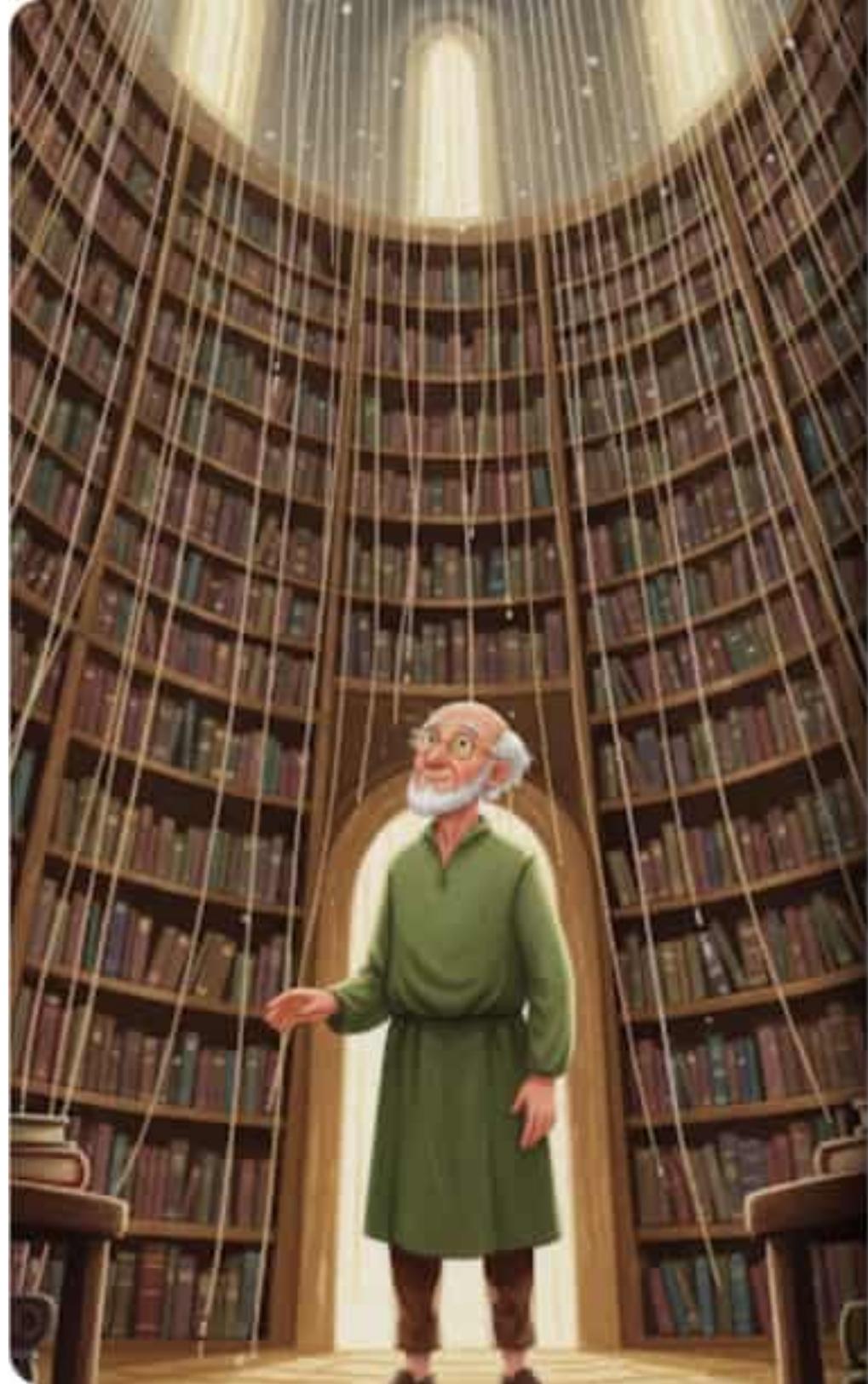
