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## Sancharillo

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# Sancharillo

Adam Chalifoux

Long long ago when I was just a boy  
My father did say to me  
“Son, I’ve bought a toy for you”  
“Thanks Dad!” I said  
And I leapt for joy  
DAD: “Son this is very important and you treat it with care  
Hide it away under your bed  
And don’t tell your mother it’s there”

ME: “What is this gift?” I said  
“This gift that I must hide away?”  
DAD: “Just take this box, keep it with some rocks  
And you’ll find out another day”

DAD: “Be careful my son” my father did say  
As he handed me a package  
“For if you open this too early  
You’ll be cursed to smell like cabbage.”

Although I obeyed my father’s request  
I was so awfully curious  
Why in the world had my dear old dad  
Been so gosh darn mysterious

As the months went by I forgot all about the box  
But I did start to notice that my room started to smell of socks

Until one night about a quarter ‘til 2  
I woke myself up to go to the loo

For when I got back I heard something shaking  
My mysterious box under my bed was quaking

“What is this madness?!” I said with a shout  
I reached under my bed and pulled the box out

It was hot to the touch  
Like an overcooked pastry  
Despite the burn I opened it hastily

Inside the box was an egg of gold and red  
Then with a crackle  
Out popped a little green head

And then a scaly claw  
I was in disbelief of  
The dragon that I saw

Questions flew through my mind  
Like a flock of wild geese  
I wondered to myself  
Where my dad had found such a beast

I then looked into the box  
To see a small note  
I remember it vividly  
So now I do quote

“By now you know that this box does feature  
A mythical beast, a magical creature  
Take care of your dragon  
Feed him 7 times a day  
Do not tell anyone  
You must hide him away”

“P.S. If you don't already know  
You probably should  
Dragons breathe fire...  
Keep him away from wood”

I was exhausted  
I put my head on my pillow  
And when I awoke from my slumber  
I named him Sancharillo

Then I went to my kitchen  
Looking for some meat  
Remembering what the note said  
About how much they eat

When I returned  
Sancharillo was waiting  
As if he knew  
It was the fridge I was raiding

As I gave him a plate  
I watched amazed  
Sancho cooked the food perfectly  
In a fiery blaze

“That was amazing”  
I said with a stare  
As my little green friend  
Ate like a bear

What happened next  
Transcended amazement  
Sancharillo looked perplexed  
Then asked, “You got a breath mint?”

“You can talk?!” I asked  
With an overwhelming admiration  
“In every language” he answered  
“I can even do translation”

So we talked for a while  
And a friendship soon grew  
My best friend was a dragon  
But nobody knew

As the years went by  
Sancho grew so large  
I could even ride on his back  
And go for a fly

We’d soar through the clouds  
To a magical land  
Where we’d hang with Sasquatch  
And the gingerbread man

But the day I turned 13  
Was the saddest day I ever saw  
Sancharillo was forced to move away  
Under Dragonship law

Although my sadness  
Was simply too much  
Me and Sancharillo  
Vowed to stay in touch

As the years did pass  
We did grow apart  
But the memories of Sancharillo  
Will always be in my heart.