



The Dragon's Egg



Patrick held on to the egg with a tight grip. The owner of the egg soared above, screeching for its baby. The dragon, with scales shimmering in the sunlight, circled anxiously, its eyes fixed on Patrick.

Patrick's heart pounded in his chest as he crouched behind a large rock, trying to shield the precious egg from view. He had stumbled upon the dragon's nest deep in the forest and couldn't resist the temptation to take one of the shiny eggs.

As the dragon's cries grew louder and more desperate, Patrick knew he had to act fast. He carefully wrapped the egg in his jacket and began to creep away, trying to stay hidden from the watchful eyes of the mother dragon.

But just as Patrick thought he might escape unnoticed, a twig snapped beneath his foot, echoing through the forest like a gunshot. The dragon's head snapped in his direction, its eyes locking onto him with fierce intensity.

Patrick froze, his heart racing as he stared into the fiery gaze of the dragon. He knew he had been caught red-handed, and there was no way he could outrun a creature as majestic and powerful as this.

But instead of breathing fire or attacking him, the dragon let out a sorrowful cry and lowered its massive head, nudging the egg gently with its snout. Patrick watched in amazement as the dragon's expression softened, its eyes filled with longing and sadness.

Realizing the depth of his mistake, Patrick felt a pang of guilt wash over him. He had taken something precious from the dragon – something that meant the world to her. And now, as he looked into her eyes, he knew he couldn't keep the egg for himself.