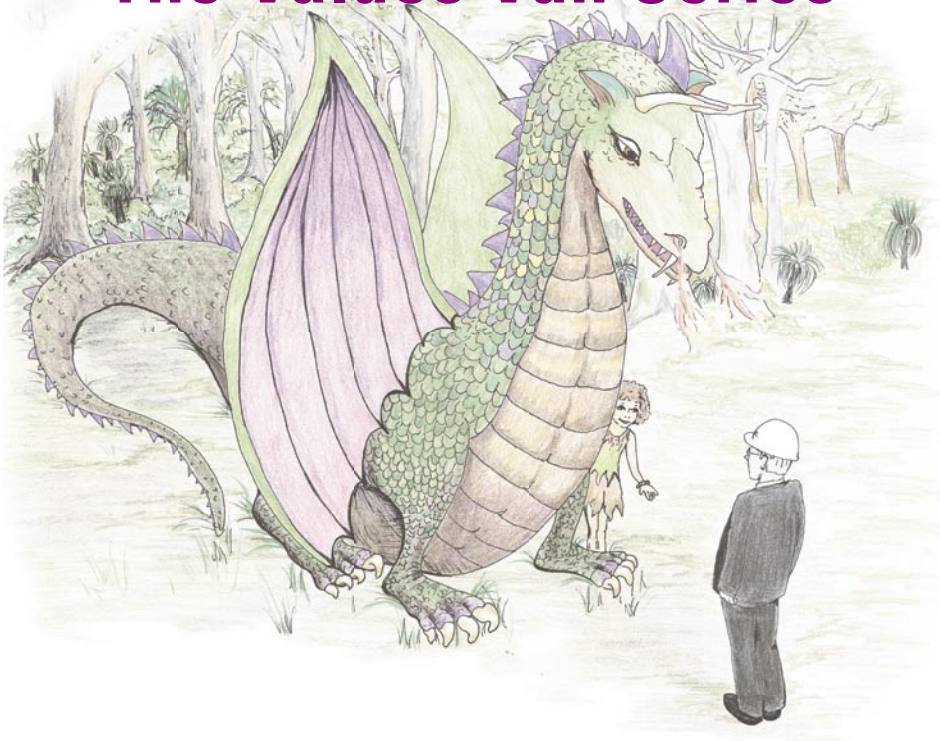


Dotty and the Dragon

Book 5

The Values Van Series



**Written and illustrated by
Jenny Diggins**



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Enterprises**

Development and Publication
of Specialised Resources

Dotty and the Dragon
Book 5: The Values Van Series

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A Note to Parents

These books have been designed for sharing, rather than as a reading exercise. The idea is for the parent to read the story with gusto, allowing the child to feel its rhythms, and to join in wherever they can.

After reading the story together in this way, have a chat about who was your favourite character and why; which part of the story you liked best; if you were worried at any point that things would not turn out well; if you liked how the story ended.

In *Dotty and the Dragon*, the value of conserving the environment is explored. Talking about this with your child, both in relation to the story and how it applies in your lives, will be an enriching experience for you both.



There once was a forest, a deep dark forest, where the animals chattered and the birds twittered and the trees whispered. Fairies lived there too.

One day a loud sound roared into the forest. The animals stopped chattering and the birds stopped twittering.

‘What is it?’ asked Owl.



‘It’s a petrol guzzler!’ said Dotty the Fairy.

‘What is a petrol guzzler?’ asked Owl.

‘It is a thing with a motor that roars, a door that slams and a man that chops,’ said Dotty.

‘A motor that roars, a door that slams, a man that chops! Too scary for me,’ said Owl. ‘Who is brave? Who will try to stop this monster?’

Everyone looked at everyone else. No-one spoke.

‘I will,’ whispered Dotty.



The motor stopped and the door slammed and the man stepped into the forest. He took a deep breath.

‘Ah, nice fresh air!’ he said. ‘Ah, nice flat land!’

‘I will cut down the trees and put houses and a shopping centre here.’



