

Storytime with Dad

Dragons Can't Build

Welcome to Storytime with Dad! Today we will be reading Dragons Can't Build.

Once upon a time, in a sunny valley that always smelled like melted cheese, there lived a group of dragons who loved tacos. You probably know that Dragons love tacos.

Not just a little bit.

They loved tacos more than treasure, more than sparkly jewels, more than flying loop-de-loops through the clouds.

(And dragons really love loop-de-loops.)

They loved crunchy tacos, soft tacos, breakfast tacos, dessert tacos, fish tacos, veggie tacos, even teeny-tiny baby tacos.

If it came with a tortilla, the dragons were happy.

Now, one day, the dragons had a brilliant idea.

Spark - the smallest dragon - flapped up into the air and shouted,

"Hey! Why don't we build a house made of tacos?"

The other dragons gasped.

"Made of tacos?" asked Puff, licking his lips.

"You mean, like... taco walls?"

"And a taco roof?" said Blaze, eyes sparkling.

"And maybe a crunchy taco mailbox!" added Ember.

They all started cheering.

"Yes! Let's build the biggest, crunchiest, most delicious house in all the land!"

So they got to work.

They stacked hard taco shells for the walls, glued together with gooey melted cheese.

They rolled up soft tortillas for the roof shingles.

They hung lettuce leaves for curtains, and used jalapeños as doorknobs (though they promised not to lick them).

When they were finished, they stood back to admire their masterpiece.

It was beautiful.

It was delicious.

It was... extremely hard not to eat.

Blaze's tummy rumbled.

"Maybe just one bite..."

Spark shook his head. "No! We finally have a house! We have to live in it, not eat it!"

Everyone nodded.

They lasted five minutes.

CRUNCH.

MUNCH.

SNACK.

"Oh no," said Puff, his mouth full. "I think I just ate part of the kitchen."

"You did!" cried Ember. "And now there's a big hole where the oven should be!"

So the dragons rebuilt the kitchen. Then they rebuilt the roof. Then they rebuilt the walls.

Every night before bed, they promised not to eat the house again.

Every morning, they woke up and accidentally nibbled the doorframe.

It was a very tasty problem.

One cold afternoon, Blaze was looking at a jalapeño doorknob and thought it would warm him up real nice. He plucked one off when nobody was looking and took it to his bedroom.

There he sat, wondering if this was his best idea ever, the smells of the spicy pepper making his eyes water. For all the tacos he'd eaten, he'd never actually had a jalapeño before. He knew they were spicy, but it can't be that bad he thought.

A clock ticked in the background. tick, tock, tick.

Blaze took a nervous nibble. "It's fine. Probably just a teeny bit of spice - "

Then his eyes went wide.

His cheeks puffed up.

His ears turned red.

And with a KABLOOOOOSH! a giant stream of fire shot out of his mouth and blew a hole in the wall!

The dragons on the other side gasped.

"Oh no!!!" shouted Puff.

"We have to cool him down!" yelled Ember.

But before they could help, Blaze sneezed.

And when a dragon sneezes - watch out.

"AAAH-CHOOOOOO!"

Fire everywhere.

The curtains burst into flame!

The taco table started to sizzle!

The lettuce curtains wilted!

The cheese glue melted into goo!

"Stop breathing fire!" cried Spark.

"I can't help it!" shouted Blaze. "It's so SPICY!"

He was sneezing and coughing and hiccupping little fireballs.

Hic-hic-FOOM!

Cough-cough-KABOOM!

Chew-chew-KERPOOF!

Before they knew it, their beloved taco house was going up in flames.

The taco roof crumbled like burnt chips.

The walls drooped like soggy tortillas.

The mailbox exploded into a shower of crumbs.

When the smoke finally cleared, the dragons sat in the ashes, covered in salsa, soot, and sadness.

"Our house..." whispered Ember.

"It's... gone," said Puff.

Blaze sniffled. "I really messed up this time."

For a long moment, nobody said a word.

Then Spark sighed. "Maybe we weren't meant to live inside of tacos after all."

But just then, something sparkly floated down from the sky.

A sprinkle of glitter dust swirled around them, and out of the shimmer stepped a magical unicorn wearing a chef's hat.

"Who's ready for a rebuild?" the unicorn sang in a twinkly voice.

The dragons' jaws dropped.

"Who... who are you?" asked Spark.

"I," said the unicorn, bowing dramatically, "am Chef Sprinklehoof - the builder of dreams and the baker of beans!"

(That last part didn't really make sense, but everyone clapped anyway.)

Chef Sprinklehoof trotted in a circle, her horn glowing bright like a sprinkle-covered candle.

"With my enchanted whisk, I can rebuild your taco house even better than before! Stronger, tastier, and fireproof!"

"Fireproof?" asked Blaze hopefully.

"Fireproof!" declared Sprinklehoof. "And spice-proof too!"

The unicorn flicked her whisk, and the air filled with floating ingredients.

Cheese rained from the clouds. Tortillas spun through the sky like flying saucers.

Beans danced, lettuce twirled, and tomatoes giggled as they landed in place.

Within minutes, a brand-new Taco Castle stood before them - complete with crunchy towers, guacamole windows, and a moat filled with sour cream.

The dragons cheered!

"It's amazing!" said Puff.

"It's beautiful!" said Ember.

"It's not spicy!" said Blaze, happily dunking a taco into the moat.

Chef Sprinklehoof smiled. "Remember, my scaly friends, taco houses are delicious - but friendship is what keeps them standing."

The dragons nodded (and licked their lips).

That night, under a sky full of cheese-colored stars, they sat in their new taco castle eating dinner - carefully.

They each took one tiny bite of the wall, just for old times' sake.

Crunch.

Munch.

"Hey," said Spark, "maybe tomorrow we could build a burrito barn!"

Everyone laughed so hard that Blaze accidentally burped out one tiny puff of smoke.

"Don't worry," said Sprinklehoof, waving her whisk. "It's fireproof."

And it was.

The dragons snuggled into their tortilla beds, their bellies full and hearts warm, dreaming of crunchy adventures to come.

The end.



What a great story! I'm sure the dragons lived happily ever after in their taco castle. I swear, Dragons and tacos, a match made in heaven!

I had a great time coming up with this one based on Charlotte's request. Thank you for the story idea and for your message! I love hearing from listeners, and you gave me everything I needed to put together a wonderfully creative story. I hope you liked it, because I sure had fun recording it and creating the characters.

Now, obvious lesson is not to eat your house! And a less obvious lesson is we probably shouldn't keep sneaky secrets. I bet if Blaze had not tried to sneak the jalapeño that this whole mess never would have happened! Surely one of the other dragons knew that spicy stuff makes dragons go crazy. They all promised not to even lick the doorknob, and here Blaze went and ate it! Let that be a lesson to us all. Not to break promises, and definitely not to be sneaky about it. That promise was made for a reason, but at least there was a magical unicorn to help fix things in the end.

Now if you like the Dragons Love Tacos book, I also came across a great food related book called [That's Not a Cupcake!](#) It's a new book by Kevin Russell and illustrated by his daughter Ryan Russell. It's hilarious with beautiful illustrations and a similar silly style of storytelling. That's a tongue twister. So if you liked the story today, you should check out the episode description and get yourself a copy of That's Not a Cupcake too, you'll love it.

Finally, keep sending me more story ideas! You can email me at hello@storytimewithdad.com I look forward to hearing from you.

Thank you for listening and I'll see you again next time.

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