

THE ICE MELTS

By *Stella* (St Robert's Catholic Primary School, Harrogate)

Droogo roared. Max shrieked and skittered across the thick brown branch. Fire blew out of Droogo's scaly snout, singeing Max's tail. The dragon laughed – its flames flickered and died. Droogo's mischievous monkey friend leapt onto the dragon's shoulder and grinned like the Cheshire Cat.

"You're improving," Max said slyly. "Now we can cause some REAL trouble!"

Droogo blinked. The young dragon didn't want to cause trouble. All it wanted was to be a good dragon and do all the things other dragons could do: breathe fire, roar, fly – none of these came easy to Droogo. One day, a monkey (Max) had started helping Droogo. Max had different intentions though. The monkey just wanted to use Droogo to wreak havoc.

Although he knew it was wrong, Droogo hurtled after the scampering monkey ahead of it ...

As the unusual pair neared the town, Droogo's stomach flipped.

"Alright, here's the plan: I'll distract everyone around the ice-skating rink whilst you sneak in and melt all the ice." Max laughed hysterically. "They won't know what hit them!"

Droogo laughed too, exhilaration taking over the dragon's emotions.

As Droogo crept into the deserted ice-skating rink, it could hear Max's shouts echoing outside:

"FREE ICE-CREAM! GET IT BEFORE IT'S GONE!"

Droogo tiptoed to the edge of the ice. With a huff and a puff – the dragon blew hot air onto the ice. Slowly, the ice began to melt.

Droogo panicked; this wouldn't be fast enough! Droogo shot flames out of its nostrils, melting the ice faster than before. Water trickled around Droogo's feet, flooding the ice-skating rink.

In distress, Droogo ran around in the shallow water – screaming at the top of its voice. As it screamed, the dragon's flames grew, spreading higher, getting hotter until they hit the roof. Droogo looked up in horror as the ceiling glowed red with fire. The dragon's heart beat faster as it sprinted away from the fire and into the street.

Faces gawped at Droogo as the dragon emerged out of the smoke. Some people were angry, others were astonished or puzzled.

“What on earth have you done?” said a rather furious female dragon holding a bawling baby dragon on her hip.

Droogo gulped as it peered at the demolished ice-skating rink, which was now a mess of ash, dribbles of water and smoking planks of wood.

“I’m so sorry! This is all my fault. I shouldn’t have listened to Max!” Droogo cried.

“Don’t worry, dear. We forgive you. Mistakes happen!” said a kind old dragon, who passed Droogo a tissue to wipe its eyes with.

The furious lady dragon shifted her baby onto her other hip and her face softened.

“Don’t cry, love, you can always help us to build a new ice rink!”

Droogo looked at her gratefully. The young dragon had been forgiven!



THE HOT AIR BALLOON EMERGENCY

By *Finley* (St Ignatius Catholic Primary School, Ossett)

“Droogo, can you get me the fruit from that tree?” demanded Max.

The delicious and juicy fruit hung from a branch in the sky. Droogo flapped and flapped his scaly wings but nothing happened.

“I can’t fly,” said Droogo, with tears in his eyes.

“I’ll teach you,” Max said with a mischievous smirk on his face.

They ran off together to the Hot Air Balloon Lake. Hot air balloons lit up the sky - like paper lanterns. They slowly trudged up the hill which towered above this tranquil lake.

Suddenly the tiny monkey, Max pushed the terrified dragon off the edge bashing onto the hot air balloons with his sharp and pointed horn!

Pop! Pop! Pop!

Then suddenly Droogo started flying. Gliding around near the clouds, his tail brushed through the air.

“I can fly, I can fly!” he screamed, but then he looked behind him!

All the balloons and the dragons and animals were now floating in the water with angry faces and steam bursting from their eyes.

“Oh no,” said Droogo.

“Oh yes,” said Max.

Droogo quickly swooped down and grasped the panicking dragons.

Once the dragons were safe and sound, the teacher Mrs Snort approached them.

“I’m very disappointed,” she said. “Can you please do something to make it up to these poor, poor children?”

Miss Glitch was in the background shaking her head upsettingly. Droogo had an idea.

Immediately, Droogo was flying over the lake with the giggling children on its back. The two teachers beamed with joy and happiness. Droogo got a gold star for good luck and then flew off back to its classroom.

