

COVER NOT
FINAL

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The Boy Who Grew Dragons
A CHRISTMAS DELIVERY



A TEMPLAR BOOK

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Hello I'm Tomas and this is Lolli - isn't that right, Lolli Bobalob?

Lolli's pretty excited about Christmas,
but she's not the only one...



You see, dragons love Christmas, too.
And we have LOADS of dragons around here.
The only thing is, they're a LOT more trouble than a Christmas pudding

Stirring the cake can get *SPLATTERY*...



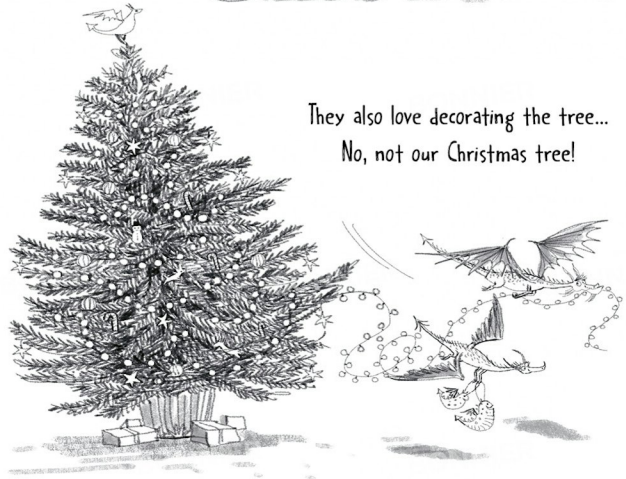
And as for wrapping presents...
well they can get a bit carried
away with that!



Making cards can get *GLITTERY*...



They also love decorating the tree...
No, not our Christmas tree!



OUR SECRET DRAGON-FRUIT TREE!

Here in Grandad's garden we grow dragons.

Dragons with flickering scales and diamond eyes...

...dragons that flit and shimmer and shine.

There are rainbow dragons...

We grow dragons who crackle with fire and sparkle with magic.

...and dragons who glow.



Inside every spiky fruit on our tree is a brand-new dragon.
It looks like one is going to burst out of its fruit today.
I wonder what kind of dragon it will be?

'I wish it would snow,'
Lolli says.

And just like that a tiny dragon **POPS**
from a fruit. It's white and sparkly and
has spikes like tiny icicles.

With every puff, it sprinkles us with glittery snow.



'Snow dragon, snow dragon,' Lolli sings.

And she skips and dances and tastes snowflakes on her tongue.

Soon there is a huge heap of snow.

I don't think we should have started a snowball fight though.



My dragon, Flicker, and Lolli's dragon, Tinkle, always win at snowball fights.

'Let's make a snowman,' Lolli says.



'How about a snow dragon?' I say.

When we get cold our dragons curl around our shoulders and warm us with their steamy breath.

'Is it nearly time now?' Lolli says. I nod.

Every Christmas Eve we deliver presents to our friends. Grandad gives us special hats and we are all Santa's elves.



Grandad pours us hot chocolate and we sit licking fingers sticky from Nana's jammy tarts.

'Time to load up,' Grandad calls.
'It's getting late.'

But what's this?
Our little snow dragon has been busy.

VERY busy.

We can't even see the car.

'Oh dear,' says Grandad.
'I think we might be stuck.'

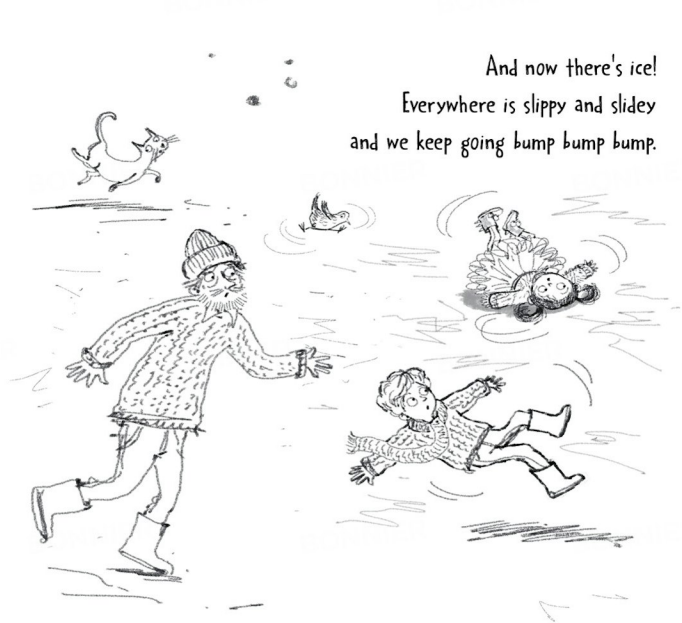


'Can you help, Flicker?' I whisper.
My dragon clears a path with his fiery breath.



But, the snow dragon keeps making snow.
More... and more... and more!

