



Sam knew he was in trouble. George was waking up, first smacking his mouth, then opening one eye and then the next. Then he sat up as much as he could, having much the same reaction that Sam's parents did.

"Mom, I asked you if I could have a dragon. His name is George and he won't be a problem. I will take care of him, and he doesn't need to be paper-trained. And all he eats is salad," Sam told them.

Sam's parents looked at each other at the mention of salad.

George was a little frightened. Sam held his front paw to help him calm down.

Sam's father took off his glasses to clean them, just to make sure he was not seeing things. Placing them back on his face, he scratched his head in amazement.

"Samuel, where in the world did you find a dragon? What do you think you are going to do with him?"

"But, Dad," Sam pleaded. "I found him wandering in the cow field next to my school. He was eating some hay from the stack. He didn't look like he belonged to anyone so I brought him home."

Mom fainted.

"What are you going to do with him when we go to the company picnic on Saturday? You had better think of something. We don't have room to keep a dragon," Dad said.

George knew that tone of voice. He'd heard it before at the house he had to leave behind when the people made him go. A large dragon tear rolled down George's green cheek. He hoped he wouldn't have to go. George liked Sam and George liked the cellar, it felt comfortable to him and he wished he would

be able to stay. This was the best home he ever had. Sam was sad, too. He had to figure out what to do with George so his parents would let him stay.

The next morning, Sam got up early to feed George.

"Good morning, big fella. Here's some breakfast. More salad?"

Sam watched as George ate his breakfast and finished what was left of last night's greens.

"George, I have to go to school now. I will be back in a few hours. You will be okay in the cellar. You have to be quiet and don't let Mom hear you. Maybe she'll think you were a dream and forget about last night, at least until I get home." Sam crossed his fingers and walked George back into the cellar to his comfy corner, gave him a big hug and went to get ready for school.

Sam came clomping down the stairs with his backpack in tow. Mom, Dad and Emily were at the table already eating breakfast.

"I had the strangest dream last night. It seemed so real," Dad said.

Mom replied, "Yeah, so did I."

Sam didn't say anything. He pretended as if he didn't hear a word they said.

"Dad, would you drive me to school today?" Sam asked. "I have a bunch of heavy books from homework."

Drinking a last sip of coffee, Dad said, "Sure, Son. Let me get my briefcase."

Mom went about her morning routine, taking care of Emily, and not at all thinking about what had happened the night before.

