

The True Story of Saint George’s Dragon

At the beginning of time, when the mountains of Catalonia were still forming and the rivers were finding their way to the sea, Blauet was born, a dragon unlike any other. His scales shimmered with the deep blue of the tranquil sea, and his eyes, yellow as the sun, reflected boundless curiosity. While the other dragons amassed treasures and fought for territory, Blauet spent his days exploring the forests, listening to the tales whispered by the wind, and caring for the small animals he found injured.

The town of Montblanc, nestled at the foot of its mountain, knew nothing of him. The villagers only knew stories of ferocious dragons that stole and burned, and so, when they occasionally heard Blauet’s heavy footsteps or saw the shadow of his large wings, they ran to hide.

It all started one spring day when Blauet, trying to help, unwittingly caused a chain of small disasters. He wanted to pick apples for the village children, but with his large claws, he knocked down the entire tree. You see, his big problem was that he didn’t know his own strength. When he tried to fix the damage, he accidentally stepped in the village well. And when he wanted to dry the wet clothes after a

storm, his slightly hot breath scorched them.

The villagers, convinced that the dragon was a threat, summoned the knight Saint George. Poor Blauet, who only wanted to make friends, was very sad when he saw the knight arrive with his lance raised.

“Wait!” Blauet shouted, but his voice, strong as thunder, sounded like a roar. Saint George, thinking it was an attack, threw his spear. The pain was excruciating when the weapon pierced one of his smallest scales. From the wound, bright blood began to flow, and each drop that touched the ground transformed into a red rose.

Princess Elisenda, who had watched everything from a nearby hill, ran toward them.

“Stop, stop!” she cried, waving her hands. When she arrived, she stood in front of Blauet, protecting him.

“Look,” she said, pointing to the roses, “his blood is not like that of other dragons. It is magic, like his heart.”

Saint George, surprised, lowered his weapon. The villagers slowly approached, and then Blauet, still trembling, told his story. How he loved to listen to the rivers, how he protected the birds that nested on his scales, and how, every night, he fell asleep listening to the fables the moon told him.

The villagers realized it had been a big misunderstanding. Instead of being afraid, they learned to love that gentle, somewhat clumsy dragon. And Blauet, for the first time, felt he belonged somewhere.

Thus the tradition was born. Every year, on Saint George’s Day, Blauet allows the knight to remove a small scale, just one, so that the most beautiful roses in the whole country may bloom. And because

he’s a little afraid, the village children read him stories while Saint George works.

And so, from that day forward, April 23rd has been a celebration of roses, books, and, above all, friendship. Because sometimes, the stories we think we know hide much sweeter truths. And the greatest heroism, sometimes, is knowing how to listen before acting.

And if one day you pass through Montblanc and hear a soft noise like a snore, perhaps it is Blauet, sleeping in the sun, surrounded by roses and the stories he loves so much.