

The Arctic

I'd been working for hours, hands numb, chiselling away at ice. The Arctic isn't the place I'd imagined going to for work. I mean, there's loads of places where I'd be able to make an archaeological find. I thought I'd be going to the Great Pyramid of Giza, Pompei, Stonehenge or even Machu Picchu, not the Arctic. I'd always wanted to be an archaeologist, that was my dream, now I'm stuck here freezing to death... trying to find something... anything-

"AHHH!" I screamed.

There were bright yellow eyes staring at me from deep within the ice. A creature with ginormous wings big enough to fly 20ft in the air with one beat, turquoise blue scales, its belly and underneath of its wing's pure lilac, it had gleaming white teeth so sharp they would cut me in half with one bite. The beast was standing on its back two legs, wings spread, mouth open wide, roaring.

A dragon, stuck in a block of ice...

I shouted to my colleagues, who came running. We all stared at the beast. It was the most beautiful thing I'd seen. This was probably the best find in a century, and I was the person who had discovered it...

We called a plane to come collect the dragon and slowly started to chip away at the ice surrounding the beast.

We had the creature completely dislodged from the ice by the next morning. We all marvelled at it while we waited for the plane to arrive and take it to the museum. I still couldn't believe I'd found the first dragon ever. Everyone kept on congratulating me; I felt like a hero.

The plane came at around 3pm. It took a while to find a place to land, but eventually it came to a halt in front of the camp. We loaded the dragon into the plane, huffing and puffing, pushing it as hard as we could. Just as the plane was about to take off with our precious cargo, my boss – Derick – came to me.

"Go with it," he said.

“What?” I replied.

“You discovered the dragon. I mean, the press doesn’t want to interview me, they want to hear from the person who poured their heart into finding a piece of history. That’s you! Not me.”

I almost started to cry right there in the Arctic snow, my feet almost frozen. Who knew my boss could be such a heartfelt man? So, I jumped on the plane with the frozen dragon and waved goodbye to my crew.

We landed in London the day after we left. I leapt out of the plane and nearly got flattened by news producers, the press, the public and a truck that pulled up to take the dragon to the British Museum. I’d become so popular overnight! I couldn’t believe my luck!...

We had the dragon in the truck by dinner and started to make the long journey to the museum.

When we pulled into the driveway, a gang of 8 men come out to lift the encased dragon onto a podium in the middle of the hall. They lifted it up onto a pallet and hauled it inside.

It was midnight and I still couldn’t sleep, so I got out of my bed and went to see the dragon. They were opening the museum in two days, after they finished the exhibit, so I was going to enjoy the peace and quiet to gaze at the piece of history I’d found while I could.

I stood there marvelling at the dragon, pride welling up inside of me, that’s when I heard the sickening noise...

Crack... Crack... Crack...

An ear-splitting roar echoed throughout the museum... The dragon had broken free from its icy prison... I ducked to the floor, covering my head with my hands, as ice shattered around me. The dragon rose up into the air, clearly agitated, and looked at the glass roof.

I stood up and yelled at it, “PLEASE, NO!”

It didn't listen though. It looked at me, I swear it smirked at me, then it propelled itself upward crashing through the ceiling. Glass flew... I screamed... I looked at it... It glanced back... Then, with a flick of its tail, it was gone. I fell to the ground, defeated... All that work, now it was gone. I stared at the night sky. I could hear the distant roar of the dragon. I thought to myself, how on Earth, could I keep this... A secret...?