The monkey had got no blame when it was the one who started this whole mess. Droogo was not happy at all!

“I always get the blame!” said Droogo disgruntledly.

MAX AND DROOGO: THE DEVIOS DUO AND THE SWEET TREATS

By **Zara** (Christ the King Catholic Primary School, Leeds)

Max, the most mischievous monkey, loves tricking people and receiving whatever he desires. Max is so clever. Max is able to outsmart almost anyone.

As Max peered out onto the training yard, the sound of sobbing filled the monkey's ears. A young, isolated dragon was sitting in a pool of its own crystal-clear tears. Max's brain started to turn. What trouble could be caused with a dragon of his very own?

Droogo, the miserable dragon, knew it'd never be as brave as every other dragon and it needed help. Every other dragon teased and taunted Droogo. They called Droogo names: Rubbish, baby, weak....

Max's plan was finally clear. The monkey would make Droogo its assistant so the dragon'd be able to get Max whatever Max desired.



"Droogo, Droogo!" whispered Max, whilst the monkey hung from a large kapok tree above.

Droogo looked in every direction. Eventually he spotted Max.

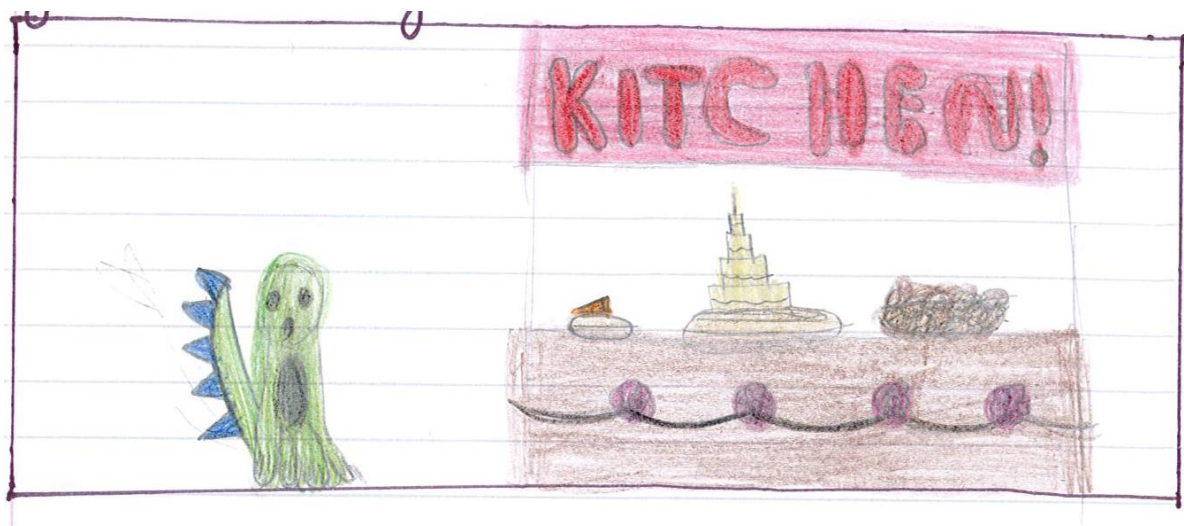
"If you come with me, you will be the bravest dragon ever!" tricked Max. Jumping with joy, Droogo agreed – it was desperate to be a brave dragon.

Max told Droogo to steal some sweet treats from the dragon school kitchen. The chef was out buying supplies; the dragons were noisily playing with their scorching fire. The coast was clear. Everyone was busy. It was time to put Max's plan into action...

Sneakily, Droogo tiptoed into the school kitchen and grabbed all the treats it could carry – the young dragon even carried them in its mouth. With cheeks as big as boulders, Droogo sprinted out of the school.

They both started to eat the treats but a voice inside Droogo's head told it a golden rule: DON'T STEAL!

Droogo dashed to the school to apologise. The chef forgave Droogo and Droogo was thankful. Droogo did the right thing in the end.



"Why did you apologise?" asked Max.

"It's wrong to steal," responded Droogo.

Droogo told Max, "You wouldn't like it if someone stole from you, so don't do it to other people."

Max apologised, reluctantly, and knew it was time to change.

Max climbed up an acacia tree and swung from the army-green vines, never to be seen at the dragon training school again.

