

The Dragonsitter



The **Dragonsitter**



Josh Lacey

Illustrated by Garry Parsons

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From: Edward Smith-Pickle

To: Morton Pickle

Date: Sunday 31 July

Subject: URGENT!!!!!!!!!!



Attachments: The dragon

Dear Uncle Morton,

You'd better get on a plane right now and come back here. Your dragon has eaten Jemima.

Emily loved that rabbit!

I know what you're thinking, Uncle Morton. We promised to look after your dragon for a whole week. I know we did. But you never said he would be like this.

Emily's in her bedroom now, crying so loudly the whole street must be able to hear.

Your dragon's sitting on the sofa, licking his claws, looking very pleased with himself.



If you don't come and collect him, Mum is going to phone the zoo. She says she doesn't know what else to do.

I don't want the dragon to live behind bars. I bet you don't, either. But I can't stop Mum. So please come and fetch him.

I'd better go now. I can smell burning.

Eddie

From: Edward Smith-Pickle

To: Morton Pickle

Date: Sunday 31 July

Subject: Your dragon



Attachments: Poo shoes



Dear Uncle Morton,

I'm sorry for getting so cross when I wrote to you earlier, but your dragon really is quite irritating.

I hope you haven't changed your flight. If you have, you can change it back again. I have persuaded Mum to give your dragon another chance.

Luckily she didn't see him chasing Mrs Kapelski's cats out of the garden.

Uncle M, I do wish you'd told us a bit more about your dragon. You just handed him over and said he'd be fine and got back in your taxi to go to the airport. You didn't even tell us his name. And some instructions would have been helpful.

Mum and I don't know anything about dragons. Emily says she does, but she's lying. She's only five and she doesn't know anything about anything.

For instance, what does he eat?

We looked for help on the internet, but there was nothing useful.

One site said dragons only eat coal. Another said they prefer damsels in distress.

When I told Mum, she said, "Then I'd better look out, hadn't I?"

But your dragon doesn't seem so fussy. He eats just about anything. Rabbits, of course. And cold spaghetti. And sardines and baked beans and olives and apples and whatever else we offer him.

Mum went to the supermarket yesterday, but she's got to go again today. Usually one shop lasts us a whole week.

Also, you could have warned us about his poo. It smells awful! Mum says even

little puppies are trained to go to the loo outside, and this dragon looks quite old, so why is he pooing on the carpet in her bedroom?



But I can see why you like him. When he's being sweet, he really is very sweet. He has a nice expression, doesn't he? And I like the funny snoring noise he makes when he's asleep.

Are you having a lovely time on the beach? Is the sun shining? Are you doing lots of swimming?

It's raining here.

Love from

your favourite nephew,

Eddie

PS. The smell of burning was the curtains. I put out the fire with a saucepan full of water. Luckily it had dried by the time Mum saw them.

From: Edward Smith-Pickle

To: Morton Pickle

Date: Monday 1 August

Subject: The fridge



Attachments: The hole



Dear Uncle Morton,

I wish I could say things were better with the dragon today, but actually they're worse. This morning, we came downstairs for breakfast and found he'd made a hole in the door of the fridge.



I don't know why he couldn't just open it like everyone else. He drank all the milk and ate yesterday's leftover cauliflower cheese.

Mum was furious. I had to beg her and beg her and beg her to give him one more chance.

"I've already given him one last chance," she said. "Why should I give him another?"

I promised to help clear up any more of his mess. I think that was what changed her mind.

I'm hoping he'll go in the garden from now on.

Mum is keeping a bill for you. It's now two supermarket shops and a new fridge. She says she'll charge you for the carpet too if she can't get the stains out.

I sent you two emails yesterday. Didn't you get either of them?

Eddie

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