Dotty stepped out.

‘Who are you?’ said the man.

‘I’m a fairy,’ said Dotty.

‘Ha ha ha, that’s a good one,’ said the man. ‘A fairy!’

There are no such things as fairies.’



‘Well, I’m one,’ said Dotty. ‘See, look at my wings.’

‘Ha ha ha, that’s a good one. Wings! I don’t see any wings.’

‘Oh dear,’ said Dotty. ‘You can’t see my wings. That’s a bad sign.’

‘What do you mean, a bad sign?’ asked the man.

‘You have limited imagination,’ said Dotty. ‘That’s bad.’



‘I have very good imagination,’ said the man.

‘Let’s test it out,’ said Dotty. ‘Can you hear the wind whispering in the trees? It’s magic, isn’t it?’

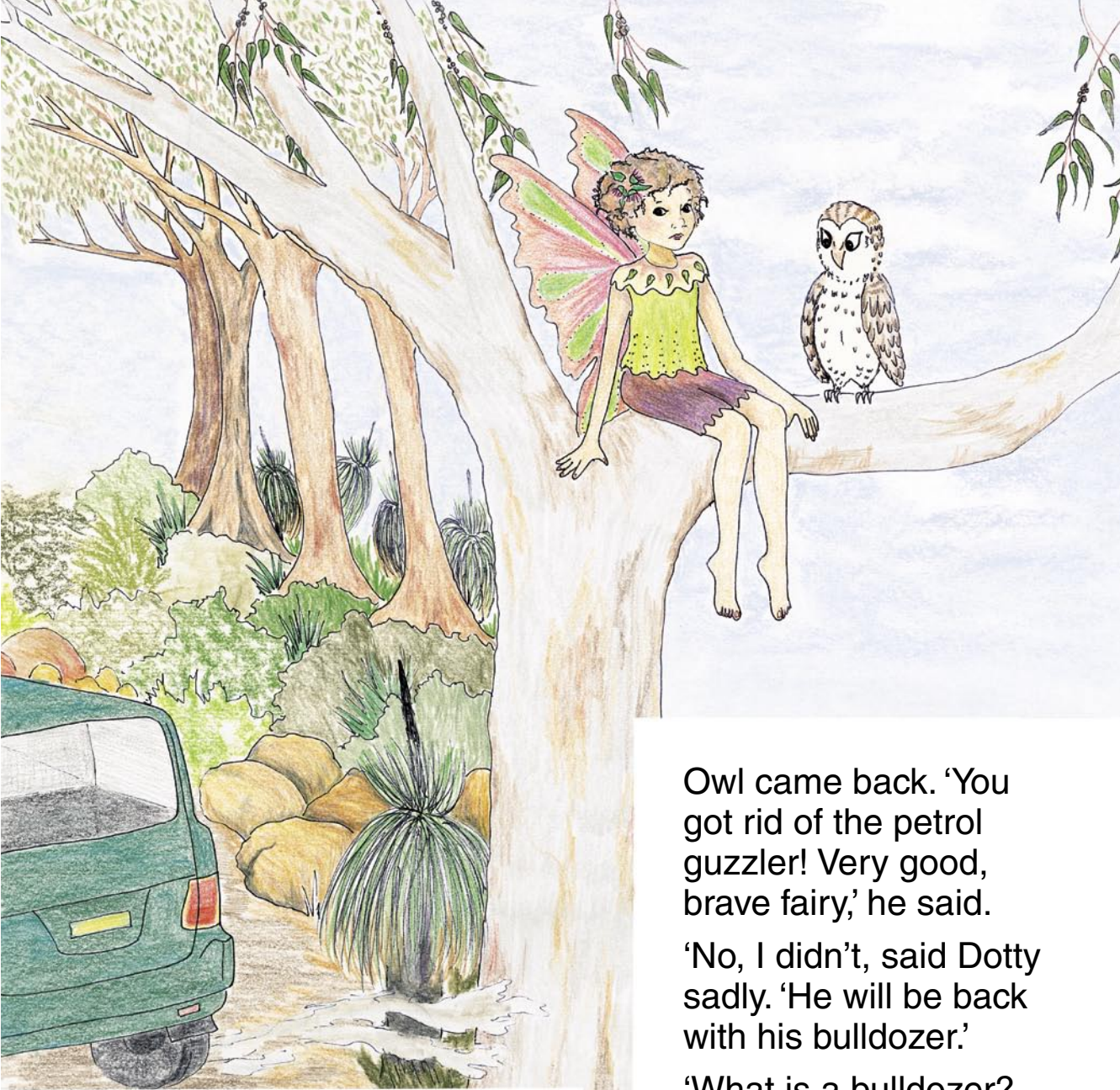
‘Of course I can hear the wind. But I don’t know about magic. It’s just the wind.’

