

“Dragon, Dragon,” from *Dragon, Dragon and Other Tales* by John Gardner. Copyright © 1975 by Boskydell Artists, Ltd.

There was once a king whose kingdom was plagued by a dragon. The king did not know which way to turn. The king’s knights were all cowards who hid under their beds whenever the dragon came in sight, so they were of no use to the king at all. And the king’s wizard could not help either because, being old, he had forgotten his magic spells. Nor could the wizard look up the spells that had slipped his mind, for he had unfortunately misplaced his wizard’s book many years before. The king was at his wit’s end.

Every time there was a full moon the dragon came out of his lair and ravaged the countryside. He frightened maidens and stopped up chimneys and broke store windows and set people’s clocks back and made dogs bark until no one could hear himself think.

He tipped over fences and robbed graves and put frogs in people’s drinking water and tore the last chapters out of novels and changed house numbers around so that people crawled into bed with their neighbors’ wives.

He stole spark plugs out of people’s cars and put firecrackers in people’s cigars and stole the clappers from all the church bells and sprung every bear trap for miles around so the bears could wander wherever they pleased.

And to top it all off, he changed around all the roads in the kingdom so that people could not get anywhere except by starting out in the wrong direction.

“That,” said the king in a fury, “is enough!” And he called a meeting of everyone in the kingdom.

Now it happened that there lived in the kingdom a wise old cobbler who had a wife and three sons. The cobbler and his family came to the king’s meeting and stood way in back by the door, for the cobbler had a feeling that since he was nobody important there had probably been some mistake, and no doubt the king had intended the meeting for everyone in the kingdom except his family and him.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” said the king when everyone was present, “I’ve put up with that dragon as long as I can. He has got to be stopped.”

All the people whispered amongst themselves, and the king smiled, pleased with the impression he had made.

But the wise cobbler said gloomily, “It’s all very well to talk about it—but how are you going to do it?”

And now all the people smiled and winked as if to say, “Well, King, he’s got you there!”

The king frowned.

“It’s not that His Majesty hasn’t tried,” the queen spoke up loyally.

“Yes,” said the king, “I’ve told my knights again and again that they ought to slay that dragon. But I can’t force them to go. I’m not a tyrant.”

“Why doesn’t the wizard say a magic spell?” asked the cobbler

“He’s done the best he can,” said the king.

The wizard blushed and everyone looked embarrassed. “I used to do all sorts of spells and chants when I was younger,” the wizard explained. “But I’ve lost my spell book, and I begin to fear I’m losing my memory too. For instance, I’ve been trying for days to recall one spell I used to do. I forget, just now, what the deuce it was for. It went something like—

Bimble,

Wimble,

Cha, Cha

CHOOMPF!

Suddenly, to everyone's surprise, the queen turned into a rosebush.

"Oh dear," said the wizard.

"Now you've done it," groaned the king.

"Poor Mother," said the princess.

"I don't know what can have happened," the wizard said nervously, "but don't worry, I'll have her changed back in a jiffy." He shut his eyes and racked his brain for a spell that would change her back.

But the king said quickly, "You'd better leave well enough alone. If you change her into a rattlesnake we'll have to chop off her head."

Meanwhile the cobbler stood with his hands in his pockets, sighing at the waste of time. "About the dragon . . ." he began.

"Oh yes," said the king. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give the princess' hand in marriage to anyone who can make the dragon stop."

"It's not enough," said the cobbler. "She's a nice enough girl, you understand. But how would an ordinary person support her? Also, what about those of us that are already married?"

"In that case," said the king, "I'll offer the princess' hand or half the kingdom or both—whichever is most convenient."

The cobbler scratched his chin and considered it.

"It's not enough," he said at last. "It's a good enough kingdom, you understand, but it's too much responsibility."

"Take it or leave it," the king said.

"I'll leave it," said the cobbler. And he shrugged and went home.

But the cobbler's eldest son thought the bargain was a good one, for the princess was very beautiful and he liked the idea of having half the kingdom to run as he pleased. So he said to the king, "I'll accept those terms, Your Majesty. By tomorrow morning the dragon will be slain."

"Bless you!" cried the king.

"Hooray, hooray, hooray!" cried all the people, throwing their hats in the air.

The cobbler's eldest son beamed with pride, and the second eldest looked at him enviously. The youngest son said timidly, "Excuse me, Your Majesty, but don't you think the queen looks a little unwell? If I were you I think I'd water her."

