



There's No Such Thing
as a
DRAGON

Jack Kent



Happy Cat Books



Billy Bixbee was rather surprised when he woke up one morning and found a dragon in his room.

It was a small dragon, about the size of a kitten.





The dragon wagged its tail happily when Billy patted its head.

Billy went downstairs to tell his mother.
“There’s no such thing as a dragon!” said Billy’s mother. And she said it as if she meant it.





Billy went back to his room and began to dress. The dragon came close to Billy and wagged its tail. But Billy didn't pat it. If there's no such thing as something, it's silly to pat it on the head.



Billy washed his face and hands and went down to breakfast. The dragon went, too. It was bigger now, almost the size of a dog.



Billy sat at the table.
The dragon sat down ON the table.
This sort of thing was not usually
permitted, but there wasn't much Billy's
mother could do about it. She had already
said there was no such thing as a dragon.
And if there's no such thing, you can't tell it
to get down off the table.





Mother made some pancakes for Billy, but the dragon ate them all.

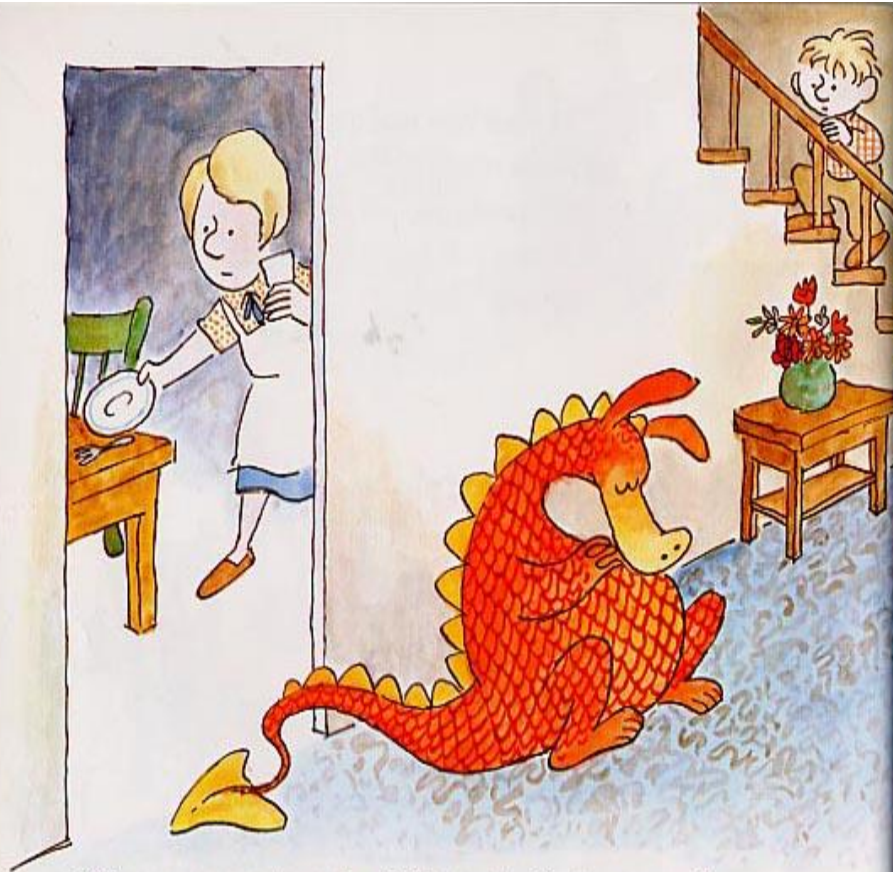


Mother made some more. But the dragon ate those too.

