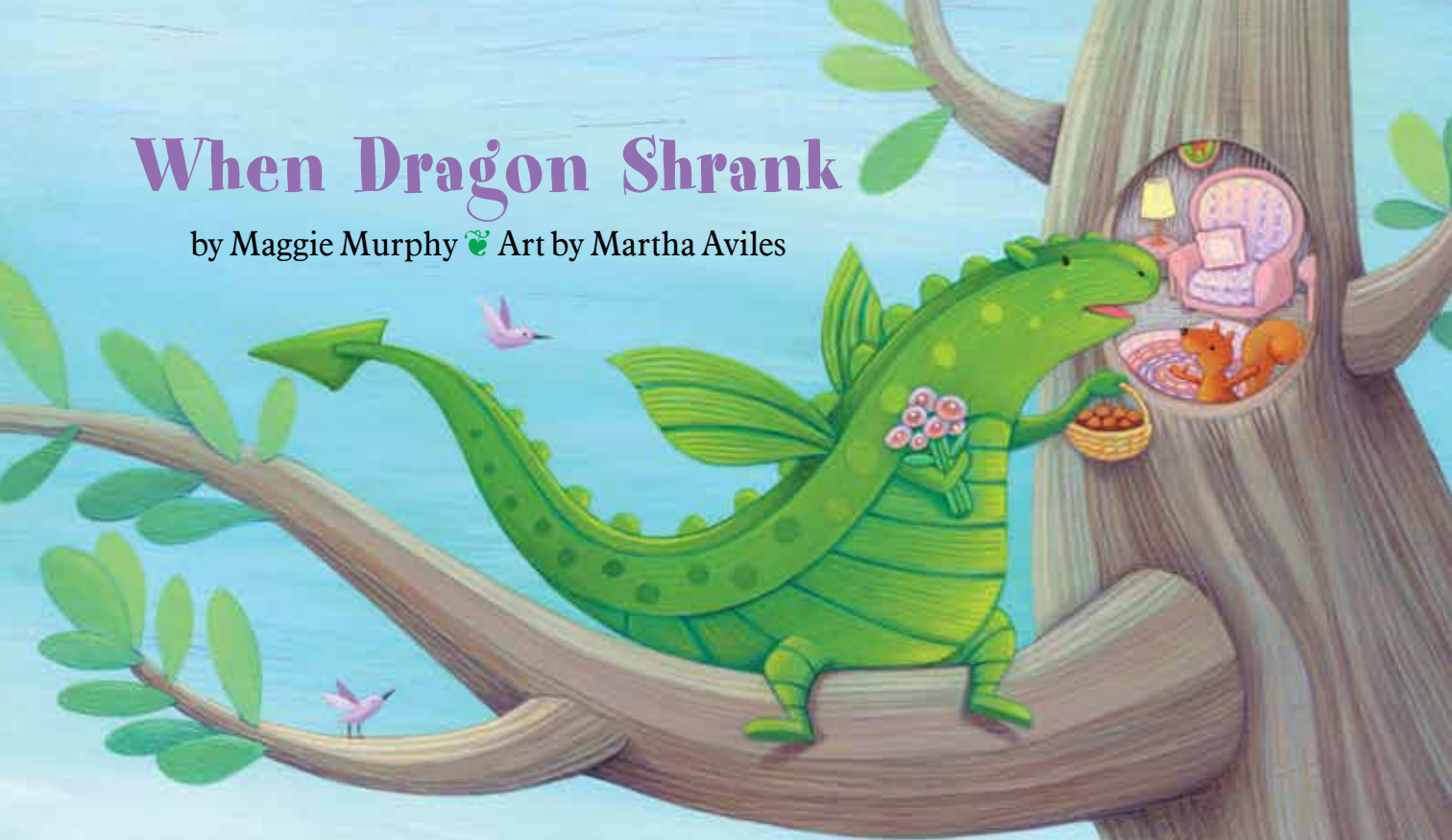


When Dragon Shrank

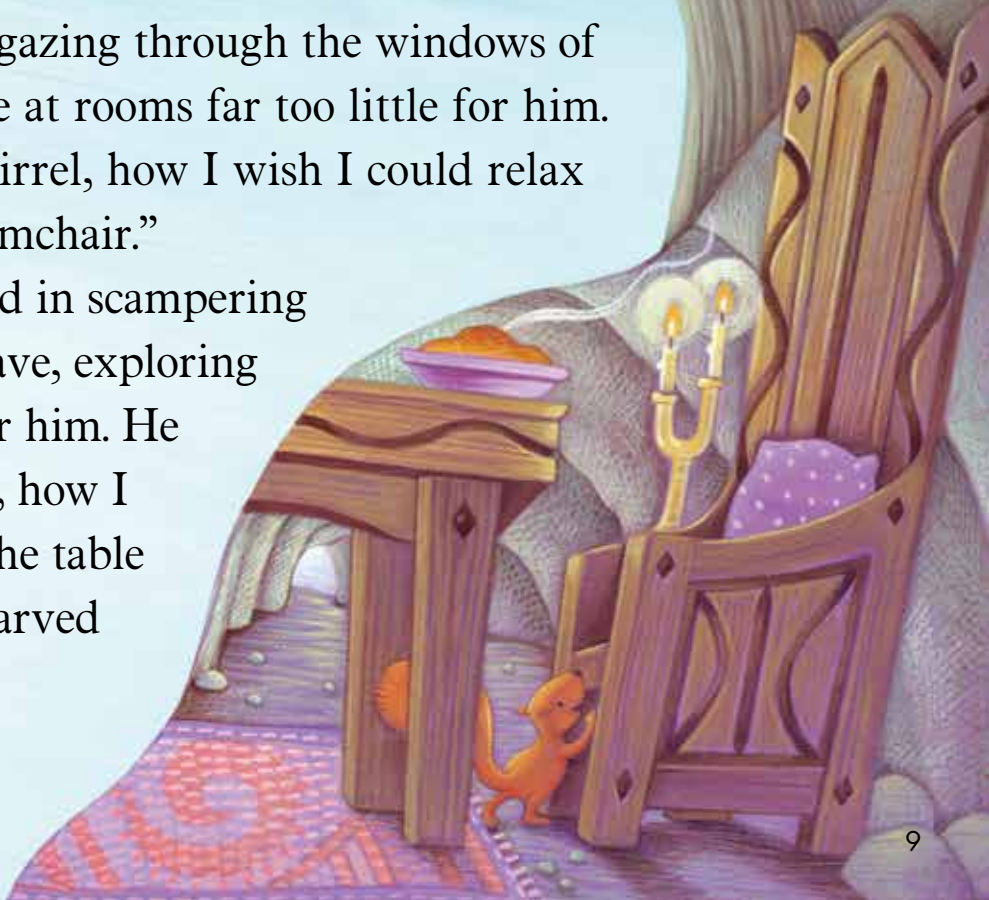
by Maggie Murphy 🐉 Art by Martha Aviles



Dragon and Red Squirrel were good friends. They visited each other often.

Dragon enjoyed gazing through the windows of Squirrel's tree house at rooms far too little for him. He would say, "Squirrel, how I wish I could relax in your squooshy armchair."

Squirrel delighted in scampering through Dragon's cave, exploring rooms far too big for him. He would say, "Dragon, how I wish I could reach the table when I sit in your carved Viking chair."

