

## Deepening Understanding

### YR3 Fiction

#### An Unlikely Pet by Vicky Birch



There it sat in the middle of the room. How could such a small box wrapped up in mouldy brown paper seem to wholly occupy such a large, empty room? As they stared at the grey, dusty package the children wondered what it was and who might have abandoned it there.

"I'm not sure this is such a good idea," muttered Jane as she cautiously backed away from the mysterious object.

"Don't be such a baby!" exclaimed Simon, grabbing Jane by the arm and pulling her forwards. Within seconds, Jane realised he was clutching her arm ever tighter and she wondered if, despite his supposed confidence, he might be just as scared as she was.

Eventually, Simon huffed and flung himself forward. "Fine! I'll do it then," he grumpily spat at Jane as she cowered behind him. As if in slow-motion, he reached forward to grab the end of the ragged piece of string that was holding the packaging together but the instant his finger touched it, Simon's hand sprung away and he winced in pain. Something had burnt him.

The children stared at each other in disbelief as the young boy sucked on his finger, willing the pain to diminish. Reluctantly, Jane gently blew on the box as she attempted to untie the string, knowing it was down to her to discover what was inside this perplexing package.

The heat from the box radiated around her hands, making her palms sweat whilst her heart pounded inside her chest. She could hear her breathing get quicker and quicker but amongst her sharp inhalations, she heard a wheezy splutter coming from inside the box.

Jane and Simon froze. They heard a rustling sound. A mild bump. A croaking. A puffing. Whatever was inside...it was awake.

Slowly, warily, Jane loosened the string until the brown packaging fell to the sides exposing a transparent box. Inside was a sight that the children had never in their wildest dreams imagined they'd see.

A dragon. A miniscule, baby dragon.

The children observed in silence, astounded by what was laying before them. As they crouched down to peer inside the box, Jane couldn't help but feel a sense of fondness for the miniature beast. She watched the dragon wobble around the box, stumbling and tripping lazily upon its over-sized tail as if it was still unable to manage its own body. Then, the creature huffed and puffed with great force but, despite its best efforts, only managed to push out a heated, smoky belch - quite unlike any fearsome fire-breathing dragon it had clearly intended to imitate.

With a disheartening shrug, the dragon raised its tiny head and gazed directly into Jane's dotting eyes. "Simon," Jane whispered softly. "I think we've found ourselves an unlikely pet."