Sorrowfully, Droogo went back to the dragon school and apologised to all the dragons and baked them chocolate chip cookies. Droogo knew that to become braver, it'd have to do the right thing and try hard because this timid dragon wanted to become the courageous dragon that it knew it could be.

DROOGO SAVES THE SCHOOL

By *Ariana* (St Paulinus Catholic Primary School, Dewsbury)

"Well hello dragon!" Max said. But Droogo paid no attention and kept on weeping.

"I'm no good for this school!" Droogo cried.

"Well not to worry because Mar... No, Monk... No, Mischievous Max is here," Max exclaimed.

"Dippy, dreary, drippy Droogo!" the other fierce dragons laughed.

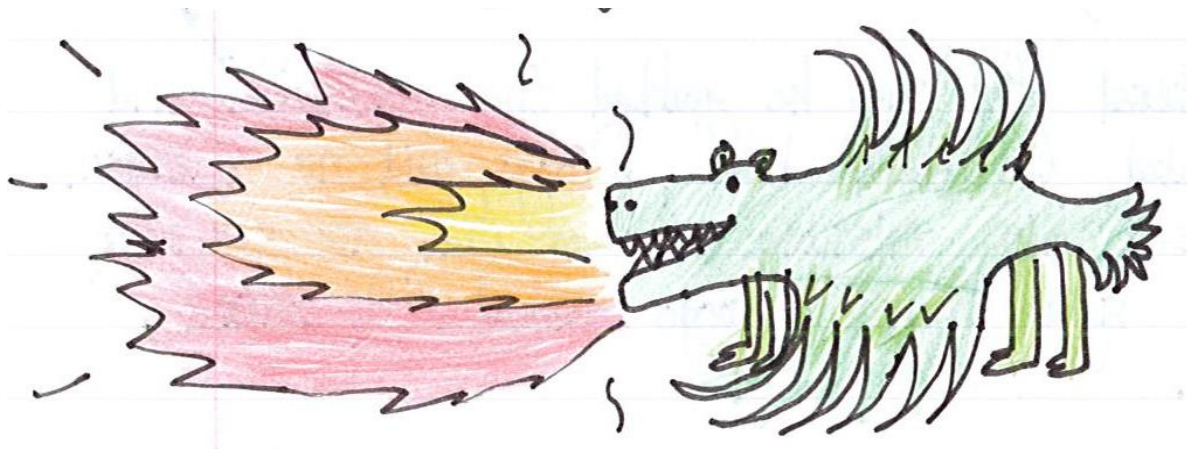
"Droogo, I could train you so you can be fierce and popular, but mostly mischievous!" Max exclaimed.

"Umm...mischievous?"

"No, no, no - just to be popular!" Max said.

"I'm in!" Droogo shouted and the bell rang for Fire Breathing class.

When Droogo entered, Miss Drakota (the class teacher) explained to the class how to breathe fire. Immediately, Rayon (another student in the class) took one deep breath and ... a whole tornado of fire came out.



It was Droogo's turn. So one deep breath and ... green, slimy snot came out of Droogo's nose!

"Drippy Droogo!" the other dragons taunted.

DING! It was time for Scales class.

As Droogo entered Mr Droshua (the Scales teacher) began checking everyone's scales...

"Droogo, why don't you have any scales?" Mr Droshua asked.

"I'm so sorry," said Droogo.

It was at that moment he got expelled! "Go out, you are expelled!"

As Droogo heard those words, tears like rock poured down the young dragon's face ... **BANG!** The tears broke the floor. When Droogo exited the school, only two thirds of it was left!

"I have an idea that we could ... burn the school down!" Max said.

"Yeh!" Droogo agreed.

Max said "I need you to steal matchsticks!"

Droogo entered the shop, grabbed the matchsticks and ran.

"Hey!" shouted the clerk but Droogo paid no attention.

But Droogo was having second thoughts.

"Umm... Max, are you sure I'm doing the right thing?" Droogo asked.

"Of course," Max replied.

Droogo practised and practised. At last fire came from Droogo's nostrils! So Max and Droogo went to the school, lit the matchsticks and blew the fire. As the flames expanded a mischievous smile appeared on Max's face.

"Fire! Evacuate the building!" shouted Mr Droshua but Droogo realised their wrong doing and luckily he found an ice bucket and threw it onto the fire.

