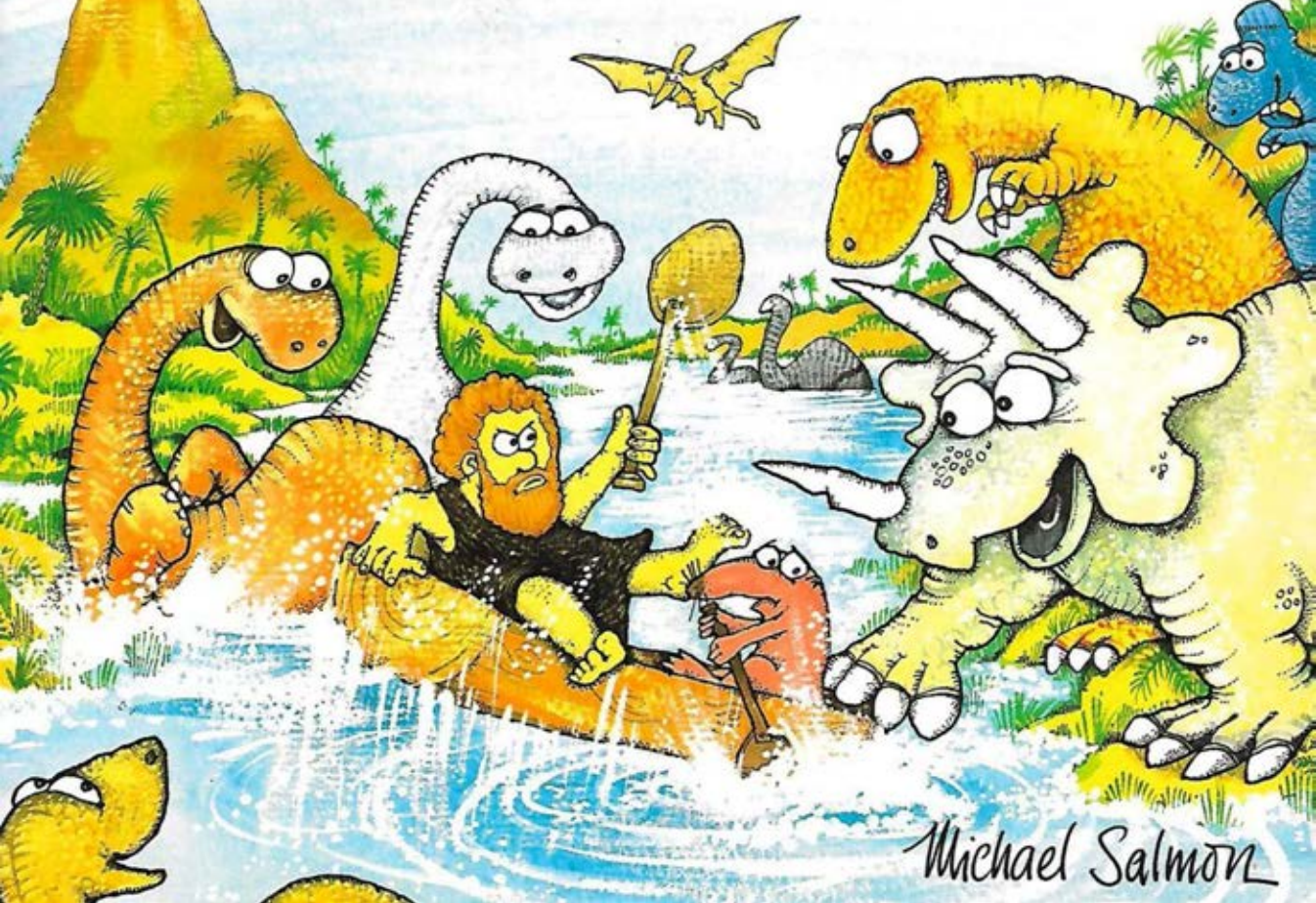


DINOSAUR SWAMP

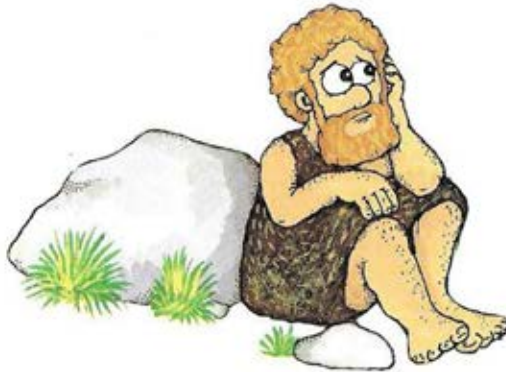
# Go Away DINOSAURS



Michael Salmon

# Go Away DINOSAURS

Written and illustrated  
by  
Michael Salmon



**A note to readers:** The animals in this story are based on prehistoric animals of the same names. In reality, however, they did not (necessarily) all live on Earth at the same time.

