

Saint George and the Dragon

Saint George and the Dragon of Montblanc

Long ago, in a small village at the foot of a mountain called Montblanc, lived hardworking and cheerful people. Their fields were full of rosebushes, and the streets echoed with birdsong. But something overshadowed the village’s happiness: an enormous dragon that lived in a dark cave on the outskirts.

The dragon had scales as black as night, eyes that shone like fire, and a long, pointed tail. Every day it came out of its cave and ate everything it found: the shepherds’ sheep, the fruit from the trees, and even the animals in the fields. The villagers, in despair, gathered in the main square.

“We can’t live like this!” said a peasant in a trembling voice.

“Something must be done!” added a woman as she hugged her young child.

The king, a wise and good man, had a sad but necessary idea:

“Each day, we will give the dragon an animal so it won’t attack us.”

And so they did. But one day, there were no animals left to give it. The king’s heart was filled with sadness when he realized that now they would have to give up… a person.

A fair draw was held, and the slip of paper with the name fell on Princess Elisenda, the king’s daughter. The princess, although afraid, was brave and didn’t want her people to suffer any more.

“I will go,” she said firmly, tears glistening in her eyes.

Dressed in a dress as white as snow, the princess set off for the dragon’s cave. The path was long and gloomy, and the wind whistled through the trees as if weeping for her. When she reached the cave, the dragon crawled out, its mouth full of sharp teeth wide open. The princess closed her eyes, bracing for the worst…

Suddenly…

A clatter of hooves filled the air! The princess opened her eyes and saw a knight on a white horse, his armor gleaming in the sunlight. It was Saint George!

“Don’t be afraid, Princess!” he cried, brandishing a long, golden lance.

The dragon, enraged, roared and breathed fire at Saint George. But the knight nimbly dodged the attack. The dragon attacked again, but Saint George leaped forward and, with all his might… Wham! He plunged his lance into the dragon’s heart.

When the dragon fell to the ground, something wondrous happened: from its heart sprang a red rosebush, bearing the most beautiful roses anyone had ever seen. Saint George picked one and offered it to the princess.

“This rose is a symbol of courage and love,” he said with a smile.

The princess and Saint George returned to the village together, where everyone welcomed them with joy. And from that day forward, every April 23rd, in Catalonia, this story is commemorated by giving roses and books.

And here’s why:

- The rose represents the one that sprang from the dragon.
- The book reminds us that Saint George is the patron saint of readers and wisdom.

And so, every year, the streets are filled with color, stories, and love, thanks to a brave knight and a people who believed in magic.