



That night, I had a nightmare. I was being chased by geese, and I had nothing to defend myself except P  p   Clothaire's broad axe. I kept trying to take the leather sheath off the head, but I couldn't untie the laces. A sorceress on a goat galloped after me and cried out a magic spell to try to help me.

The geese had almost caught me. I was exhausted, breathless, and couldn't run any more... I woke up after I fell out of my bed.

In the morning, in P  p  re's woodshop, I didn't want to play. I just sat on my little bench.

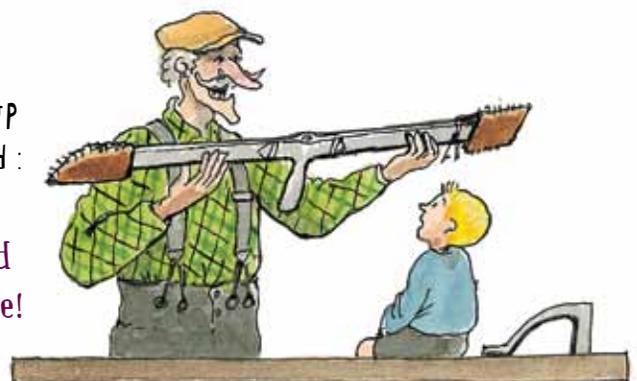
I asked myself why P  p  re had such bright eyes yesterday when he opened the chest.

– So, little rabbit, you don't want to build something?
You look a little out of sorts!



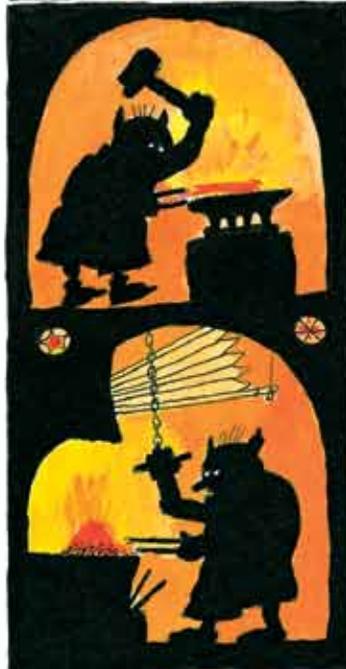
He picked me up and sat me on his workbench. He said:

– **SSKRIC and SSKRAC !**
Open your ears, Sylvain, and listen to the story of the besaigue!





Long ago, dwarves lived in the Black Forest. Salomon the carpenter would go there to look for trees to build houses. He was very careful not to step on the little people of the forest, and when he happened to run across one, he made sure he did not catch their eye. He was also careful not to mislay his tools or his knife, because the dwarves were always looking for metal. They were extraordinary blacksmiths and always needed metal. They forged swords for many renowned knights. Anybody who forgot an axe or a saw in the Black Forest had no chance of finding it again.

