

"Michael And The Dragon"

by
Dr. Claus

Dedicated to: Camille and Meryl

This grand adventure all begins with a boy on a **rock**.
His jeans are rolled up to his knees and he just has one **sock**.

Watching a splendid rainbow with a long colorful **tail**,
He jumps up from the stony rock starting this **fairytale**.

The young boy's name is Michael Claus and he loves to have **fun**,
He knew from school a rainbow was made of raindrops and **sun**.

Another story he had heard of was a pot of **gold**.
That waited underneath the rainbow for the young or **old**.

This rock was the boy's lookout point and he could see a **lot**.
The rainbow ended in a pond and Michael knew the **spot**.

Holding a hand up to his brow he found the rainbow's **end**.
He took his other little hand and traced the rainbow's **bend**.

Now Michael closed his eyes and made a wish upon this **scene**,
A beautiful rainbow with colors like red, blue and **green**.

He climbed down off this large boulder and then began to **sing**,
About the rainbow and the gold and any lovely **thing**.

“I’m off to find some gold,” he sang, “I know, I know, I **will!**”
“It’s down this path, around the bend, and just over the **hill.**”

“Well this rainbow might make me rich so I’ll go to the **end.**”
“I may find gold but if I’m lucky, I might make a friend.”

Then suddenly small Michael sneezed, “Ha-Choo!” “Ha-Choo!” “**Ha-Choo!**”
Out of the blue a voice then said, “Bless-you!” “Bless-you!” “**Bless-you!**”

“Now who said that?” The boy responded, looking all **around**.
The only things that Michael saw were footprints on the **ground**.

“I wonder who left these footprints?” Michael questioned out **loud**.
He heard a noise and turned around and saw a dusty **cloud**.

The boy could not believe his eyes but right before him **now**,
Was a pink dragon, full of scales and round as a plump **cow**

“Who-Who are you?” Michael repeated shaking like a **leaf**.
“Please don't be scared,” the dragon shared, “there is no need for **grief**.”

“I'm Waffle Cone, the dragon, and tell me who you might **be**?”
The dragon asked, scratching his back, with one foot on a **tree**

It took Michael a moment then his courage settled **in**.
He put his hands behind his back and then said with a **grin**.

“It's nice to meet you Waffle Cone, my name is Michael **Claus**.”
“I never saw a dragon without big teeth or sharp **claws**.”

“I thought all dragons breath out flames and had some pointy **teeth**,”
“I could not help but notice, you had no teeth **underneath**.”

The round dragon started laughing and Michael began **too**.
Waffle Cone had a happy laughed, “Ba Ha Ha Ha Hoo **Hoo!**”

“There’s nothing wrong with you my boy, that's **imagination.**”
“Just a little drop of that is cause for **celebration!**”

“I don't breathe flames and I have no claws, but there is one **thing**”
“this heart of mine just loves to do and that is dance and **sing.**”

Then Waffle Cone, the dragon, crossed his hands upon his **knees**.
He started dancing all around and bumping into **trees**.

“Why Waffle Cone, you silly old bones,” the boy said in **jest**.
“Please do slow down. Do not hurt yourself. Do you need a **rest**?”

“A good idea!” The dragon said, lying down on his **back**.
“It seems that I am out of breath but I still have the **knack**.”

Michael walked up to Waffle Cone and he sat down by **him**,
and said, “When we get to the pond, we both can take a **swim**.”

“A great idea,” the dragon said, “I’m glad you thought of **that**,”
“But please let us rest for a second.” So the two just **sat**.

The dragon and Michael only waited for a **moment**.
As soon as Waffle Cone felt rested they stood up and **went**.

“The pond is over here,” Michael said, as he led the **way**.
He gently held the dragon’s hand hoping he would not **stray**.

The two of them came to a clearing; Michael was **amazed**.
A waterfall fell in the pond, a lovely rainbow **blazed**.

“We found the rainbow and the gold!” The boy said as he **ran**,
Waffle Cone said, “You may be right, I’ll catch you if I **can**.”

When Michael ran up to the pond, he found no pot of **gold**.
He tried to touch the rainbow but there was nothing to **hold**.

Because there wasn't any gold the boy felt rather **blue** and said to his friend Waffle Cone, "The story is not **true.**"

"Oh don't be sad," the dragon said, "there is a pot of **gold.**"
"The trick is knowing at which end the gold is I am **told.**"

“A rainbow has two ends my friend, so if it is not **here**,”
“the answer to where the gold is, really becomes quite **clear**.”

Michael stood there thinking it over, his hand on his **chin**.
Waffle Cone held in the laughter, now his face had a **grin**.

The dragon did a small tap dance, then the boy's eyes grew **wide**. He looked straight at the toothless dragon, "Waffle Cone," he **cried**.

"It must be at the other end!" Michael said with **delight**.
"Dear Waffle Cone, you clever dragon, you are very **bright**."

With that, Waffle Cone started dancing but fell in the **pond**.
The wet dragon looked up at him to see how he'd **respond**,

Michael removed both of his sneakers and pulled off one **sock**.
He jumped in like a cannonball and splashed down like a **rock**.

Saying in his best pirate's voice, "For high seas we are **bound!**"
Michael climbed onto Waffle Cone, who was floating **around**.

"Ay! Ay! Captain of the ship!" The dragon said with a **snort**
and added, "Shall I put up sails and sail into a **port?**"

“Yes, Yes, my First Mate Waffle Cone.” Michael said with a **huff**.
The golden dragon took a breath and let out a small **puff**,

They sailed smoothly across the pond and past the **waterfall**,
Then Michael thought he heard someone; it was his mother's **call**.

Together they had fun, splashing the water **everywhere**,
and so it was this sunny day when neither had a **care**.

“I think it’s suppertime for me,” the boy said fancy **free**.
“I hear my mother calling; will you have supper with **me**?”

“Thank-you, but no.” said Waffle Cone, “I must be leaving **too**,”
“Maybe tomorrow we can play, I’ll leave that up to **you**.”

Saying farewell to Waffle Cone, Michael gave him a **hug**.
As Michael turned to head on home, he felt a gentle **tug**,

“Good-by my friend,” the dragon said, “Please don't forget your **sock**.”
“Inside you will find a light stone, a magical **rock**.”

