Dragons

All was lost. The ship was on fire and the dragons still flew above. The old boat, now in flames, bobbed up and down in the deep sea. Among the terrified crew stood Mary, her eyes wide with fear but she stood strong.

"Jump on its back!" cried Mary, her voice cutting through the night. She was as brave as any man. The sailors looked at her in shock. They did not want to jump on the dragon's back, but they had no choice. With a leap of faith, they followed Mary's lead onto the back of the largest dragon. Its scales were tough.

As they clung to the dragon's sturdy back, the creature soared through the air like an arrow shot from a bow. Mary held on tight, feeling the wind whip through her hair.

With each beat of the dragon's wings, they rose higher and higher. The dragons circled above.

Despite the danger, Mary couldn't help but marvel at the beauty of the creatures that had come to their rescue. Their scales were as shiny and their eyes were bright.

Together, they flew through the clouds, leaving their troubles behind like shadows in the night.