

Knees of the Dragon

by Sylvia Petter

I never could run properly. It's kinda hard when you've got scales all over your body and a big fat tail that gets in the way. But I can fly. I'm a dragon, you see. Some even call me a dragon lady. I don't know if everyone would. I smoke cigars and drink whisky, like Hemingway did. But I like to fly free.

OK. I don't fly properly anymore either. That happens when you get old. You feel it first in the knees and no amount of rubbing them helps. I've got a mate who's a leprechaun and he's promised to bring me some golden dust when things get too bad. Trouble is, the dust makes you shrink and I'm not quite ready for that yet. I've got stuff to do. I'm a muse you see. Don't laugh, it's true.

There's an Indian cowboy, one with a turban, who reckons that dragons inspire. Thinks they're all magic. Wants me to help corral his bovines, which I do with a long Prfft! while swinging over the sub-continent. And then there's the Lionfish who wants to get into films, but not Disney, just shorty amateurs, he says. Don't know about that one. But I'll give it a go. Then there's the Black Sheep and his rock guitar, who keeps getting pushed off the white-sheep islands. That one is tricky. There's not much a dragon can do when the plug on a boombox is pulled. But I try. A judicious blast through my nostrils helps sometimes.

It's the knees that are cramping my style. I try flexing them when I'm alone in my cave, but they creak so loudly, it scares me. Yeah, dragons get scared too, you know. It's not all fire and nostrils, but I do have to keep up appearances.

