It was nearly bedtime.
Gertie the dragon's a bright angry red.
He's never,
His whole life,
(Not once) been to bed.

At nighttime when everyone else is asleep,
He noisily prowls through the tower, then leaps
Down to the bridge to be nasty and sly,
And torment the trolls (who by nature are shy).

When that makes him hungry, he takes to the skies.
Grabbing princesses to turn into pies,
Or occasionally crumbles, or sometimes just toast
(if crumbles or pies would take too long to roast).

At the end of each day he shouts out this refrain:
"TOMORROW I'LL DO IT ALL OVER AGAIN!"
Again?
 Cedric the dragon’s a bright angry red.  
He’s never,  
His whole life,  
(Not once) been to bed.

At nighttime when Cedric SHOULD be asleep,  
He noisily stomps through the tower, then leaps  
Down to the bridge to say a big sorry,  
For teasing the trolls (who do tend to worry).

When that makes him hungry, he takes out a pie.  
Which he shares with the trolls. Then, heaving a sigh,  
He goes home to his tower  
And shouts out this refrain:  
“TOMORROW I’LL DO IT ALL OVER AGAIN!”
AGAIN!
Edric the dragon's a big sleepyhead.
He's decided it's time
HE WAS REALLY IN BED.

He's made friends with the princess
And wished her good night.
The trolls are all happy.
The moon is out bright.

Now I'm closing the book and saying quite plain:

"TOMORROW I'll read it all over again."
AGAIN!
AGAIN!
Cedric the dragon is no longer red.

As Cedric...

the dragon's...asleep

...in...his...be...zzz z

Z Z Z Z

Z Z Z Z

Z Z Z Z
AGAIN! AGAIN! AGAIN!
AGAIN!
AGAIN
AGAIN
AGAIN
AGAIN

AGAIN!
Emily Gravett likes to go and sketch the animals she uses in her books, but despite meeting a five-foot lizard and asking lots of princesses, she could not find a single dragon!
AGAIN!

It was nearly Cedric's bedtime.
He'd had his cookie and milk,
brushed his teeth, and had a bath.
Now all that was left was Cedric's mom
to read him his favourite book.
It was about a pink dragon
just like him, but SO much
that he would read it again,
and again . . .
and again . . .