SPLASH!

"Droogo what are you doing?" Max shouted.

"You were the one who caused all this and I should've known. I don't care if I don't have friends, at least I saved the school!" Droogo exclaimed.

"Droogo you saved the school and you've grown scales!" Mr Droshua said.

"Well done." Miss Drakota thanked Droogo. "You are our hero of Dragon High Fly School!"

"I'm so sorry for not doing well in class and for causing mischief" Droogo whispered but both teachers were only bothered about saving the school.

"I'm sorry Droogo, I promise I won't be naughty again," Max said.

"It's okay, Max," said Droogo. Then Max ran back home... but threw a banana skin on the floor!

"Hero! Hero! Hero!" everyone chanted and Droogo became their hero.

DRAGON SCHOOL IN FLAMES

By *Charleen* (St Joseph's Catholic Primary School, Harrogate)

Max skips over to the sad dragon.

"Are you ok?" Max asked.

The dragon sobbed, "I want to be alone!"

Max realised that convincing Droogo was going to be hard.

"There's no need to cry. What's your name?" Max questioned.

"D-Droogo, the dragon stuttered.

"Ok, why are you crying?" asked Max.

"Because the other dragons call me names! They say I'm droopy!" Droogo whimpered.

"Well Droogo, what if I told you I could make you the most dastardly dragon ever!" Max exclaimed.

Droogo replied "How will you do that?"

"By causing lots of mischief!" Max cheered.

Droogo lifted Max up and yelled "Hooray!"

"We need to train you first," Max stated.

"I know the perfect place!" Droogo smiled. Then they flew to Droogo's special destination.

When they had arrived, Max spotted many things: bright colours, lots of trees and pretty flowers.

"Welcome to dragon forest!" boomed Droogo.

"Hmm... I guess this'll have to do," Max said. "Let's practise your fire ability."

Droogo then stood up, let out a big breath and... Nothing! Droogo then let out a bigger breath and... Nothing!

Max frowned. How could mischief be caused if this powerful dragon wasn't powerful?

"What are you doing?" Max roared.

Droogo sobbed.

"Aw, don't cry. Maybe there's another way to get your fire breath," Max reassured the young dragon.

Then Max had an idea. Max picked up a feather, climbed up to Droogo's nose and, "HAH-CHOO!" A spiral of fire came flying out of Droogo's nostrils!

"Yay! Now what?" shouted Droogo confused.

"Let's set Dragon School on fire!" Max replied.

Droogo frowned “Are you sure?”

“Oh I’m sure! It’s the most mischievous way to show what a dastardly dragon you’ve become!” Max explained.

“If you say so,” Droogo whimpered.

They flew back to the dragon school. Max tickled Droogo’s nose with the feather and, “HAH-CHOO!” The school had burst into flames! Fortunately, the other dragons escaped before anyone was injured.

“We did it! I’m the most mischievous monkey ever!” Max celebrated. Droogo didn’t celebrate – and didn’t smile either.

“I’m sorry for what I’ve done,” thought Droogo with regret.

Whilst Max wasn’t looking, Droogo flew away sulking. Then Droogo realised something. “I could ask the dragons for help.” Therefore, Droogo went to get help from the other dragons. They were all perched on a mountain.

“Our school’s on fire!” one cried.

“What will we do?” another screamed.

“I need your help!” Droogo shouted.

All the other dragons laughed.

“Why would we help a droopy dragon like you?”

Droogo stood up. “Now, I may not be the most fearsome, or strong of dragons but I know what’s right. So let’s get our school back!”

“Yeah!” they replied.

And so, all the dragons took buckets of water and slowly, but surely, put out the fire. Max was angry. “What are you doing?”

“Well Max, it was nice to be a fearsome dragon, but being a hero was better!” Droogo replied.

Max bowed and had a think.

“I am a bit sorry for what I’ve done,” Max said. However, it didn’t stop Max from causing mischief completely!

THE COLD TEMPERED DRAGON

By *Emanuela* (St Joseph's Catholic Primary School, Bradford)

Beneath the lustrous sun of the streets, marched Max the mischievous monkey in search of a dragon to help cause some mischief. After hours of unsuccessful searching, the monkey came across a school for dragons. At once, Max was illuminated with delight, and entered the school with no looking back ...

