




"She's no help!" said Dribble, rolling his eyes.

"She's batty! If she can't even remember why she's here, she's never going to remember how to get out again."



"What about the monsters?" said Dash. "You said you'd seen them with your own eyes. You must remember something about that."

The beetle chuckled. "Oh, yes, dearie," she said, clutching the bars of her cell. "There's a sight I'll never forget! Dragons, as I live and breathe."

"Dragons?" scoffed Dribble. "Don't be ridiculous! There's no such thing."

"I've seen them. I've been chased by them. Huge things with big eyes. Wings like sails and teeth like knives. Poor old Geraldine only just escaped with her life."



They heard the roar again. This time it seemed closer. Dribble and Dash exchanged worried looks.

"Ooh, here comes one of the blighters now," said Stinking Geraldine. "Let's hope it's not hungry and looking to tear a couple of young bugs into pieces for its dinner, dearies."

ROOOOAAARRR!

"I think we should get out of here, Dash!" said Dribble, who was trembling. "Even if we don't know where we're going, it's better than staying here and waiting for a dragon to turn up and eat us!"

"I thought you said there's no such thing as dragons!" said Dash.

"A snail can change his mind," said Dribble.



"What about Stinking Geraldine?" asked Dash. "We can't leave her here."

"Don't you worry about me, dearies," said Geraldine. "That's the good thing about being behind bars. You can't get out, but the monsters can't get in either. Like now, for instance."

And then she pointed a scrawny finger at something behind the brothers.

ROOOOOOAAAAAAARRRRRRRRR!

They turned slowly – and came face to face with the dragon.

"Oh dear," said Geraldine. "It was nice knowing you, boys."

