

THE BOY
who Grew
DRAGONS



A CHRISTMAS DELIVERY

Andy Shepherd

Sarah Warburton



*For Isla, Esmé, Ben and Jonas
With my love - A.S.*

*To Dad (Big Stu) who knew the
magic of sheds - S.W.*

A TEMPLAR BOOK

First published in the UK in 2025 by Templar Books,
an imprint of Bonnier Books UK
5th Floor, HYLO, 105-106 Bunhill Row,
London, EC1Y 8LZ

The authorised representative in the EEA
is Bonnier Books UK (Ireland) Limited.

Registered office address:
Floor 3, Block 3, Miesian Plaza
Dublin 2, D02 Y754, Ireland
compliance@bonnierbooks.ie
www.bonnierbooks.co.uk

Text copyright © 2025 by Andy Shepherd
Illustration copyright © 2025 by Sarah Warburton
Design copyright © 2025 by Templar Books

1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

All rights reserved

ISBN 978-1-80078-648-6

Edited by Ruth Symons and Victoria Garrard
Designed by Ted Jennings
Production by Nick Read

Printed in China



THE BOY who Grew DRAGONS

A CHRISTMAS DELIVERY

Andy Shepherd Sarah Warburton



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!



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



They also love decorating the tree...

No, not our Christmas tree!



OUR SECRET DRAGON-FRUIT TREE!

You see, here in Grandad's garden...
we grow *dragons*!

Dragons with *flickering scales*
and *diamond eyes*...

...dragons that *flit and shimmer and shine*.

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

There are *rainbow dragons*...

...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.



"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 snowdragon?" 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 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 ...



"We can't drive in this," 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!**

I help him heave and push and shove
but the Ice barrow just won't budge.



"And now where's Lolli?" Grandad says.

"We've lost Lolli!"

"WHEEEEEEEEE!" cries Lolli.



I give her a double thumbs up.

Lolli and the dragons have given me a great idea.



I hurry into Grandad's shed. It's 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?

FOUND IT!

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.

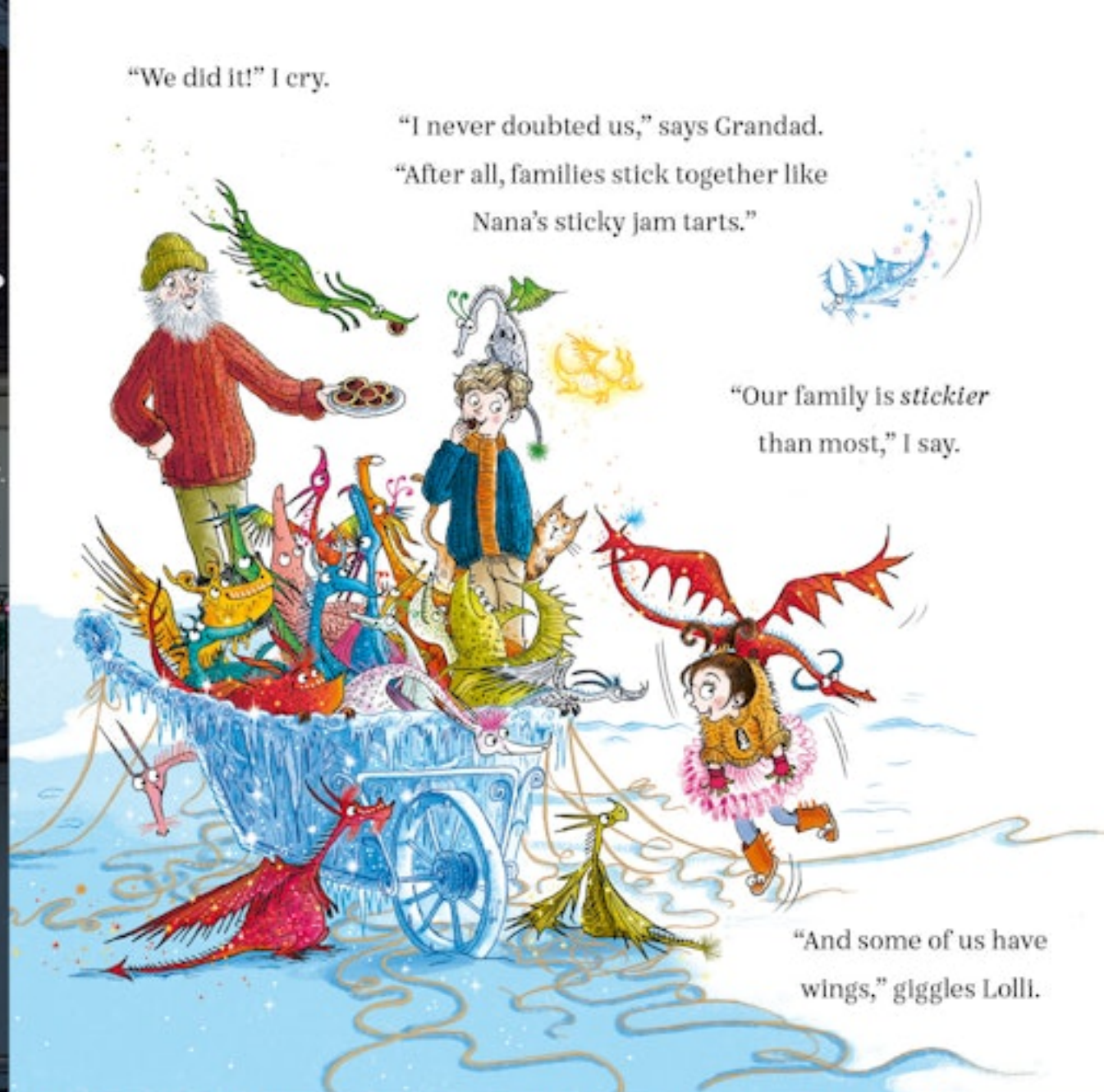
Most people are too busy to look up and see us.

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 all our
friends and family to find.



"We did it!" I cry.

"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.