"Good heavens," cried the king, glancing at the queen who had been changed into a rosebush, "I'm glad you mentioned it!"

Now the cobbler's eldest son was very clever and was known far and wide for how quickly he could multiply fractions in his head. He was perfectly sure he could slay the dragon by somehow or other playing a trick on him, and he didn't feel that he needed his wise old father's advice. But he thought it was only polite to ask, and so he went to his father, who was working as usual at his cobbler's bench, and said, "Well, Father, I'm off to slay the dragon. Have you any advice to give me?"

The cobbler thought a moment and replied, "When and if you come to the dragon's lair, recite the following poem:

Dragon, dragon, how do you do? I've come from the king to murder you.
Say it very loudly and firmly and the dragon will fall, God willing, at your feet."

“How curious!” said the eldest son. And he thought to himself, “The old man is not as wise as I thought. If I say something like that to the dragon, he will eat me up in an instant. The way to kill a dragon is to out-fox him.” And keeping his opinion to himself, the eldest son set forth on his quest.

When he came at last to the dragon’s lair, which was a cave, the eldest son slyly disguised himself as a peddler and knocked on the door and called out, “Hello there!”

“There’s nobody home!” roared a voice.

The voice was as loud as an earthquake, and the eldest son’s knees knocked together in terror.

“I don’t come to trouble you,” the eldest son said meekly. “I merely thought you might be interested in looking at some of our brushes. Or if you’d prefer,” he added quickly, “I could leave our catalogue with you and I could drop by again, say, early next week.”

“I don’t want any brushes,” the voice roared, “and I especially don’t want any brushes next week.”

“Oh,” said the eldest son. By now his knees were knocking together so badly that he had to sit down.

Suddenly a great shadow fell over him, and the eldest son looked up. It was the dragon. The eldest son drew his sword, but the dragon [lunged](#) and swallowed him in a single gulp, sword and all, and the eldest son found himself in the dark of the dragon’s belly. “What a fool I was not to listen to my wise old father!” thought the eldest son. And he began to weep bitterly.

“Well,” sighed the king the next morning, “I see the dragon has not been slain yet.”

“I’m just as glad, personally,” said the princess, sprinkling the queen. “I would have had to marry that eldest son, and he had warts.”

Now the cobbler’s middle son decided it was his turn to try. The middle son was very strong and was known far and wide for being able to lift up the corner of a church. He felt perfectly sure he could slay the dragon by simply laying into him, but he thought it would be only polite to ask his father’s advice. So he went to his father and said to him, “Well, Father, I’m off to slay the dragon. Have you any advice for me?”

The cobbler told the middle son exactly what he’d told the eldest.

“When and if you come to the dragon’s lair, recite the following poem:

Dragon, dragon, how do you do? I’ve come from the king to murder you.

Say it very loudly and firmly, and the dragon will fall, God willing, at your feet.”

“What an odd thing to say,” thought the middle son. “The old man is not as wise as I thought. You have to take these dragons by surprise.” But he kept his opinion to himself and set forth.

When he came in sight of the dragon’s lair, the middle son spurred his horse to a gallop and thundered into the entrance swinging his sword with all his might.

But the dragon had seen him while he was still a long way off, and being very clever, the dragon had crawled up on top of the door so that when the son came charging in he went under the dragon and on to the back of the cave and slammed into the wall. Then the dragon chuckled and got down off the door, taking his time, and strolled back to where the man and the horse lay unconscious from the terrific blow. Opening his mouth as if for a yawn, the dragon swallowed the middle son in a single gulp and put the horse in the freezer to eat another day.

“What a fool I was not to listen to my wise old father,” thought the middle son when he came to in the dragon’s belly. And he too began to weep bitterly.

That night there was a full moon, and the dragon ravaged the countryside so terribly that several families moved to another kingdom.

“Well,” sighed the king in the morning, “still no luck in this dragon business, I see.”

“I’m just as glad, myself,” said the princess, moving her mother, pot and all, to the window where the sun could get at her. “The cobbler’s middle son was a kind of humpback.”

Now the cobbler’s youngest son saw that his turn had come. He was very upset and nervous, and he wished he had never been born. He was not clever, like his eldest brother, and he was not strong, like his second eldest brother. He was a decent, honest boy who always minded his elders.