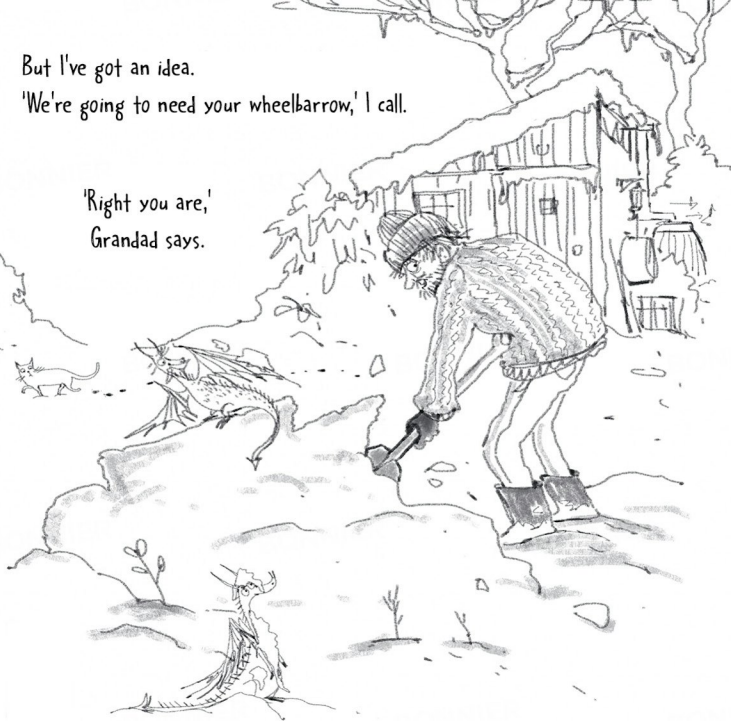
And now there's ice!
Everywhere is slippy and slidey
and we keep going bump bump bump.



'It's too much for one dragon to clear,'
says Grandad.

But I've got an idea.
'We're going to need your wheelbarrow,' I call.

'Right you are,'
Grandad says.



Now for the presents. We try to squeeze them all in.
But they keep popping out!

'We're going to need a bigger
barrow!' Grandad laughs.



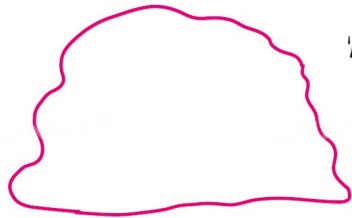
Luckily our Christmas dragon wants to help and knows just what to do.

'It looks so SPARKLY,' says Lolli.
'It looks so HEAVY,' cries Grandad.



Her icy breath spins crystal shapes that glitter and shine.
And grow into something **MAGICAL!**

'How will we deliver all the presents?'



'And now where's Lolli?' Grandad says.
'We've lost Lolli!'

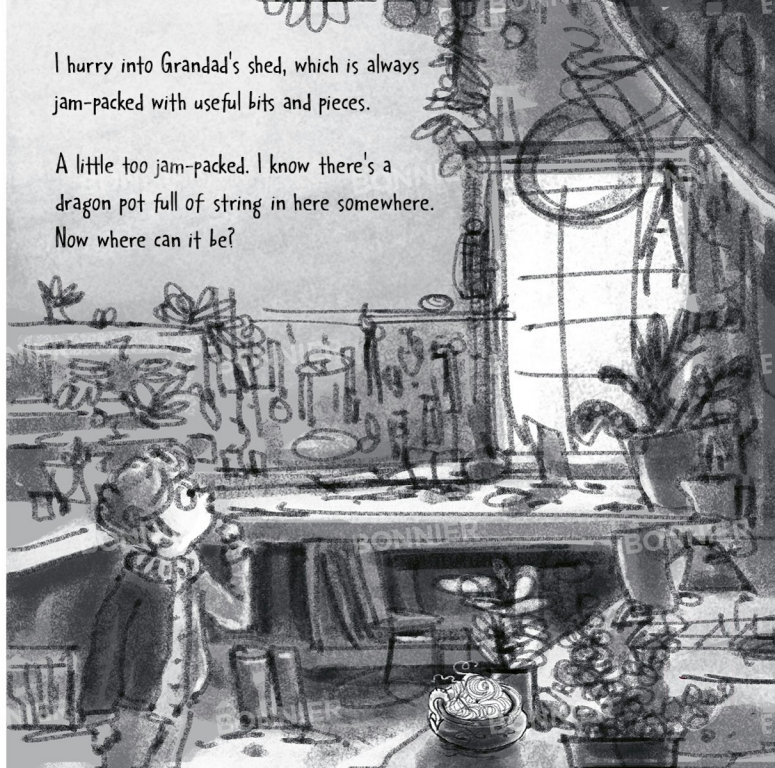
'WHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!' cries Lolli.



