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Daisy's DRAGONS

A story
about
feelings



Daisy's
DRAGONS



For Annie and her many-coloured feelings. – F.S.

For Daisy, my art partner in crime, and her
little Dragons, Poppy and Bonbon. – A.T.

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FSC DUMMY

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Daisy's DRAGONS



Most children have hamsters, or a dog. Perhaps a cat.
But Daisy? She had dragons...



Six to be exact.



Happy always seemed to have a big smile on her face.



Calm was cool and peaceful and she'd never win a race.



Angry? She was fiery and gloriously grumpy.



Scared was always nervous. She was jittery and jumpy...

Sad was slow and silver and she often cried out loud,



and **Brave** was grand and glorious, her chest puffed out and proud.



I know you might be wondering how Daisy spent her day and how she left the house with all those dragons in the way. Surely they'd stop traffic or set fire to someone's hair?

A group of six colorful dragons and a young girl are walking together. The dragons are blue, red, pink, blue, green, and purple. The red dragon is breathing fire. The girl is wearing a black dress with a floral pattern and a purple hat. They are all looking towards the right.

Now usually they got on in their own peculiar way,
and every dragon seemed to have a special role to play.
But today was very tricky...



And Daisy just felt stuck.
Everywhere she went she seemed to meet up with Bad Luck.

Angry got so angry that the ice-cream shop was closed,
that she stomped around in circles breathing fire from her nose.

Then Scared got so afraid of all the
shouty, roary sounds,
she screamed and flung her wings out
knocking Brave down to the ground.

And as the noise grew louder,
Sad just grew and grew
until Happy was so squashed that
she was almost turning blue.

Calm was sleeping soundly when she
heard an angry ROOOOOAAR!
And the heat of Angry's flames began
to spread across the floor!

Daisy couldn't bear it!
Then, when she turned around...



Three of Daisy's dragon friends were nowhere to be found.



Angry's fiery fury turned into a gentle roar, but Sad had grown enormous as Scared nibbled on a claw.



Daisy said, "I know why all the other dragons left. Angry, Calm was hurt by your ferocious, fiery breath."



"And Brave was shocked and flew away when Scared began to shout."



"And Happy?" Daisy turned to Sad, "You grew and pushed her out."

Daisy missed the feelings that the other dragons gave her.
"I'm scared and sad and angry! That was horrible behaviour."
Daisy felt so furious. She shook, she stomped, she roared.
"You're bad," she cried.

"And I DON'T WANT
BAD DRAGONS
ANY MORE!"




"I miss my other dragons." Sad began to grow.
Daisy held the door open ...
"I think that you should go."

Daisy played with animals,
her teddy bears, her ball.
She tried to bring back Happy,
but she felt nothing at all.

And just as she began to think they'd simply disappeared,
she felt a little shiver and she knew that Sad was here.



"We wondered," Sad said softly, "if you'd find it in your heart,
to let us all come back. You see... we cannot be apart.
We know that we've been difficult. We're sorry," whispered Sad.
"But all of us are part of you... and none of us are bad."



"We need our opposite," said Scared,
"It makes us who we are."

Daisy wondered how the dark
would look without the stars.

Or the land without the ocean.
The day without the night.

"None of you are bad," she said,
and realised Scared was right.



"I know I'm loud," said Angry, "and my fire is fierce and strong, but my power and my fury let you know when something's wrong. And although I can be frightening with my passion and my flames, today we're only little. When we're bigger I'll be tame."

"I know," said Scared, "it's awful when I'm sitting on your head and imagining there's monsters hiding underneath the bed. But I help you make safe choices, I'm careful and I'm smart, and no-one can be brave unless they're frightened at the start."





Sad sighed. "I'm slow and silver, like a gentle winter frost.
I slow you down enough to make you look for what you've lost.
My gloominess is so much more important than it seems,
it's the lonely, *oh if onlys*, that become your hopes and dreams."



"I love you all," said Daisy, "I wouldn't change a thing.
Each of you has something very special that you bring."
Happy did a loop-de-loop and whirled around the ceiling.
"And all of you," said Daisy, "are my favouritest of feelings."



