

# Pickle



Books of  
Loving  
Kindness

Kris Rattus

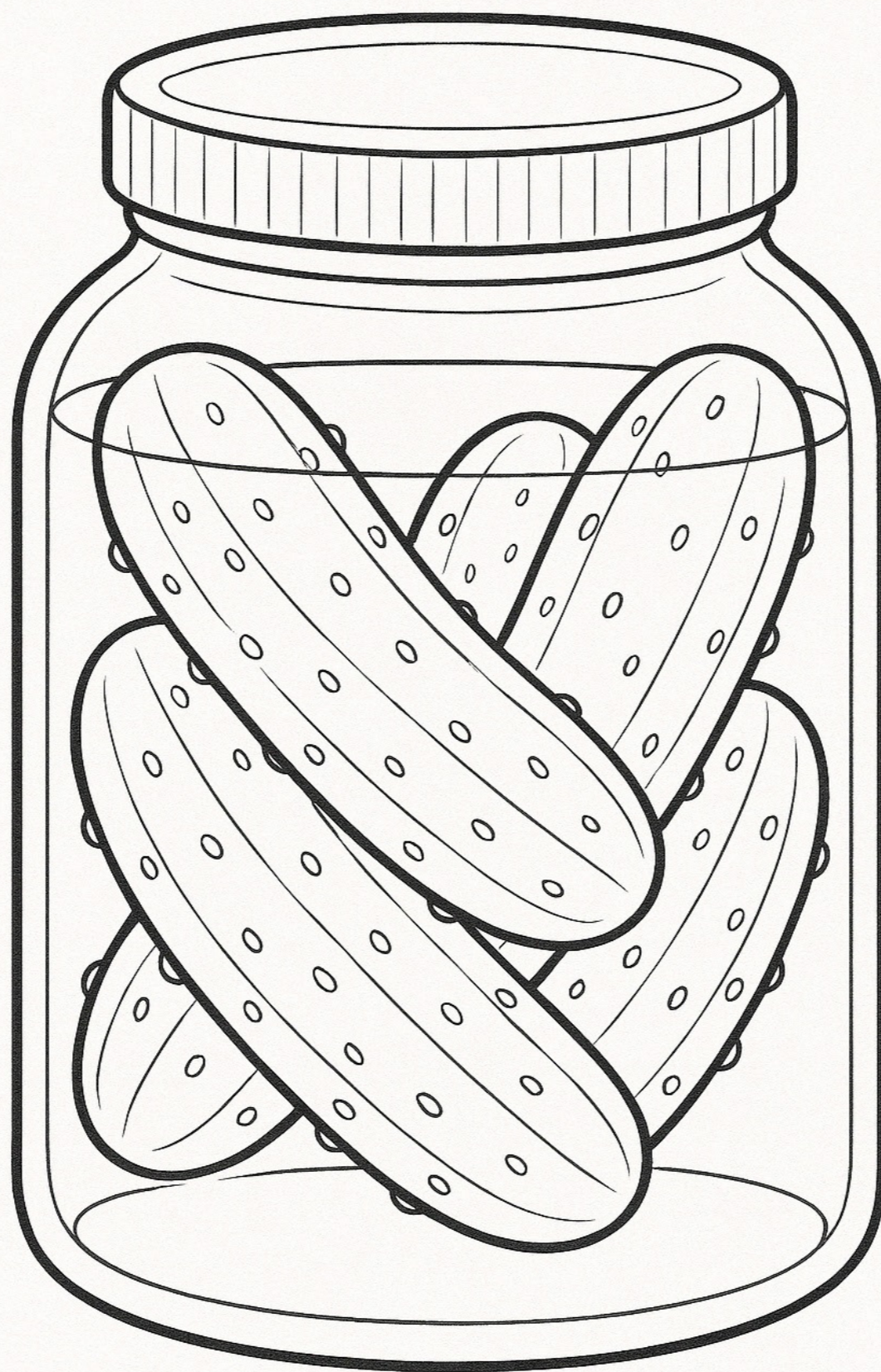
# Kingdom of Crumbbottom

Pickle's  
Cave

Caves of  
Confusion



**For my son JJ  
and anyone else  
who loves pickles.**



**Copyright © 2025 Kris Rattus**  
All rights reserved.

Made with love in the Northern Rivers, Australia  
Published by Books of Loving Kindness

This is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to actual people, places, or events is purely coincidental.

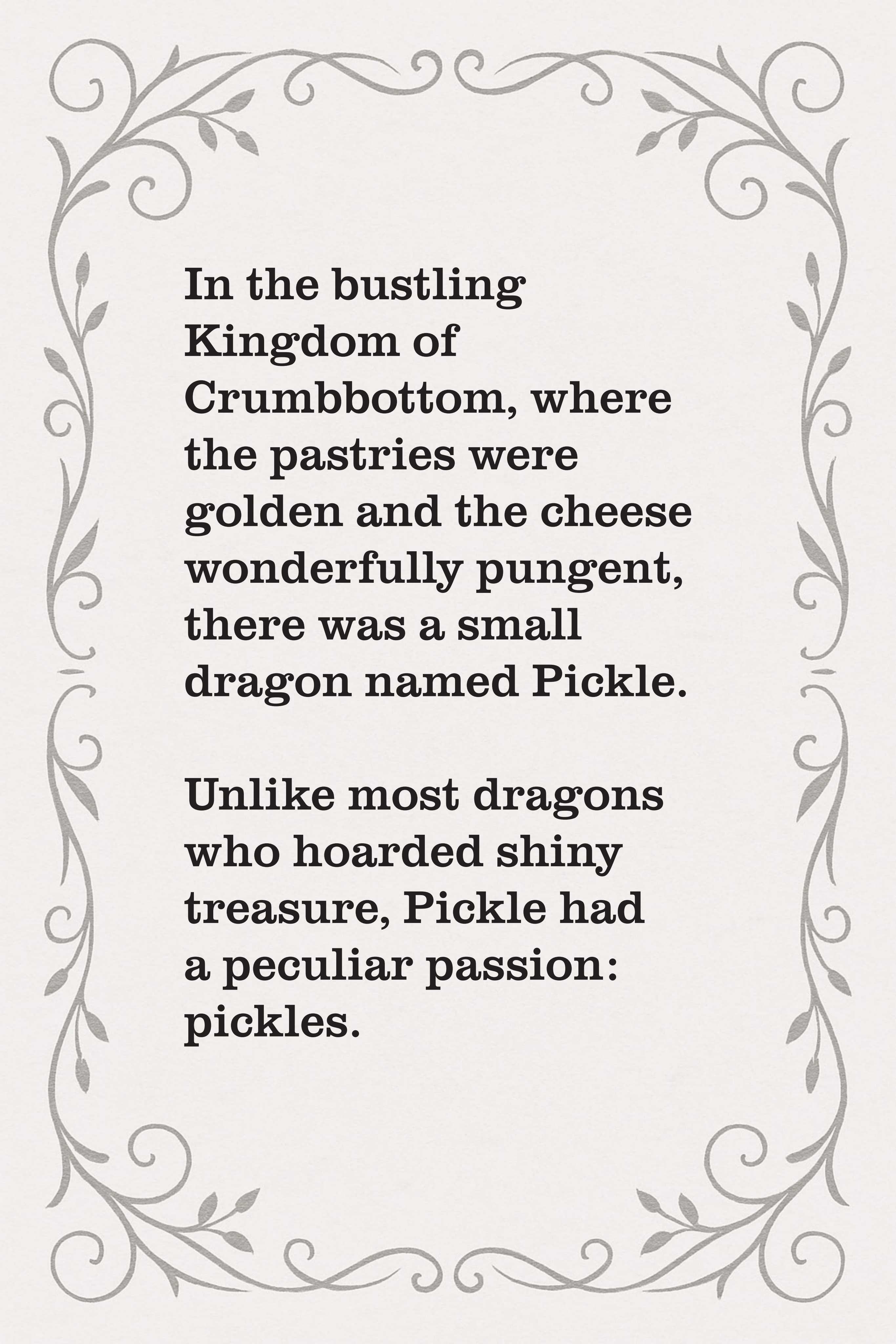
Website: [kindbooks.us](http://kindbooks.us)

