

My Dog, the Luck Dragon

When I look into his eyes,
I see clouds rolling over the silver horizon of Fantasia.
He is not just a dog — he is Falcor, the Luck Dragon,
come to remind me that magic is still breathing
in the rhythm of his tail and the warmth of his sigh.

When I am lost in the Swamp of Sadness,
he refuses to sink beside me.
He nudges, paws, and YAWPs —
a reminder that hope has teeth,
and love, even in its simplest form,
can drag a soul back to sunlight.

His fur smells of earth and sky,
his breath a small storm of wonder.
Every leap he takes seems to bend reality,
as if gravity itself dares not weigh down his joy.
Luck is not a number or a charm —
it is a heartbeat that trusts.

Sometimes, I swear he flies when I am not looking,
curling around the stars,
gathering the dreams I am too tired to chase.
When he lands beside me again,
there is stardust on his whiskers,
and a story waiting to be told.

He does not speak, but I understand.
He says: *Never give up, and good luck will find you.*
And it always does —
right here, with him,
my loyal companion,
my luck dragon,
my friend.