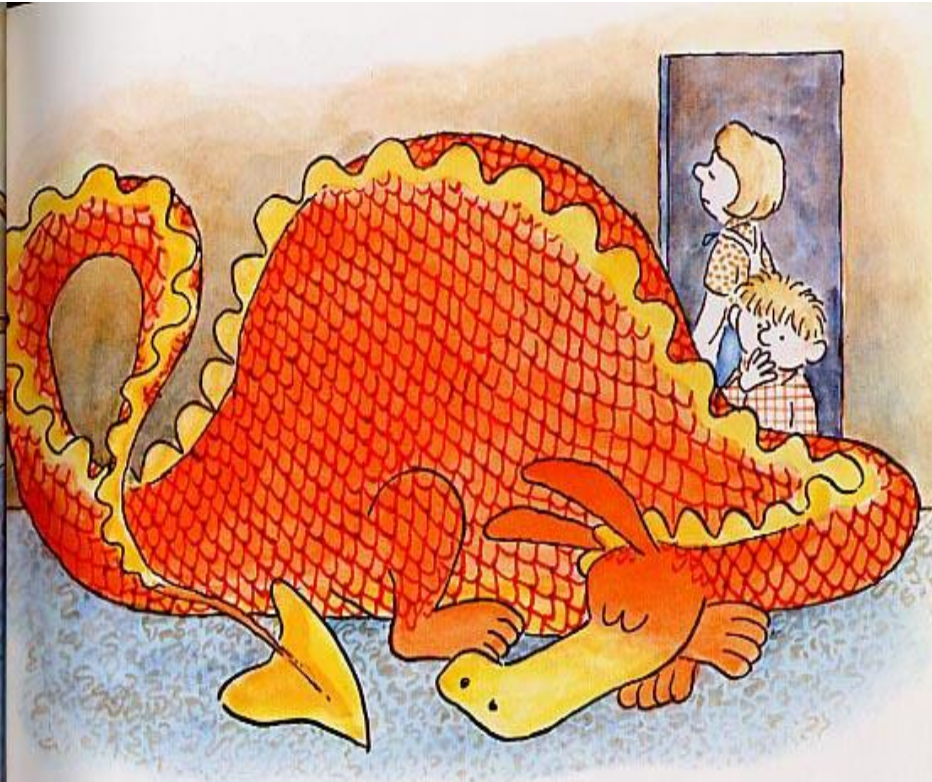
Mother kept making pancakes until she ran out of batter.

Billy only got one of them, but he said that's all he really wanted, anyway.

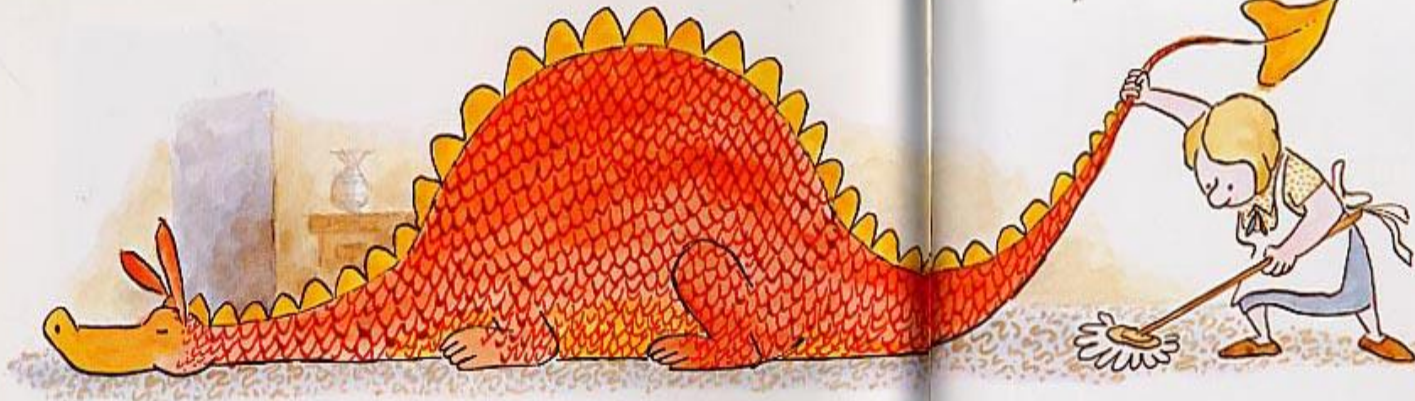




Billy went upstairs to brush his teeth. Mother started clearing the table. The dragon, who was quite as big as Mother by this time, made himself comfortable on the hall rug and went to sleep.



By the time Billy came back downstairs the dragon had grown so much he filled the hall. Billy had to go around by way of the living room to get to where his mother was. "I didn't know dragons grew so fast!" said Billy. "There's no such thing as a dragon!" said Mother firmly.