# Pickle

Kris Rattus

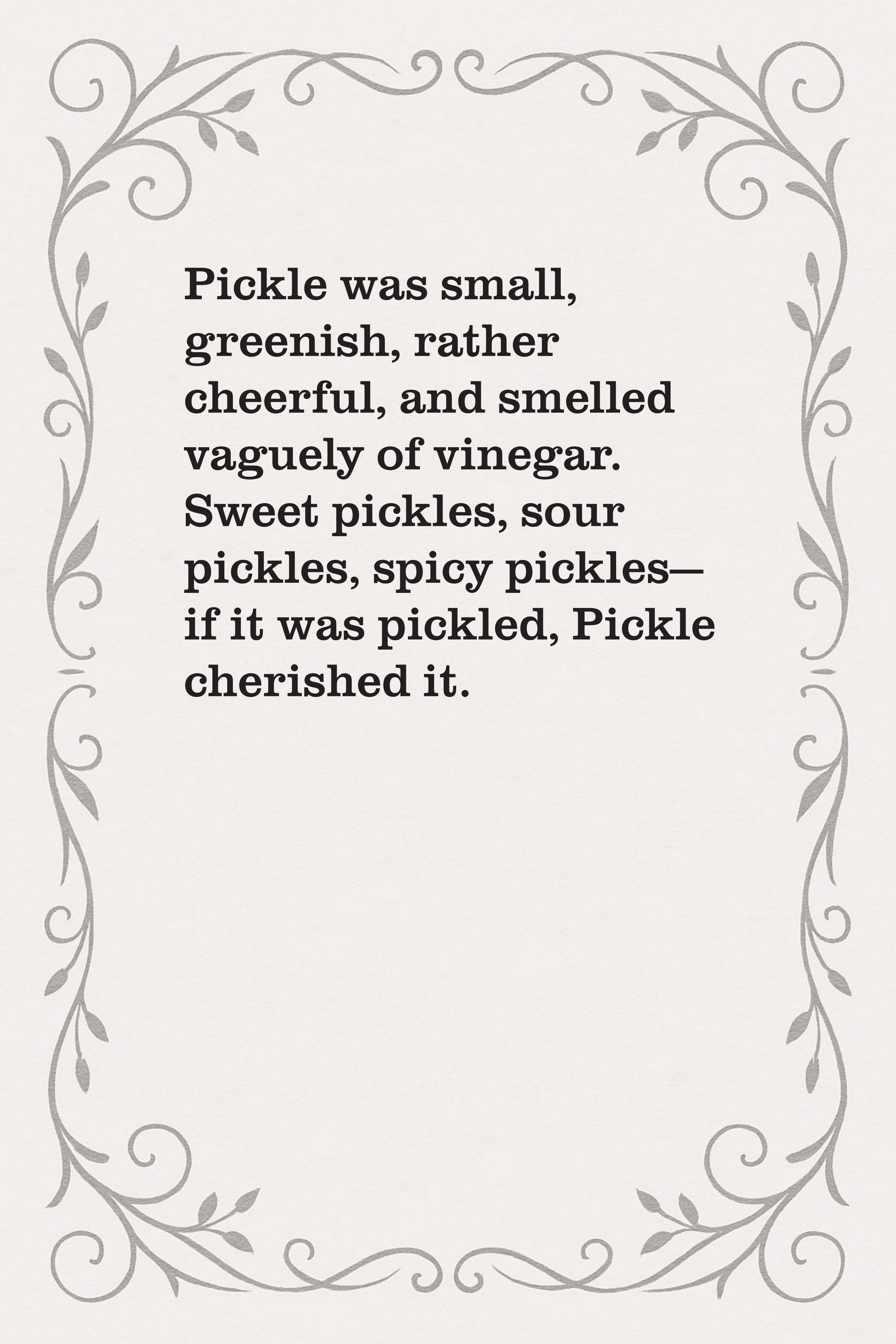






**In the bustling  
Kingdom of  
Crumbbottom, where  
the pastries were  
golden and the cheese  
wonderfully pungent,  
there was a small  
dragon named Pickle.**

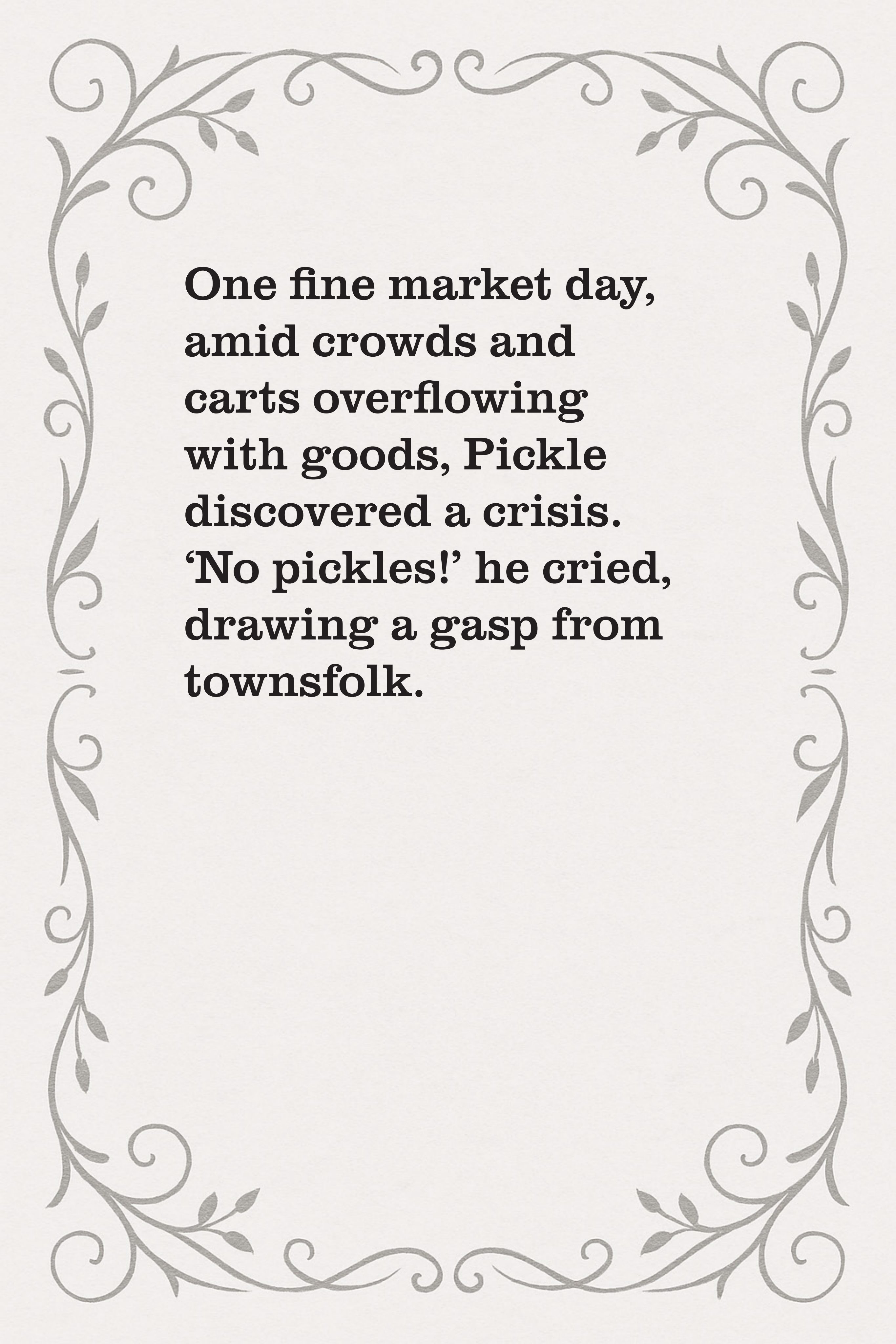
**Unlike most dragons  
who hoarded shiny  
treasure, Pickle had  
a peculiar passion:  
pickles.**



