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Sancharillo

Adam Chalifoux

Long long ago when I was just a boy
My father did say to me
“Son, I’ve bought a toy for you”
“Thanks Dad!” I said
And I leapt for joy
DAD: “Son this is very important and you treat it with care
Hide it away under your bed
And don’t tell your mother it’s there”

ME: “What is this gift?” I said
“This gift that I must hide away?”
DAD: “Just take this box, keep it with some rocks
And you’ll find out another day”

DAD: “Be careful my son” my father did say
As he handed me a package
“For if you open this too early
You’ll be cursed to smell like cabbage.”

Although I obeyed my father’s request
I was so awfully curious
Why in the world had my dear old dad
Been so gosh darn mysterious

As the months went by I forgot all about the box
But I did start to notice that my room started to smell of socks

Until one night about a quarter ‘til 2
I woke myself up to go to the loo

For when I got back I heard something shaking
My mysterious box under my bed was quaking

“What is this madness?!” I said with a shout
I reached under my bed and pulled the box out

It was hot to the touch
Like an overcooked pastry
Despite the burn I opened it hastily

Inside the box was an egg of gold and red
Then with a crackle
Out popped a little green head

And then a scaly claw
I was in disbelief of
The dragon that I saw

Questions flew through my mind
Like a flock of wild geese
I wondered to myself
Where my dad had found such a beast

I then looked into the box
To see a small note
I remember it vividly
So now I do quote

“By now you know that this box does feature
A mythical beast, a magical creature
Take care of your dragon
Feed him 7 times a day
Do not tell anyone
You must hide him away”

“P.S. If you don’t already know
You probably should
Dragons breathe fire...
Keep him away from wood”

I was exhausted
I put my head on my pillow
And when I awoke from my slumber
I named him Sancharillo

Then I went to my kitchen
Looking for some meat
Remembering what the note said
About how much they eat

When I returned
Sancharillo was waiting
As if he knew
It was the fridge I was raiding

As I gave him a plate
I watched amazed
Sancho cooked the food perfectly
In a fiery blaze

“That was amazing”
I said with a stare
As my little green friend
Ate like a bear

What happened next
Transcended amazement
Sancharillo looked perplexed
Then asked, “You got a breath mint?”

“You can talk?!” I asked
With an overwhelming admiration
“In every language” he answered
“I can even do translation”

So we talked for a while
And a friendship soon grew
My best friend was a dragon
But nobody knew

As the years went by
Sancho grew so large
I could even ride on his back
And go for a fly

We’d soar through the clouds
To a magical land
Where we’d hang with Sasquatch
And the gingerbread man

But the day I turned 13
Was the saddest day I ever saw
Sancharillo was forced to move away
Under Dragonship law

Although my sadness
Was simply too much
Me and Sancharillo
Vowed to stay in touch

As the years did pass
We did grow apart
But the memories of Sancharillo
Will always be in my heart.