

The Dragon Who Didn’t Want to Scare Anyone

Everyone knows the legend of Saint George.
But almost no one has ever asked the dragon what he thought.

The dragon’s name was Flamarada. And he hadn’t always been angry.

As a child, when he sneezed, he unintentionally set fire to the surrounding trees. When he laughed, sparks flew. And when he cried… the smoke made everyone cough.

The villagers began to fear him.

“He’s a monster!” they said.

But Flamarada didn’t want to be a monster. He just wanted friends.

One day he tried to approach the village to offer help: he had seen a wolf near the flocks. But when he appeared flying, everyone ran away screaming.

Sad and confused, he took refuge in the cave.
If everyone thought he was terrible… perhaps he should act like a terrible dragon.

He began to roar so they would leave him alone. He demanded food so no one would come near him. He didn’t want to hurt anyone… he just wanted them to stop being afraid of him.

Until one day a knight appeared: Saint George.

He wasn’t trembling. He wasn’t running away. He looked him in the eyes.

“Why are you doing this?” he asked.

Flamarada, surprised, didn’t answer with fire. He answered with tears that billowed smoke.

“What if I told you I don’t know how to be different?”

Saint George laid his sword on the ground.

“Perhaps you don’t need to be different. Perhaps you just need the people to listen to you.”

That day there wasn’t a battle like the ones in the books. There was a conversation.

Flamarada promised to watch over the forests and protect the village from real dangers. And the villagers promised not to judge before knowing.

They say that a red rose sprang up from the spot where one of the dragon’s tears fell.

And that’s why, every April 23rd, when we celebrate Sant Jordi, we give roses and books.

To remember that stories have more than one perspective.
And that even a dragon can have a big heart.