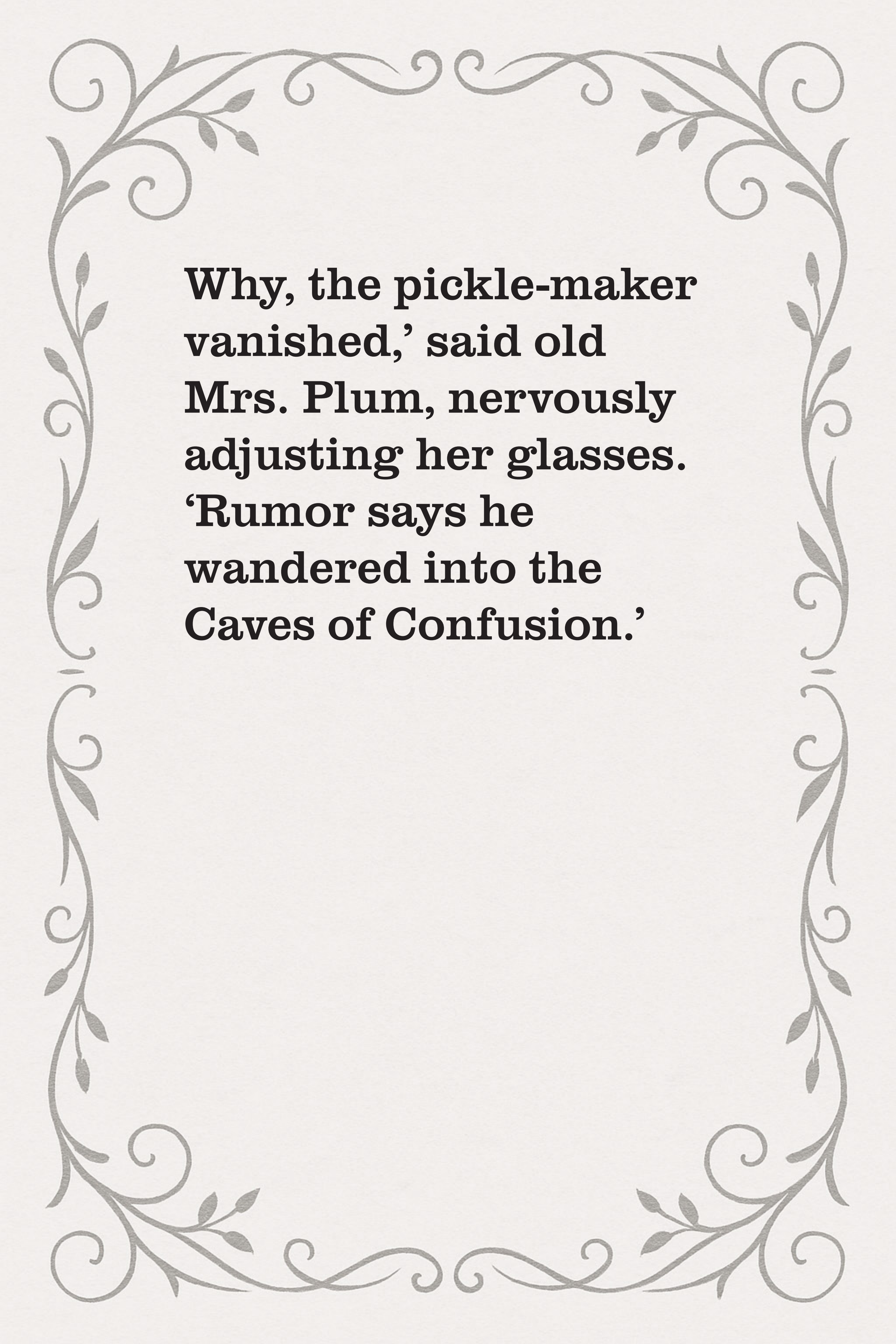
**Pickle was small,  
greenish, rather  
cheerful, and smelled  
vaguely of vinegar.  
Sweet pickles, sour  
pickles, spicy pickles—  
if it was pickled, Pickle  
cherished it.**







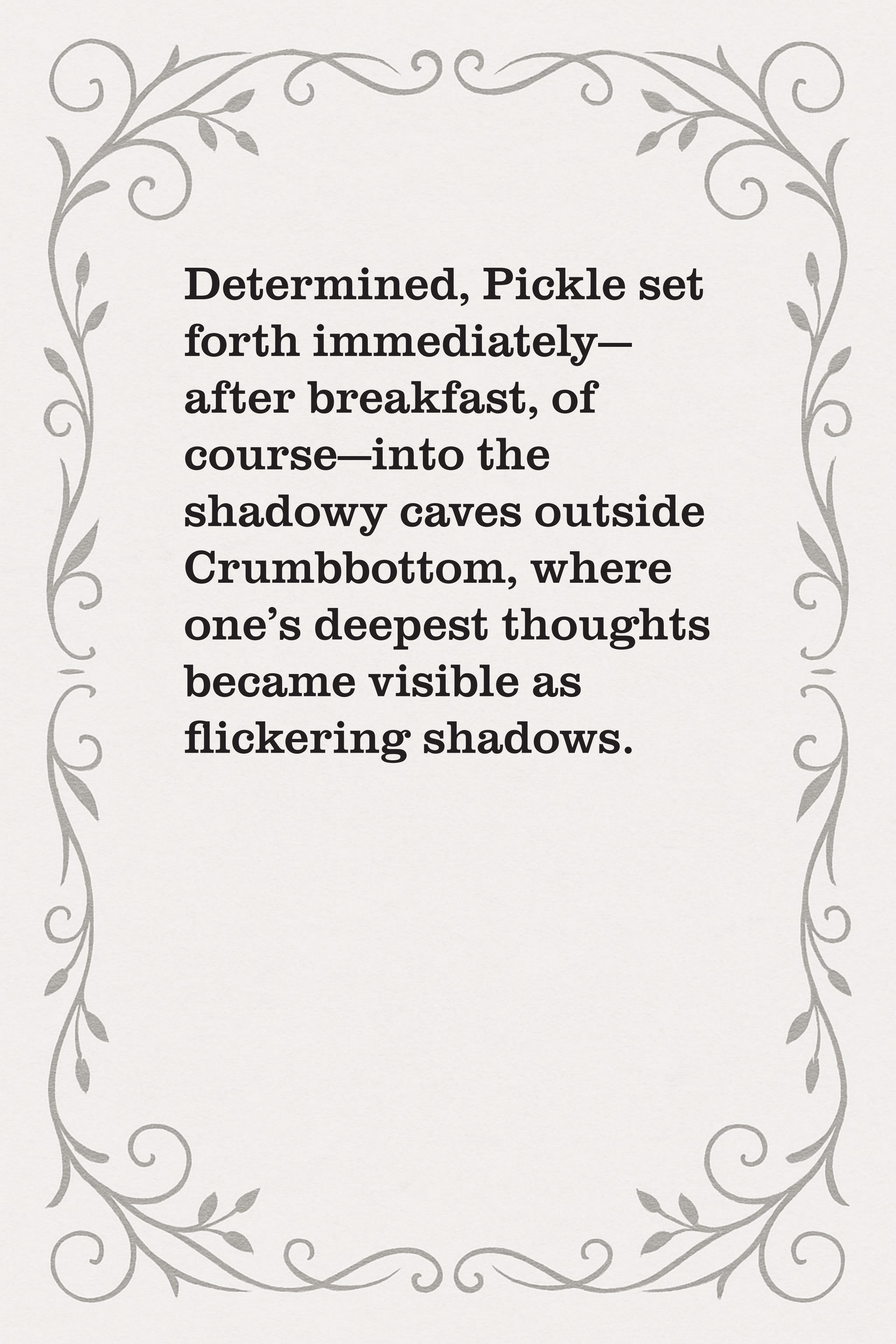
**One fine market day,  
amid crowds and  
carts overflowing  
with goods, Pickle  
discovered a crisis.  
‘No pickles!’ he cried,  
drawing a gasp from  
townsfolk.**



