

# *Drew and the Dragon Poo*

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We are visiting the home of our son Craig, his wife Lee and their two sons Ethan (nearly 6) and Drew (newly 4). Their mum is out, shopping, dad at work. The boys have just finished eating their evening meal. As often happens with tummies full, they are on schedule to POO!

**Ethan:** *Grandma, I need to Poo.*

**Grandma:** *John, take Ethan to the loo please while I clear the table for homework.*

**Ethan:** *No, Grandma, I want **you** to come with me!*

**Drew:** *Grandma, I want to Poo too. I'm desperate.*

**Ethan:** *No! I'm still doing it!*

**Grandma:** *John, take Drew upstairs, please.*

**Drew:** *No! I want to Poo here. It's not fair.*

**Grampa:** *Come on Drew, off we go. We don't want any accidents, do we?*

**Drew:** *Grampa, will you come with me? But don't look.*

Ensconced, the lad has a look of strained anticipation on his face.

**Drew:** *Grampa, don't look.*

**Grampa:** *Okay, Drew, watch this. See, I've closed my eyes, I have my thumbs in my ears and I'm pinching my nose with my pointing fingers. Okay? I can't hear you, see you or smell you. Okay?*

The silence is broken by an enormous splash-plop!

**Grampa:** *Oh Drew! That was a Dragon Poo plop! Do you know when Dragons do a Poo, they always do a lighted fart afterwards and this sets the Poo on fire, making their houses burn down.*

Still willing to believe me at times, my grandson searches my face with scepticism.

**Drew:** *Do they have to get a new house?*

**Grampa:** *Oh yes. They buy twenty houses at a time because they have to move to a new house every time they Poo.*

**Drew:** *Twenty new houses?*

**Grampa:** *Yes, at least twenty. But Dragons' houses are simple, just made of wood and straw with no water in their loos, so the Poos catch fire easily from the lighted Dragon fart.*

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**Drew:** *Why don't they have water in their loos?*

**Grampa:** *Because they hate the splashes of water coming up onto their bottoms.*

With Drew's bottom swiped (he must do this himself but I permitted to check and finish up), the Poo is dispatched. Hands washed and dried, we charge downstairs.

Lee is just back from shopping, unpacking. Ethan is at the table doing his homework with Grandma.

**Drew:** *Mum, Mum! Do you know when Dragons do a Poo they set it on fire with a big fart and burn their houses down because the don't have water in their loos because it splashes on the bottoms and they have to buy twenty houses because they keep burning them down every time they Poo.*

**Lee:** *Drew, don't say 'fart', it's a bad word.*

**Ethan:** *Mum, Mum! Dad says fart.*