Sorrow filled the monkey's heart when Max realised the dragons were way too vicious.

But, at the corner of the school, sat a miniature sized dragon, a puddle beneath its enormous feet. It seemed it had been crying uncontrollably for its eyes were red. A troublesome grin spread across the monkey's face, as Max thought of all the mischief a monkey could get up to with a dragon. The monkey went over to talk to the dragon.

"What is wrong, you look...sad?!" Max gobbled, acting appalled.

"I-I'm so s-silly and c-clumsy. My p-peers nickname me names, because I-I fail every single training lesson and I'm clumsy," sobbed the dragon whose name was Droogo, a waterfall of tears drizzling from its creased skin.

"Fear not, for Mischievous Max is here to make your day!" Max responded, trying to hide disgust.

"Oh thank you!" Droogo said favourably. "But... I wondered if you could like ... help me get better at dragon training."

"Sure. That's what friends are for. Let's go. There's no time to waste," answered the mischievous monkey, enchanted the plan was going the right way.

So off they went to an immense park with bright emerald-green grass, which twinkled beneath the sun like polished stars. The blossom on the trees was rosy and full of life – though the park was uninhabited. The birds' harmonious melodies accompanied the muteness in the place.

Out of the silence the monkey called out, "Here, whatever your name is, let's train."

Droogo gave a squeal of delight.

"So first, I'm going to show you how to control your wings. Bend your knees and spin as wildly as possible. Ready, steady, go!" commanded the monkey with a twinkle of the eye.

The dragon spun, so hastily it was unable to halt.

Looking up, Max smirked as Droogo pleaded for help. At that instant, the dragon spun so rapidly it abruptly tumbled down a bucket of icy water. Screeching with laughter, Max sniggered, "Icy water makes dragons cold-tempered."

However, the dragon didn't find this amusing, for Droogo's fiery-red skin was now pale white. Max's face went blank with confusion.

"You must be happy now!" yelled the dragon furiously, heavy tears trickling down from its yellow eyes. "I'm a plain dragon, okay. I colour myself red so dragons don't laugh at me!" admitted Droogo heartbroken.

A heavy rush of regret and shame came upon Max.

"S-sorry, Droogo. I didn't mean this to happen!" Max's eyes filled with tears. Max quickly wiped them away.

"Are you crying?" asked Droogo, its anger fading away.

"NO! I-It's just the ... hayfever!"

Droogo smiled sympathetically.

Beneath the lustrous sun of the streets, marched Max the compassionate monkey, and beside Max was Droogo the dragon.

"Friends?" asked Droogo.

"Friends," said Max reassuringly.

OUT OF CONTROL

By *Emily* (St Robert's Catholic Primary School, Harrogate)

Dragon school was over. It had been a long day for Droogo – a very clumsy dragon. Droogo couldn't breathe fire, frighten away beasts or fly through the clouds. Droogo was hopeless at everything.

Despite the fact the young dragon had had a terrible day, Droogo couldn't help but smile on seeing Max swinging from branch to branch. Max – a very mischievous monkey – had been helping Droogo with dragon training – tonight's lesson was on flying.

When they finally found a quiet area in the park, Droogo began to feel nervous. Last time the dragon had tried to fly Droogo had crashed into a tree within ten seconds!

"Ok, fly around the park three times," demanded Max.

Droogo looked at Max in disbelief.

"How can I ever do that? Anyway, I'll give it a try."

To the young dragon's amazement, Droogo, despite being covered in cuts and bruises, managed to fly three times around.

"Now," said Max, "do the same again but carry that child on your back."

Max pointed to a small girl (no more than three years old) playing on a slide.

After some persuading, Droogo strolled over to the girl. Droogo knew her: she played in the park almost every day – her name was Ava.

As the dragon walked closer to her, Droogo noticed that she was frightened. Grinning at her reassuringly, Droogo picked her up with its tiny arms and dropped her gently on its back. As Droogo took to the skies, Ava squealed in delight. Droogo swooped left. Droogo swooped right. Droogo soared in and out of the trees and up to the clouds. The young dragon was loving it!

Feeling the need to show off, Droogo took a deep breath in and blew out as hard as it could. To the dragon's amazement, a cloud of fire erupted in front of it. Startled by the fire, Ava screamed for help.

