

# The Wyvern of Lake Léman

*by Noémie Pétremand*

**O**ne day, there were two little children  
playing beside Lake Léman:  
Maëlle, the bold adventurer  
and Jeannot, the fearless knight.

Busily looking for treasure—  
(a trunkful of pieces of gold)—  
searching the nooks and the crannies  
on a beach when suddenly,  
right there, in the midst of the pebbles,  
they saw that one shone bright.

Curiously, they ventured near  
to the source of this great light  
and came upon a diamond  
shimmering blue and white.

“Ooh! How beautiful it is!”  
Maëlle cried out aloud,  
“It brings to me a story...”  
said Jeannot to her. “Let me see!”

The boy took hold of the diamond  
and pointed it at the sun.  
It was practically transparent:  
a miraculous gem indeed.

“It is said that once, in this country,  
there lived a female winged dragon,  
and she was called a wyvern.  
They say gracing her forehead  
shone a diamond beyond compare  
that she only removed when she stooped  
to bathe in the waters clear  
of our lakes, our ponds and our rivers.

It is said that this jewel would offer  
great riches to he who would own it:  
that is why many men have attempted  
so often to steal it away.  
And now here it is, in our hands!  
Hush! She cannot be far away...”

And with that, confirming his words,  
they saw, coming out of the water,  
fangs, enormous eyes,  
wings and a great long tail.

Fearful, the two backed away  
hiding behind a great rock.  
The wyvern placed her feet on the ground  
and shook herself well to get dry.

And then, she began to look  
for her stone so rare and adored.  
“For pity’s sake!” I am sure  
that I left it around about here!  
Hmhm! ... What if, by chance,  
someone has stolen it from me?”

She stopped herself then and listened  
whilst not far away from that place,  
the children, in their hiding-hole,  
tried to stop their trembles and shakes.

“Quick! Let’s run!” said the boy.  
“That’s out of the question! No!  
This stone is not ours:  
we’ll give it back, and that’s that!”  
said Maëlle as she snatched away  
from his hands the diamond so rare.



And despite all the pleas of Jeannot,  
she stood up and shouted out loud:  
“Madame, are you looking for this?  
We found it right over here...”

They then saw a column of fire  
and the creature rose up beside them.  
Her eyes were as red as hot coals:  
she seemed about to attack.

The young girl then fell to her knees,  
the diamond held out in her arms,  
and the mythical creature, in disbelief,  
spoke out loud to the children two.

“You could have taken it from me  
but you’re here to give it back?  
Your heart is good and great.  
I’m forever indebted to you.”

Under Jeannot’s admiring gaze,  
she replaced the jewel on her head:  
“You truly do exist! Wow!!  
Incredible! It’s really so hard to believe!”

The wyvern blushed and smiled at them  
and said in a joyful voice:  
“If one can only imagine me  
then truly I must exist!”

And at these words the beauty  
opened wide her wings  
and under a shower of sparks  
flew away high up to the sky.

As for Maëlle and Jeannot,  
they just stood there, mouths agape,  
awestruck and still at the water's edge,  
watching her flying away.

They then looked at one another,  
their faces and eyes alight  
and both of them exploded  
with an astonishing burst of joy:  
and although they never did find  
the trunkful of pieces of gold  
there was yet a happy ending to  
..... their treasure hunt!

***The End***