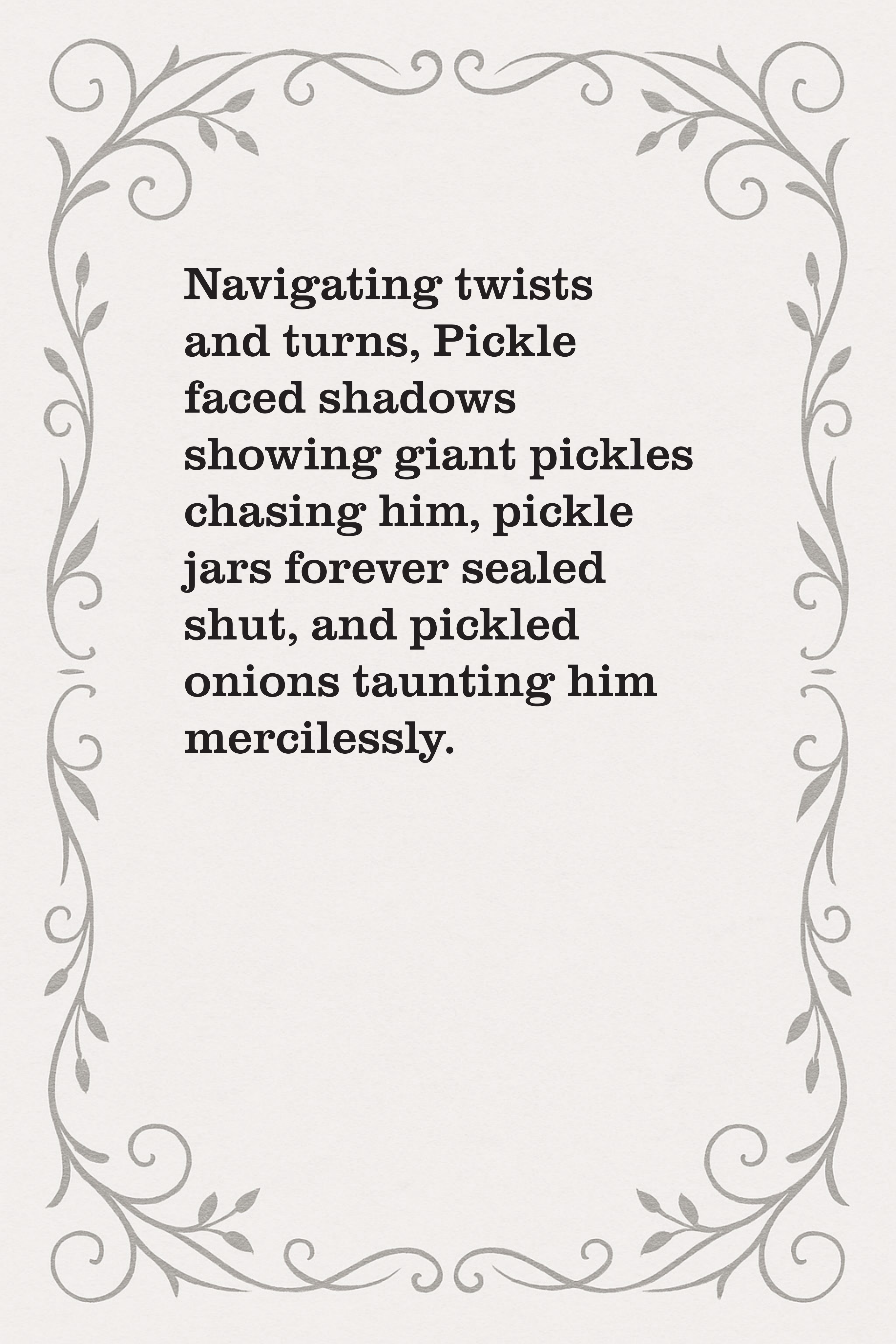
**Why, the pickle-maker  
vanished,' said old  
Mrs. Plum, nervously  
adjusting her glasses.  
'Rumor says he  
wandered into the  
Caves of Confusion.'**







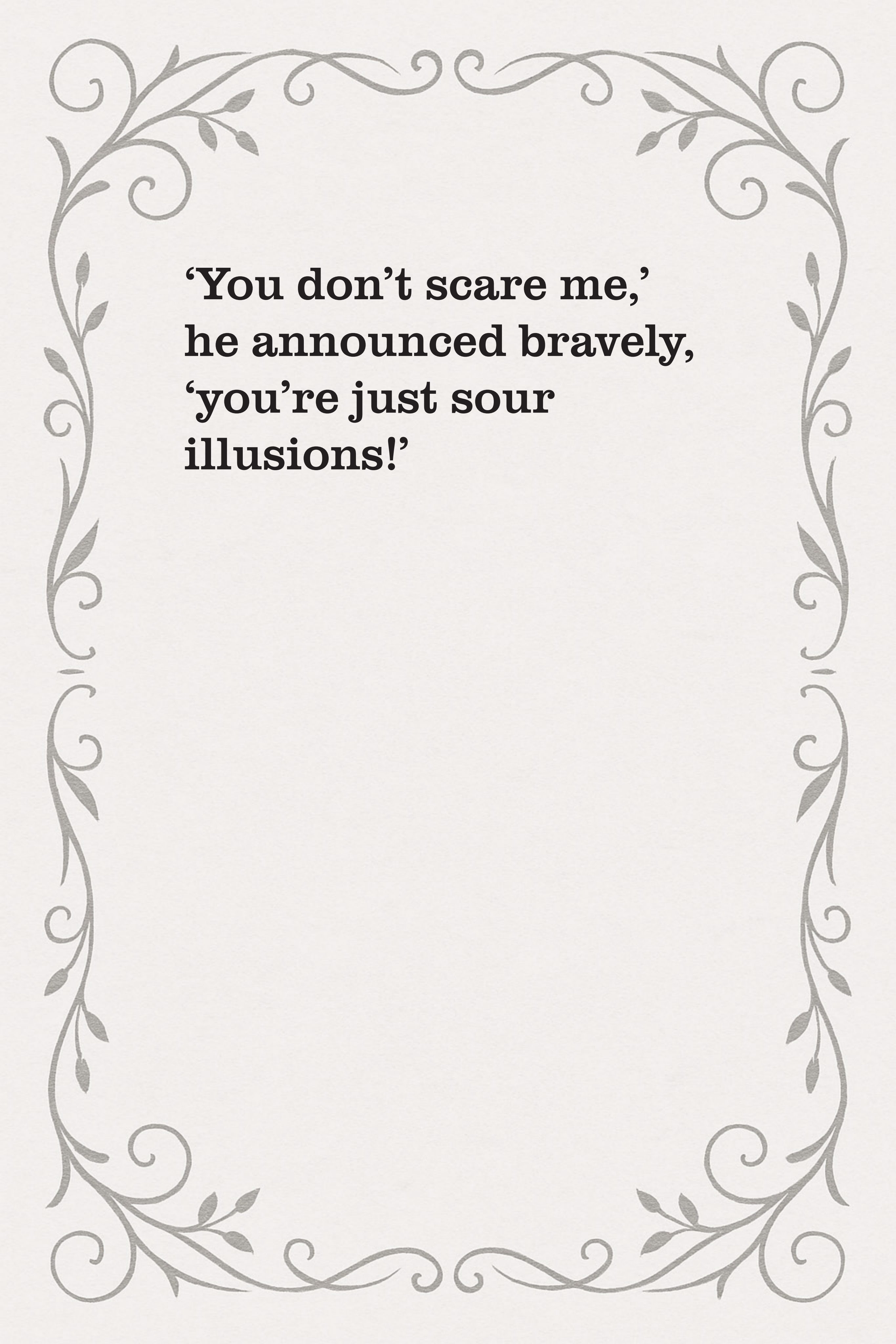
**Determined, Pickle set forth immediately—after breakfast, of course—into the shadowy caves outside Crumbbottom, where one’s deepest thoughts became visible as flickering shadows.**



