



an extract from:
the dragonology chronicles: **the dragon diary**
by Dugald A. Steer

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Looking for proper old-fashioned storytelling, an amazing fantasy adventure, stunning illustrations and plenty of dragons? The Dragonology Chronicles has them all and dragonology fans simply cannot get enough of them.

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'I was amazed by the imagination and research put into this book.'

Sunday Express reviewer, aged 11

Jayne Roscoe

Press Officer



THE DRAGON DIARY

by Dugald A. Steer

Illustrations by Douglas Carrel

THE
Dragonology[™]
CHRONICLES
Vol. II

Beyond the dunes, beyond the scrub, three red sunsets and three orange dawns out of the city of Jaisalmer, far away across the Thar Desert, the vultures wheeled high in the air. A man sat back on his camel and looked up at them. He drew his hand across his face to shade it, peering into the sun to watch the vultures dive, then flap upwards again with agitated, frustrated movements. A hot wind had been blowing from the east all day. Now a sudden change in its direction made his camel start. It flared its nostrils and looked around. The man patted its neck and spoke to it soothingly. But his face, under his slouch hat, looked grim. He set off again.

It wasn't long before the man spotted the first carcass. Sand was already starting to cover it. The man climbed down from his camel and covered the last hundred yards on foot. He saw that what had looked like eight small dunes were, in fact, eight more carcasses, all half-covered with

sand. The smallest carcass was about eight feet long; the largest, over forty, its scaly bulk disappearing underground. Along the length of their bodies, the creatures were like snakes. But at the top end, each looked almost human, with a torso, a head and two arms. On closer inspection, it was clear that they were not human at all. They were dead nagas.

The man bent down to examine the smallest naga more closely. It was still only a baby. Dried yellow spittle trailed from its mouth. The man frowned. He put down his pack and took out a notebook and a small bag. Then he unclasped a pocketknife and reached down to take a small sample of the spittle on the blade. Being as careful as possible, he lifted the knife up towards him very, very slowly until...

A rifle cocked behind his ear. The man froze.

A cockney voice said, "Give 'em a break, mate.

They're dead." The man turned around slowly to face his assailant.

The cockney, who was wearing a dirty black jacket that was streaked white with desert dust, grinned at him with yellow teeth.

"You're Noah Hayes," he said. "I know your name.

And I know your game, too. You can call me Shadwell."

The man put away his pocketknife, then took off his hat and used it to wipe his brow. He put it back on his head and spat on the ground.

"You're *Shadwell*?" he said, speaking in a Texan drawl.

“I’ve heard you’re a dealer in dragons. That is one *ugly* profession. What do you want from me, Shadwell?”

“If you’re so interested in dead dragons and all, maybe you’d like to see a live one,” replied Shadwell, grinning again.

Keeping his gun pointed at Noah Hayes with his right hand, Shadwell unbuttoned his jacket with his left. As he did so, a puff of smoke came out of the inside pocket, and a small, scaly creature climbed out and looked at Hayes with hard, beady eyes. It was a dwarf dragon.

“Say hello to Flitz,” said Shadwell.



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Dugald A. Steer’s love of books and reading led him to study English Literature and Philosophy at Bristol University, where he was an avid contributor to the Poetry Society Magazine. Since then he has worked extensively as an editor and writer of numerous children’s books. Dug lives in Surrey with his wife and their young daughter. *The Dragon Diary* is the second book in The Dragonology Chronicles, following on from *The Dragon’s Eye*.

Other titles include: *Dragonology*TM, *Egyptology*, *Wizardology*TM, *Pirateology*TM, *Mythology*, *Monsterology*TM, *Spyology*TM and *The Dragon’s Eye*.