‘Oh, dear,’ said Dotty. She tried again.

‘Now, be very still,’ she said. ‘Can you feel it?’

‘Feel what?’ asked the man.

‘The spirit of the forest,’ said Dotty. ‘It is in the trees and in the ground and in the running streams. Can you feel it?’



‘Don’t be silly! Don’t talk rubbish!’ said the man. ‘I haven’t got time for this. I am coming back with my bulldozers.’

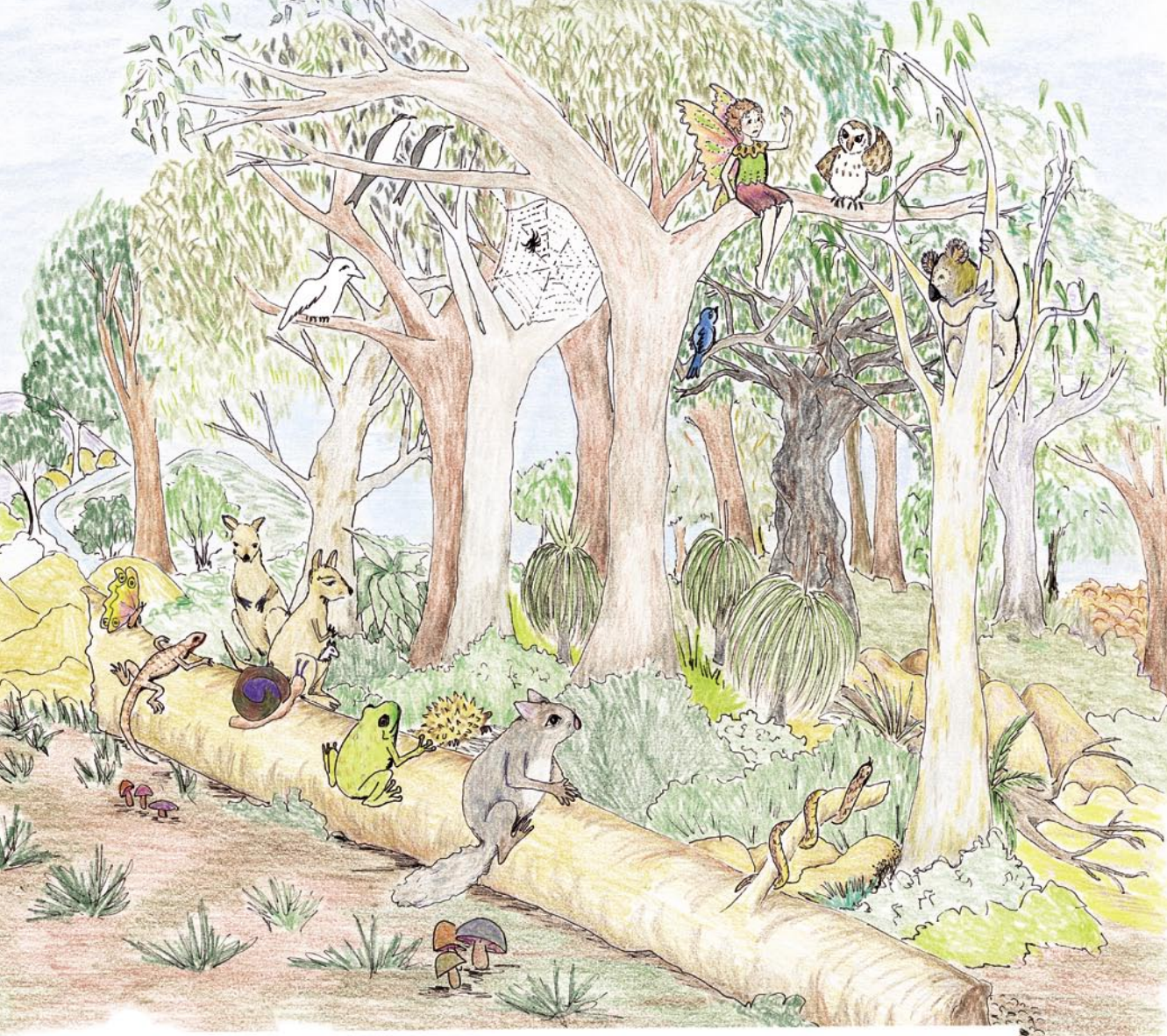
Dotty heard the door slam and the motor roar and then all was still.

