

RACHEL JANKOVIC

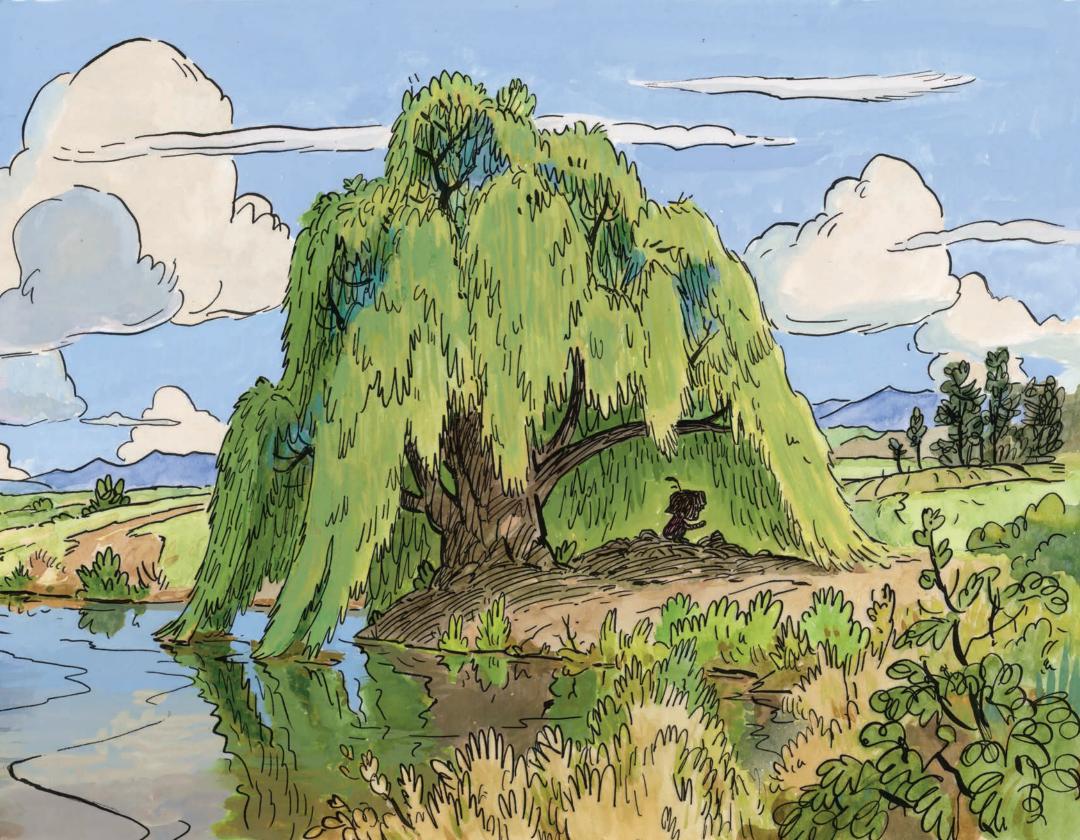


FORREST DICKISON



In the land of Somewhere Normal Was a town called Boring Plain And a tiny magic kingdom No one knew by any name.

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Just a heave beside a willow, Swelling ground and scattered light, Imagined walls around a castle, Imagined castle 'round a knight.



But it wasn't always quiet there— Not like you might have thought— Because the boy who built the walls Was called . . .



Sir Badalot.



And underneath that gentle heave, All draped in dappled greens, Lived the Cranky Danky Dragon With his heart of hard-to-please.

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