George designs a dragon...

George drew plans for a machine. The machine had a beginning, a middle, and a tail end...an undercarriage, and beautiful wings.

George hammered in the last nail.

The machine lumbered, engine ticking gently, into the night sky. And the dragons followed.

The machine clicked and whirred over the sleeping town. It rattled and clunked over the moonlit fields and woods. The dragons followed. It clattered and banged and crashed into the great wilderness.