

HOW TO CONTAIN YOUR DRAGON

BRYAN DAVIS

NOT SO FAMOUS DRAGON TALES - BOOK #1

Books by Bryan Davis

Not-So-Famous Dragon Tales

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CHAPTER I

The Mysterious Egg

How in the world could I hatch a six-foot-tall alien egg?

Before I answer, let me tell you how this problem got started. My name is Jeremiah James Jackman, and I am ten years old. My mom calls me James because that's her father's name. My dad calls me Jay or J cubed and sometimes J.J.

One Saturday morning in August, Mom had left for the veterinary clinic to do surgery on a collie, a rabbit, and a pot-bellied pig. Dad, a college professor, was working in his home office on his lecture about an ancient town in Mongolia, so I had all day to try some new skateboard tricks I saw online.

I stepped into the garage from the laundry room to get my skateboard from its shelf and pressed the button to open the big garage door.

As it rose, the morning sun revealed a huge egg standing upright at the center of the floor.

The egg stood more than a head taller than me, and colorful scales covered it from top to bottom. A strange symbol had been written on each scale in various bright colors, like letters from an ancient language.

I walked closer to the egg, more excited than scared, because I guessed it was probably one of Dad's weird projects, like a prop for a lecture.

As I continued looking the egg over, a strange roaring sound came from outside. A huge spaceship, like a flying saucer from a science-fiction movie, hovered over the driveway and flashed lights directly into the garage, first blue, then red, then yellow, then red again, like it was cycling through the colors, maybe fifteen flashes in all.

When the lights turned off, the ship rose slowly, then flew away like a shot and disappeared in the distance.

All I could do was stare and whisper, "Wow!"

Only a step away from me, the egg's scales glowed, some blue, some red, and some yellow, like they had been energized by the spaceship's lights. A low humming sound came from the



egg as if an electric motor had been switched on inside. I laid a palm on one of the scales. It vibrated slightly, warm but not hot.

A car engine pattered well down the street in front of our house, getting closer. Not wanting anyone to see the egg, I leaped to the garage door control and punched the button. The door descended, hiding the egg, at least for now.

In the dimness, the egg's glow seemed brighter. I eased closer to the eerie light. The symbols pulsed, as if asking me to read them. But how could I figure out what they meant?

Then an obvious idea hit me. Dad might be able to read the symbols. Stuff like that was his job, or at least it used to be when he went on expeditions before I was born. Still, as a college professor who researched ancient towns no one else had ever heard of, he might be able to figure it all out.

I ran back into the house to Dad's office and burst inside. He sat at his desk facing the door, a large book open in front of him and his computer to the side, the monitor's glow highlighting his big smile when he saw me. "What's up, Jay? Already done skateboarding?"



Suddenly realizing that Dad might not believe what I was about to say, I pointed toward the garage, barely able to squeeze out the words. “I need to show … you have to see … there’s a really weird … and a spaceship … flashing lights that …”

“Jay …” Dad rose from his chair, his voice gentle and calm as he stepped around his desk and crouched in front of me. “Just take a deep breath and try again. Don’t hurry.”

I inhaled deeply and steeled myself. “There’s a huge, scaly, glowing egg with strange writing on it in our garage. I think it was left there by a flying saucer that flashed lights at me, like it was sending a message, but I had no idea how to answer it. And now I’m all confused, like the aliens in the ship are taking over my mind.”

Dad’s mouth dropped open. He stared at me in silence, one eyelid twitching.

When I opened my mouth to speak again, he lifted a hand and straightened. “Wait.” His voice took on an excited tone. “Let me show you something.” He rushed back to his desk, flung open a drawer, and withdrew a shoebox.

He set the box on his desk and flipped the lid off. “Take a look.”

I peered inside. An eggshell fragment the size of my hand lay on a bed of tissue. With scales and symbols on the surface, it was exactly like the egg in the garage.

Feeling like this should be a quiet discussion, I whispered, “So, you’ve seen one before?”

He kept his voice low as well. “Definitely.”

“Can you read the symbols?”

“Probably.”

“Did aliens take control of my mind?”

“Not likely.” He closed the box and put it back into his desk drawer. “Let’s go and see the egg.”

I jogged down the hallway with Dad close behind. When we arrived, I stepped close to the still-glowing egg and touched one of the scales. Dad joined me and gave a nod of approval. “Apparently, that scale is safe to touch.”

“You mean some of them *aren’t* safe?”

Dad set a finger close to a neon-red symbol. “The warnings are hot and can sting your skin if you touch them. The teaching symbols are cool and soothing.”

“Are there any other kinds of symbols?”

“No. Only those two.” Dad’s eyes darted all over as he studied the symbols. “Very interesting. One of the messages actually mentions me.”

“You? Why?”

“Because …” He crouched in front of me again and looked me in the eye. “Because when I was your age, I found an egg exactly like this one.”