Owl came back. ‘You got rid of the petrol guzzler! Very good, brave fairy,’ he said.

‘No, I didn’t,’ said Dotty sadly. ‘He will be back with his bulldozer.’

‘What is a bulldozer?’ asked Owl.

‘It is a bigger petrol guzzler, with a motor that roars and a door that slams and a man that pushes down ALL the trees.’



‘There will be no place for the animals and birds!’ said Owl. ‘What can we do?’

‘We have to wake up his imagination,’ said Dotty. ‘So that he can feel the spirit of the forest. But we need really big magic.’

Dotty thought for a moment. Then she said: ‘I know! I will call Dragon! He lives far, far away, in a very deep, dark forest, but he will come if we call him!’

‘How do you call him?’ asked Owl.

‘You have to think about him,’ said Dotty.



Dotty went to sit by herself and she thought dragon thoughts.

Hours went by and the sky grew darker and the moon rose high. All night long, Dotty thought about Dragon.



The morning came. The animals chattered and the birds twittered and the trees whispered.

Suddenly, a loud sound roared into the forest.

‘Oh, no, it’s the bulldozer!’ said Owl. ‘It’s too late!’

The motor roared and the door slammed and the man stepped into the forest.

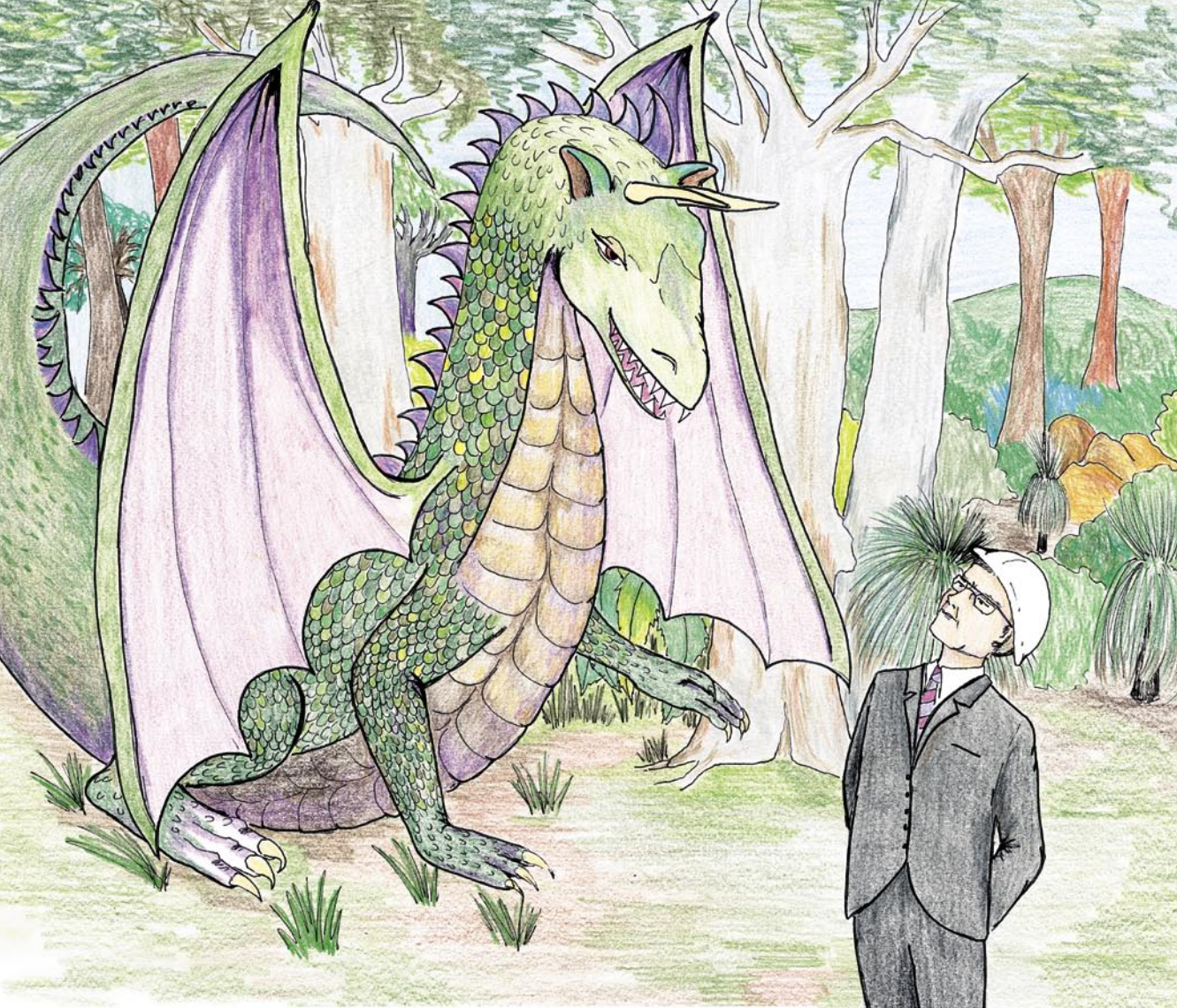
‘I’m here to push down ALL the trees,’ he said.



Just then, another loud sound came roaring into the forest.

The trees shuddered and the ground shook as Dragon landed with a thud.

Dotty smiled.



