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Opening extract from

Joe and the Dragonosaurus

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This book has dyslexia friendly features



Chapter 1

A Dragonosaurus for a Pet

Joe was upset.

That afternoon at school, Mr King had told Joe's class that they were to start a project on pets. First they could tell each other about their pets, and draw them, and make models of them.

Then they could write up charts about the pets' food, care and habits. Later on they could bring them to school.

"What do you think of that?" Mr King asked the class. He sat on the edge of his desk and his teeth flashed white in his long brown beard as he smiled at them.



Joe ducked his head so Mr King couldn't catch his eye. Joe didn't have any pets. His mother suffered from asthma, and anything with fur or feathers made her eyes stream and her breath go thick and squashy.

Mr King could see that Joe was upset. He waited until the other children in the



class had started talking to each other in their little groups about their pets and then he came and sat on Joe's table.

"Haven't you got a pet, Joe?" he asked.

Joe shook his head. "They make my mum wheezy," he said.

"Perhaps she'd let you have a goldfish or something like that?" Mr King said.

Joe stared out of the window. He didn't want a goldfish, or a stick insect, or a snake, or any of the other bald pets that people always came up with. His eyes started smarting.

"I'd rather have something big," he whispered. "With a loud voice," he added, as he cleared his throat.

Mr King smiled. "All right," he said. "You can pretend. Pretend you've got the biggest, hairiest, noisiest pet in the class. That's fine, Joe."

