

My Pet Dragon Ate My Homework

It all started last Tuesday, when I found a shimmering green egg behind the school playground. I thought it was a glittery soccer ball... until it *hatched* in my backpack. Out popped a baby dragon with tiny wings and breath that smelled like cinnamon toast.

I named him Blaze.

Blaze wasn't like other pets. He didn't fetch sticks or roll over. He snored fire bubbles and only ate things that had glitter or glue on them—which, unfortunately, included my math homework.

"Blaze! No!" I cried as he munched the corner marked *'Fractions Worksheet: Do Not Eat'*.

Every day, he ate more:

- My spelling test (crunched like potato chips)
- My history timeline (smoked like a burnt marshmallow)
- Even my science project on volcanoes (ironically appropriate!)

When I told my teacher, she didn't believe me. So I brought Blaze in. He sneezed a fireball onto her coffee cup and burped the word *"Oops."*

That afternoon, the school principal made a new rule: No dragons allowed unless they do ALL the homework.

Now Blaze is the smartest dragon in class. He solves algebra in the air using smoke trails and writes essays about ancient winged civilizations. And me? I hand in homework that smells like dragon breath, but always gets an A+.

The only problem? Blaze just ate my lunch.

Story brewed in a dragon's cave by Alyaan Rahman Choudhury, Age

Alyaan is 7 years old and loves dragons, building LEGO castles, and inventing stories with twisty endings.