

### **Saint George and the Dragon (part 2).**

"I am Princess Sabra," she said. "Come with me." They tiptoed through what was once a deep, green forest. Sabra explained why the kingdom lived in such fear. A fearful dragon had lived in the kingdom for many years, she told him. The horrible beast had ravaged the land. Many men had tried to kill the dragon, but its sharp claws, huge wings, and fiery breath made it impossible to reach, let alone kill. The people had moved inside the castle for protection. But soon the dragon had run out of animals to eat. "If you do not feed me sheep each day," the dragon roared, "I will come through those walls for my breakfast!" So each day, as the sun rose, so did the dragon, looking for its breakfast. "The dragon sleeps now," said the princess, "but we gave up our last two sheep this very morning. Tomorrow we shall have nothing to give the dragon, and we shall all perish." "Then I have arrived at the right time," said George bravely. They came to a cave in the dark forest. "To slay the dragon," Sabra told George, "we need help, that is why we are here." In the cave lived a wise old hermit. Some said he was a wizard who was over 900 years old. Sabra and George crept up to him. He did not turn to look at them, but he spoke as if he knew they were coming.

Long ago, it was told,  
Two brave knights would come to know,  
The only way to save the rest:  
The Serpent's weakness in his breath.

With those words, an ancient hourglass appeared at their feet. George did not understand. He asked the strange little man, but the hermit wouldn't say anything else. When George and Sabra left the cave, it was already dark. They knew they must hurry to the dragon's lair. They had to get there while the dragon slept. "The hermit speaks in puzzles," Sabra sighed. "What do we do with this ancient timepiece?" George remembered what the fairy queen had told him. His best weapon, she had said, was his brain. He studied the hourglass closely. Each bit of sand looked like a magic crystal frozen in time. They arrived at the lake. George and Sabra walked softly through the fog so they would not be heard. The sands in the hourglass dropped with every careful step. "The hourglass will lead us," George whispered. "We must wait until all the sand has dropped through."