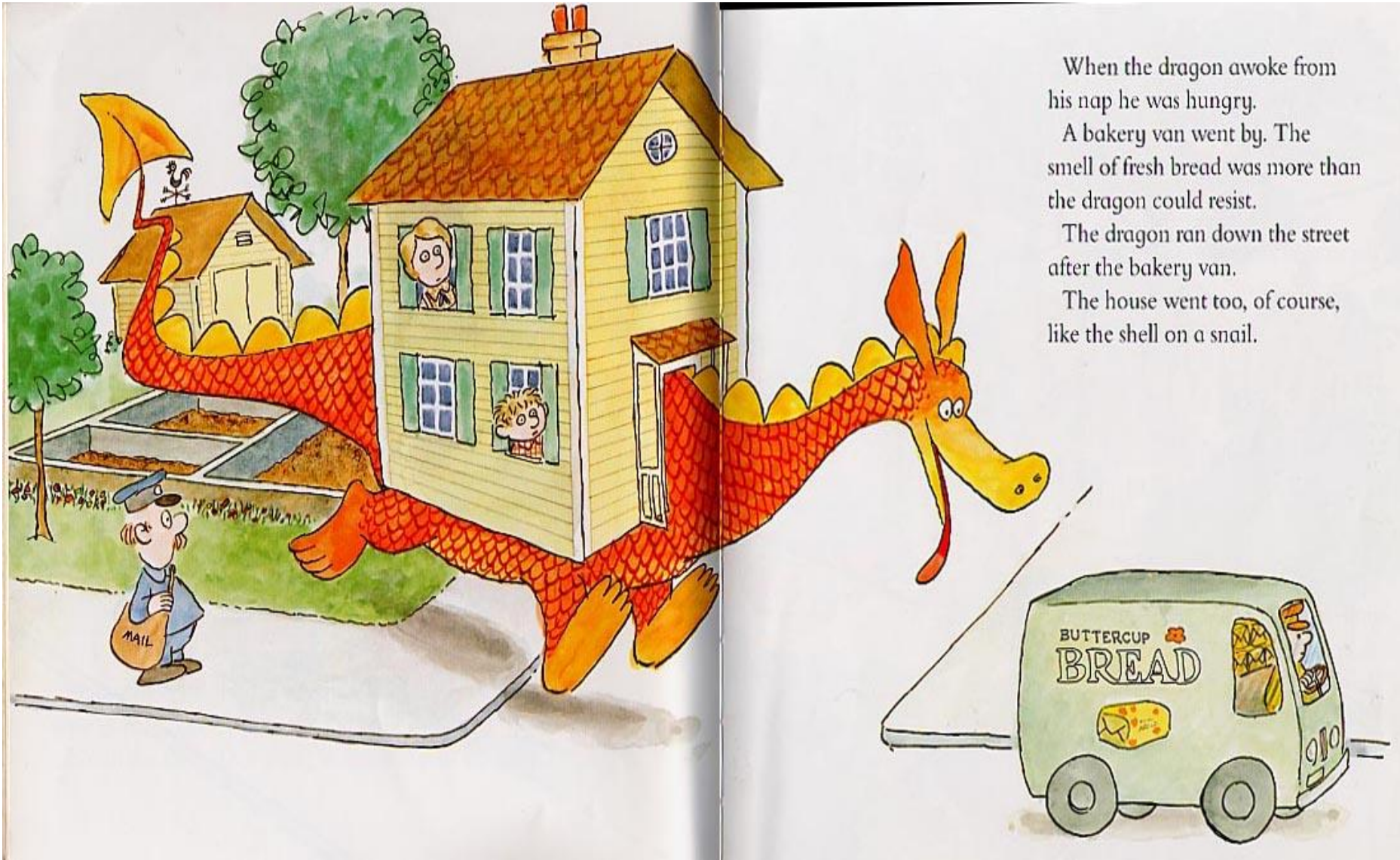
and having to climb
in and out of
windows to get from
room to room.

Cleaning the downstairs took Mother all
morning, what with the dragon in the way....





By mid-day the dragon filled the house. Its head hung out of the front door, its tail hung out of the back door, and there wasn't a room in the house that didn't have some part of the dragon in it.



When the dragon awoke from his nap he was hungry.

A bakery van went by. The smell of fresh bread was more than the dragon could resist.

The dragon ran down the street after the bakery van.

The house went too, of course, like the shell on a snail.



