

The Dragon Who Loved Snow



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In Dragon Valley, the sun always shone warm and golden. The dragons there loved to nap on hot rocks and swim in steamy pools. But young Frostwing was different. While his family basked in the heat, he sat in the shade, dreaming of something cool and soft. His pale icy-blue scales shimmered as he sighed. 'I wish I could see real snow,' he whispered.



Frostwing's mother, Ember, watched him with worried golden eyes. Her crimson scales glowed in the sunlight as she wrapped her long neck around him. 'You never seem happy here,' she said softly, touching her amber stone necklace. 'The valley is our home.' Frostwing nuzzled her. 'I love you, Mother,' he said. 'But my heart feels cold and snowy.'



Grandmother Thaw, with her lavender-grey scales and round spectacles, sat knitting in her cream shawl. She had made Frostwing a sky-blue scarf with white snowflakes. 'Cold hearts need cold places,' she said wisely, her silver whiskers twitching. 'Let him go, Ember. He will find his way.' Mother Ember sighed, but she nodded. 'Be safe, my little snow dragon,' she said.



So Frostwing set off, his frost-tipped wings flapping. He flew north for many days, over forests and rivers. The air grew colder, and his breath puffed out like tiny clouds. He loved it! Finally, he saw a mountain town covered in white. Snowflakes landed on his cheeks, and he laughed with joy. 'This is where I belong!' he cried.



In the town, children were sledding and building snow dragons. A girl in a red pom-pom hat and green coat waved at him. 'Hi! I'm Pip!' she called. 'Are you a real dragon?' Frostwing landed softly. 'I'm Frostwing,' he said shyly. Pip's freckled face lit up. 'Come meet everyone!' She grabbed his claw and pulled him toward the town square.



The townspeople gathered around, curious and friendly. 'A dragon who loves snow!' they cheered. The baker gave him a warm cinnamon roll. The mayor shook his claw. 'Welcome, Frostwing!' he said. Pip showed him the best sledding hill and the frozen pond. Frostwing's amber eyes sparkled. He had never felt so at home. 'I wish my family could see this,' he said.



Frostwing helped the children build a giant snow dragon. He used his frosty breath to make icicle horns. Pip laughed as she placed a carrot nose. 'You're the best snow sculptor ever!' she said. They sledded together, tumbling into soft drifts. Frostwing's blue scarf fluttered in the wind. For the first time, he felt truly happy. But at night, he missed his mother's warm hug.



One evening, Frostwing sat alone on a snowy hill. He thought of Dragon Valley, of Grandmother Thaw's stories and Mother Ember's gentle smile. A tear froze on his cheek. Pip found him there. 'What's wrong?' she asked. 'I love it here,' he said, 'but I miss my family.' Pip sat beside him. 'Maybe they can visit?' she suggested. Frostwing's eyes widened. 'Do you think they would?'



Pip had an idea. 'Let's send them a letter!' She wrote a note with a picture of the snowy town. Frostwing added a tiny snowflake drawing. They tied it to a friendly snow bunting. 'Fly south to Dragon Valley!' Pip said. The bird chirped and flew away. Frostwing watched until it was a speck. 'Now we wait,' he said, his heart hopeful.



Days passed, and Frostwing showed Pip how to make frost patterns on windows. She taught him to ice-skate. They became best friends. But Frostwing still watched the sky every day. Then one morning, a familiar shape appeared. 'Mother!' he shouted. Ember landed in the snow, shivering. 'This is cold!' she said, but she smiled. Grandmother Thaw followed, wrapped in her shawl. 'I told you he'd find his place,' she chuckled.



Mother Ember looked around at the snowy town and the smiling people. 'You really are happy here,' she said softly. Frostwing nodded. 'I am. But I love you too.' He hugged her with his frosty wings. Ember hugged him back. 'Then we'll visit often,' she said. 'And you can visit the valley whenever you miss us.' Frostwing's heart felt warm, even in the snow.



Grandmother Thaw gave Frostwing a new scarf, knitted with both warm red and cool blue. 'For both homes,' she said. Pip and the townspeople prepared a feast. They ate hot soup and laughed. Ember tried sledding and tumbled into a snowbank. Everyone cheered. 'Maybe winter isn't so bad,' Ember admitted, shaking snow from her scales. Frostwing beamed. His two worlds were coming together.



That winter, Frostwing learned something important. You can love a new home and still keep your old one close. His family understood him better now. They saw how the snow made him shine. And the townspeople saw how much he loved his family. Pip gave him a friendship bracelet woven from red and blue yarn. 'For your two homes,' she said. Frostwing wore it always.



When spring came, Frostwing flew back to Dragon Valley for a visit. He told everyone about snowball fights and ice skating. Grandmother Thaw listened with a twinkle in her eye. Mother Ember smiled. 'Next winter, we'll all go to the mountain town,' she promised. Frostwing's amber eyes glowed. 'Really?' he asked. 'Really,' she said. 'Because home is wherever we're together.'



Frostwing returned to the snowy mountain town, but he knew he could visit his family anytime. He had friends who loved him just as he was. And he had a family who learned to understand his chilly heart. Every winter, the dragons visited the town. They brought warm blankets and stories. The townspeople brought cocoa and sleds. Everyone celebrated together. Frostwing's blue scarf fluttered in the wind, and he was happy.



And so, the dragon who loved snow found his place in the world. He learned that being different is a gift. His frost-tipped wings carried him between two homes, and both were full of love. Grandmother Thaw always said, 'The heart knows where it belongs.' Frostwing's heart belonged to the snow and to his family. And that was the best feeling of all.