

The boy who cried 'Dragon' Dragon

Little Harry Potter was just like all the other little boys in the small Surrey town of Little Whinging.

He ran for his life with his cousin in hot pursuit, he was forced to walk on fire, he had hatpins stuck through his cheeks...

All of them.

And every Saturday night he accompanied his family to the human sacrifices at the neighboring Stonehenge. (The Dursley Family were completely normal Satanists, thank you very much)

The only thing that set Harry apart from the other boys of Little Whinging was his ability to do magic. He would bend the laws of god, man and physics and this sometimes got him into trouble as we shall soon see as we accompany him to his favorite place in the world, Hogwarts School for Witchcraft and Wizardry.

And a magnificent place it was too. The castle was big and dark and to Harry, extremely interesting. He would go there to talk to his ginger friends, the Weasleys. Harry would push the youngest male Weasley into death traps and laugh. The other Weasleys all thought that was a real rotten trick, but they never did anything about it, partially because despite deserving everything Harry did to him, Ron always managed to somehow survive, and mostly because Harry was the only kid at Hogwarts who would talk with gingers.

One day Harry lead Ron into the Forbidden Forest with the intent of conducting the latest round of Open Forum and Weasley torture when he heard something breathing very deeply behind him. Harry turned around an immediately wished he had not.

There standing in a small clearing was a Dragon.

While Ron ran from the scene screaming at a pitch that only dogs could hear, Harry swallowed noisily. His first inclination was to use his Parseltongue gift and strike up a conversation with the huge beast. **But what** , Harry thought to himself, **does one say to a dragon ? How's the weather up there?**

The Dragon heaved itself free of the soft loam in which it has been laying and thundered it's way to a shuddering piece of high ground, and Harry settled on **'Don't call me, I'll call you!'**

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"Aunt Petunia! Aunt Petunia! Aunt Petunia!" Harry screamed as he entered the kitchen of #4 Privet Drive. "I saw a dragon at school today! A terrible horrible evil dragon!"

His devoted auntie turned from her cooking, missing hitting Harry in the head with her cast iron frying pan only due to his well-trained reflexes. "I certainly hope you weren't playing with it Boy, Dr. Mosby says they carry germs."

And so it was, despite his family being fully aware that he was capable of doing magic, no one would believe him when he told only slightly embellished tales of his encounter with the dragon. This made Harry seethe with anger and not in a good way either.

He would show them, he would show them all.

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The next day Harry returned to the Forbidden Forest armed only with a bag of peanuts.

Ignoring the cheerful greetings of his friends the Weasleys, pausing only to shove Ron in front of a threstral stampede, Harry made his way to where he had seen the dragon the day before.

And there it was, looking, if possible, even more huge and horrifying than it had the day before. Harry almost abandoned his plans, but then he remembered the laughter that came from all sides when he had told his story. His resolve steeled, Harry whistled as he would for a dog.

He immediately found himself face to face with the dragon, the beast's evil yellow eyes fixed with his own, and the dragon's hot breath causing his clothing to lose its creases.

Harry held up a peanut. "Peanuts," he explained.

The dragon didn't say anything.

"They're good," Harry continued, hoping that the moisture he suddenly realized was in his shoes was sweat.

The dragon didn't move.

"Don'tcha like peanuts?" Harry asked.

The dragon still didn't say anything.

"Well," Harry said, still holding the peanut out before the dragon's massive head, "if you don't want them, I'll have to eat them myself!"

Immediately the dragon wanted the peanut.

Harry paused to make a quick count of his fingers to make sure the dragon had left them in place. Then an evil grin appeared on his face.

As the days passed, the dragon became very fond of Harry... and his peanuts. This huge creature, Harry quickly learned, would do anything for a peanut. Still, Harry was careful to treat the monster with respect. It was only sensible to be careful of anybody with fourteen ton feet. And Harry had big plans for this monstrous pet of his, because Harry hadn't forgotten the jeering laughter when he had told people about the dragon in the Forbidden Forest. Even his so called family had laughed at him.

By late July Harry felt he was ready to put his plan into action. His peanut trained dragon did everything Harry asked it to do.

One warm evening Harry and his Aunt, Uncle, and cousin Dudley were sitting in the back garden because of something Petunia had heard on one of her daytime telly programs about how 'Family Time' was important. During a pause in the conversation, Harry said softly, "Saw a dragon in the forest today."

"What kind of a dragon?" asked Dudley asked stupidly. "There are many kinds, you know."

"I know that," replied Harry with a sniff. "This one happens to be a Norwegian Ridgeback."

"I hope you weren't playing with it, boy," his Aunt said, while swinging wildly for his head as Harry knew she would. "Doctor Mosby says they carry germs."

The whole Dursley family laughed at Petunia's wit.

"Doctor Mosby shouldn't go around making jokes like that about a dragon," Harry said. "It will make the dragon very angry. It's not a very good thing to get a dragon angry."

"Are you going to tell that dragon what Doctor Mosby said about it?" Dudley grunted, as he passed enough gas to qualify as a biological weapon.

"I sure am," answered Harry, getting up. "Catch you losers later."

Needless to say, Doctor Mosby, his lovely cottage, attached garage, his roses, his willow tree, and his velvety green lawn vanished from the face of the earth.

The only thing ever found was the good doctor's cracked bifocals and a few peanut shells.

That was how it started, each night Harry and 'Lolita' as he had named his gargantuan nymphet would deal with a few more 'non believers'. On one particularly lucky night, they 're-educated Malfoy Manor, during a Death Eater meeting. "Group Therapy" Harry explained.

Magical Britain rapidly became an unexplained series of rain filled craters.

That only left Harry's remaining enemies in the Muggle world.

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On another warm evening, Harry and his Aunt, Uncle, and cousin Dudley were sitting in the back garden, once again trying out this 'family time' thing. Harry broke the silence: "Saw a dragon in the forest today." Then he held his breath. He knew what was coming.

"I hope you weren't playing with it, boy," his Aunt said, while jabbing her knitting needles at his eyes. "Doctor Mosby used to say that they carried germs."

Harry hesitated, but only for a moment. Then he whistled three times. The sky went dark for several seconds, followed by a sudden rush of wind. Then the ground jarred mightily, as the 120 ton dragon landed in the Dursley back garden. Harry handed it a peanut.

"Devour Aunt Petunia," he said.

And that was only the beginning....