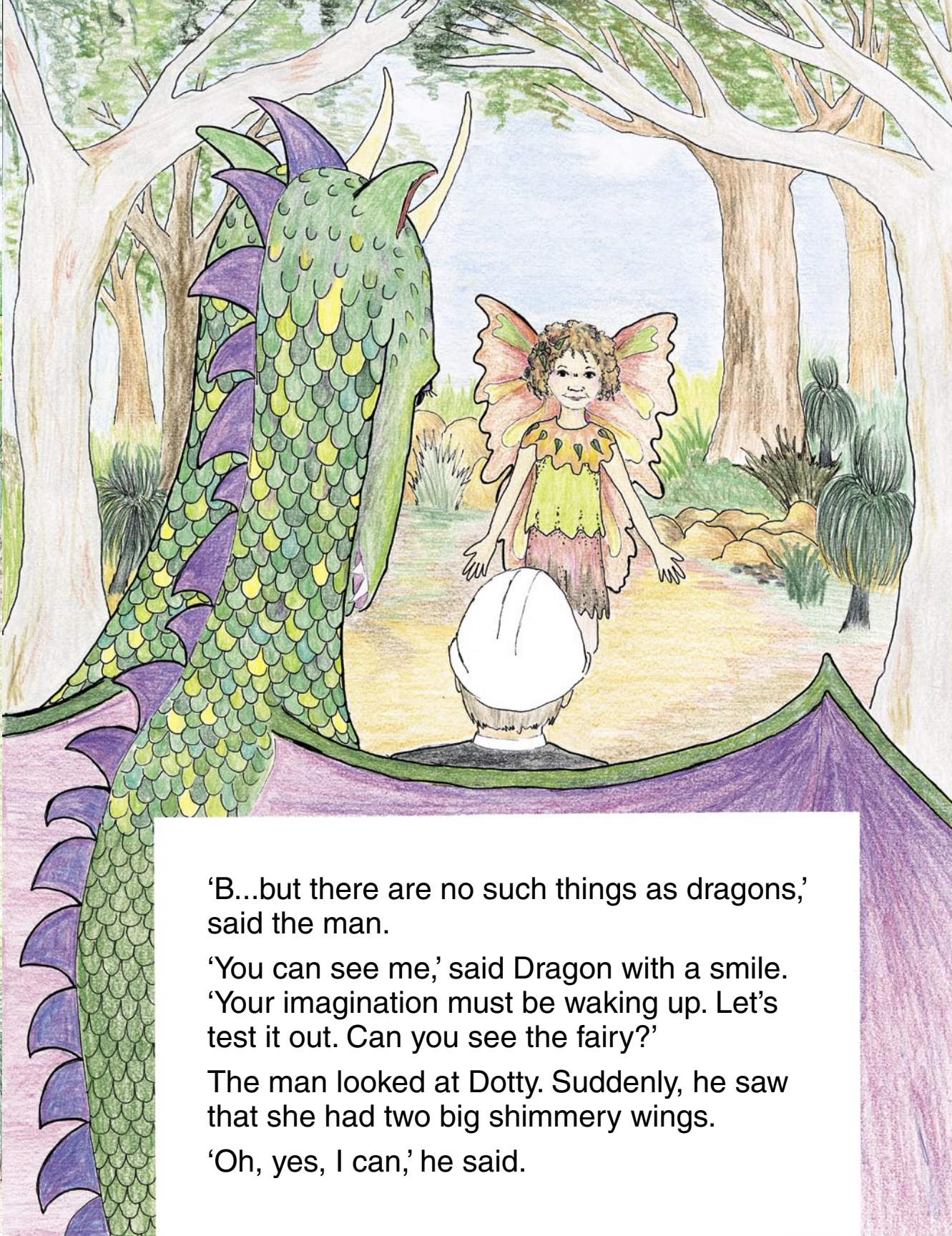
The man stood still. His eyes grew wide. His skin went pale. He stopped breathing. Everything was very, very still.

‘Wh...who are you?’ he whispered.

‘You can see me!’ smiled Dragon. ‘That’s a good sign. Hello, pleased to meet you. My name is Dragon.’

And he held out his paw.