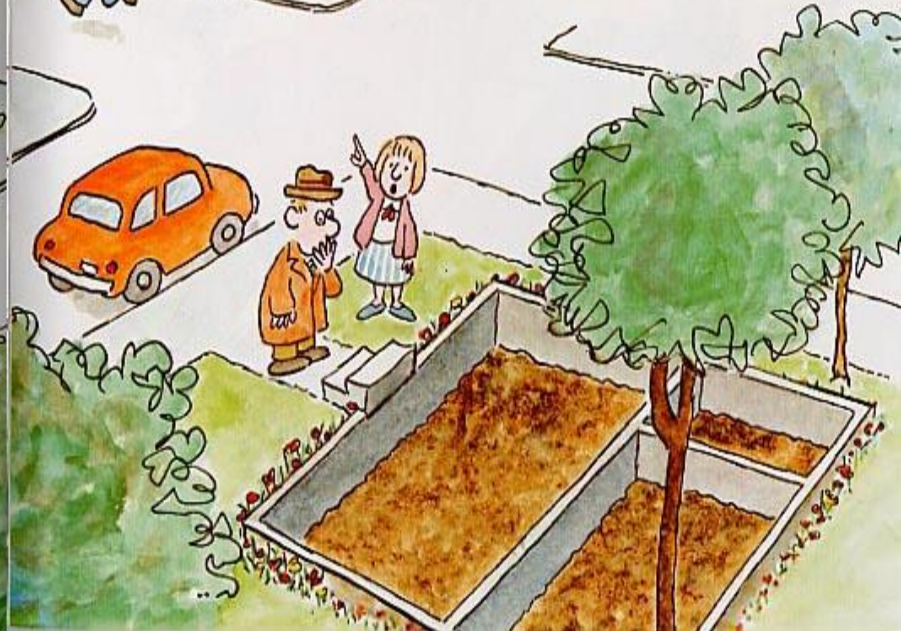
The postman was just coming up the path with some post for the Bixbees when their house rushed past him and headed down the street.

He chased the Bixbee's house for a few blocks, but he couldn't catch it.



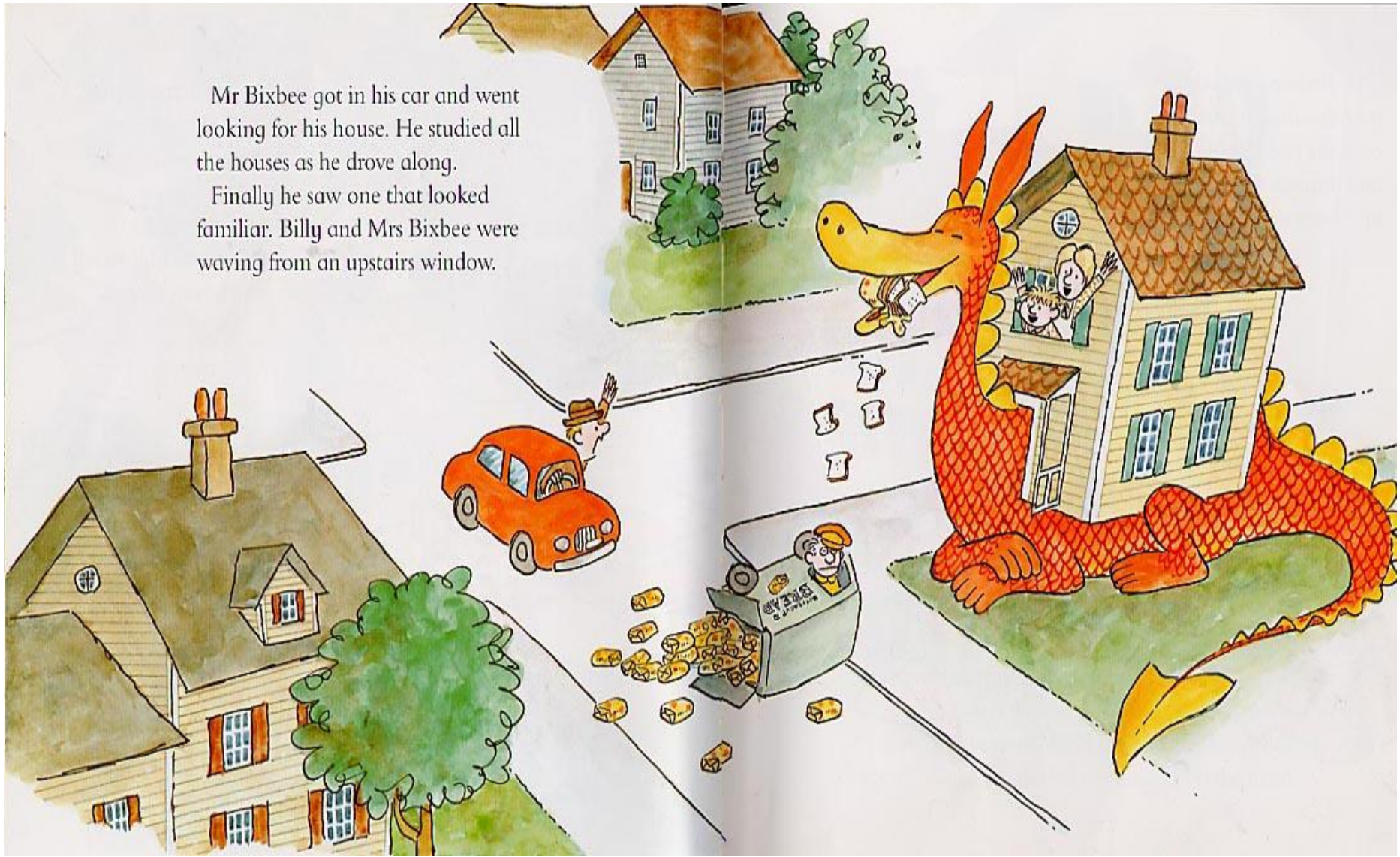
When Mr Bixbee came home for lunch, the first thing he noticed was that the house was gone.

