

DRAGGAR
T R I L O G Y

Magical Adventures

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Illustrated by Joe Franzese

Draggaar Trilogy

Magical Adventures

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This book is dedicated to my mom who believed, to Joe who imagined, to Bob who supported, to Jim who inspired through art, and to Carol who helped make this book a reality.

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Draggard



Allain



Zynnyth



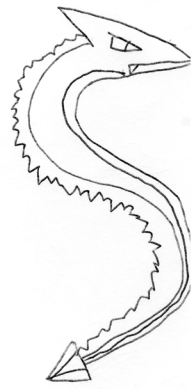
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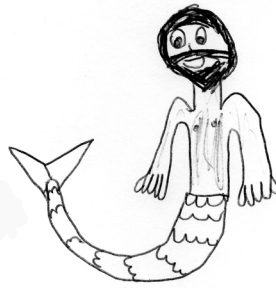
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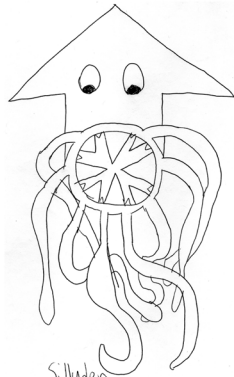
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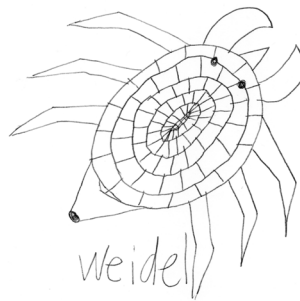
Sea Serpent



Merman



Squid



weidel



Drillarg



Frogon
egg

DRAGGAAR'S QUEST

Chapter 1

My name is Joe and I have a secret. My best friend is a dragon. He isn't a pet dragon, or a stuffed dragon, but the most amazing creature in the universe. This is my story.

When I turned two years old, I found a dragon. Well, maybe you could say a dragon found me. On my second birthday, my parents bought 40 big helium balloons and tied them to a little wooden rocking chair my father had made for my present. When I saw the chair, I thought it was great. I ran to my new chair and sat down and began to rock.

My dad, who had been out mowing, came in the sliding glass door to see me in my new chair. My mother had been in the front gardens and when she heard my excited yell, she came in the front door. This is when a

curious thing happened. Maybe it was a magical wind that just happened to be passing through at that time. Maybe it was just the combination of both parents coming in different doors at the same time. Whatever the reason, a magical thing occurred. My chair had so many balloons attached to it, and my father had left the sliding glass doors open, and there was such a strong gust of air at that moment that it lifted me and my new chair up into the air and out the door! I held onto the arms of the chair as I went higher and higher up into the sky.

I guess because I was only two, I didn't know that I should be afraid. It was really cool! Up, up, up, I soared, watching our farmhouse get smaller and smaller. There was the red barn, and the chicken house, the fields and the lake. There was the wooded area where I had my secret fort. There was my dad, running and yelling, and here was I up so high, laughing and rocking in my flying chair. What a great birthday present! I was up really high in the clouds

now and still not afraid. I couldn't see the ground anymore.

That's when I saw Draggaar.

He was a big, golden and red dragon. His wings were spread wide open and he was gliding along on that same big gust of wind that had lifted me out of my house. At first, his eyes were closed as he enjoyed the feeling of the breeze pushing him along. Suddenly, his big black eyes opened with surprise as he stared at me. I was only two and I didn't know that dragons didn't exist since no one had told me that yet. Draggaar, however, knew that little boys did not fly. He slowed down his flight and began to circle around me as he pondered this strange sight.

He circled around me and my little chair covered with balloons for the third time and then all at once, he let out a huge bellowing belly laugh.

"Little man," he said in perfect English (for no one had told me that dragons did not speak English) "That does not seem to be a very safe way to fly."

I replied,” Flying doggie! Woof, Woof! Good Doggie.”

(After all, I was only two.)

Another burst of laughter came from the dragon.

“No, no little man, not a doggie, I am a dragon,”

And with this he let loose the most gravelly, booming roar I had ever heard. It was the most marvelous sound. I clapped my hands together with delight.

Unfortunately, being only two, no one told me that when you are high up in the air on a flying rocking chair, that you should never let go. I began to tumble head over heels through the air and back towards the ground. It was sort of like doing summersaults but with no mat. I thought this was fun too, even if I was getting pretty dizzy. No one had told me yet that falling from the sky was not a good thing. Suddenly, I was snatched in mid-roll. After a few minutes I wasn't dizzy anymore from rolling around in the sky. I realized two things at once. The dragon was holding me in its mouth, and my birthday present was flying away without me. I began to cry and point to my chair. The

dragon tilted his head in the direction of my chair as if considering what to do next. Finally he grabbed my little chair with his talons and dragged it along with us. (Later, I would learn that Draggaar found this quite humiliating and was glad no one ever spotted us.)

He circled in the air and then flew straight down towards the earth. Not knowing where I came from, he chose to land in a small meadow and placed me back down onto the ground. Then he considered me again.

“Little man,” he slowly said while staring intently at me. “I don’t know where your home is. Do you?”

I just looked at my new friend and said, “Dragon ROAR!” and clapped some more.

“Ah, yes,” he replied while rolling his large black eyes. “Human children are pretty helpless when young.”