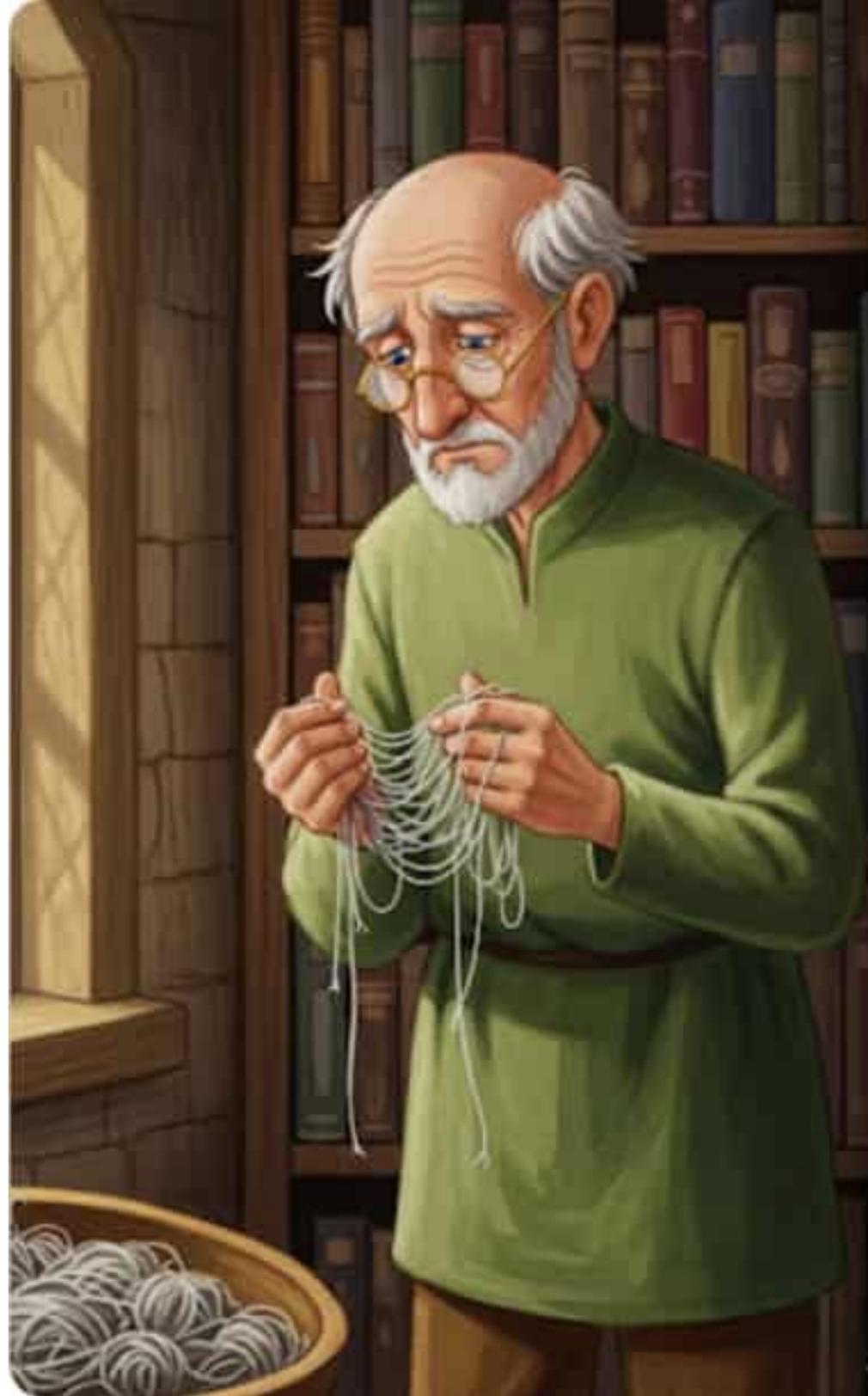