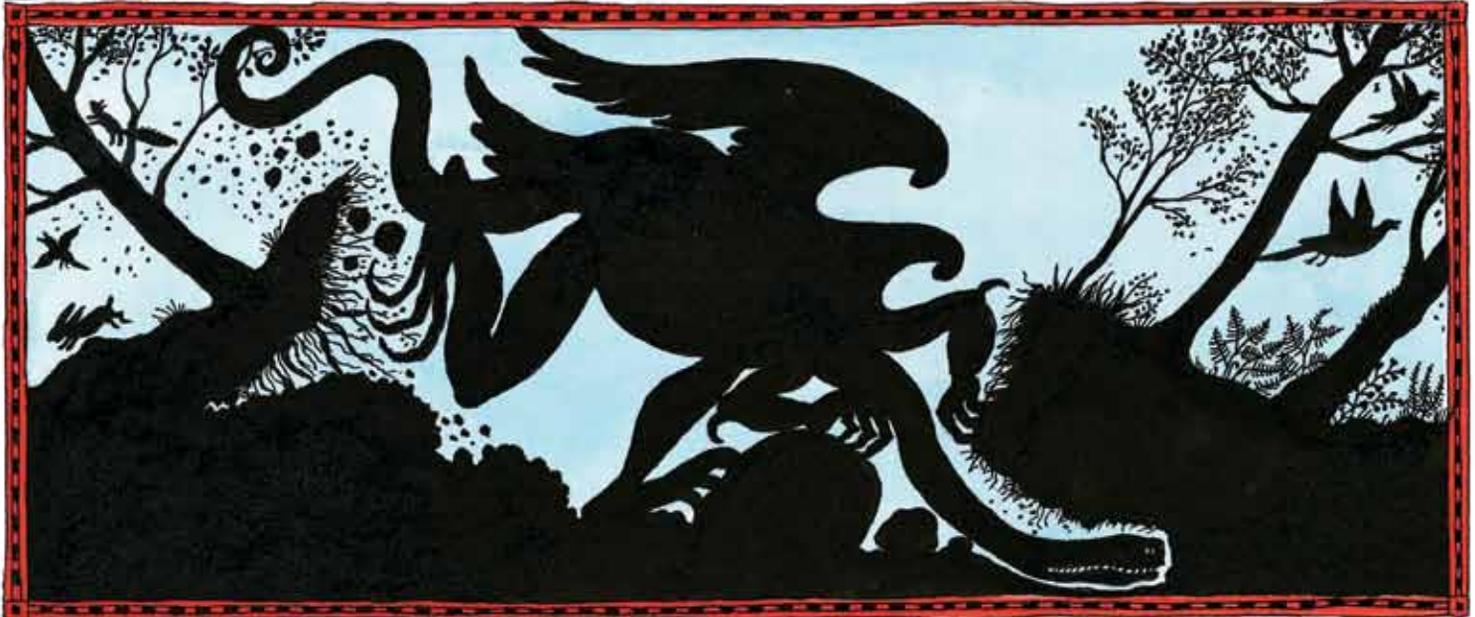


During every Festival of Light, Salomon would take sweets and cakes into the forest and leave them for the little people at the foot of a giant oak tree, because everybody knew that the dwarves adored honey and pastries. They also loved gold, silver, and gems. They loved the pretty colors of these metals, and the shimmer of light in the crystals left them hypnotized with pleasure. They had these treasures in every one of their underground houses, and they also hid them in abandoned burrows.



OF course, these hidden treasures excited the greed of many who lived around the forest. But the dwarves cast terrible spells on those who tried to steal from them and made them disappear forever.

Dragomir the dragon heard of the dwarves' treasures and decided to steal them. He went to the Black Forest and started to rend and tear the earth with his powerful claws, pulling trees out by their roots



and tossing aside boulders. The dwarves saved themselves by going down deep into the heart of the earth. Their spells were useless against this invader who threatened their lives and destroyed their homes. Yet for all his fury and roaring, Dragomir found nothing! But nobody could enter the forest. Salomon the carpenter could not work. One fine morning he got angry and decided to confront the monster. "I am not going to let some scaly overgrown chicken ruin my life!" He grabbed his axe, his mortise chisel, and his framer's chisel, and he went to tell the dragon what he thought of the situation.





— I WOULD BE HAPPY

if you would go breathe somewhere else! Salomon cried at the dragon. Dragomir stopped ripping up the earth to see who dared speak to him. Furious, he rushed with a roar at Salomon, who dodged away and gave him a mighty blow with the axe.



The fight was terrible. With every assault, the dragon swiped the small man with its paws. Salomon slashed back with his axe. The dragon's claws ripped up Salomon's clothes and drew blood. The forest floor was covered with blood and scales that glinted in the light! Suddenly, Dragomir, with a swipe of his mighty paw, jerked the axe from Salomon and jammed the carpenter against a tree. The dragon growled: I am going to smash you, little worm. Your death will be slow, because you have angered me and wounded me!



Terrified and choking on the dragon's stinking, sulfurous breath, he managed to twist himself around and draw the chisels he had tucked into his belt. Salomon the carpenter drove the chisels into the little piggy eyes of the dragon.