Luckily, one of the neighbours was able to tell him which way it went.

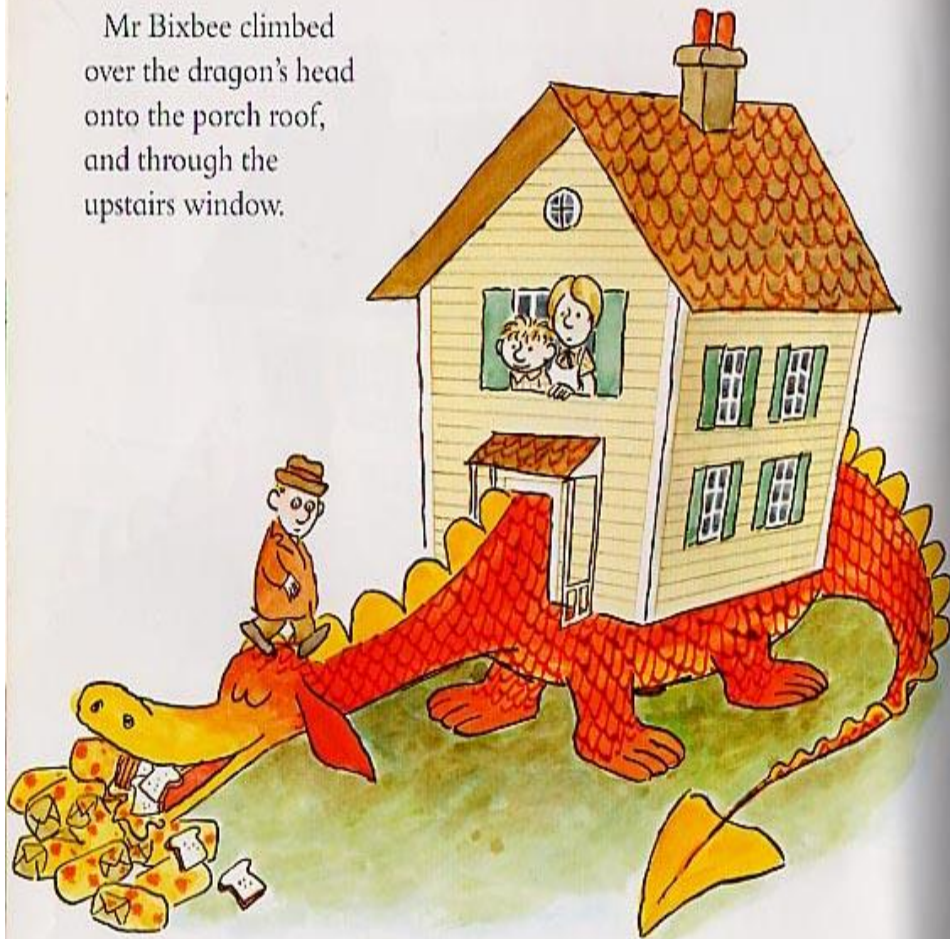


Mr Bixbee got in his car and went looking for his house. He studied all the houses as he drove along.