"Mummy! Mummy!" she cried – terrified. "Fire!"

Also shocked by the fire, Droogo began to lose control. The young dragon forgot how to turn and almost hit a tree before crash landing in a small lake. **SPLASH!**

“Ha! Ha! Ha!” Max giggled: jumping from one foot to the other. “That looked awesome!”

“I know! I actually managed to breathe fire!” Droogo said happily.

However, when the dragon turned round its emotions changed; Ava was dripping wet, in her mum’s arms, crying. The dragon immediately knew that it had done wrong. Droogo walked mournfully towards the girl and her mum.

When they spotted the dragon, they began to back away but it interrupted them.

“I’m sorry,” Droogo confessed. “I didn’t mean to upset you. I thought it would be fun – but I was wrong.”

Ava’s mum sighed. “I forgive you.” She looked Droogo in the eye. “But you must promise never to do it again.”

“I promise” Droogo said sorrowfully. “I would like to make a new start; I was wondering if Ava would like to come and play with Max and I – just in the playground.”

“Yes!” cried Ava enthusiastically as she ran over to the playground gates joyfully.



MAX AND DROOGO'S REGRET

By *Isabella* (Christ the King Catholic Primary School, Leeds)

Backstory

It was a bright sunny day and Max was getting extremely bored, since he was all alone. Max stumbled upon a dragon school. Eyes filled with awe, Max thought that if he found a tame dragon then he could make so much mischief with it. Max heard sobbing, so he looked around and saw a weeping dragon in the corner. The dragon's name was Droogo. Confidently, Max marched up to Droogo and yelled, "Young dragon, do not fear! I will help you train!"

A year later ...

Droogo was training to become a better dragon.

"This is so boring," complained Max.

"Well what do you wanna do?" questioned Droogo.

"Hmm... I know!" Max replied.

Soon, they arrived at the water pool. A beautiful, blue bird was dipping her gorgeous ocean blue feathers in the cobalt water.

"Droogo, go push that girl in the water!" exclaimed Max.

"Okay ..." replied Droogo.

Droogo hesitated to walk over to her.

"Go on then!!!" Max whispered aggressively.

Droogo approached the bird stealthily (like a fox). One hand reached out.

SPLASH!

She fell in the water. Max burst out with cackles. Droogo then chuckled a bit too.

Little did they know, the poor bird couldn't swim. Two lengthy minutes later, the bird wouldn't rise to the surface. Without thinking about it, Droogo dived into the water. Max was filled with confusion. Droogo returned to the surface shortly after, with the same bird in its hands.

The bird was unconscious. Worries filled Droogo's head as the dragon realised that it was wrong to push her in the water.

Droogo confronted Max and explained, "We shouldn't have done that, Max. We could've really hurt her!"

Of course, Max disagreed.

The sound of a gentle cough startled them. Rapidly, they turned their heads to see that the bird was awake.

"Are you okay? I'm sorry for pushing you in the water earlier" Droogo apologised.

"It's okay. My name is Freya," she introduced herself.

Max could now see what a terrible idea it was.

"I'm Droogo, and this is Max," replied Droogo.

"What can we do in return?" Max interrupted.

"Well...could you help me swim?" Freya asked.

They all became friends and the monkey learnt from his mistake. Max also doesn't play tricks anymore.

MAX AND DROOGO: DREAMING AND LONGING AND WONDERING

By *Jessica* (St Robert's Catholic Primary School, Harrogate)

"I dare you!" sneered Max, the monkey's patience already wearing thin. "Or are you a coward? You're such a wimp, y'know."

Cheeks burning, breathing unsteadily, Droogo answered, "I'm not. Shut up Max..." Trailing off, the dragon muttered feebly, "Why do you always call me that?"

Rolling his eyes, Max scoffed, "All I'm asking you to do is take an apple from that shop over there. It's easy – get over it."

"B-but..." whimpered Droogo.

"Oh yeah!" continued Max. "You also have to eat it. Good luck wimp."

Eyes drooping with sadness, Droogo watched as Max swaggered away.

"I'm not a wimp," Droogo repeated to itself. "I'm not, I'm NOT..."

But in its own voice, Droogo'd heard a doubt – what if Max was right? Was Droogo a wimp? The thought grew in the dragon's mind, until finally it burst - "I'll do it!" Droogo cried out.