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# DINOSAUR SWAMP

THE SEA

THE ICE CAVE

THE FROZEN RIVER

THE RIVER

THE VOLCANOES

THE OLD VOLCANO

THE VEGETABLE GARDEN

THE SWAMP

THE LAKE

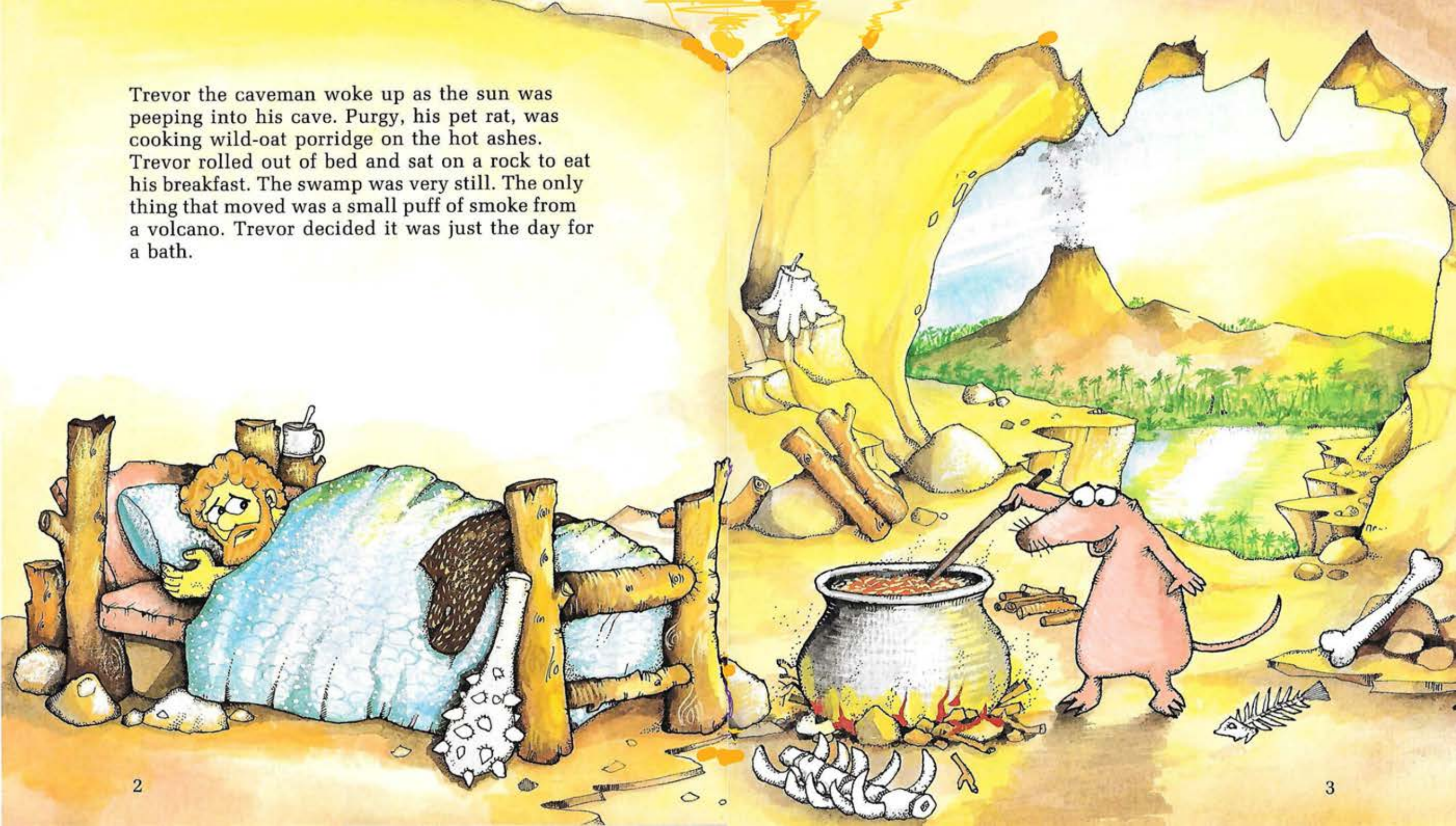
THE CAVE

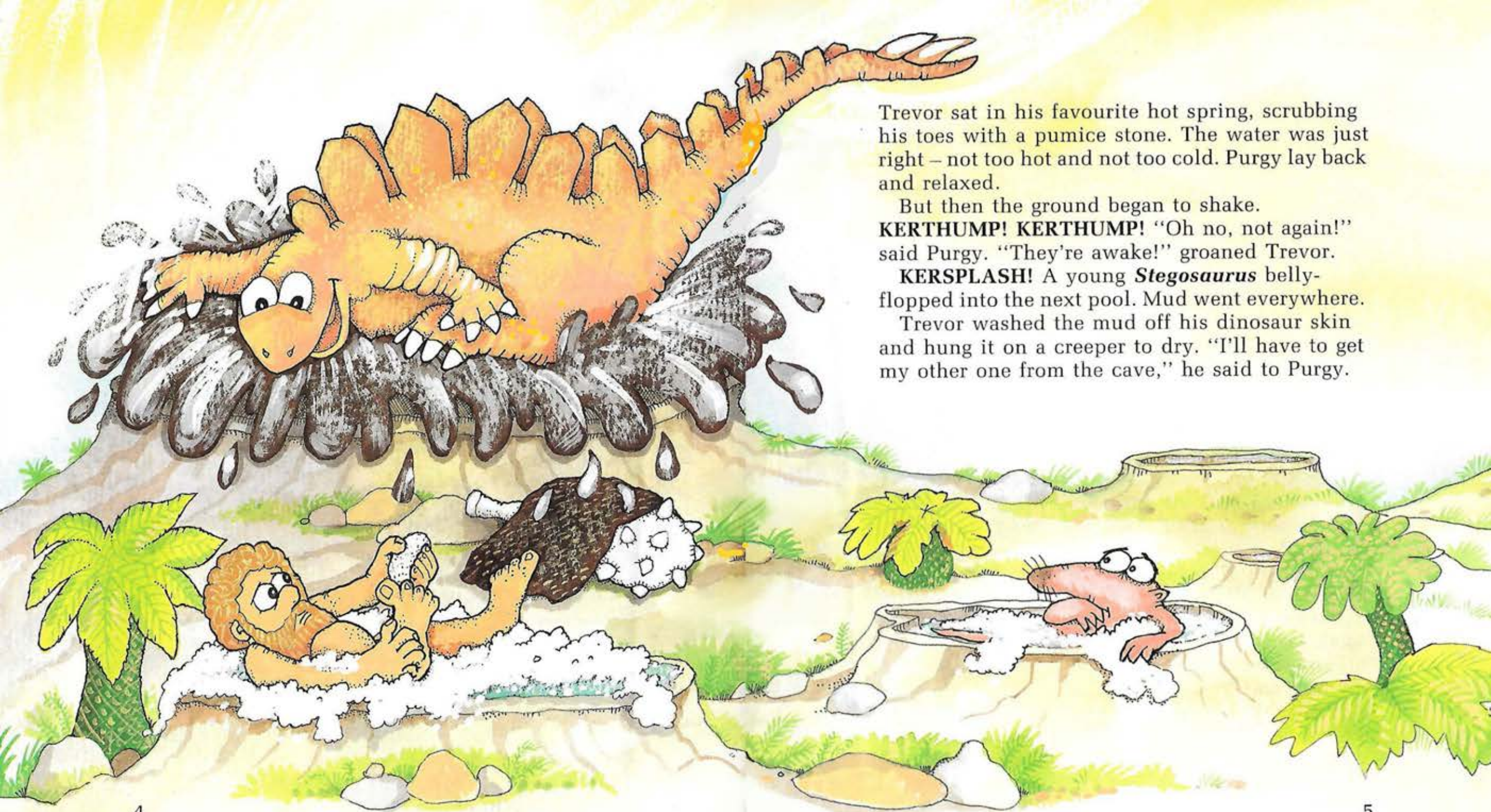
THE HOT SPRINGS

THE JUNGLE



Trevor the caveman woke up as the sun was peeping into his cave. Purgy, his pet rat, was cooking wild-oat porridge on the hot ashes. Trevor rolled out of bed and sat on a rock to eat his breakfast. The swamp was very still. The only thing that moved was a small puff of smoke from a volcano. Trevor decided it was just the day for a bath.



