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Banana Blobalob

When I woke up next morning, the first thing I did was swing my head over the edge of the bed and look underneath. And there he was. My dragon. Curled up

in the shoebox nest I'd fashioned for him, the loo roll expertly shredded into a cosy bed. His bright eyes were fixed on mine, his shimmering red body glowing like a hot ember.



Yup, I had a dragon! I didn't need a groomable guinea pig or a dog who could dance, or even a camouflaged lionfish. Nope. I had a *dragon*. Beat that, Liam!

And OK, I admit he was small. You might even say titchy – something I knew all about, being the smallest in my class – but it didn't seem to be bothering him. Maybe if I glowed like that and could fly it wouldn't bother me so much either.



I wondered how fast he'd grow and suddenly thought of Lolli. She'd be a bite-size snack for a growing dragon! As if to reassure me, the little dragon hopped towards my cheese plant – which isn't actually made of cheese, though how cool would that be for late-night snacks? – and started tearing chunks off it.

'Phew,' I laughed. 'Well, at least that's one thing I know now. You eat plants. Let's just hope I can fill you up with enough of those.'

The only question really was how was I going to keep him? Because I was pretty sure a dragon was not on Mum's list of ideal houseguests. In fact, although my mum and dad put up with quite a lot, looking around at the devastation in my room I thought even they'd object to this.

I'd already had to hide Dad's old Batman comic – well, the sad, charred remains of it. And seven of my socks, singed to smithereens after I'd used them as mittens to put out sparks. And then of course there was the huge hole in Mum's best towel. Oh and the endless ticking time-bomb poo grenades that lurked here, there and everywhere. You see, apart from smelling like rotten fish wrapped in stinky cheese with sprinklings of burnt toast, dried-out dragon poo is *highly* combustible. Which means that it can explode



without warning. Something I had found out at about four o'clock in the morning. Let's just say that once you've woken up to find your bed splattered with detonated dragon droppings you get really particular about cleaning them up. And keeping a close eye on where they land!



At breakfast I sat next to Lolli, with my dragon tucked away in my hoodie pocket. I could hear Mum and Dad upstairs, both reeling out their lists of 'To Dos'. It was

beginning to sound like a competition of whose list was longest. I just hoped none of those 'To Dos' ended up coming my way!

Now Lolli may only be little, but she's not daft. She sees stuff. If I've got a sweet in my mouth – even if I'm not chewing – she still knows. And her hand goes out quick as a flash demanding one too. So when I kept absent-mindedly fiddling with my pocket, I think she thought I had some sweets hidden in there. She leaned over and pulled at my hoodie, stretching the pocket open.

'Lollwanlollwanlollwan,' she gabbled.

Before I could stop him, the dragon saw his chance for freedom and shot out. But in his excitement he managed to sneeze and poo at the same time. Shooting out fiery sparks from one end that scorched Lolli's toast, and leaving a squelchy mess from the other all over my cornflakes.

Alarmed by Lolli's shrieks of delight, he soared up to the ceiling light, dropping more well-timed poo

bombs along the way. One of which perfectly met the sole of Dad's shoe as he strode into the kitchen. If my dad had picked up any tips at our one and only ice-skating lesson he might have been fine. And if the table hadn't been there he might have slid smoothly through and out the back door. But as it happened he sort of folded over it like a crocodile's mouth shutting and landed with his face in Lolli's plate of mashed banana.

At least Lolli thought it was funny.

I quickly opened my pocket and the dragon zipped back in out of sight. Just in time too, as Mum came running in to see what all the noise was about.

'What on earth is going on now?' she groaned, seeing the mess.

Now the good thing about Lolli is that because she can't talk much yet you can blame quite a lot on her – and the best bit is she finds everything so funny she doesn't even mind and Mum and Dad don't get cross with her because she's only little.

'Lollibob was painting another banana picture and this pigeon flew in and ate it,' I said.

Lolli flapped her arms, launching another blob of banana that delicately splatted on Dad's nose and made her squeal again. Mum raised her eyes and sighed. Lolli giggled and stuck her two thumbs up, both covered in banana.

'Lolli blobalob,' I said, laughing.

She wiggled her banana-y fingers about like little puppets – which was pretty hysterical and even Mum couldn't help smiling. I told you we stick together, me and Lolli.

Anyway, while Mum acted like a hyperactive octopus, mopping up Dad, the floor and Lolli, I was able to escape. Which was just as well because I needed to get back to Grandad's garden – fast.

