



The Ballad of Sir Vivian and Emmy the Scary

Victoria Rivas

Humor

Outside the small town called Upper Great Snoring
which was just down the road from Throop,
lived a scaly green dragon who was always roaring
and stunk up the town with her poop.

The dragon, whose name was Emmy the Scary,
flew closer to Upper Great Snoring.
She unfurled her wings and dove oh so very
close to the roads with her soaring.

The townspeople screamed and feared for their lives,
they could not decide what to do.
They whittled their swords and sharpened their knives,
aimed their best but not one thing they threw

could penetrate Emmy the Scary's green hide.
And she pooped on her hill and the trees.
Not one could get close, because Emmy would glide
right past them, did just as she pleased.

"Who can help us?" asked Mayor Dame Alianora.
"Who can get rid of this plight?
Let us send out the word with the fauna and flora,
perhaps we can find us a knight."

Sir Vivian lived in Queensboro Hold,
a castle not far from the town.
She had no fear of dragons, she was brave and was bold
and eager to bring a beast down.

Her mother had raised her to be a great knight,
Sir Vivian practiced each day.
She wore armor, rode horses and won every fight,
but she'd never been in a real fray.

Word reached the castle and Vivian heard.
She knew that this was her chance.
She wrote out a message and sent it by bird
then gathered her armor and lance.

She got close to the town, to the smell of the poop.
Then she saw the green dragon Emmy.
Yes, she truly was scary. She'd dive and she'd swoop.
It was only one dragon, not many.

Sir Vivian rode to the nest with her lance
and challenged the beast to a fray.
The dragon said no, there wasn't a chance:

she'd bellow and poop and she'd stay.

Brave knight Sir Vivian couldn't beat Scary
with her learned knightly skills of the fight.
But she never was one to sit back and tarry
so she did what she knew to be right.

She got even closer, climbed into the nest,
where Emmy the Scary stood proudly.
When Vivian neared, she stood and addressed
the dragon. She spoke up quite loudly.

“Why do you hate us? I am asking you please.
Will you stop with the poop and the roaring?
They just want live with the mountains and trees,
the people of Upper Great Snoring.”

Emmy the Scary grew quiet and shifted,
showed Vivian what her nest held.
Three tiny dragons peeked out. She lifted
the babies, and boy, they sure smelled.

Emmy the Scary said she wanted her children
to be safe, to be fed, to be warm.
She buried them deep in the poop so that when
it stormed it would keep them from harm.

Sir Vivian rode on her horse with her lance
back down to the town and the mayor.
They'd deal with Emmy and took a big chance
since Sir Vivian would no longer slay her.

The town would help raise the little green dragons,
and build them a warm dragon coop.

And Emmy the Scary would pull a big wagon
so she could clean up all the poop.

Sir Vivian went back to Emmy the Scary
and presented what they had to say.

Emmy agreed, the poop she would bury,
and would roar only real far away.

The life of a knight wasn't quite what she thought,
Sir Vivian knew in the end,
things worked out all right, just as they ought,
and now Vivian had a new friend.

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