

My Grandmother the Dragonslayer (#4)

My grandmother was a skilled dragon slayer in her time and passed this recipe down to my mother and then she onto me.

Grandma would tell us that she was no more than 14 when she fought her first dragon!

Our tiny village was often harassed by young dragons, stealing livestock or setting our thatched huts ablaze. One particular nasty beast was Cinder the Sheepeater. This red dragon wyrmling came back month after month. She tracked the dragon to his lair but he caught her scent in the shifting winds and pursued her for 3 days. Being the smart girl she was, Grandma led the dragon away from the village. Tired, bruised, and slightly singed she outsmarted the dragon by tying her overcoat around a scarecrow. Cinder landed to attack the decoy and she was able to slay the beast with her trusty bow.

Getting that carcass home is another story all together. Grandma would often wink and tell us she met Grandpa on that trip but never offered any more details!