

Elf Road

Poppy had always been curious. One dreary afternoon, she was strolling down Elf Road when she saw something unusual. In the brick wall, there was an ancient, wooden door. The metal handle was shaped like a dragon's mouth. Tentatively, she turned it and the door creaked open.

Inside, there was a huge dark hall, on an enormous table, someone had set out a great feast with thick slices of juicy chicken, huge bowls of green salad, glass jars of fresh fruit and silver plates of sweet puddings. Hundreds of tiny people were serving steaming pies, scarlet strawberries like gleaming embers and tall glasses of creamy drinks. They were dressed in curious clothes with coral cloaks, yellow shoes and crimson caps.

In the middle of the table, loomed a glittering dragon carved out of ice and in its beak she could see a folded piece of paper.

'Look where you wish
but don't touch a dish.'