I just continued to stare at my new friend. In the sunlight his scales glittered like the water in my little lake on the farm. From tip to tail he was 20 feet long. Golden scales were tinged at the tops with a fire red. The tips of

his ears looked like twin flames. His arms were thin boned but spread into magnificent four fanned wings. His chest was strongly boned. On the back of each leg was an extra wickedly sharp talon. Sharp white teeth protruded on either side of his mouth. He was truly magnificent.

Draggaar lowered his head to see me more eye to eye. His eye was bigger than my whole head! “Ok, little man, we need a plan here.”

I knew my name wasn't little man, but I didn't know how to tell him my name. I did know how to ask for his though. “Name!” I demanded.

The dragon looked at me in surprise.

I insisted again, “Name!”

With a drop of his head in a stately bow, he replied, “Draggaar”.

I answered him back as I threw my arms about his neck, “Joe Luffs Draggaar!” And he laughed again with a great rumbling booming laugh.

“Well, Joe, we will have to think of some way to get you home.”

Draggaar tied my little balloon chair to a tree stump and looked around. I think he was figuring where he was flying when he found me and then where he put me back down on the ground. “I think the best plan would be to wait,” he finally said.

I looked around and realized I knew where I was. Our farm has 110 acres. We must have landed at the far side of the meadow next to Mrs. Raney’s house. Mrs. Raney was a really nice lady who sometimes brought me oatmeal cookies when she had baked too many. She was our closest neighbor. I looked at Draggaar and pointed up the meadow and said, “Mrs. Raney has cookies. Let’s go!” Draggaar turned towards the direction of Mrs. Raney’s farmhouse. He had heard the approach of a person. He slowly rose into the air, satisfied that I would be found, and I later learned, quite willing to eat someone if they intended to harm me. My new friend flew silently away,

disappearing with quick dragon speed. Around the corner came Mrs. Raney. She came right up to me with a surprised look on her face.

“Joseph! Land’s sake! How did you get here? Where is your mommy or daddy?” She looked around for any sign of my parents.

I just pointed to my new chair but I don’t think she figured out that I had flown to her meadow. She took a cell phone out of her shirt pocket and dialed it. Soon she was explaining to my mom that she was up in the meadow with me and a rocking chair covered in balloons.

The next thing I knew, my mom and dad were there and everyone was making such a big fuss. I was given some milk and oatmeal cookies. I wished Draggaar could have tasted one. All year long I looked up into the sky, but I didn’t see Draggaar again until my 8th birthday. That is when Draggaar’s Quest began.

Chapter 2

My parents were out working around the farm on my 8th birthday. I woke up and quickly did my chores. I got dressed, washed up and went out to check for eggs in the hen house. My parents were going to take me out later to choose my gift and we would get hamburgers on the way home. That sounded great to me. Eating out was always a rare treat in my house.

While I was inside the hen house, the hens started to make a great commotion. I thought maybe a weasel or fox was nearby so I went out back to look around. I always had a pocket full of small stones to throw. It wasn't a weasel or a fox. It was a dragon. It was my dragon. It was Draggaar!

Draggaar had landed silently near the hen house and watched as I came out. He seemed to have a smile on his

face and that made me smile until he said quite clearly in English, “Dragons do not smile.”

Ok, that was weird. Could he be reading my thoughts?

“Yes, dragons can read thoughts, little man,” he replied.

“Then why didn’t you know where my home was when you first found me?” I asked puzzled.

“You were such a little man that your thoughts were all fuzzy,” he said. “Now you are bigger and so are your thoughts.”

I moved closer to him. He was really big. Bigger even than my dad’s new tractor. His head was a beautiful shiny gold color tinged with red, while his wings were red but tipped with gold. His neck was long and graceful and his dark eyes were round and intelligent. His belly was also gold as were the insides of his ears. He was truly a magnificent dragon.

He turned his head to study me before saying, “and you have seen many dragons I guess?”

He was reading my thoughts again. That could get really weird. “I have seen many stuffed toy dragons,” I answered truthfully. “You are the greatest dragon I have ever seen.”

At this he let out a wonderfully rumbly laugh. “I don’t know why man is so interested in dragons. For thousands of years they tried to hunt us into extinction but now they want to sleep with one of us tucked into a bed! I don’t think I will ever understand your species”.

“I think dragons are wonderful!” I told him honestly.

At this he became serious again, “Joe, I have come here because I need your help.”

Well considering he had saved me when we first met, I thought it was great that I could help him do anything at all. “What do you need me to do?” I asked puzzled. I couldn’t imagine how I could help him. After all, I was only a small boy while he was a giant dragon.

“I want you to take care of this for me,” and with that he presented me with a bronze colored egg about the

same size as an ostrich's egg. I stared at the egg in amazement. Slowly I reached out a hand to gently touch it. The egg was warm and smooth. I looked back at Draggaar. "Is this what I think it is?" I asked in amazement. Draggaar lowered his nose to the egg and nuzzled it lovingly. "It is the last of my eggs," he stated sadly.

I found myself thinking about all the possible reasons for this being the last of his eggs and wondering where the rest were. I hadn't even known he had a mate or that he had a nest of eggs.

"Zynnyth," he replied. "My mate's name is Zynnyth and she is a beautiful mate. She would never leave our home unprotected."

"Draggaar, what happened?" I asked slowly.

Draggaar shook his large head and let out a long sad sounding sigh. "I returned to my nest to find Zynnyth gone. In the nest there should have been 5 eggs, but I found four of them smashed to pieces and only this one off to the side. I roared with anger and searched the entire area