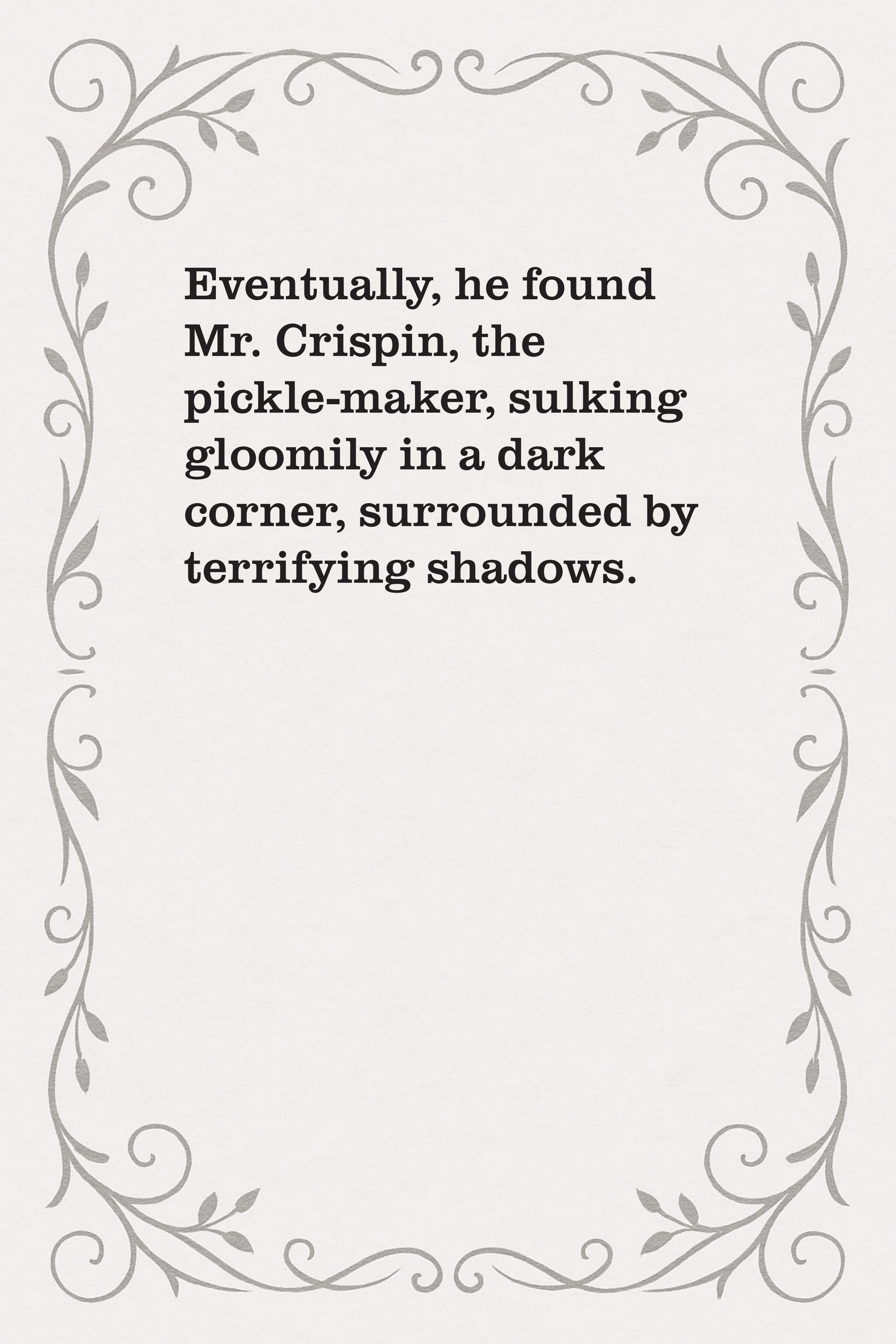
**Navigating twists  
and turns, Pickle  
faced shadows  
showing giant pickles  
chasing him, pickle  
jars forever sealed  
shut, and pickled  
onions taunting him  
mercilessly.**







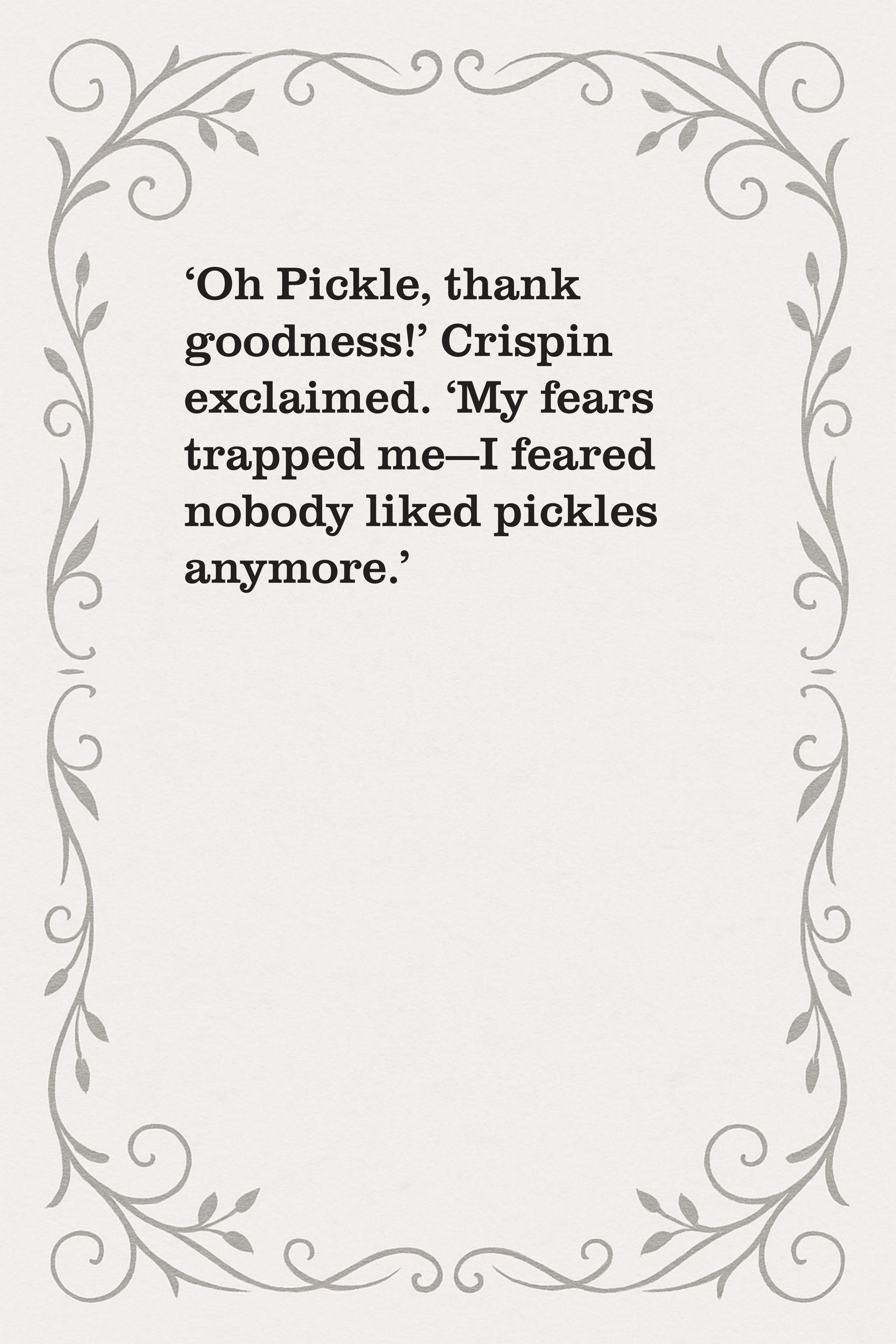
**‘You don’t scare me,’  
he announced bravely,  
‘you’re just sour  
illusions!’**

A decorative border made of grey, stylized floral and vine motifs surrounds the text. The border features swirling vines, leaves, and small buds, framing the central text block.

