THIS BOOK BELONGS TO: 

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My Big Sister Can See Dragons
WRITTEN BY

Rocky Sanchez Tirona

ARTWORKS BY

Liza Flores
My big sister can do a lot of things better than me.

She can swim all the way across the swimming pool. I still grab Mom when I need to breathe.
My sister can read chapter books, even the kinds with hundreds of pages. I can only read the ones with pictures.
And when she draws a dog, Mom knows if it’s a German Shepherd or a poodle. Last time I drew a dog, Mom thought it was a hotdog with marshmallows where the feet were supposed to be.
But you know what else my big sister can do?

She can see dragons.
It’s true. Today, when she came home from school, she suddenly said, “Shhh! Don’t move. There’s a baby dragon behind you.”
I turned my head but I didn’t see anything. “Where?”

“Oh, you can’t see them. You need a Dragon Eye in order to see dragons.” she said.

“Dragons?? You mean there are more?”
“Of course!” answered my sister.

“There’s a whole world of dragons, but only special people, like me, can see them.”

“Can you teach me?” I said.
She told me to half-close my eyes and roll up my eyeballs ‘til things started to look fuzzy.

“Nothing’s happening,” I said. My eyes were starting to hurt.
“Do what you do when we pretend to be sleeping when Dad comes home,” she said. So I opened my mouth, and let my eyes roll up. And I saw a white blur just behind my sister.
“I saw it!” I cried. “At least I think I did. Is it white?”

“That baby one is,” said my sister. “But there are blue ones, orange ones...and even a polka-dotted one.”

She said that I should keep practicing so I could see the pink one. Pink is my favorite color.

I kept trying. But even the white one was still kind of blurry. I crossed my eyes really hard and saw double of everything...except dragons.

My sister said we could have a dragon party. She would invite all the dragons over and we could serve chocolate crinkle cookies. She said crinkle cookies are dragons’ favorite food.
We set the table and I brought out my stuffed lizard toy. I thought the dragons would enjoy meeting one of their cousins.

It was the best party ever. My sister pointed out the purple mommy dragon who had little babies hanging on to her. And the slimy green one who liked to live in mushy swamps. And the grumpy old grey grandfather dragon who had no more teeth, so you didn’t have to be scared of him.

There was just one teeny-tiny problem. I still couldn’t see anything. But I didn’t want my sister to know.
“Look!” my sister said, “the little one is dancing!”

I jumped up. “Ooh, can I dance with her? I can do ballet!”

“No, no, no—she’s over there!” she said, pointing across the room. “Can’t you see her?”

She started to get that look that she gets when she’s about to tell me I’m too little to play with her, so I quickly said, “Yes, I see it! I just didn’t know dragons could dance so well!”

When bedtime came, my sister said it was time for the dragons to go home. She called out “Bye, Mrs. Purple! Bye, babies! Bye, Grumpy!” And then they were gone.
But I still couldn’t see them.

Then my sister said something that got me worried.

“‘We need to be careful though. Sometimes, bad dragons come, too. And they might stay behind when the good ones go home.’"
So she looked under our beds, on top of the bookshelf, and inside the laundry basket, and declared them dragon-free.

“Ok, I’m going to bed now,” she said. “Good night, little sister.” She put her blanket over her head and fell asleep right away.

That’s another thing my big sister can do better than me. She can fall asleep as soon as she closes her eyes.

But I lay wide-awake thinking of the bad dragons. How will I protect us from dragons if I can’t even see them?!
Then I think I hear a little scritch-scritch sound from behind the bathroom door. Oh no! We forgot to check there!

I shake her awake. Which is really hard to do. So I sit on her tummy and yell really loudly into her ear. “Gaaaabby! Wake up!”

My sister opened one eye.

“There’s a bad dragon hiding in the bathroom! You have to fight him, because I can’t...because I can’t really see the dragons!”

You know what she said?
“Oh, Marty, I can’t see them either. I just made them up.” Then she pulled the blanket over her head and went back to sleep.

Maybe my big sister isn’t more special than me after all.
Maybe if I work hard at it, I’ll be able to swim across the pool, too, just like her. And I’ll be able to draw real-looking dogs, too.

And maybe, just maybe, if I keep practicing, maybe I’ll be the one to actually see dragons!
After all, just because my big sister says she made them up, doesn’t mean they’re not really there.

Right?
About the Author

Rocky Sanchez Tirona grew up on a steady diet of fantasy novels—a love she’s tried to pass on to her two daughters, Gaby and Marty. She also has a younger sister, so she understands from experience that there are only a few precious years when Big Sister’s word is infallible. Rocky was a former advertising copywriter who now works in conservation.

About the Illustrator

Liza Flores is an award-winning illustrator. “My Big Sister Can See Dragons” is her biggest papercut project so far—drawing with scissors, assembling cut outs like paper tole, and mounting them on wood veneer.

She has illustrated 16 picture books, including “The Secret is in the Soil” (National Children's Book Awards Best Reads 2012), and the ever-popular “Chenelyn! Chenelyn!”

Liza is also a designer and a long-time member of Ang INK.
All illustrations for this book were based on original cut paper on wood illustrations by Liza Flores. To see the artworks in greater detail, please visit www.canvas.ph.
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