



I Am Not a Dragon!

by Jessica Nelson

I came across a dragon fast asleep upon a twig.
(Least I thought he was a dragon, though he wasn't very big).
His coat was olive green above and fiery red below.

I said,
'Good morning, little dragon.
Pleased to meet you, little dragon.
Are you friendly, little dragon?'
But the dragon answered,
'NO!'

It isn't very often that a dragon comes my way,
So I asked him what his name was and invited him to play.
I felt sure he was a dragon, though most of them are higher,

But he said,
'No, I'm not a dragon.
I'm not a little dragon,
I'm nothing like a dragon,
Can't you see I don't breathe fire?'

The beastie eyed me sideways and click-clicked his sticky tongue.
His flicky tail and spiky prickles caught the morning sun.
He looked just like a dragon, though he wasn't very tall.

I said,
'I hoped you were a dragon,
Are you sure you're not a dragon?'
He said,
'I'm not a dreadful dragon,
Can't you see I'm much too small?'

'I don't live in a cave but at the bottom of a pool,
Buried deep in sludgy mud, where the water's dark and cool;
A place where dragons don't exist and everybody swims.

So I'm not a little dragon,
No, I'm really not a dragon,
I'm not a flying dragon,
Can't you see I don't have wings?'

The beastie gulped and raised his head, puffed out his tiny chest,
Showing off the chocolate spots across his blazing breast.
He certainly looked handsome in his sleek and shiny suit,

But he said,
'I'm not a little dragon,
No, I'm really not a dragon,
I am not a little dragon,

I'm a GREATER CRESTED NEWT!'

