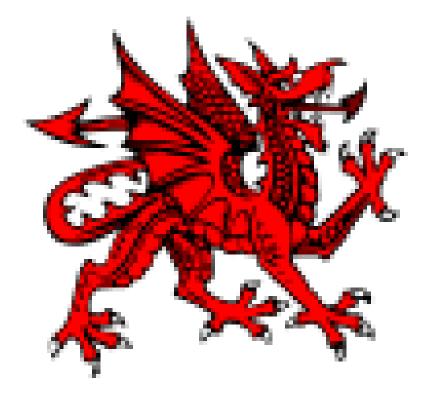
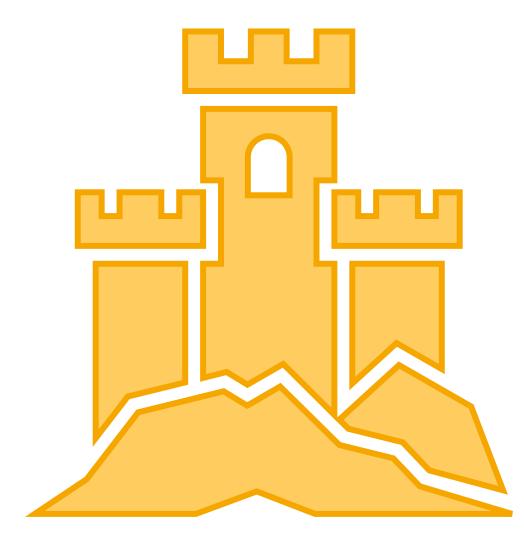


By Yabesra G/DwIDragonCoch Baldwin



A long time ago, in a place far away. King Vortigern the 1st, Found a place to stay.

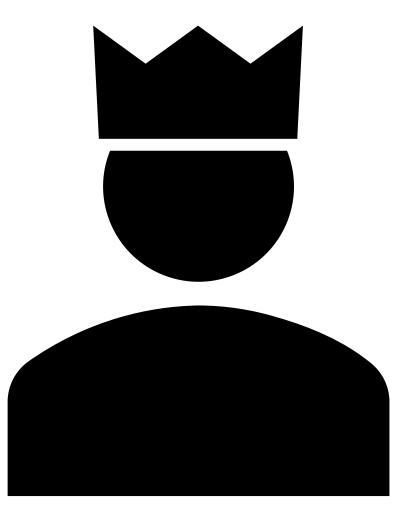




It was up on Dinas Emrys, where our story began. He was building a castle, the frightful young man.

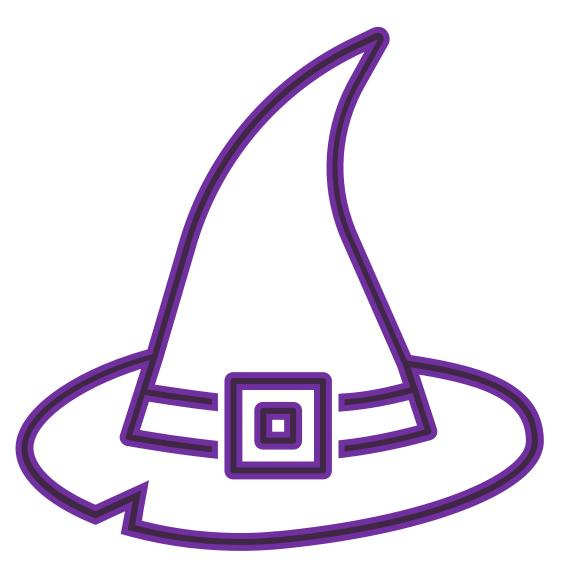


But day after day, His castle would fall. So he asked an old wizard, 'Who is breaking my wall?'