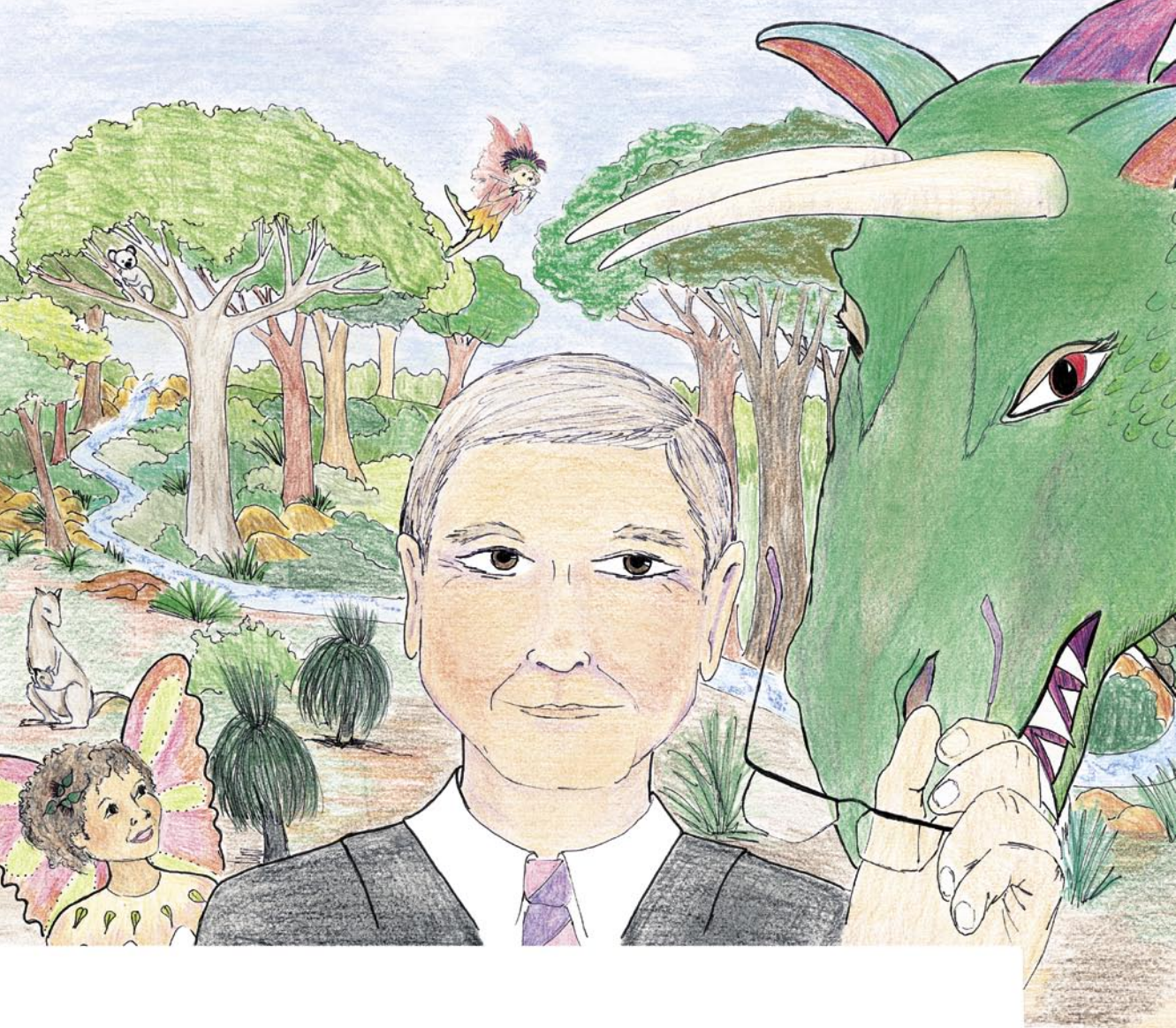


‘B...but there are no such things as dragons,’ said the man.

‘You can see me,’ said Dragon with a smile. ‘Your imagination must be waking up. Let’s test it out. Can you see the fairy?’

The man looked at Dotty. Suddenly, he saw that she had two big shimmery wings.

‘Oh, yes, I can,’ he said.



‘And now,’ said Dotty. ‘Be very still. Can you feel it?’

The man stood still and he listened. The animals chattered and the birds twittered and the wind whispered in the trees. The man’s eyes went wide.

‘I can feel the magic!’ he said. ‘It is in the trees and in the ground and in the running streams. I can feel it!’

