

DETECTIVE DINOSAUR

BY JAMES SKOFIELD

Dinosaurs in the story:

Tyrannosaurus (tih-ran-uh-SAW-russ)

Diplodocus (dip-LAH-duh-cuss)

Pterodactyl (ter-eh-DAK-tul)

Stegosaurus (steg-uh-SAW-russ)

The Case of the Missing Hat

"Drat!" said Detective Dinosaur. "Where is my hat?"

It is missing."

Detective Dinosaur looked in his desk. No hat.

He looked on his bookshelf.

He looked in his wastebasket. He saw a banana peel but no hat.

Brrrrrrrrng. The phone rang.

It was Chief Tyrannosaurus.

"Chief," said Detective Dinosaur, "something awful has happened! My hat is missing!"

"That is awful," said Chief Tyrannosaurus. "Ask the Office of Missing Hats. Maybe he has seen your hat."

"Okay, Chief," said Detective Dinosaur.

He went to the Office of Missing Hats. He saw big hats and small hats, silk hats and straw hats.

"Where is my hat?" he asked Deputy Diplodocus.

"It is still missing!"

"I am sorry," said Deputy Diplodocus.

Detective Dinosaur walked away and ran into Officer Pterodactyl.

"You look sad, sir," she said.

"I just come from the Office of Missing Hats," said Detective Dinosaur. "I saw many hats but I did not see my hat.

Drat! It is still missing!"

"But sir," said Officer Pterodactyl, "what is on your head?"

Detective Dinosaur reached up. He felt soothing on his head.

"It is my hat!" cried Detective Dinosaur. "It is no longer missing!" Officer, how can I ever thank you?"

"No need, sir," said Officer Pterodactyl.

"Glad to help out."

The Case of the Squeaking Shoe.

Detective Dinosaur and Officer Pterodactyl were on patrol one morning.

Squeak!

Each time Detective Dinosaur took a step, he hear squeak!

"Officer Pterodactyl," said Detective Dinosaur, "each time I take a step, my shoe squeaks!"

"Perhaps it is too tight, sir," said Officer Pterodactyl.

"No," said Detective Dinosaur, "it fits me fine."

"Perhaps your shoe is old, sir," said Officer Pterodactyl.

"No, no," said Detective Dinosaur, "it is brand-new!"

"Perhaps your shoe needs polish, sir," said Officer Pterodactyl.

"No, no, NO!" said Detective Dinosaur.

"I polished it this mornin g!"

"Then I do not know, sir," said Officer Pterodactyl.

"I think my shoe squeaks," said Detective Dinosaur, "because it is angry."

"Shoes do not get angry sir," said Officer Pterodactyl.

"Well, mine does," said Detective Dinosaur.

"When I was a little dinosaur and I got angry, my mother would sing to me. Now I will sing to my shoe."

Detective Dinosaur sang:

"Oh shoe, by shoe, do not feel bad.

I am not mean. I am not mad.

What makes you squeak with all your might?

Are you shoelaces tied too tight?"

"Oh go away!" said a small voice.

"Did you speak, shoe?" asked Detective Dinosaur.

"No," said the voice, "I did."

A mouse climbed out of the shoe. "I was trying to take a nap," said the mouse, "but each time you took a step, your big foot squeezed me! Now, let me down and stop singing!"

Detective Dinosaur let the mouse jump out and run away.

Then he put on his shoe and took a step.

There was no squeak.

"Hooray!" said Detective Dinosaur.

My shoe is no longer angry!"

Officer Pterodactyl shook her head and flew away.

Detective Dinosaur walked on without a sound.

Night Patrol

Detective Dinosaur and Officer Pterodactyl were on night patrol. It was quiet and dark.

"Pssst! Officer Pterodactyl!" said Detective Dinosaur. "I think someone is following us."

"Do not worry sir," said Officer Pterodactyl.

"It is only our shadow."

Suddenly, they heard a noise.

Clang!

It came from down a dark alley. Detective Dinosaur and Officer Pterodactyl tiptoed down the alley. They peeked around a corner. They saw a huge dark shadow. The shadow was slamming something big and round on the ground.

CLAAANNNGGG!!!

Officer Pterodactyl and Officer Pterodactyl were afraid.

"What is it?" asked Detective Dinosaur.

"I do not know, sir," said Officer Pterodactyl "but is big."

"Perhaps it is a robber!" said Detective Dinosaur.

"But robbers are quiet, sir," said Officer Pterodactyl.

"Perhaps it is a monster!" said Detective Dinosaur. "Perhaps we should call the Police!"

"We are the Police, sir!" said Officer Pterodactyl.

"Oh, you are right, Officer," said Detective Dinosaur. "It is up to us! This is the Police!" he yelled bravely. "Come out with your hands up!"

"Thank goodness!" said a little voice.

"Come and help me quickly!"

Detective Dinosaur and Officer Pterodactyl went around the corner. They found a little stegosaurus.

"My mama told me to take out the garbage," she said. "But my tail got caught on this lid, and cannot get free!"

The little stegosaurus swung her tail and slammed the lid on the ground.

CLAAAAANNNNNNGNNGG!!!

"Hold still, little one," said Officer Pterodactyl. She freed the tail.

"Thank you so much!" said the little stegosaurus.

"Now you better run inside," said Detective Dinosaur. "You do not want your mama to worry."

Detective Dinosaur and Officer Pterodactyl walked down the alley.

"I am so glad it was not a monster!" said Detective Dinosaur.

"Do not worry sir," said Officer Pterodactyl "I will always protect you."

"Yes," said Detective Dinosaur, "you are brave, Officer!"

"So are you sir," said Officer Pterodactyl.

Together, the two brave friends and their shadows walked on into the night.