Scribbles, the Story Dragon

By Liezl Coetzee



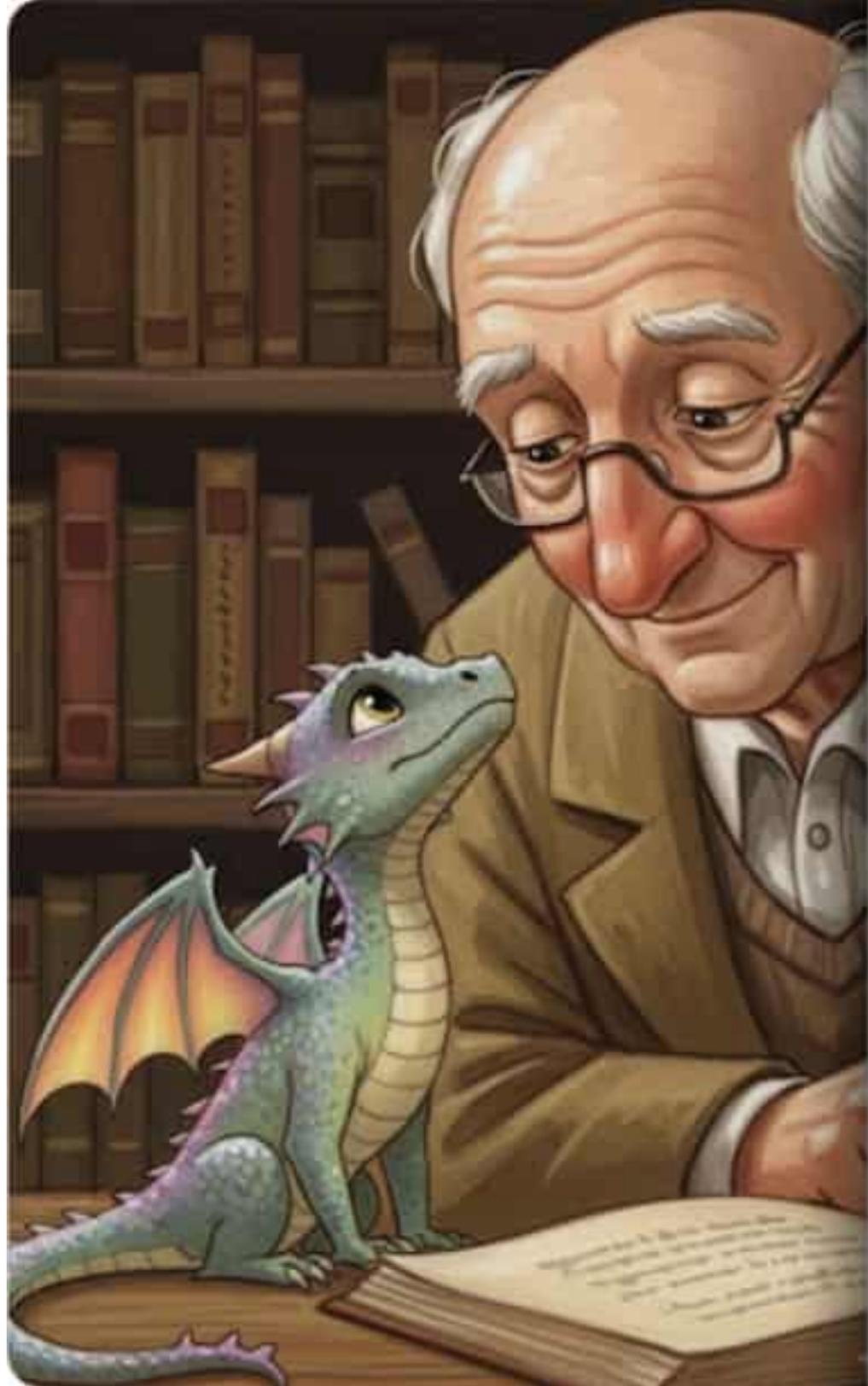
In the cozy village of
Whisperwind, there lived an old
Story Keeper named Elian. His job
was to take care of all the village
stories, which weren't kept in
books, but as thousands of
colorful, glowing threads that
floated in his tall library.



But lately, the story threads had started to tangle and fade. Elian was very worried. He couldn't find the bright yellow thread for the Sunpetal Festival, and without it, the villagers might forget their happiest day of the year.



Searching for the lost story, Elian looked behind a dusty bookshelf. There, curled up and looking very sad, was a little dragon whose scales were the color of faded rainbows.