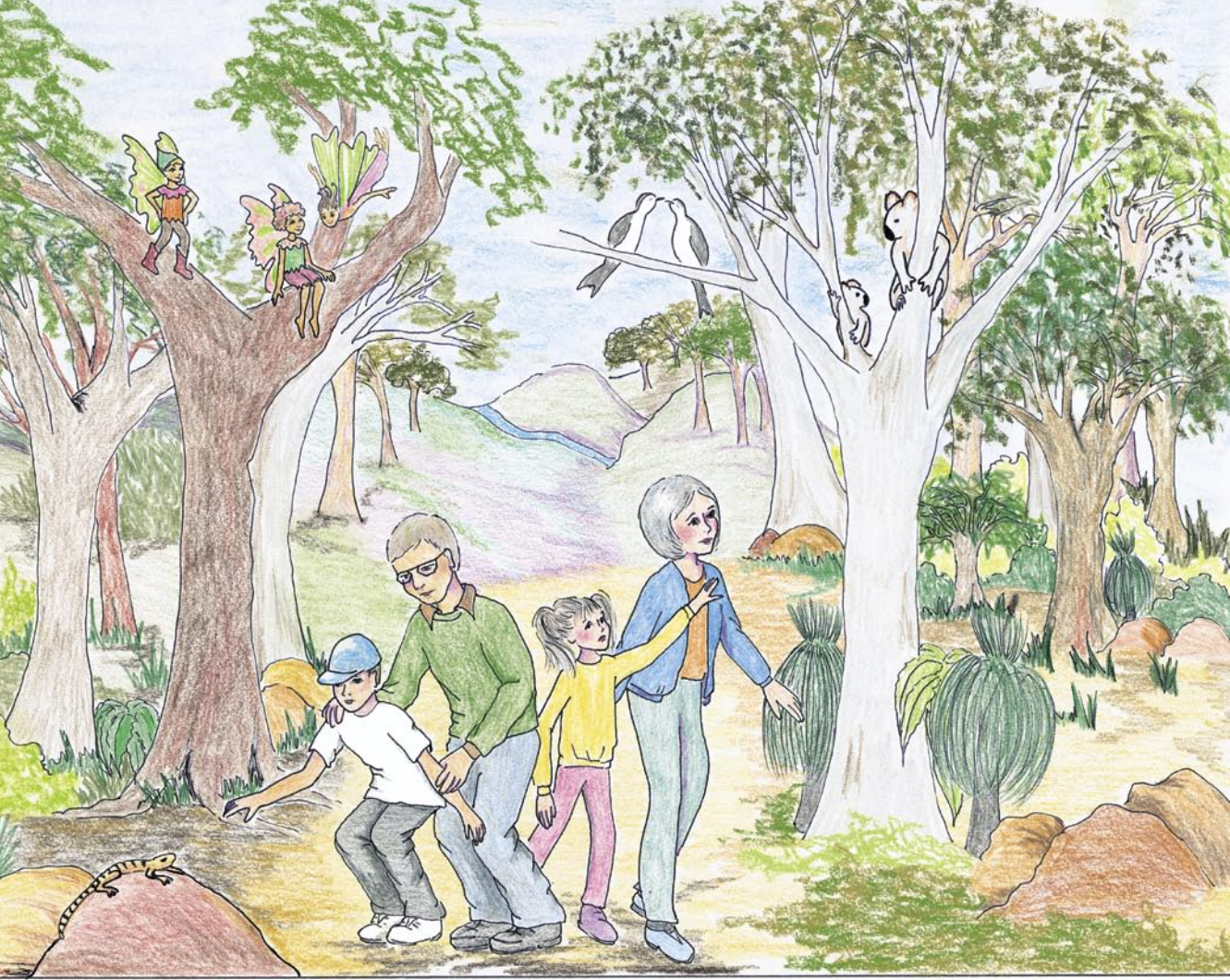


‘Good,’ said Dotty. ‘Your imagination is really waking up. Let’s test it out. Close your eyes and imagine. There is a nice flat, empty paddock not far from here.’

‘Yes, I can see it,’ he said.

‘Now, can you imagine lots of nice houses and a shopping centre there?’

‘Oh, yes,’ smiled the man. ‘I think I can.’



There once was a forest, a deep dark forest,
where the animals chattered and the birds
twittered and the trees whispered.

Nearby there was a town, with lots of nice
houses and a shopping centre.

People in the houses took long lovely walks in
the forest, feeling the magic, in the ground and
in the trees and in the running streams.

Sometimes, they could even imagine fairies
lived there.