Max turned around, a smirk on his triumphant lips.

"I knew you'd make the right choice, Droogo. This is why we're friends."

A strange look appeared in Max's eyes.

"The shop closes in an hour – I'll be waiting..."

Droogo smiled weakly.

"Yup. I'll be right back."

Droogo walked into the shop, anxious and afraid, whilst wondering what it was going to do – especially with Max's sharp eyes following its every move... Taking a deep breath, Droogo turned around and bumped into the shopkeeper (a giant).

"Watch where you're going lad," the giant winked.

Nodding nervously, Droogo walked, until it knew that beside it were some apples – the dragon'd been in this store many times to know. Glancing left and right, Droogo picked up a shiny red apple – maybe it'd have time to put it back? Tiptoeing quietly and carefully, Droogo crept out of the door...

The apple lay in the dragon's mouth tasting fiery and sour; bitter and sharp. Was this sadness? Was this fear? Was this guilt? Droogo felt a mixture of feelings –

this was the first time the dragon had shoplifted before. Clenching and unclenching his claws, Droogo started to feel regret. Why? It hadn't been the one suggesting to do this. Warm tears started to dance down its face.

"I have shoplifted for the first time," Droogo looked up at the sky, the sun and the clouds, "and I'm sorry."

Closing its eyes, the dragon took a deep breath: its eyes relaxed, its wings relaxed, its tail relaxed.

Down below, Max hid in the trees whilst looking up at Droogo, who was up in the sky, wings beating with passion. Max's tail curled around himself, he hugged his knees tightly. How Max wished he could fly in the sky: wings flapping freely with no care in the world, the wind against its face, cool fresh air being breathed – but Max was a monkey ...

Max sat on the branches thoughtfully. Maybe they could do something together – something fun and thoughtful and kind?

They both started to dream – dreaming and longing and wondering ...

CREATING HAVOC

By *Nevin* (Sacred Heart Catholic Primary School, Leeds)

“Now, do you remember the plan?” asked Max.

“Yeah. Knock over the ice cream van,” Droogo replied. “But what if I’m too weak and I can’t knock it over?”

“If you think about failing, you probably will. Just keep your eye on the prize,” Max said, a grin spreading across the monkey’s face.

Droogo ran to a bush, metres behind the van, the dragon revising the plan in its head as it waited for the van’s driver to leave before knocking the van over.

Then, Droogo flew to the meeting point. Well, Droogo would have if it was looking where it was going. Droogo flew head first into a tree, knocking it down and nearly destroying their camp, missing it by centimetres.

“Woah, that was close!” Droogo shouted before crashing into another tree which it didn’t miss.

“Next time, look where you’re going!” shouted a slightly irritated Max, as the monkey crossed out ‘Camp #50’ from a list.

“What’s that?” Droogo shouted, for it had never seen the list before.

“Don’t worry about it,” Max said as Droogo landed next to the monkey with a thud.

Max had been with Droogo for nearly 6 months but the dragon’s clumsiness still annoyed Max.

“So,” Droogo said, “when’s lunch?”

“Soon,” Max said as he picked up what was left of his bananas.

Max and Droogo, also known as the ‘Devious Duo’, have been wreaking havoc across The Wild Lands since they met. Their names spread across the jungle. This was news to them and they were filled with joy until they found out there was a bounty for them. Now, they are trying to keep the destruction minimum.

“We need to get moving Droogo,” said Max.

“Yeah, let’s go.”

Then, Droogo and Max went to a fun fair a few miles from where they just were.

“Droogo, do your thing,” said Max.

“What thing?” Droogo asked.

“The... thing,” said Max, noticing the crowd starting to form around them.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about Ma-...”

“Just do it!” Max shouts as the crowd notice who they are.

Then, before they realised, Droogo let out an ear-piercing roar that shook the building. The two laid on the floor, roaring with laughter as everyone ran away.

They were oblivious to the dark figures approaching them.

“Droogo and Max,” said a mysterious voice, “what do you have to say to these people.”

Meanwhile, a crowd of unhappy people and children emerged from the shadows.

“Who are you?” said Droogo, shaking with fear.

“I can’t tell you.”

“I’m sorry guys,” said Droogo to the crowd. Max is too. Just leave us alone.”

