

Other children were running back into the cavern now, jostling him as they gathered near the nest around Will. They talked together excitedly, pointing and nudging one another as they waited for the egg to crack. Will barely noticed them.

“Come on. You can do it. Break the shell,” he whispered, balling his hands into trembling fists.

A scratching, clawing noise came from inside the egg as the tiny dragon scabbled against the inside wall. Then a small crack appeared.

The other children grew quiet.

A hushed murmur came from the people in the stands.

Will held his breath.

The crack widened as the baby dragon pushed from within. A fragment of shell dropped onto the sand. Then a tiny pale claw appeared.

“What color do you think it is?” a boy whispered next to Will.

“I don’t know. Maybe it’s a yellow,” a girl next to him said.

Little claws scratched at the widening crack in the eggshell, scattering a shower of gleaming fragments over the dark sand like glitter. The dragon inside let out a tiny frustrated growl. Then with a sudden jerk, the egg split in two,