



One night a young and foolish troll named Dumplepumple, wandered deep into the dense forest, far from home. He came upon a small clearing as it started to rain. Oh no! His mother had always told him to stay out of the rain in case he got too clean. He spotted a cave nearby and ran inside, bumping straight into a sleeping

dragon!

The dragon stirred and slowly opening one eye, looked the small troll up and down. Fortunately for Dumplepumple he'd eaten his dinner before going to bed so he wasn't hungry. Also, wet trolls smell like roasted rotten elephants, whereas this dragon preferred his meat raw.

Dumplepumple, never having experienced fear, did not realise the great danger he was in, and sat down to warm his feet on the smoke coming from the dragon's nostrils.

Read the rest of this story in the children's book:

Short Stories for Kids (www.karencossey.com)