“Yea,” said Max. “We will start a new life, no more trouble.”

“You are forgiven.”

Then the dark figures disappeared. So the devious duo went on to live and help out in the community.

All was well, until new trouble arrived - a new bigger, meaner and more ruthless threat ...

MAX AND DROOGO'S LESSON LEARNT

By *Phoebe and Daisy* (St Ignatius Catholic Primary School, Ossett)

Every city has a town. Every town has a park. Every park has monkey bars. And the monkey bars were Max's favourite. Max is a monkey with his little bow tie, who likes getting into mischief. He has a friend called Droogo, who is his sidekick in training. They always get into mischief together, really wicked mischief mayhem.

Max and Droogo were at the park playing together, exploring the muddy fields. They had seen the monkey bars and had raced straight towards them, like a pack of hungry wolves. Max jumped up and held a tight grip. The monkey flung its legs around the monkey bars and realised that it was stuck.

Droogo was in shock and didn't know what to do (because Droogo is a dragon). Max told Droogo to burn the monkey bars down but Droogo didn't know how to. Max taught the dragon how to blow fire from its nostrils, while he (Max) was still on the monkey bars, and Droogo blew them down with its burning flames.

"Droogo! Run! Someone is going to tell the police," shouted Max.

Max and Droogo ran into the woods and climbed up a tree, but Droogo couldn't climb. Droogo tried its hardest to climb up a tree, but the dragon's weight kept on pulling it down.

"Come on Droogo. Hurry up," Max shouted from the top of the tree.

"I can't, I've never learnt," replied Droogo.

The police came chasing after Droogo and the dragon got caught. They drove off with Droogo sat in the back of the car. Max ran after the car trying to save his best friend.

When Droogo arrived at the police station, the gates closed behind them. Max was unable to see the police car which worried the monkey. Max was mortified that he couldn't get in to save Droogo - or could he?

Max realised that there was an open gate around the back, so he managed to find his way in. There was a police officer guarding Droogo's cell, keeping a beady eye on everyone who walked past. Max had to find a way to get Droogo out.

For the first time ever, Max thought of something that wasn't mischievous. He went and told the police officer that it was himself, Max, who told Droogo to burn the monkey bars down. The police officer opened Droogo's cell and set Droogo free.

But the police officer grabbed hold of Max's arm and threw the monkey into the cell. Max looked up at the police officer.

Then the officer said, "Well, you have been honest and that's all we needed, so you can go as well. But you must promise me, NO MORE MISCHIEF!"

Both Max and Droogo promised not to get into any more mischief.

From then on, Max behaved and got into no more mischief. Max and Droogo still remained best friends, and did everything together, and the police officer was still doing his job, including keeping his beady eye on the monkey and the dragon. And although they didn't get into mischief, they still had fun.

FLOAT ON FIRE

By *Wiktor* (English Martyrs Catholic Primary School, Wakefield)

One hot, summer's morning, Max, the mischievous monkey, was planning to set off on a mission to get onto the tallest mountain in the city but how could he possibly do this? Max couldn't walk up it: the mountain was too steep. Max couldn't get an aeroplane: none of them went near the mountain. Max desperately wanted to cause mischief there.

Suddenly, Max had an ingenious idea. "What if I could fly there instead," the monkey thought to himself.

The next day, Max went to the dragon school and he found a small dragon sitting alone. Pools of water were flowing down its face, from its eyes. Max befriended the dragon and soon learnt it was called Droogo and that the other young dragons teased Droogo because it couldn't fly or breathe fire. Max decided that he would have to teach Droogo how to breathe fire. After all, fire could cause a lot of mayhem.

Max soon gave up on the idea of going to the tallest mountain and decided that using fire to be mischievous would be much better.

By the next week, Max had taught Droogo how to breathe fire. Max loved getting Droogo to do mischievous things and soon Max had planned for Droogo to set a little boy's float on fire. The boy looked around seven years old and was looking forward to paddling in his pool on his float. Max kept encouraging Droogo to do it and eventually Droogo set the float on fire. When Droogo did this, the little boy started to cry.

Droogo and Max felt sorry for the boy and they decided to buy him an ice pop and a new float. Then they apologised to the boy and gave him their gifts. After this, they played with him. Droogo now had got his first two friends but the most important thing was that Max and Droogo learnt their lesson.