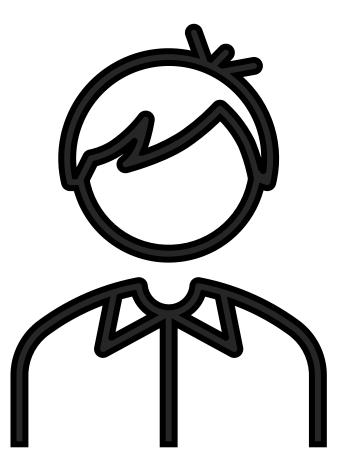


And the wizard's replied, "There's magic in this hill! A fatherless son, to cure you must kill."



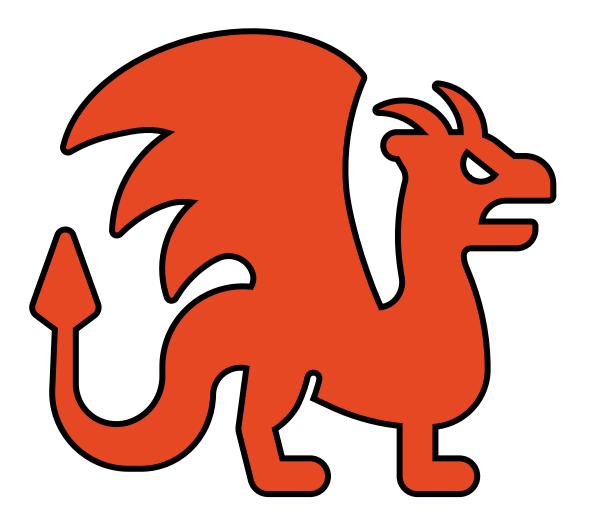


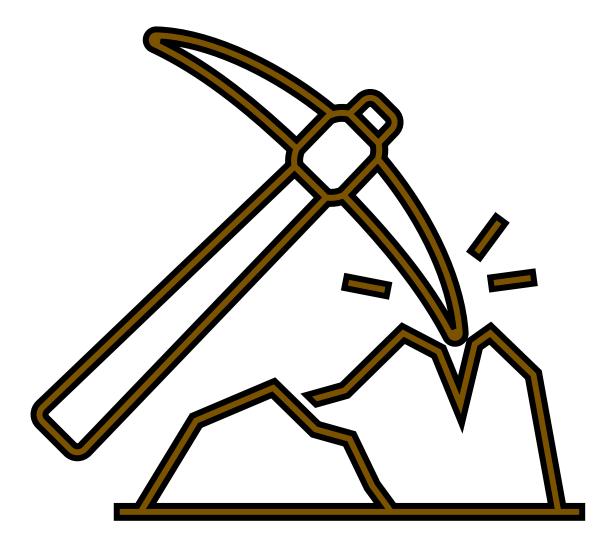
Then just before the they killed him, the boy cried "No! Wait!" Your wizards are lying, and you are their bait!





When this young boy told him, 'Stop right now because there are dragons beneath you, having a row.

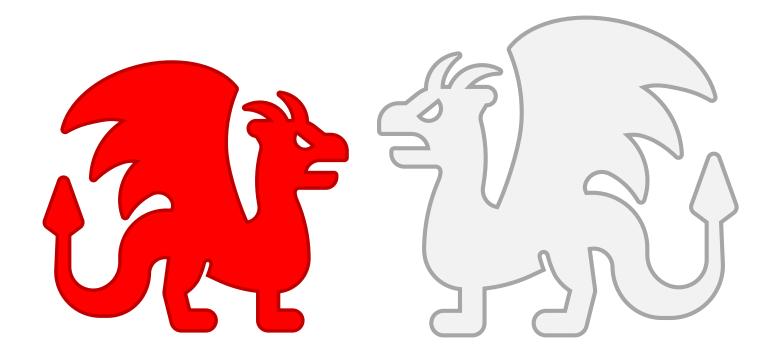




So, he said, 'Dig my men, dig me a hole.' Let us see them for ourselves, whether he is the mole!'



And surely enough, they flew into the air. One as red as blood, while the other was bare.



They fought and fought, til the red one triumphed. And then flew away, to somewhere quiet.



And we see it fly, to this very day. On top of the Senedd where we keep it at bay.