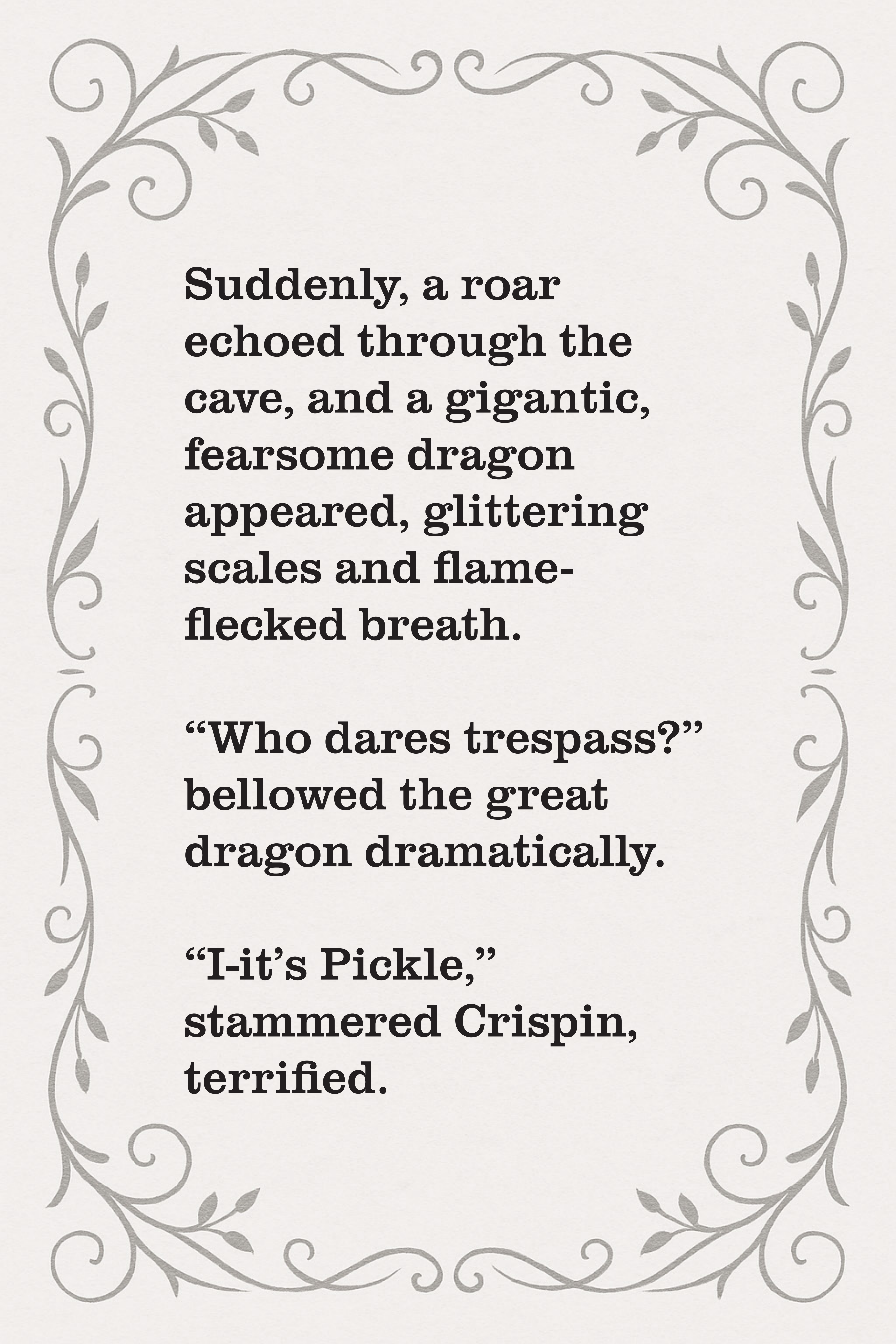
**Eventually, he found  
Mr. Crispin, the  
pickle-maker, sulking  
gloomily in a dark  
corner, surrounded by  
terrifying shadows.**





A decorative border of grey, stylized vines and leaves frames the text. The vines curve around the top, bottom, and sides of the page, with small leaves interspersed along the stems.

**‘Oh Pickle, thank goodness!’ Crispin exclaimed. ‘My fears trapped me—I feared nobody liked pickles anymore.’**



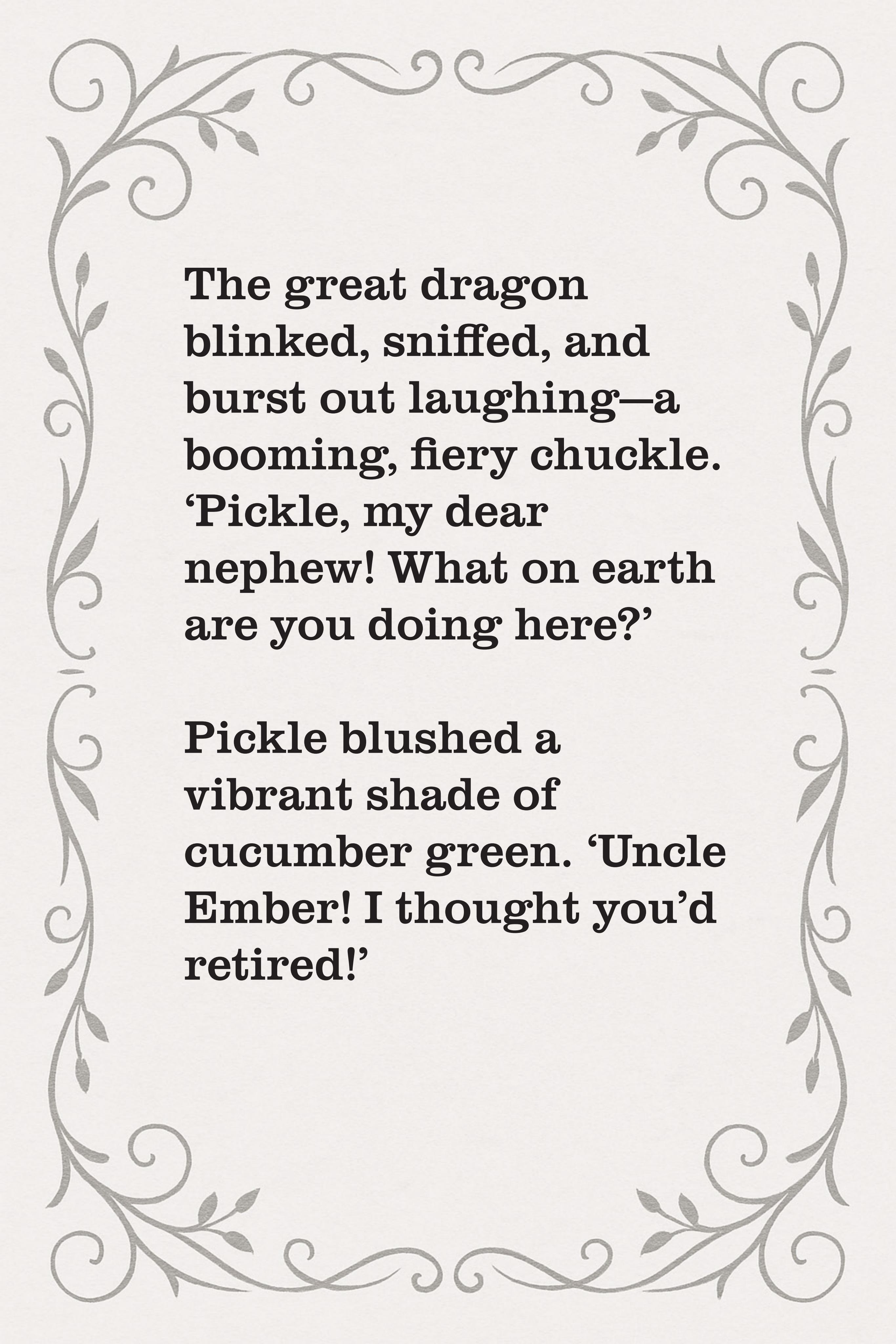
**Suddenly, a roar  
echoed through the  
cave, and a gigantic,  
fearsome dragon  
appeared, glittering  
scales and flame-  
flecked breath.**

