Smok the Dragon

In the days when trees could cry and cats could fly, there lived in Poland, beside the Vistula River, an abysmal dragon called Smok.

People could hear the pulsating sound of wings whenever Smok drew near. Some ran as soon as they clapped sight of Smok and others ventured into the darkness, beneath the city, never to be seen again.

Rumours of his blazing eyes, impenetrable scales and armoured claws spread like wildfire. In the wind as it flew, its thick, straggly chest hair danced and tangled around its neck. Shining brightly, his sharp, jagged teeth pierced the air as he breathed. He was a dreadful beast!

In the beginning, the thoughtless beast feasted on the people’s pets but before long, he turned his attention to grabbing young maidens. Smok would swoop down and consume a young, tasty maiden with one gulp! He also enjoyed the crunch of large, chewing cows.

No one had ever seen another ferocious beast like the barbaric Smok and still to this day, his legend lives on.