt?” “Yeah.” “What color do you want your pants?” “I want jeans. I want them blue.” “What color do you want your shirt?” “Bright green.” “Should I color your scales turquoise like they really are?” “Yeah.” “Should I draw scales then color?” “No, just do turquoise please.” “Okay.” Pretty soon everyone was coloring. They were almost done when Mr. Hayflack called “You should be done by now!!”

“Can we just color his shoes?” “Yes.” “What color do you want your shoes?” “Orange.” They colored his shoes orange. Then only for the fun of it they put really, very, sloppy laces on his shoes in black. Little Dragon liked the laces because they were messy and he liked to make messes a lot. Mr. Hayflack was soon cutting the outline and words and then he taped the paper on the Star Student wall. “Do you like it Little Dragon?” asked Mr. Hayflack. “Yes,” he said. “A lot.” When the students got back to their seats, they all started to learn some math. Soon Little Dragon got very distracted, and he started to think about the future of school. I think I’m going to like pre-school, except they don’t give a very long recess, and they don’t have that many cookies, and . . .” As Little Dragon babbles on in his head this story ends, and Little Dragon really did have a really good time in pre-school.