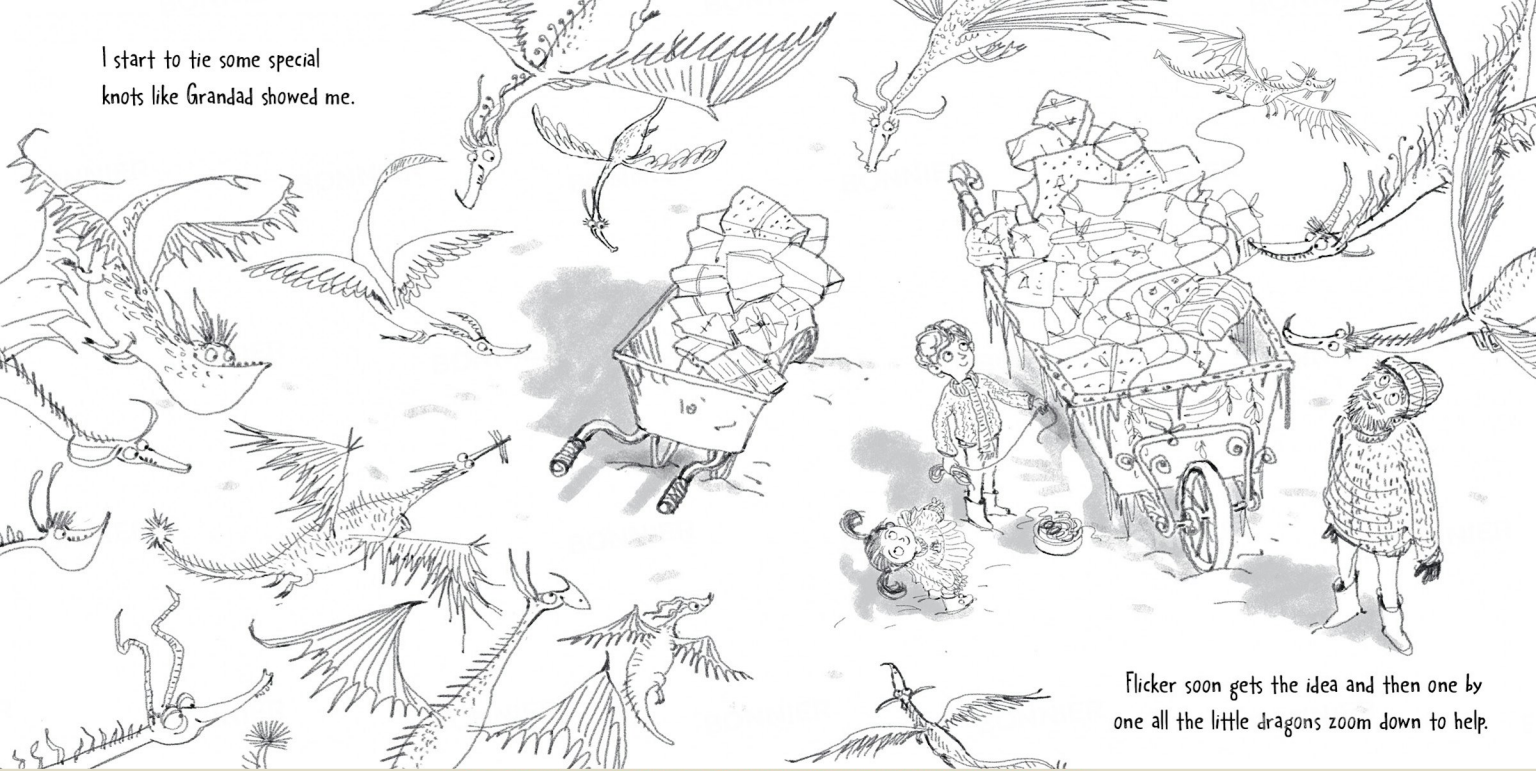
I give her a double thumbs up. Lolli and Flicker have given me a great idea.

I hurry into Grandad's shed, which is always jam-packed with useful bits and pieces.

A little too jam-packed. I know there's a dragon pot full of string in here somewhere. Now where can it be?



I start to tie some special
knots like Grandad showed me.



Flicker soon gets the idea and then one by
one all the little dragons zoom down to help.

Up up up we go, into the ink black sky.
Dragons spark and crackle around us.





We fly across the town. We all wave.
Most people are too busy to look up and see us.
But a few do.
A few who keep their eyes wide open.

'Get ready for a dragon delivery,' I say.

Flicker and Tinkle fly up and down,
leaving presents for everyone to find.

'We did it!' I cry.
'Dragons love Christmas, don't they Lolli?'

'And I love Christmas too!' she says

'I never doubted us,' says Grandad. 'After all, families
stick together like Nana's sticky jam tarts.'

'Our family is stickier
than most,' I say.

'And some of us have
wings,' giggles Lolli.



'Maybe someone should tell Santa about flying by
dragon, in case the reindeer ever need a rest,'
says Grandad with a twinkle in his eye.

'I think he already knows,' I whisper.
And I give Lolli a sticky high five.

