

The Dragon's First Birthday



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In a cozy cave high on a sunny hill, a baby dragon named Ember woke up with a wiggle and a yawn. Today was his very first birthday! His coral-orange scales shimmered, and his big amber eyes sparkled with joy. He put on his tiny blue party hat with the yellow pom-pom and danced around his room. 'Today is going to be the best day ever!' he cheered.



Mama Cinder, tall and graceful with deep red scales, smiled warmly as she tied her cream apron with the stitched heart. She was planning a big party for Ember. 'We will have balloons and cake and all our family,' she said, her golden eyes twinkling. Ember's chubby tail with the heart-shaped tip wagged so fast it made a happy whooshing sound.



Soon the whole family arrived at the cave. Uncle Flint, broad and burly with slate-grey scales, stomped in first. He carried a golden crown and a magical sword. 'These are the best gifts for a young dragon!' he boomed, his bushy orange eyebrows wiggling. Granny Willow, small and wise in her purple shawl, followed with a woven basket full of toys. 'Toys are what little ones love,' she said gently.



But when they set the gifts down, everyone started to argue. 'A crown is the finest present!' declared Uncle Flint, puffing out his chest. 'No, a magic sword is far better!' he added, waving it proudly. Granny Willow shook her head, her round glasses slipping. 'A mountain of toys is what Ember really wants,' she insisted. Mama Cinder sighed softly. 'Please, let's not argue on Ember's special day.'



Ember watched the squabble with wide amber eyes. The golden crown sparkled, and the magic sword glowed, but they seemed loud and a little scary. The mountain of toys looked fun, but it was so big it almost hid Granny Willow's kind face. Ember didn't want anyone to be upset. He just wanted everyone to be happy together. Quietly, he slipped away from the noisy room.



In a quiet corner near the cave entrance, Ember found something new. It was a simple kite made of bright paper and thin wooden sticks. The kite had a long tail with little ribbon bows. Someone had painted a smiling sun on it. Ember's eyes grew wide. 'Oh!' he gasped. 'This is the most wonderful thing I have ever seen!' He gently touched the paper with one tiny claw.



Granny Willow peeked around the corner. Her crinkly eyes twinkled behind her tiny round glasses. 'Do you like it, little one?' she asked softly. 'I made it just for you.' Ember nodded so fast his party hat wobbled. 'It's perfect!' he cried. 'Can we fly it? Please, please?' Granny Willow chuckled. 'Of course, dear. But we need a windy day and someone to help.'



Just then, a warm breeze whooshed through the cave. The kite's tail fluttered. 'Look, the wind is here!' Ember shouted. He ran to the others, holding the kite high. 'Everyone, come see! We can fly it together!' Uncle Flint stopped arguing and stared. Mama Cinder smiled her gentle smile. Granny Willow clapped her small green hands. 'Let's all go outside,' said Mama Cinder. 'The hill is perfect for kite flying.'



Out on the sunny hill, the family gathered around Ember and the kite. Uncle Flint scratched his thick horns. 'I've never flown a kite before,' he admitted. 'Me neither,' said Granny Willow. Mama Cinder held the string while Ember held the kite. 'Run, Ember!' she called. Ember ran as fast as his little legs could go. The kite lifted into the air, its tail dancing behind it.



But the kite wobbled and dipped. 'Oh no!' cried Ember. 'It's falling!' Uncle Flint, who was the biggest and strongest, reached up with his burly arms. 'I'll help!' he shouted. He gave the string a gentle tug. The kite soared higher. Granny Willow cheered. 'It's flying! It's really flying!' Ember laughed with delight. 'We did it together!'



The kite danced in the sky, a bright spot against the blue. Ember held the string with Mama Cinder's help. Uncle Flint told funny stories about the wind. Granny Willow sang a happy song. The golden crown and the magic sword lay forgotten in the cave, and the mountain of toys stayed in its basket. No one missed them at all. The family was together, and that was the best gift of all.



After a while, Ember grew sleepy. He curled up on Mama Cinder's warm lap, his chubby tail wrapped around her. 'This was the best birthday ever,' he whispered. 'Thank you for the kite, Granny Willow.' Granny Willow beamed. Uncle Flint nodded. 'I think I learned something today,' he said softly. 'Fancy presents aren't as special as being together.'



Mama Cinder hugged them all. 'That's right,' she said. 'Love and togetherness make a birthday truly happy.' She looked at Ember, who was already dozing, his little blue party hat tilted. 'And a simple handmade kite can bring more joy than a hundred golden crowns.' The family sat quietly on the hill, watching the kite bob in the sky and feeling warm and close.



As the sun began to set, the family carried Ember back to the cozy cave. They tucked him into his soft nest of blankets. The kite leaned against the wall, its smiling sun facing Ember. Uncle Flint whispered, 'Goodnight, little one.' Granny Willow kissed his forehead. Mama Cinder sang a soft lullaby. Ember smiled in his sleep, dreaming of flying kites and happy times.



The next morning, Ember woke up and saw the kite first thing. He hugged it tightly. 'I will keep you forever,' he said. Then he ran to find his family. They were all sitting together, eating breakfast. Uncle Flint wasn't arguing anymore. Granny Willow was telling a funny story. Mama Cinder poured warm cocoa. Ember felt a warm glow inside. 'I love my family,' he said.



And from that day on, whenever the wind blew, the family would go to the hill and fly the kite together. They learned that birthdays are not about crowns or swords or mountains of toys. They are about love and being together. Ember's first birthday was the start of many happy celebrations, all filled with laughter, love, and the simple joy of flying a kite.