**Sir Belvidere**

 Fog had blanketed the kingdom for weeks. It was a fog so thick, it seeped in every open window. It was a fog so heavy, movement was dangerous. Village life ground to a halt. No horse would budge. No bread was baked. No cows were milked.

 Making matters worse, a dragon was on its way.

 “He will steal our princesses, burn our crops, and hoard our treasures as all dragons do,” Sir Belvidere, the dragon-slayer, told the king.

 “Then slay him!” ordered the king.

 But the next morning, Sir Belvidere couldn’t see his sword in front of his face. “I cannot slay what I cannot see. This fog must go!”

 Sir Belvidere summoned the wizard. “Surely you must have a

potion or spell for the fog,” he said. The wizard mixed potions and cast spells, one after another, but the fog grew thicker.

 Sir Belvidere passed out paper fans to every villager. “We must fan this fog away!”

 The villagers fanned with all their might, but the fog stayed put.

 Finally, Sir Belvidere tried moving the villagers to other parts of the kingdom, but the fog followed them, making each step more treacherous than the last.

In the distance, Sir Belvidere heard the sound of the dragon’s massive flapping wings. A shiver ran up his spine. What could he do?

 Just then, Sir Belvidere felt a tug on his armor. He peered through the fog and saw a young boy.

 “Follow me,” said the boy.

 Sir Belvidere followed the boy partway up the mountain.

 Suddenly, through the fog, they faced the shadowy form of the dragon.

 “The dragon?” Sir Belvidere hissed. “But dragons steal princesses, burn crops, and hoard treasures!”

 “Do you know that about this one?” asked the boy, taking three steps forward until he was nose to nose with the dragon. Then he whispered something in the dragon’s ear.

 With that, the dragon’s eyes glowed red, and his nostrils flared as he inhaled deeply. Sir Belvidere drew his sword, as the dragon blew a barrel of roaring fire, not at them but across the fog. With each fiery blast, more fog disappeared. As the air cleared, cheers from the valley below erupted.

 After thanking the dragon, Sir Belvidere and the boy hurried off to tell the king that Sir Belvidere’s dragon-slaying days were over, but his dragon-protecting days had just begun!