

Now what do we do?'

We have to wait. There was a knock at the door.

'Excuse me,' said the small figure in the doorway,

'What are you doing here, boy?' said the Mayor.

'I'm a knight,' said the boy. 'I'm Sir Egg.'

'Sir Egg, indeed!'. 'What name is that? And your armour...!'

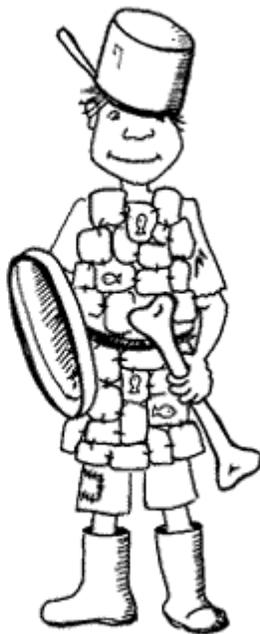
'I made it myself,' 'Sardine tins.'

'And *that*? 'It looks like a mutton bone,' said his wife.

'It is,' said Sir Egg. 'It's a very famous mutton bone.'

'Out!' he shouted.

'Don't worry,' 'I'll get rid of the dragon for you. And then I'll be back for my reward.' Said Sir Egg.



Sir Egg walked looking for the dragon. He passed the butcher's and the baker's, and paused at the greengrocer's.

'Hello, Dragon!' he shouted.

The dragon appeared in the window. It looked extremely cross.

'Lettuce and spinach,' 'What kind of dinner is that?'

'Revolting. I hate greens too,' agreed Sir Egg.

'And just who do you think you are? Asked the dragon.

'I'm a knight!'

'Huh! Half a knight at most. Still, you'll be tastier than lettuce...'

And suddenly the dragon spread its wings and moved upon Sir Egg, and lifted him into the air,

'Pah! Pah!' spat the dragon, shaking its head. '*Fish!* I hate fish! Are you trying to poison me?'

The dragon turned, ready to fry him.

Then its eyes fixed on the bone. Its nostrils twitched.

'What have you got there?'

'It's a very famous mutton bone,' panted Sir Egg.

'*Famous?*'

'Brampton Wick mutton, best in the country.'

'Really?' 'I love mutton. Where is this Brampton Wick place?'

'I'll tell you, if you promise to go away and leave us alone,' Sir Egg suggested.

'You destroyed all the shops. There's only the fish shop left - and you don't like fish.'

Sanguin looked surprised. 'Is that true?'

'That's right.'

'Here - try the mutton bone!'

'Aaah,' said the dragon dreamily, licking its lips. 'That was excellent. Have you got any more?'

But you see, there's just one problem...'

'What's that?' asked Sir Egg.

I can't just fly away at your command.'

'Why not?'

'It's terrible for my image. Now if you were a proper knight, it would be different.'

'But I am!' cried Sir Egg.

'You? A knight?'

'Yes! My name's a short-for, just like yours.'

'Short for what?'

Sir Egg sighed. 'Sir Egremont Horatio Lancelot Sagramore de Gramercy,' he said reluctantly. 'I try not to let people know.'

'Egremont - what was that again?'

You have a real knight name! Now - where's this Brampton Wick?'

Sir Egg whispered in its ear, and the dragon left.

'You didn't kill the dragon at all.' I don't think I should pay you.

'I got rid of it, didn't I?' said Sir Egg. 'Anyway, I don't want gold and silver.'

'You don't?'

'No, thanks. A half share in the sweet-shop will do fine.'

Mrs Honey from the sweet-shop was so happy that she adopted him.

Sir Egg became Egg Honey. He sincerely hoped that he would never again have to reveal his ridiculous old name to anyone.

As for the dragon Sanguin - it raided unhappy village of Brampton Wick, until, they advertised for a knight to help them.

But that's another story.

THE END

True or false?

1. Sir Egg was the second knight.
2. The knight was small.
3. He had a wonderful armour.
4. His armour was made of sardine tins.
5. The dragon smelt fish.
6. The dragon hated fish.
7. Sir egg had a sword.
8. The dragon liked Sir Egg's mutton bone.
9. The dragon went to Brampton Wick.
10. Sir Egg wanted money.