**The Cobbler of Krakow and 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.

In the beginning, the thoughtless beast feasted on the people’s pets but before long, he turned his attention to grabbing young maidens.

Soon it was the turn of the King’s beloved daughter to be fed to the dragon. In despair, he offered his daughter’s hand in marriage to anyone who could rid the city of this dreadful beast!

Princes came and Princes went. 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 end, a bashful cobbler called Krak came to the city. “How will you defeat the dragon without a sword?” asked the King. Krak smiled shyly but he knew the dragon was no match for him.

First, he took a cow’s skin and carefully filled it with a secret potion. Then he stitched it back together. Finally, he threw this mighty meal down into Smok’s lair and retired to a safe distance. The pulsating sound of wings drew nearer and nearer. Smok swooped down and with one gulp, the carcass was gone.

His stomach immediately roared like fire. Without delay, he flew to the river Vistula where he drank and he drank and he drank. With each mouthful, his stomach began to swell. It swelled and it swelled and it swelled until it burst with a huge BANG!

So it was that the cobbler married the princess and became King Krak. Why, he was so popular that they named the city after him – Krakow.