He borrowed a suit of armor from a friend of his who was a knight, and when the youngest son put the armor on it was so heavy he could hardly walk. From another knight he borrowed a sword, and that was so heavy that the only way the youngest son could get it to the dragon’s lair was to drag it along behind his horse like a plow.

When everything was in readiness, the youngest son went for a last conversation with his father.

“Father, have you any advice to give me?” he asked.

“Only this,” said the cobbler. “When and if you come to the dragon’s lair, recite the following poem.

Dragon, dragon, how do you do? I’ve come from the king to murder you.

Say it very loudly and firmly, and the dragon will fall, God willing, at your feet.”

“Are you certain?” asked the youngest son uneasily.

“As certain as one can ever be in these matters,” said the wise old cobbler.

And so the youngest son set forth on his quest. He traveled over hill and dale and at last came to the dragon’s cave.

The dragon, who had seen the cobbler’s youngest son while he was still a long way off, was seated up above the door, inside the cave, waiting and smiling to himself. But minutes passed and no one came thundering in. The dragon frowned, puzzled, and was tempted to peek out. However, reflecting that patience seldom goes unrewarded, the dragon kept his head up out of sight and went on waiting. At last, when he could stand it no longer, the dragon [craned](#) his neck and looked. There at the entrance of the cave stood a trembling young man in a suit of armor twice his size, struggling with a sword so heavy he could lift only one end of it at a time. At sight of the dragon, the cobbler’s youngest son began to tremble so violently that his armor rattled like a house caving in. He heaved with all his might at the sword and got the handle up level with his chest, but even now the point was down in the dirt. As loudly and firmly as he could manage, the youngest son cried—

Dragon, dragon, how do you do? I’ve come from the king to murder you!

“What?” cried the dragon, flabbergasted. “You? You? Murder Me???” All at once he began to laugh, pointing at the little cobbler’s son. “*He he he ho ha!*” he roared, shaking all over, and tears filled his eyes. “*He he he ho ho ho ha ha!*” laughed the dragon. He was laughing so hard he had to hang onto his sides, and he fell off the door and landed on his back, still laughing, kicking his legs helplessly, rolling from side to side, laughing and laughing and laughing.

The cobbler’s son was annoyed. “I *do* come from the king to murder you,” he said. “A person doesn’t like to be laughed at for a thing like that.”

“*He he he!*” wailed the dragon, almost sobbing, gasping for breath. “Of course not, poor

dear boy! But really, *he he*, the *idea* of it, *ha ha ha!* And that simply *ridiculous poem!*” Tears streamed from the dragon’s eyes and he lay on his back perfectly helpless with laughter.

“It’s a good poem,” said the cobbler’s youngest son loyally. “My father made it up.” And growing angrier he shouted, “I want you to stop that laughing, or I’ll—I’ll—” But the dragon could not stop for the life of him. And suddenly, in a terrific rage, the cobbler’s son began flopping the sword end over end in the direction of the dragon. Sweat ran off the youngest son’s forehead, but he labored on, blistering mad, and at last, with one supreme heave, he had the sword standing on its handle a foot from the dragon’s throat. Of its own weight the sword fell, slicing the dragon’s head off.

“*He he ho huk,*” went the dragon—and then he lay dead.

The two older brothers crawled out and thanked their younger brother for saving their lives. “We have learned our lesson,” they said.

Then the three brothers gathered all the treasures from the dragon’s cave and tied them to the back end of the youngest brother’s horse, and tied the dragon’s head on behind the treasures, and started home. “I’m glad I listened to my father,” the youngest son thought. “Now I’ll be the richest man in the kingdom.”

There were hand-carved picture frames and silver spoons and boxes of jewels and chests of money and silver compasses and maps telling where there were more treasures buried when these ran out. There was also a curious old book with a picture of an owl on the cover, and inside, poems and odd sentences and recipes that seemed to make no sense.

When they reached the king’s castle the people all leaped for joy to see that the dragon was dead, and the princess ran out and kissed the youngest brother on the forehead, for secretly she had hoped it would be him.

“Well,” said the king, “which half of the kingdom do you want?”

“My wizard’s book!” exclaimed the wizard. “He’s found my wizard’s book!” He opened the book and ran his finger along under the words and then said in a loud voice, “Glmuzk, shkzmlp, blam!”

Instantly the queen stood before them in her natural shape, except she was soaking wet from being sprinkled too often. She glared at the king.

“Oh dear,” said the king, hurrying toward the door.

