

Harold The Horrid

By Steve Heron

For Yasmine

In the days of old, when knights were supposed to be bold, and dragons were meant to be naughty,

There lived one knight who didn't dress quite right ... his nose was terribly warty.

Such a disgrace, with snot on his face, and dirt on his elbows and knees.

His armour was dull, with the sign of a skull, and his knickers were full of fleas.

An unfair player, a fake dragon slayer, who wore a frown on his forehead.

He was impolite and sucked at being a knight. His name was Harold the Horrid.

It was nothing but tragic when he tried some magic and became a despicable wizard.

His wicked spells had ghastly smells, they were made from a lizard's gizzard.

He concocted a potion which caused a commotion and polluted the kingdom's water.

People got sick from this terrible trick, including the king's fair daughter.

Ameera the Fair had long black hair, and a heart as pure as snow.

When she took ill, there was no pill, to make the sickness go.

The king became flustered. 'I want this dude busted,' he announced from the top of his castle.

'This guy is a pest, and I won't rest, till we rid the land of this rascal.'

The elders from town all looked down, and couldn't work out a solution,
Except for one man, who suggested a plan, 'We could have an execution.'

'No!' the king said, as he shook his head. 'There must be a more peaceful way.
Anyone who will, free us of this dill, a generous treasure I'll pay.'

Meanwhile, nearby, on a mountain high, lived a dragon called Azila the Wise.
She'd been banned throughout the land 'cause Harold spread rumours and lies.

She was a friend of Ameera in a previous era, and they played on Thursday mornings,
But Azila stayed away until this very day because of Harold's false warnings.

On hearing Ameera's news, she donned her sparkly shoes and her favourite shiny hat.
She headed west on her noble quest until she found where Harold was at.

Filled with talent, Azila was gallant as she defended the princess's honour.
Incredibly brave, she confronted the knave. 'Remove the spell you've put on her.'

Harold became cross. 'Who made you the boss?' He drew his knight-wizard sword.
He waved the blade. 'You're about to be slayed.' But Azila fiercely roared.

Flames blazed with a whoosh and burnt Harold's toosh, and he peed his flea-ridden pants.
He took off in flight after the terrible fright and ran all the way to France.

The townsfolk all cheered, they no longer feared Harold the Horrid's power.

Gallantry lifted the spell, and the princess got well, in her room in the castle tower.

The king was relieved at what the dragon achieved and offered her all his riches.

She took the stash and used some cash to send Harold a new pair of britches.

THE END

DRAFT - Steve Heron