


LEAH MOHAMMED

# LUMIA

and the

# HICCUPPING DRAGON

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Luma and the Hiccupping Dragon

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*For the loveliest Mum and Nan*

*The  
Hiccapping  
Dragon*



## Chapter One



Luma was having the most wonderful dream.

She was jumping up and down on the biggest, bounciest trampoline she had ever seen. Her pet Timir was at her side letting out squeaks and squeals as they bounced higher and higher and higher until Luma could reach out to touch the clouds.

*Hic!*

Luma looked across at Timir.  
'Did you hear that?' she asked.  
It happened again.

*Hic!*

And then again and again.

Luma woke with a sleepy groan. She blinked, confused at first as to what had happened and where she was.

Where had the trampoline gone? Why was her bedroom covered in flowery wallpaper? And what *was* that strange noise?

Luma sat up, a yawn turning into a smile as she looked about.

Of course . . . she and Timir had stayed over at Nani's the night before. They'd had the best evening curled up on the sofa together, watching a film and eating popcorn (Timir ate most of it) and then



Nani had tucked them into bed with not one, not two, but *three* bedtime stories, all about dragons.

*Hic!*

'Timir? Come out,' Luma said, wiggling her feet. 'There's a funny noise and I don't know where it's coming from.'

Timir usually liked to sleep far under the depths of the covers, pressed up against

Luma's legs, but she couldn't feel him at all.

Luma lifted up the duvet.

Timir was not there.

'Oh,' Luma said, sad to miss out on their morning snuggles. Timir must have woken up early and gone downstairs to see Nani.

*Hic!*

'There it is again,' Luma said and, with that, she climbed off the bed to investigate.

Luma searched the big wardrobe first, opening the door to a rack full of Nani's old clothes that she had loved to dress up in when she was little.

She knelt down and pushed her hands right to the back of the wardrobe, but there was nothing there – nothing that could make that 'hic' noise anyway.

Luma carried on with her search, looking through the chest of drawers

and bedside table. She even checked the window, thinking maybe it wasn't shut properly and squeaking in the wind, but still the noise continued.

There was only one thing for it. She would have to get Timir to help.

Timir had excellent hearing – he could hear Mum opening a packet of biscuits from two rooms away. He would find where the noise was coming from in a flash.

Luma began to walk towards the door when another 'hic' came, this time immediately followed by a 'hup' so loud that Luma stopped in fright.

'Hic . . . hup?' Luma said and then she gasped. 'The noise is a hiccup! That means it must be . . . oh, Timir!'



## Chapter Two

Luma rushed back to the bed and lay down on her tummy.

Timir always hid underneath her bed at home when he was afraid and Luma was sure he'd never had the hiccups before. He must be very confused and frightened.

Luma saw a patch of darkness shuffle and then two large round eyes staring worriedly into her own.

'Timir?' she called softly.

'Luma.' Timir's bottom lip wobbled. 'Hiccup!'

'Don't worry,' Luma said. 'It's just the hiccups. They can't hurt you.'

Timir whimpered. 'I do not like them at all.'

'Why don't you come out and we can try to make them stop?'

Luma sat up and a trembling Timir leapt into her arms.

'Hush now,' she said, stroking his scaly back. 'There are lots of ways to stop the hiccups.'

'There are?' Timir asked.

'Yes,' Luma said, a little bit more confidently than she felt.

'Let me think . . .'

Luma spotted her half-full glass of water on the bedside table and gently set Timir on the carpet. 'You need to drink this in big



gulps,' she said, picking up the glass and placing it next to him.

Timir pushed his snout inside the glass . . . *'Hiccup!'*

'Argh!' Timir cried, water blowing from his nostrils.

'Maybe not,' Luma said, putting the glass back. 'Why don't you try holding your breath?'

Timir began to bite at the air. 'Like this?'

Luma giggled. 'No,' she said. 'Watch me.'

Luma sucked in a deep, deep breath, her cheeks puffing out. She held the air in as long as she could and then let it out in a giant whoosh. 'Now you try,' she said.

Timir sucked in a deep breath, his cheeks puffing out and . . . *'Hiccup!'*

'Hmm, that didn't work either,' Luma said. 'There is something else we could try, but . . .'

'What?' Timir asked.

'It means giving you a shock.'

'I don't want a shock,' Timir said. *'Hiccup!'*

'But you do want to stop hiccupping?'

Timir gave a small nod.

'Right, you had better shut your eyes,' Luma said.





## Chapter Three



Timir closed one eye.

The other remained wide open, his eyelid flicking up and down to give Luma a suspicious stare.

‘You have to close *both* eyes for it to work,’ Luma said.

Timir grumbled, but then another hiccup came out and he squeezed his eyes tightly shut.

‘And maybe try not to listen either,’ Luma said, remembering his super-hearing. She stood up as quietly as she could and tiptoed across the room towards the wardrobe, carefully opening the door.

The hinges squeaked.

Luma glanced back at Timir. His eyes were still closed, but his ears were most definitely twitching.

‘No listening!’ Luma called and quickly slipped inside.

All was quiet.

Luma counted to one hundred, just like she did when they were playing hide and seek. She reached one hand towards the door and . . .

‘*Hiccup!*’

‘Timir,’ Luma said, opening the door

to find Timir sitting just outside. 'I was supposed to shock you.'

'Hiccup!' Timir replied.

Luma sighed. 'I think we had better find Nani.'



Nani was the only other person Timir could be a dragon around *and* the only other person who could hear him speak – when anyone else was about, Timir changed himself into a dog and sounded like he was making some very strange noises!

Timir led the way down the stairs, a hiccup coming out as he bounced on to each step.

They found Nani in the kitchen with a steaming mug of tea in one hand and a pencil held above a puzzle book in the other.

'Good morning.' Nani smiled. 'Did you sleep well?'



‘Yes, Nani,’ Luma said. ‘But Timir has the—’

‘*Hiccup!*’ Timir hiccupped.

‘Ah,’ Nani said, her smile disappearing. ‘I was wondering when that would happen.’

‘What do you mean?’ Luma asked. ‘Is it normal for a dragon to get the hiccups?’

‘It is when their flame is coming,’ Nani said.

‘Flame?’ Luma said. ‘That means your fire, Timir.’

Timir whined. ‘I do not like fire.’

‘I’m not sure I like it either,’ Luma said. ‘But you are a dragon and all dragons have fire.’

‘Yes, but there is no need to worry,’ Nani said, reaching down to scratch behind Timir’s scaly ears. ‘For we have

something that will turn Timir’s flame completely harmless.’

Luma frowned. ‘Do you mean the charm bracelet?’



Nani had given Luma the bracelet just before she found Timir. Each of the five charms contained a little dragon magic of their own.

She already knew that the orb held a scent no dragon could resist – the only thing that had tempted Timir out of hiding on the day they met.

They had also discovered the purpose of the dragon charm when they got lost in the woods during a puppy training class, its flashing lights guiding Luma to Timir.

All that was left was the locket with the little squiggly mark on it, the patterned heart and the odd-looking wing.

None of them looked like they could stop fire.

‘This one, Luma,’ Nani said, reaching forward to tap the silver locket. ‘You see this mark here? It is rather worn away now, but it once was a beautiful engraved flame.’

‘But Nani, the locket doesn’t open,’ Luma said. ‘I’ve tried heaps of times . . . it’s broken.’

