



What Calms a Dragon Flame?

A story for Oliver

TuckBook

The main character of this story: **Oliver**

Oliver's tiny dream-dragon flame jumped from blue to gold in his cupped hands. "Oh dear," he whispered. Tomorrow was his first day back at school, and every time he imagined the classroom door, the flame danced faster. Oliver sat on his bed in his light-blue pyjamas with yellow stars and tried to make it stay still.

On the chair waited his moonlit school satchel, its deep-blue cloth shining with silver thread. Inside were a pencil case, a library book, and an apple for morning. Oliver had packed them himself. Yet the thought of new work, noisy chairs, and saying hello made his breaths go quick, quick, quick. His flame snapped like a tiny flag.



Oliver wrapped his soft green blanket around his shoulders and looked through the bedroom window. A paper sun from the holiday was still taped beside the latch. Beyond it, the night sky was dark velvet, with one bright moon pouring a pale path across the floorboards.

The flame leaned toward the moonlight. Oliver followed it to the window and touched the cool glass. At once, the silver path widened, soft as a ribbon. His blanket lifted at the corners. The room gently folded away, and Oliver found himself standing in a moonlit dream meadow.

Round stones lay in a line through the grass. On each stone, a little white flower bent down, then slowly lifted again. Down, then up. Oliver watched for a moment, though his own flame was still fizzing wildly in his hands.

“You noticed the meadow’s breathing before you noticed mine,” said a voice as warm as toast.



A friendly dragon stepped from behind a willow tree. She was no bigger than a pony, with pearl-silver scales and wings that held moonlight in their folds. “I’m Mira,” she said. “That flame is trying very hard to help you. But it has forgotten the quiet rhythm.”





“Can you teach it?” Oliver asked. He wanted to learn, but when he thought of not knowing where to hang his coat at school, the flame gave a worried sputter. Mira did not blow on it. Instead, she lowered her head and breathed in slowly through her nose. Her sides rose, smooth and steady. Then she breathed out a warm, quiet dragon puff that made the grass bow without shaking.

“Your turn,” said Mira. “Let the moonlight come in through your nose. Then send a gentle puff out.” Oliver tried. His first breath rushed away too fast. He looked at the bending flowers. Down, then up. This time he chose to think of the classroom door and breathed in slowly through his nose.

He breathed out like a warm, quiet dragon puff. The flame did not leap. It glowed. Oliver tried again, thinking of the new work. In through his nose, slow as moonlight. Out, warm and soft. When he imagined saying hello, the flame became a small golden pear of light, steady in his palms.



Mira smiled. “A dragon does not need to chase every spark. It can choose its breath.” The meadow dimmed kindly around them. Oliver held the rhythm as he followed the silver path back, and his green blanket settled around him on his own bed.





In the morning, Oliver put on his blue jumper and carried the moonlit school satchel along the quiet path to school. When the gate looked tall and the children sounded busy, he felt the little flame glowing inside him. In slowly through his nose. Out with a quiet, warm puff. Then Oliver walked through the classroom door.

That evening, after his first day back, Oliver placed his satchel on the chair again. He pulled up the soft green blanket and saw the moon beyond the window. His dream-dragon flame rested in his hands, glowing gold and calm. Oliver breathed in, breathed out, and let the gentle rhythm carry him toward sleep.





Good night, Oliver.



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After the story



WHAT THIS STORY IS ABOUT

On the night before school, Oliver follows his flickering dream-dragon flame into a moonlit meadow. With Mira's gentle breathing lesson, he finds a calm rhythm he can carry into morning and back to bed.

TALK ABOUT IT AFTER READING

After reading, ask: "Oliver, which moment felt the warmest or bravest today?"

AND TOMORROW...

One night, Oliver notices that his calm golden flame is pointing toward a star that has slipped out of its place.





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A young boy with brown hair and rosy cheeks looks out from a wooden doorway into a dark night sky filled with stars. The scene is set in a room with a bulletin board on the left and a desk on the right. The boy's legs and feet are visible at the bottom of the frame.

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6 minutes of reading



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