**“Who dares trespass?”  
bellowed the great  
dragon dramatically.**

**“I-it’s Pickle,”  
stammered Crispin,  
terrified.**

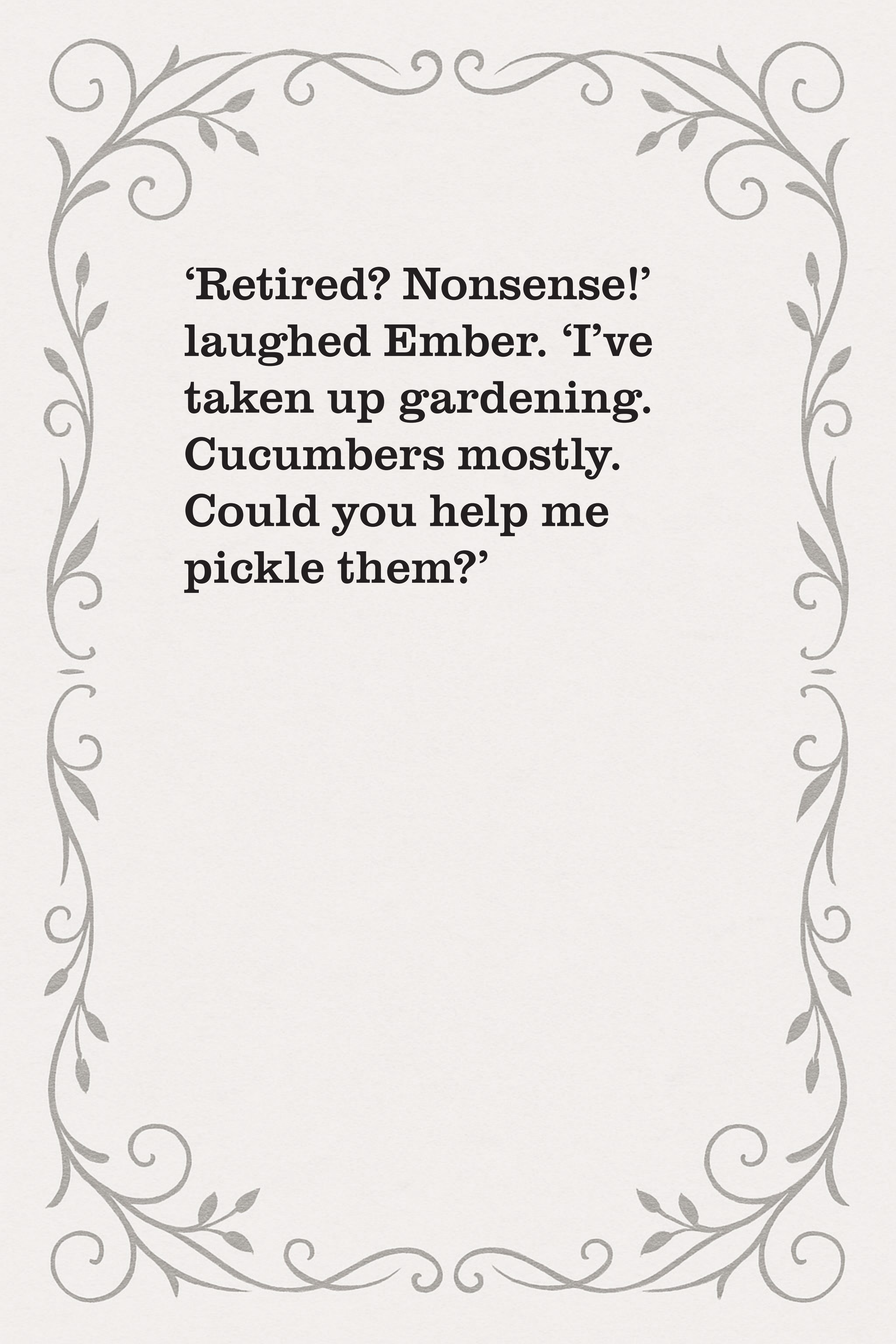






**The great dragon  
blinked, sniffed, and  
burst out laughing—a  
booming, fiery chuckle.  
‘Pickle, my dear  
nephew! What on earth  
are you doing here?’**

**Pickle blushed a  
vibrant shade of  
cucumber green. ‘Uncle  
Ember! I thought you’d  
retired!’**

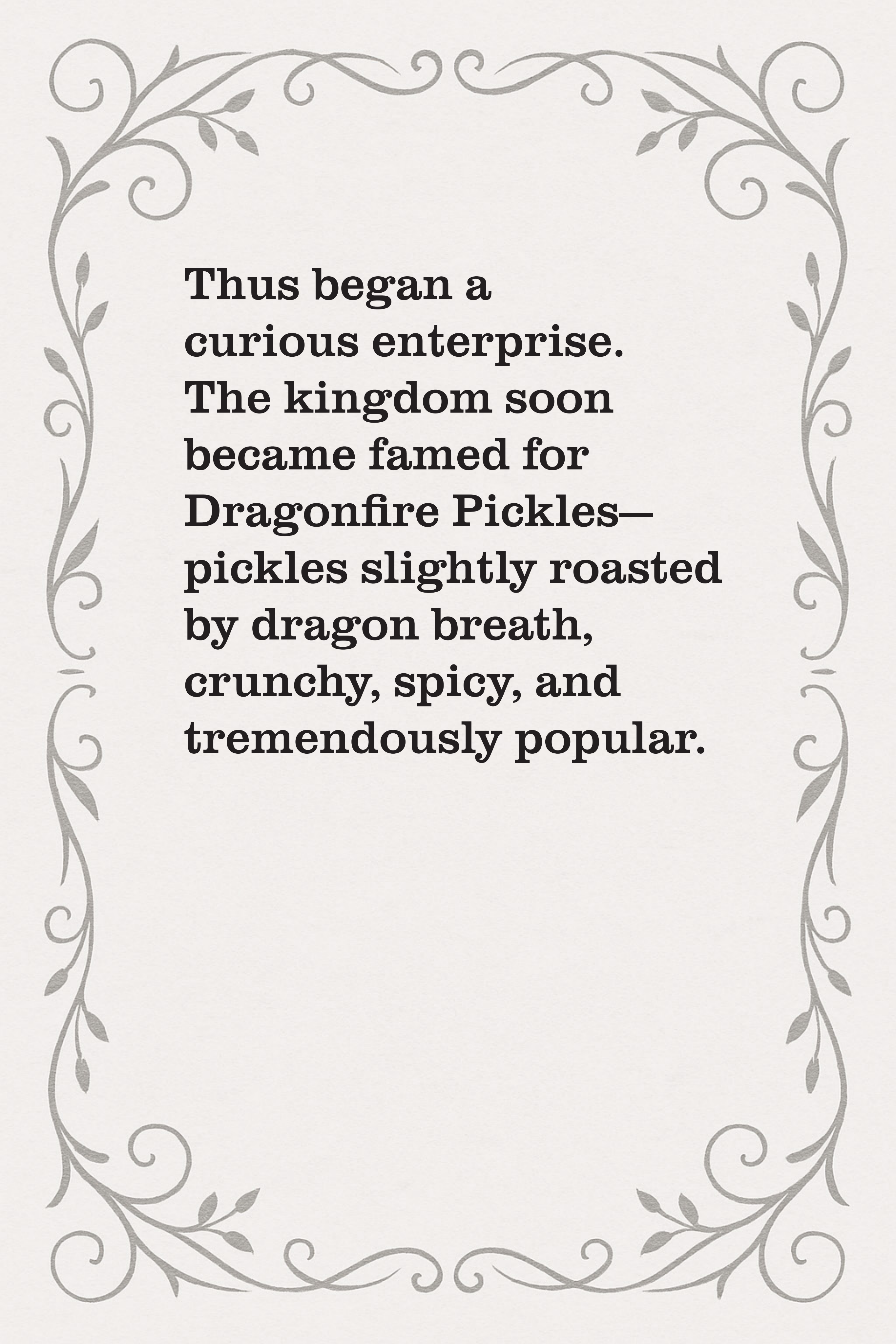


**‘Retired? Nonsense!’  
laughed Ember. ‘I’ve  
taken up gardening.  
Cucumbers mostly.  
Could you help me  
pickle them?’**

