

The Dragon Encounter

Tom was walking through the dark, twisting forest path when he heard a loud *whoosh* above the tall trees. Suddenly, a small green dragon with shiny golden eyes landed in front of him. Leaves swirled around his feet as the dragon folded its wide wings.

Tom stepped back nervously. His heart thumped like a drum.

"Are you... a real dragon?" Tom asked quietly.

The dragon tilted his head and gave a gentle smile. "Of course I am," he said. "My name is Spark. What is yours?"

"My name is Tom," he replied. "I've never met a friendly dragon before."

Tom looked carefully at the dragon. Spark's scales were bright and smooth, and his voice sounded calm and kind. Slowly, Tom began to feel brave - almost invincible.

Above them, thick grey clouds rolled across the sky and the wind rustled the branches. Soon, heavy raindrops began to fall.

Spark spread his strong wings. "Climb on my back," he said. "I can fly you home before the storm gets worse."

Tom held on tightly as the dragon lifted into the windy sky.