

# Churchill the Dragon

Most people see Churchill as a little sausage dog trotting along the pavement. But they're wrong. He's actually a *dragon* (and my only friend). You may think he has floppy ears but they're his wings. You may think that it's a slobbery tongue licking you but that's a tongue of fire.

About a week ago , we were at the park.

"I want to pet that dog. He looks cute." Of course there was a girl who wanted to pet Churchill. This was bad. Churchill always flew away when strangers came to pat him. When the nine-year-old came over , she asked if she could pat Churchill.

"Erm, maybe not. He's a bit shy and may fly away." (Ugh. Why did I say that?)

"I never knew dogs could fly!" her eyes widened.

"I mean nip. I was just thinking about how much fun it would be if I could fly." I lied. The girl walked away woefully.

That evening, I took Churchill for a quick run. Guess who I saw?

The girl who wanted to pat Churchill!

"Are you new in the neighbourhood?" I asked.

"Yes."

"I'm Olympia. What is your name?"

"Nice name. I'm Annebelle. You can call me Annie for short."

When I got home I told Mum about my new friend. Over the holidays I played with Annie often and soon we became good friends. When school started, we were in the same class. My friend, Charlotte,

had left the school last year, so I'm thankful that I now have a new friend. We shared food, jokes and secrets. But there was one secret I never told her until...

One day, I said, "Annie, can you keep a secret?"

She nodded.

"Churchill is a dra-"

"I know," she said. "I'm a knight, I have come to SLAY HIM!" her voice echoed through the playground. No one seemed to notice. I was shocked. Partly because Annie was a knight and partly because she already knew that Churchill was a dragon. When I got home, I realised that we were going to have a playdate. When that day came, I was really nervous.

"Let's go upstairs," she said. When we got upstairs she slowly took out a knife and raised it. Of course I wasn't going to let Annie kill Churchill so I leapt in front of her and she missed me probably by a centimetre or two.

"I'm not a dragon," Churchill blurted out. "I'm a shapeshifting knight!" He shapeshifted into a puppy and hopped on my bed. If anyone found out that Churchill could shapeshift, he could turn into something that wasn't real and would freak everyone out. I was going to have to talk to Churchill and tell him to stay as a dog.

"I'm sorry I tried to kill churchill." Annie apologized. I would love to be your friend." I was really happy. Partly because Annie didn't kill Churchill and partly because she was still my friend.

## THE END