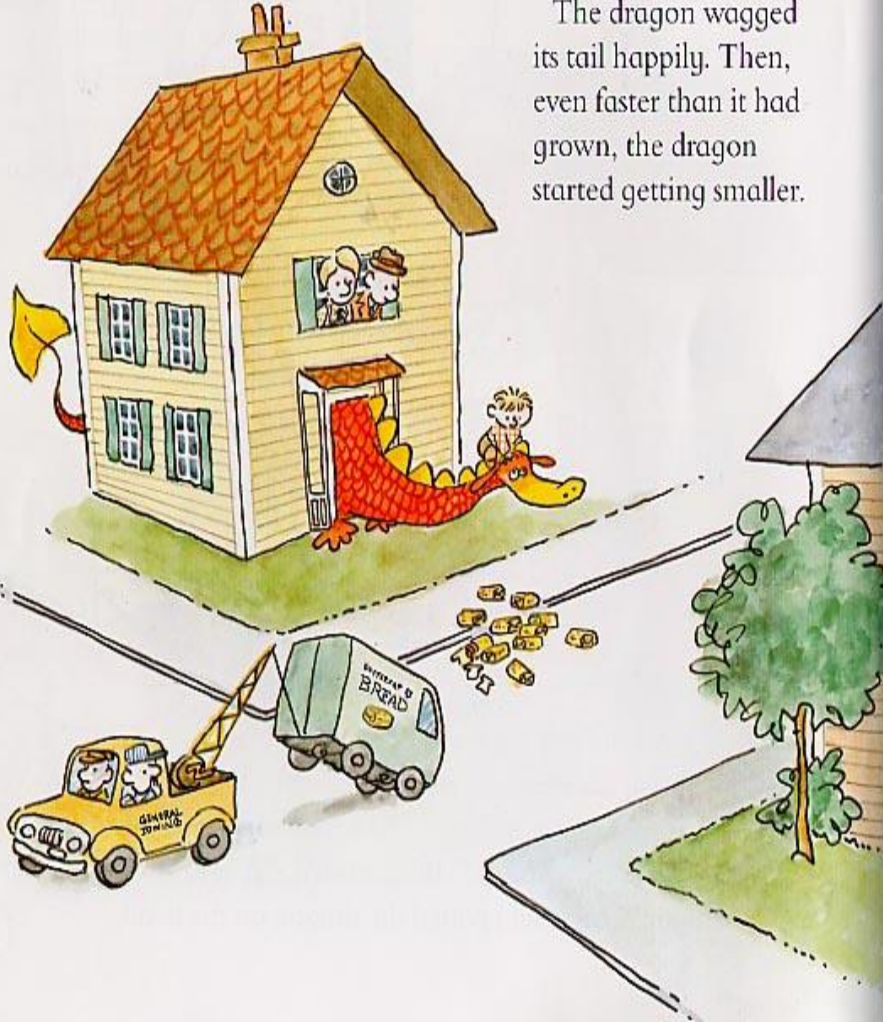
Finally he saw one that looked familiar. Billy and Mrs Bixbee were waving from an upstairs window.



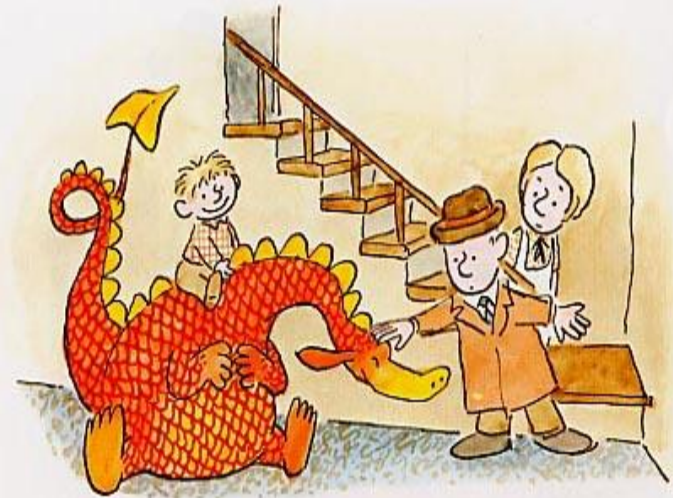
Mr Bixbee climbed
over the dragon's head
onto the porch roof,
and through the
upstairs window.



"How did this happen?" Mr Bixbee asked.
"It was the dragon," said Billy.
"There's no such thing ..." Mother started to say.
"There IS a dragon!" Billy insisted. "A very BIG
dragon!" And Billy patted the dragon on the head.



The dragon wagged its tail happily. Then, even faster than it had grown, the dragon started getting smaller.



Soon it was kitten-size again.





"I don't mind dragons THIS size," said Mother.
"Why did it have to grow so BIG?"
"I'm not sure," said Billy, "but I think it just
wanted to be noticed."



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