

The Story of Flames



By Christina T

Once upon a time, a dragon lived in a castle. Flames he was called, and he was rose red and had emerald green eyes. He was very kind and everybody in the kingdom loved him. The king especially loved him because he lit up fireplaces in the castle and made the King and Queen warm and safe. He never used his fire in a bad way. But one person

did not like Flames. In fact, he hated him. It was the match-maker. Flames had ruined his business because of the fire he had been creating. Nobody

was buying his matches any more, because they could just go and ask Flames to do it for them. The match-maker wanted revenge...

So one night, using his matches, he crept out of his house and set fire to the castle! Then he escaped back to his house, chuckling to himself.

“Revenge is sweet...” he whispered to himself.

In the morning, he went back to the castle. It was in a terrible state. The walls were nothing more than



ashes.

“It was Flames! Kill Flames! Lock him up!” cried the match-maker. There was a shocked silence. Then somebody else shouted,

“ Lock him up before he hurts anyone!”

“Drive him away!”

“He can’t be trusted!”

“Kill Flames!”

“All right, all right!” shouted the King. “Flames has proven he cannot be trusted. A guard and I will drive him away into the forest. And then, match-maker, you will be rewarded for telling us before he hurt anyone.” With a sigh, he went off to the remains of the castle.

He could not drive Flames away! His lifelong friend had betrayed him though, almost demolished his whole kingdom! If he kept him here, though, who knew what he would do next...the King thought and thought and thought.



He had to do it. He simply had to.

It was done. He had driven Flames away to a forest. Wow, it was going to be hard without Flames.

A tear dropped silently from Flames's cheek. He did not know what he had done wrong, and now he was alone. Confused. Cold. Weak. Hungry. Abandoned. In a forest with no food or shelter. He wouldn't last a day out here.

That night, a knight came from a faraway land, and he saw Flames, helpless, abandoned.

"You've been sent to kill me, haven't you?" said Flames miserably.

"Nothing of the sort! And my name is Richard," cried Richard, very much surprised. "Whatever are you doing here?"

Flames sighed bitterly and told his tale.

"Oh my!" cried Richard when he had finished.

"Who do you think lit the fire, though?" Flames thought for a moment.

“The match-maker,” he moaned. “ He does not like me because I give everyone fire so nobody buys his matches.”

“Wait a minute!” said Richard. “ I saw a man lighting fire to a huge castle on my way here! It must have been him!”

“Really!? Well what are we waiting for? Let’s go and prove me right!” yelled Flames happily.

“Are you *sure* you saw the match-maker light fire to the castle, Sir Knight?” said the King slowly.

“The name’s Richard, Your Majesty, and I am *absolutely* sure,” said Richard confidently.

“Match-maker, *why did you lie?*” The King’s voice was dangerously soft.

“Well, I, er-” stuttered the match-maker.

“Guards, take him away!” thundered the King. When they were gone, the King turned to Flames and Richard and softly said, “It seems I have an apology to make. I am very sorry, Flames. And Richard, I gather you are a knight?”

“Well, actually I am a trainee.” said Richard, embarrassed.

“What!? Oh, I am most terribly sorry!” The King seized his sword from the wooden shelf and placed it over each of Richard’s shoulders in turn.

“I hereby pronounce you, Richard....?”

“Edward Jones. Richard Edward Jones,” explained Richard.

“Thank you, Mr Jones. I hereby pronounce you, Richard Edward Jones, as a knight, and now you will be known as Sir Richard!” exclaimed the King.

“Thank you ever so much, Your Majesty!” said Sir Richard. He had a broad grin on his face. The dragon puffed smoke from his nostrils to show he was very pleased too.

“I think we should all live as one happy family, and proudly rule this beautiful kingdom. Wouldn’t that be lovely?” said the King, and the others eagerly agreed. Everyone was happy, and at that moment, it seemed there was just nothing wrong.



**The
End**

Join Flames on an adventure you will never forget!

Flames the dragon lives in as much comfort a dragon could wish for. But what will happen when a mysterious match-maker wants revenge? Will Flames be able to put things right and have a happy life again?

Children's fiction by Christina T

