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## I Was Six

by Nancy Bertenshaw

‘I was six when my mother taught me the art of invisible strength,’ revealed Dragon. ‘And, one day I needed it. It happened like this...’

Dragon told me his story. I’ll tell you...

‘Come down Lucy! How would I ever explain to your mother if you took a fall?’ called Aunty Sue, feebly.

But, adventurous Lucy kept on climbing up the steep volcano. Aunty Sue, groaned, went back to reading her magazine and mused, ‘Thank dog, I haven’t had children!’

Lucy, now out of earshot, but not sight, suddenly came upon a green mound and kicked it hard.

Dragon, cross at being woken, reared his sleepy head. He looked Lucy in the eye, accusingly.

‘It’s a dragon! I’ve found a REAL dragon!’ yelled boisterous Lucy to, the now oblivious, Aunty Sue, far down the slope, near the car.

Lucy stroked Dragon’s head gently and murmured softly into his ear, ‘I’m Lucy. I’m six.’

Then, quickly losing interest in the creature, she continued her upward climb.

Little Lucy was of her father's and grandfathers ilk, 'What is over the other side?' mentality, which was sometimes dangerous.

Reaching the top, Lucy vanished, with an ear-wrenching scream.

At that moment, Dragon lifted his head for a second time. 'Oh no', he moaned despairingly, 'She's gone over the top, into the crater. What now?'

He remembered, somewhere deep inside him, when he was six, he had learned from his dear mother 'The Art of Invisible Strength'. How did it go?

Dragon imagined STRONG THOUGHTS. The longer he thought, the stronger he felt. All at once, he noticed flaps, the size of hearth rugs, appear at his sides. Amazed at the change in his strength, he meditated EVEN STRONGER THOUGHTS; till Dragon felt himself lifting off the ground.

'I can fly!' he shouted, to no one in particular. With that, Dragon soared high over the crater of the extinct volcano. He spied Lucy, sitting up on a large rock, just over the rim. She was shaking her head.

Dragon coasted down smoothly. Using his teeth, he carefully picked up Lucy, by her dress and placed her safely on his back. They flew together, round the old volcano and down to Aunty Sue, still reading her 'Hello!' magazine.

Alighting, Lucy thanked Dragon with a kiss and a big cuddle. One wet, shiny tear trickled down Dragon's scaly cheek, as he spread his huge wings and flapped off, silently, out of sight.

'Oh, you're back,' mumbled Aunty Sue, from behind her periodical. 'Time to go home, then.'