

Rintie th Dragon



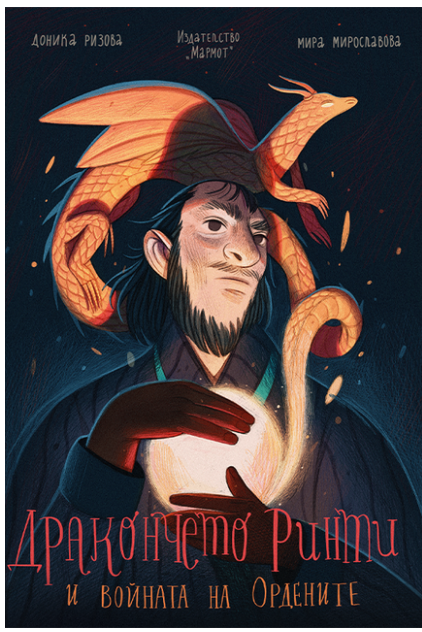
Series of 3 books

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Greg and his family live in a beautiful house in Majorca where Greg goes to a local school and leads a pretty normal life. Rinti the Dragon has been living in the cliffs of Banyalbufar for quite some time now. He has been keeping a low profile because he knows perfectly well that people don't believe in dragons.

One day the two of them meet. They quickly become friends and as their friendship grows, their adventures become more and more intriguing.

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Rintie the Dragon	Rintie the Dragon and the Order of Kings	Rintie the Dragon and the War of Orders
paperback / 144 p.	paperback / 192 p.	paperback / 168 p.

Sample Translation:

Reentie the Dragon

Chapter One

The Little Dragon Meets the Boy, Finds a Friend, and Beats a Record

Somewhere in the middle between Africa and Europe, there is an astonishingly beautiful island. Of course, just like any other island, that one is surrounded by water – the Mediterranean Sea. They chose that name because once, a very, very long time ago, people used to believe that the Earth was as flat as a slice of toast, and that particular sea was in the middle of the toast. That enchanting patch of land in the middle of the sea is where the beautiful evergreen mountain Serra de Tramuntana rises. Every morning, three hundred days a year, the sun shines cheerfully upon its peaks, runs along its cool pine slopes, tiptoes on the hot golden sand on the beaches at noon, and only late in the afternoon, dives into the turquoise waters in the bays.

Every morning, right after breakfast, a little dragon used to sit on the edge of a steep cliff in that same mountain in Majorca Island so as to look at the sea spreading below his feet, as well as the house with the red roof. Nobody lived in that house, but it was surrounded by a wonderful apple garden. The little dragon loved going to the garden at night and secretly eating apples. It was done in secret because according to his grandmother, apples were not suitable for little dragons. However, that particular dragon loved apples so much that he was not afraid of stomachaches or darkness, or his grandma, who was going to be terribly angry if she understood that her grandson wasn't eating healthy food.

Just as the little dragon was sitting on the cliff, dangling his feet, wondering what to do that day, he suddenly gaped. The door of the uninhabited house opened and a boy rushed out wearing swimming goggles. He threw himself into the swimming pool in front of the house, and sank. He really sank! He was gone for one, two, three, four, five, six... ten seconds! The little dragon counted in dismay and got quite worried after the tenth second. He thought he should get help, but then remembered that he might scare some human who does not even suspect or simply does not believe that dragons actually live above the city of Banyalbufar. Therefore, the little dragon decided to act on his own. He spread his wings and dashed to the pool in front of the house with the red roof. There were a few flowerpots on the windowsills, but they smashed into pieces on the tiles, the

towels from the lounges landed straight into the water. Nevertheless, that did not hinder our brave saviour. He caught the boy with his big claws, took him out of the swimming pool, and carefully laid him on the grass.

“What are you doing?” The boy took off his goggles. “I was just about to beat my last year’s record for staying under water.”

“You’ve been staying underwater since last year?” The dragon was stunned.

“Oh, what a funny dragon you are!” The boy laughed. “Of course I haven’t been staying in the swimming pool for a whole year. It’s just that I haven’t dived since then last year. I wanted to check how long I could stay underwater.”

