

The Dragon Who Breathed Ice Cream

364 spoken words | 3-4 min at 100-140 words/minute, before pauses

Fizzle was a little dragon. He had small wings, one crooked tooth, and a very odd puff.

Other dragons puffed fire.

Fizzle puffed ice cream.

He could not make toast warm. He could make it very, very cold.

"Cold toast again?" said Mum. "Let's try a bowl."

At dragon school, teacher Grumble put a big stone on a table.

"Time for a roar!" he said. "Roar at the stone. It won't mind."

Pip raised a claw.

"Will the stone roar back?"

"I hope not," said Grumble. "Fizzle, your turn."

Fizzle took a big breath. He opened his mouth.

Optional reader cue: Pause before the surprising puff. There is no need to shout.

"ROOO!"

PLOP.

Three scoops of ice cream landed on Grumble's head.

"May we eat the teacher?" asked Pip.

"No," said Grumble.

"Just the top?"

"Still no. Please fetch a bowl. I am wearing ice cream."

Fizzle fetched a big bowl. Grumble tipped the scoops into it.

Fizzle gave a tiny hiccup. A cherry landed on Grumble's nose.

Pip opened his mouth.

"Still no," said Grumble, before Pip could ask.

That afternoon was Grumble's birthday. Everyone came to see his chocolate cake.

One little candle stood on top.

Grumble took a breath to blow it out.

He forgot about his fire.

WHOOSH.

The candle went out. The warm cake slid into a sticky puddle.

"Oh dear," said Grumble. "Birthday soup."

Pip held up a fork. Then he put it down.

"I think we need spoons."

Fizzle looked at the cake. He knew how to make things cold.

Optional reader cue: Ask: What flavour of ice cream would you choose? Wait a moment. Any answer or no answer is fine.

He took one gentle breath.

PLOP.

Ice cream landed in the warm chocolate. Then came another scoop.

Now everyone had ice cream with warm chocolate sauce.

"Bowls, please!" said Grumble.

Pip had a spoon ready.

"Just in case," he said.

Fizzle's nose tickled.

Optional reader cue: Ask: Can you make a tiny sneeze? A quiet smile is fine too.

"Atishoo!"

Sprinkles fell over the bowls.

One landed on the cherry on Grumble's nose.

"My cherry has a hat," said Grumble.

Everyone giggled. Fizzle giggled too.

Optional reader cue: Let a laugh finish. Read the ending softly.

At home, Mum tucked Fizzle's wings under his blanket.

"A good day?"

"A very cold birthday," he said.

He let out a sleepy breath. A tiny scoop landed in the bowl by his bed.

Mum picked up a spoon.

"Just in case."

Fizzle smiled. His eyes closed. The house grew quiet.