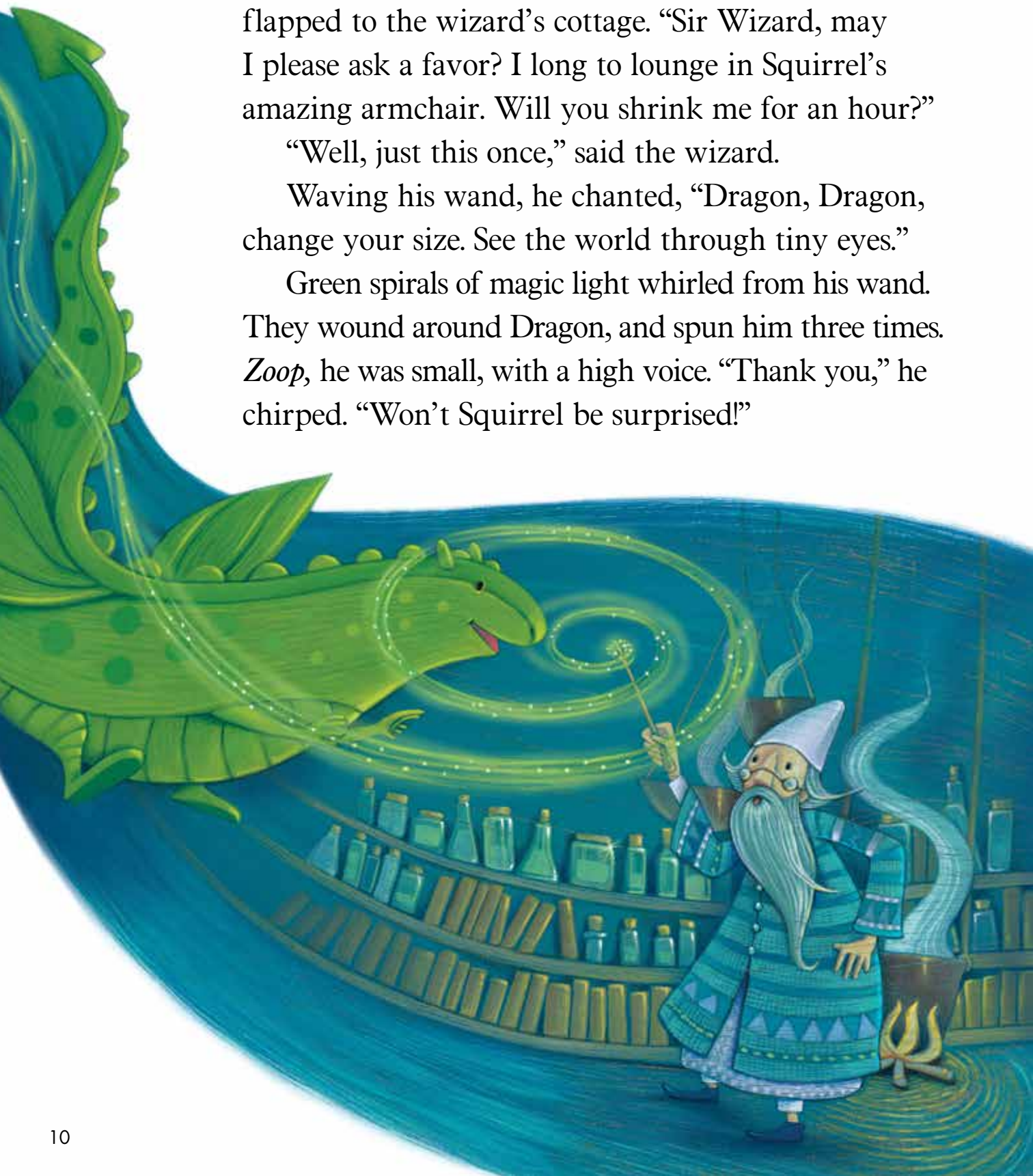


One morning, Dragon had an idea. Away he flapped to the wizard's cottage. "Sir Wizard, may I please ask a favor? I long to lounge in Squirrel's amazing armchair. Will you shrink me for an hour?"

"Well, just this once," said the wizard.

Waving his wand, he chanted, "Dragon, Dragon, change your size. See the world through tiny eyes."

Green spirals of magic light whirled from his wand. They wound around Dragon, and spun him three times. *Zoop*, he was small, with a high voice. "Thank you," he chirped. "Won't Squirrel be surprised!"



Meanwhile, Squirrel had an idea, too. He scurried off to the enchantress's castle. "Lady Enchantress, may I please ask a favor? I long to reach the table when I sit in Dragon's fantastic Viking chair. Will you make me big for an hour?"

"Well, just this once," said the enchantress.

Waving her wand, she sang, "Red Squirrel, Red Squirrel, change your size. See the world through giant eyes."

Blue spirals of magic light swirled from her wand. They curled around Squirrel, and twirled him three times. *Bloop*, he was big, with a low voice. "Thank you," he boomed.

"Won't Dragon be surprised!"

Grinning, Dragon zipped toward Squirrel's tree house.

Laughing, Squirrel clomped toward Dragon's cave.





Their paths crossed.

“Dragon, you’re teeny-tiny!”

“Squirrel, you’re enormous!”

Explaining everything took time. Suddenly, Dragon said, “Oops. Our enchantments end soon.”

“Quick! To the chairs!” cried Squirrel.

First they rushed to the tree house.

Sinking into the armchair, Dragon sighed. “This chair is soft as pudding,” he whispered, resting his light feet on a padded footstool. “I’m the most relaxed dragon in the world.”



Off they hurried to the cave.

With his back straight,
Squirrel sat tall in the Viking
chair. “This chair comes from
a Viking hall,” he bellowed,
planting his heavy feet on the
rocky floor. “I’m the boldest
squirrel in the world.”

A clock chimed. *Bloop.* Dragon
sprouted tall.

Tick-tick-tick. Zoop. Squirrel
shrank small.

“I’ll always remember being
big enough for your Viking
chair,” said Squirrel.

“I’ll always remember being
little enough for your armchair,”
said Dragon. “But chairs or no
chairs, I’m glad we’re friends.
Want to go on a picnic?”

“That sounds like fun!”

So Dragon and Squirrel
picnicked at the lake. A log
made a wonderful seat for
sitting side by side. 🐛