“But why?” The dragon asked curiously.

“What do you mean? Because... because... ” The boy stammered. “Because I don’t know how long anyone else can stay underwater, and I am competing with myself. .. Wait a second! Can you stay underwater?”

“Have you ever seen a dragon who could not stay underwater? The dragon stretched a little.

“I had never seen a dragon before.” The boy admitted. “But I am glad to see one now. Would you like to introduce yourself? I am Greg. What’s your name?”

“I am a dragon.” The little dragon bowed, hand on his chest.

“That is not a name.” Greg spread his hands. You must have a real name, let’s say... Reentie. That’s my dog’s name, back in Bulgaria.”

“I like the name.” The dragon grinned. “You can call me that.”

“Don’t you have a name?” The boy asked.

“Actually, a dragon receives a name only after they’ve successfully passed a test, something like a trial. I am still little. But Reentie is a nice name...for the present.” The little dragon smiled.

"Yes, it's not bad," The boy agreed. "My grandmother came up with the name, but it's a dog's name, and

it sounds... maybe a little ill-suited for a big dragon. This is a new word that means "unsuitable". I learned it from the Spanish dictionary yesterday... Do you speak Spanish?" The boy asked curiously.

"I speak Spanish." The dragon nodded. "What language are we speaking now?"

"Bulgarian... So you speak Bulgarian!?" Greg was surprised.

"I know all languages of the world. We, dragons, are polyglots." Reentie beamed with pride (yes, he had already liked that name).

"What's "polyglots"?" Greg looked at him suspiciously.

"It means that we speak more languages than just one." The dragon explained.

"So when I know Spanish, I will be a polyglot like you!" The boy said gladly.

"Well, not like me." The dragon laughed. "You'll have to learn about... seven thousand languages more."

"Woooooow!" Greg exclaimed. "That's a lot of zeros! Alright then, I might not learn as many languages as you, but how about competing to see which one of us will endure longer underwater?"

"I'd like that!" Reentie jumped with joy.

"One, two, threeeeeeeee..." The two of them started counting. "Go!" They jumped into the swimming pool. The water splashed all over the empty lounges. Greg's mother looked out of the window and cried out: "Greg! Don't jump into the swimming pool! You might slip and get hurt!" She peered at the serene water. The two friends were in there, holding their breath, focusing on which one of them would endure longer than the other. The mother, however, didn't see the little dragon. Perhaps that was because he was blue-greenish, just like the colour of the water. Greg couldn't take it any longer, so he showed his head above the water, took a deep breath, and asked his mother:

"Did I win?"

"Win against whom?" She wondered and asked him.

"Reentie the dragon." Greg answered and looked around.

"Oh, sweetie..." His mother sighed. "Reentie is far away, and there are no such things as dragons." She added sadly, and went to Greg's father to tell him that maybe they shouldn't have moved to that island because their boy was feeling lonely. Meanwhile, Reentie was in the water thinking about how nice it was that he had finally found a friend to play with.

"You can come out now." Greg pulled his tail. "Obviously I'll have to practise more." The boy shrugged his shoulders disappointedly.

Reentie and Greg spent the whole afternoon in the swimming pool. It was in the evening, when they climbed a tree in the garden to eat some apples.

"I have to go now because it's time for dinner and my grandma is waiting for me." Reentie sighed with his mouth full. "What are you having for dinner?"

"Spaghetti," Greg replied while he was reaching for one more apple.

"Will you save some for me so that I can taste those?" The little dragon looked at the boy pleadingly.

"Of course! That's no trouble at all." Greg grinned. "I'll leave a plate for you at the window. Do you like them with more sauce?"

"I don't know. I'm going to eat spaghetti for the first time tonight." The little dragon answered and licked his lips gladly. "Well, I'll come by later. Goodbye!"

"Goodbye, Reentie! I'll be waiting for you!" Greg waved to him.

Reentie waved his wings and took off for the cave in the mountain. He looked back a few times, so as to wave to the little boy who was sitting on the branch, dangling his feet. Apple juice was dripping down his chin, and his eyes were sparkling with joy in the dark.