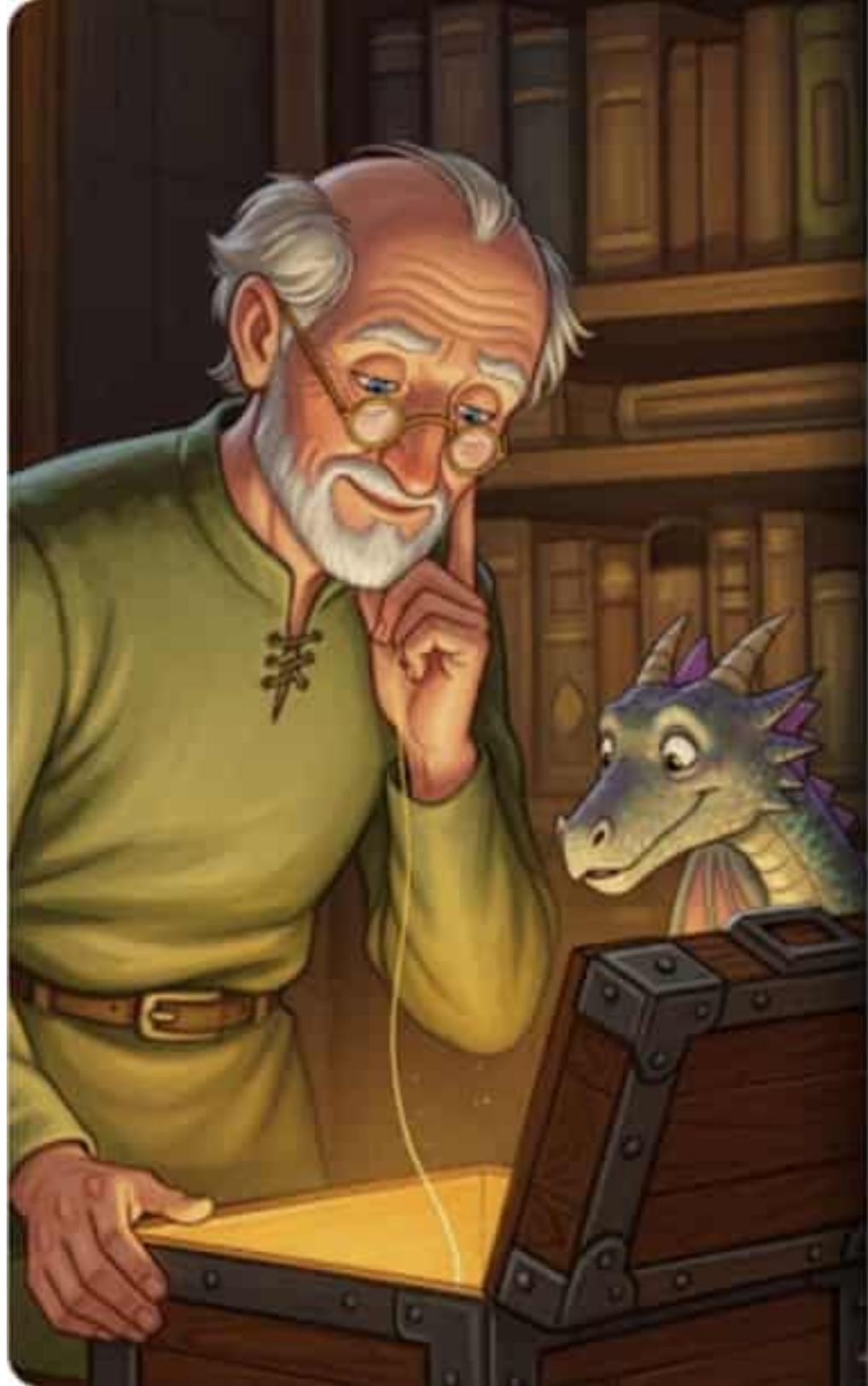
"Hello," whispered Elian. The little dragon looked up. "My name is Scribbles," he sighed. "I get my colors from munching on bright, happy stories. But all the stories are getting dull, and now I'm getting dull, too."



Elian's face lit up. "We have the same problem! Maybe we can help each other!" he said. "I can't find the Sunpetal Festival story, but I remember how it felt. It felt warm like sunshine and happy like laughter!"