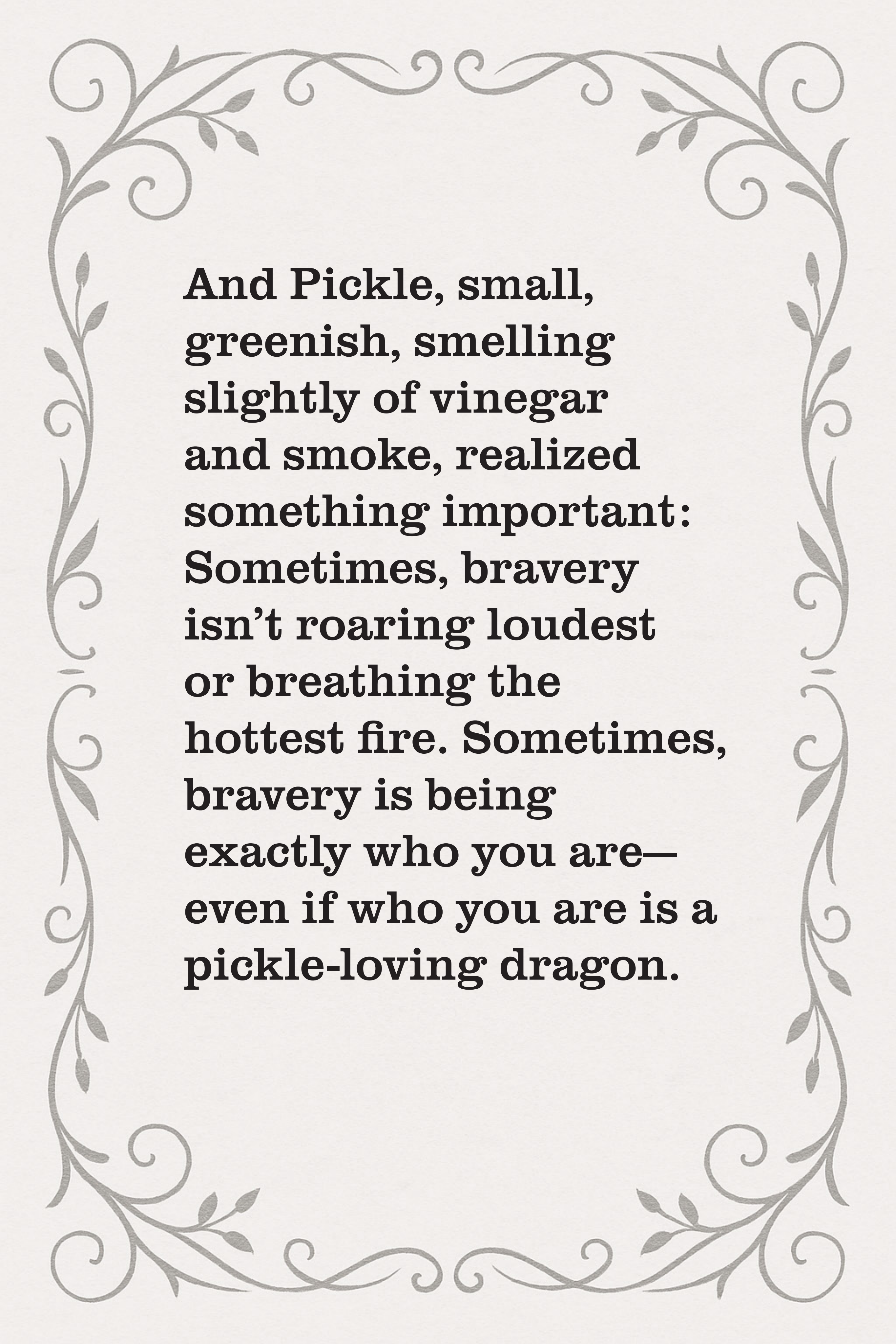


# DRAGONFIRE PICKLES





**Thus began a  
curious enterprise.  
The kingdom soon  
became famed for  
Dragonfire Pickles—  
pickles slightly roasted  
by dragon breath,  
crunchy, spicy, and  
tremendously popular.**

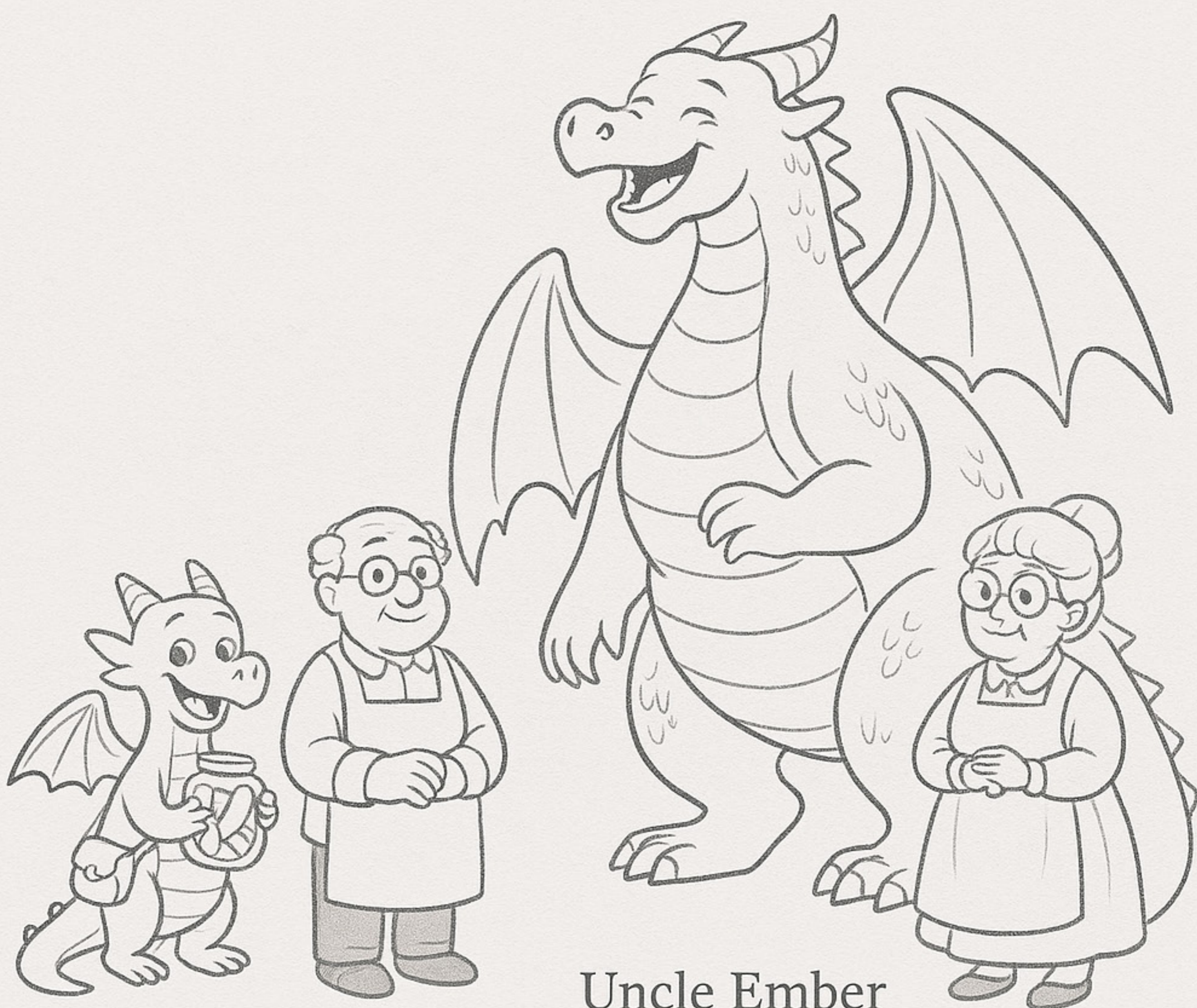


**And Pickle, small,  
greenish, smelling  
slightly of vinegar  
and smoke, realized  
something important:  
Sometimes, bravery  
isn't roaring loudest  
or breathing the  
hottest fire. Sometimes,  
bravery is being  
exactly who you are—  
even if who you are is a  
pickle-loving dragon.**









Pickle Mr. Crispin

Uncle Ember

Mrs. Plum

★ Thank You ★  
Supporting Our Stories!



THANK  
YOU!

SUPPORT  
MORE  
STORIES

[paypal.me/kindbooks](https://paypal.me/kindbooks)

