

**STOP THAT
DINOSAUR!**



For Juliana, Maggie and all grannies everywhere – A.E.

For Bob, Jocelyn and family, with love – B.C.



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STOP THAT DINOSAUR!



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I was in my Granny's kitchen eating extra-special cake,
when the walls began to tremble
and the roof began to SHAKE.
The windowpanes all rattled
and there was a MIGHTY

ROA



R!



KNOCK!

KNOCK!

KNOCK!

Ring! Ring! Ring!

WHO was at the door?



**Granny opened up the door,
I heard her SCREAM and then . . .**

... a brontosaurus snatched her up
and ran away again!



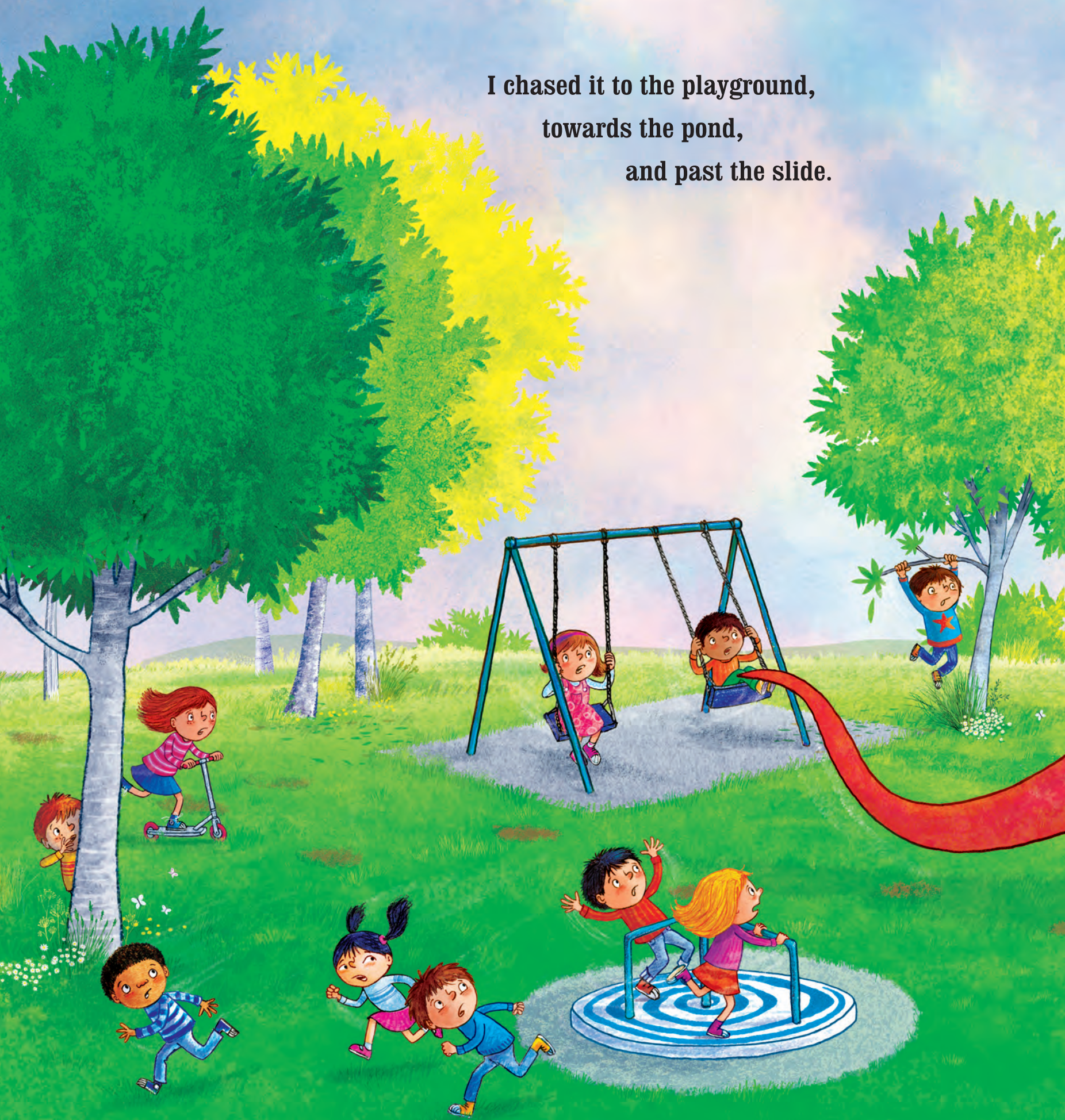
That dinosaur was very fast and nimble on its feet.

So I jumped right on my scooter . . .



and I **WHIZZED** off down the street.

I chased it to the playground,
towards the pond,
and past the slide.



But it showed no sign of **STOPPING**,
however hard I tried.



A duck was on my handlebars,
I couldn't see the floor.
But I kept on scooting,
shouting out . . .



**“STOP that
DINOSAUR!”**