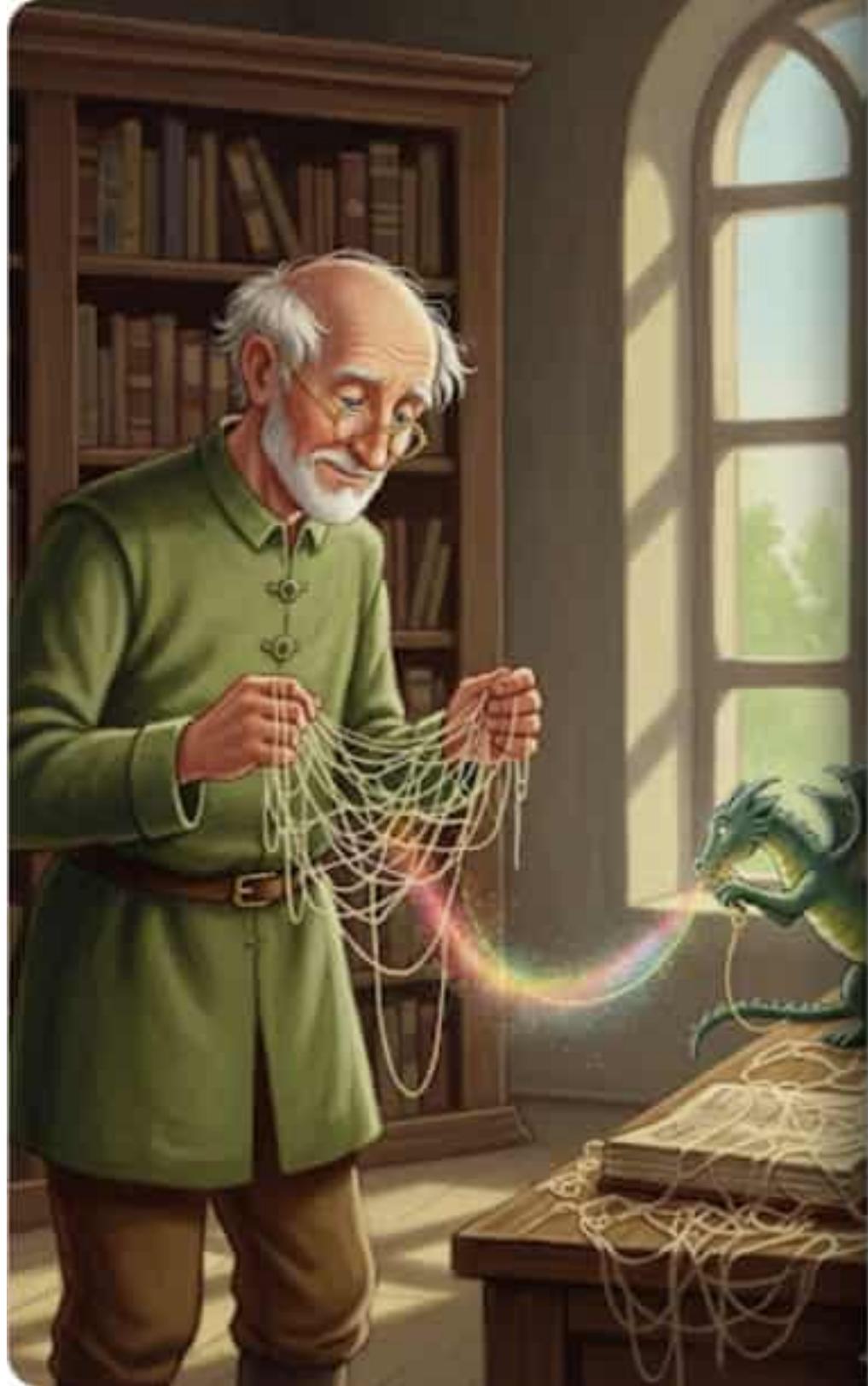
Scribbles' little nose twitched. He could smell it! A tiny, faint scent of sunshine and laughter. "It's this way!" he chirped, and flew up to a very high, forgotten shelf.



Together, they pulled down a heavy, wooden box. When Elian opened the lid, a single, brilliant golden thread floated out, glowing with all the warmth of the sun. It was the heart of the festival story!



Scribbles took a tiny, careful nibble of the golden thread. WHOOSH! His scales burst with bright yellows and oranges, and he felt full of happy energy again. "Yummy!" he squeaked.



"Now, let's fix the rest!" said Elian. He held up the tangled, faded threads, and Scribbles began to carefully weave the bright golden thread among them. With every loop and stitch, the old threads began to glow with their colors again.



Soon, the whole library was a dazzling rainbow of light. The villagers saw the glow from their windows and suddenly remembered! They began to sing the festival songs and hang sunpetal flowers on their doors. Whisperwind had its happiest story back, all thanks to the Story Keeper and his new Data Dragon.