

Two weeks went by.

By then the town had no pigs left, and no sheep. The dragon burnt down all the barns and stables, and those people who had horses they kept them in their kitchens.

A knight appeared. "I am Sir Percivayle," said the knight. He was tall, thin and pale.

'I am not afraid of dragons! I have a famous sword, The Black Knight of the Forest gave it to me.

'Excellent! You can go and kill it tomorrow.'

'And my reward?'

'All the town's gold and silver,' said the Mayor, 'And my daughter's hand in marriage.'

Next day, Sir Percivayle went to meet the dragon.

Sanguin, was hunting through the town for food.

Sir Percivayle took out his famous sword.

'Go away vile serpent!' or I kill you with my sword.'

The dragon moved its tail. It knocked the sword right out of Sir Percivayle's hand and sent him tumbling over backwards.

He looked round for his sword. With horror, he saw a hundred metal fragments in the street.

'Duarfasti!' he shouted.

The dragon walked towards him.

'Duarfasti, eh?' it hissed. I met the Black Knight of the Forest only last month. A very pleasant man but a little crunchy.'

Sanguin's vast jaws opened wide. Sir Percivayle ran as fast as he could.

COPY

MATCH

*Sir Percivayle*

*was the dragon's name.*

*Sanguin*

*burnt the barns.*

*The Black Knight*

*was pale, tall and thin.*

*The dragon*

*was the first knight.*

*The knight*

*didn't kill the dragon.*

*The knight in the end*

*gave Sir Percivayle a sword.*