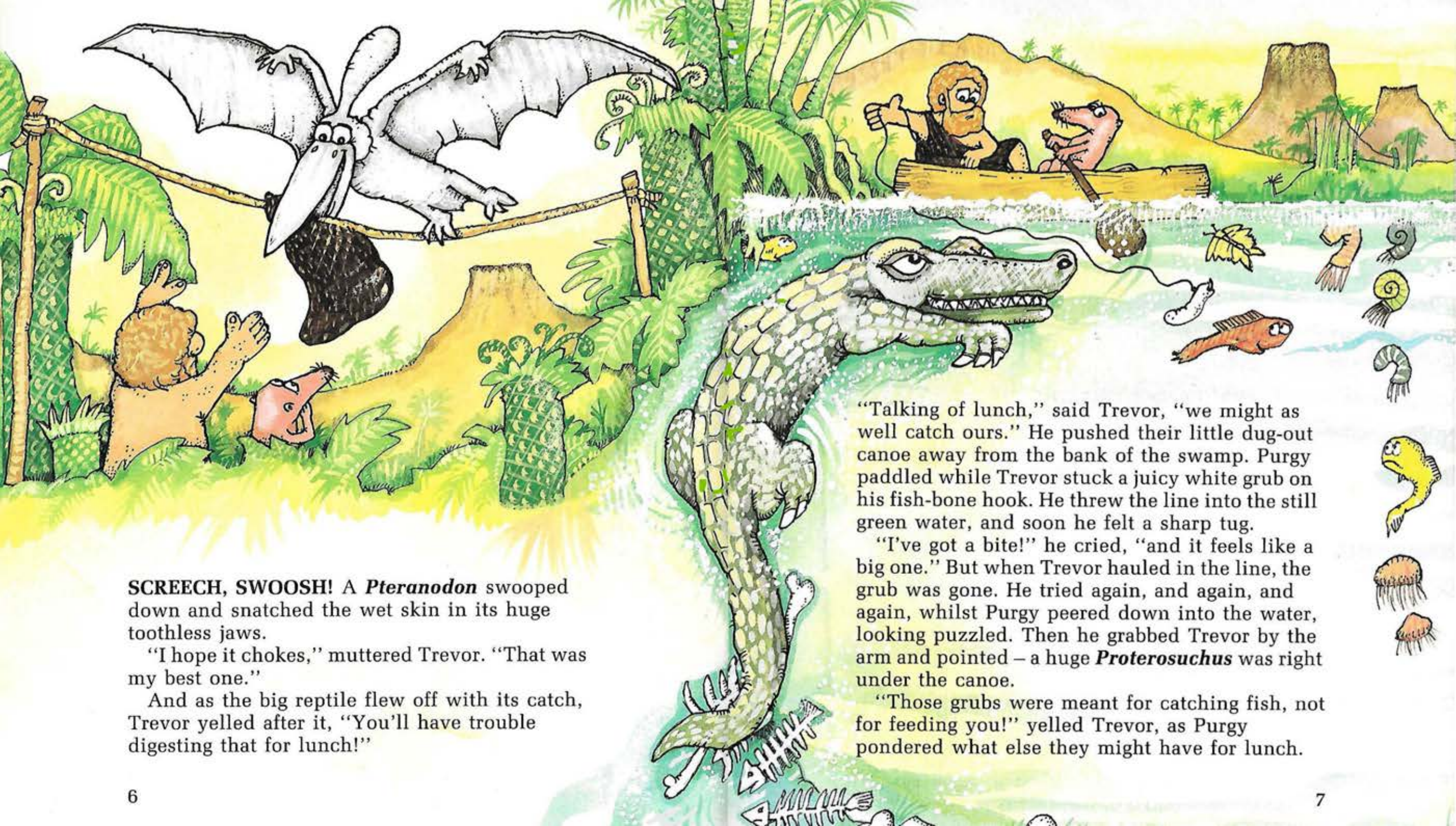


Trevor sat in his favourite hot spring, scrubbing his toes with a pumice stone. The water was just right – not too hot and not too cold. Purgy lay back and relaxed.

But then the ground began to shake. **KERTHUMP! KERTHUMP!** “Oh no, not again!” said Purgy. “They’re awake!” groaned Trevor.

**KERSPLASH!** A young *Stegosaurus* belly-flopped into the next pool. Mud went everywhere.

Trevor washed the mud off his dinosaur skin and hung it on a creeper to dry. “I’ll have to get my other one from the cave,” he said to Purgy.



**SCREECH, SWOOSH!** A *Pteranodon* swooped down and snatched the wet skin in its huge toothless jaws.

"I hope it chokes," muttered Trevor. "That was my best one."

And as the big reptile flew off with its catch, Trevor yelled after it, "You'll have trouble digesting that for lunch!"

"Talking of lunch," said Trevor, "we might as well catch ours." He pushed their little dug-out canoe away from the bank of the swamp. Purgy paddled while Trevor stuck a juicy white grub on his fish-bone hook. He threw the line into the still green water, and soon he felt a sharp tug.

"I've got a bite!" he cried, "and it feels like a big one." But when Trevor hauled in the line, the grub was gone. He tried again, and again, and again, whilst Purgy peered down into the water, looking puzzled. Then he grabbed Trevor by the arm and pointed – a huge *Proterosuchus* was right under the canoe.

"Those grubs were meant for catching fish, not for feeding you!" yelled Trevor, as Purgy pondered what else they might have for lunch.



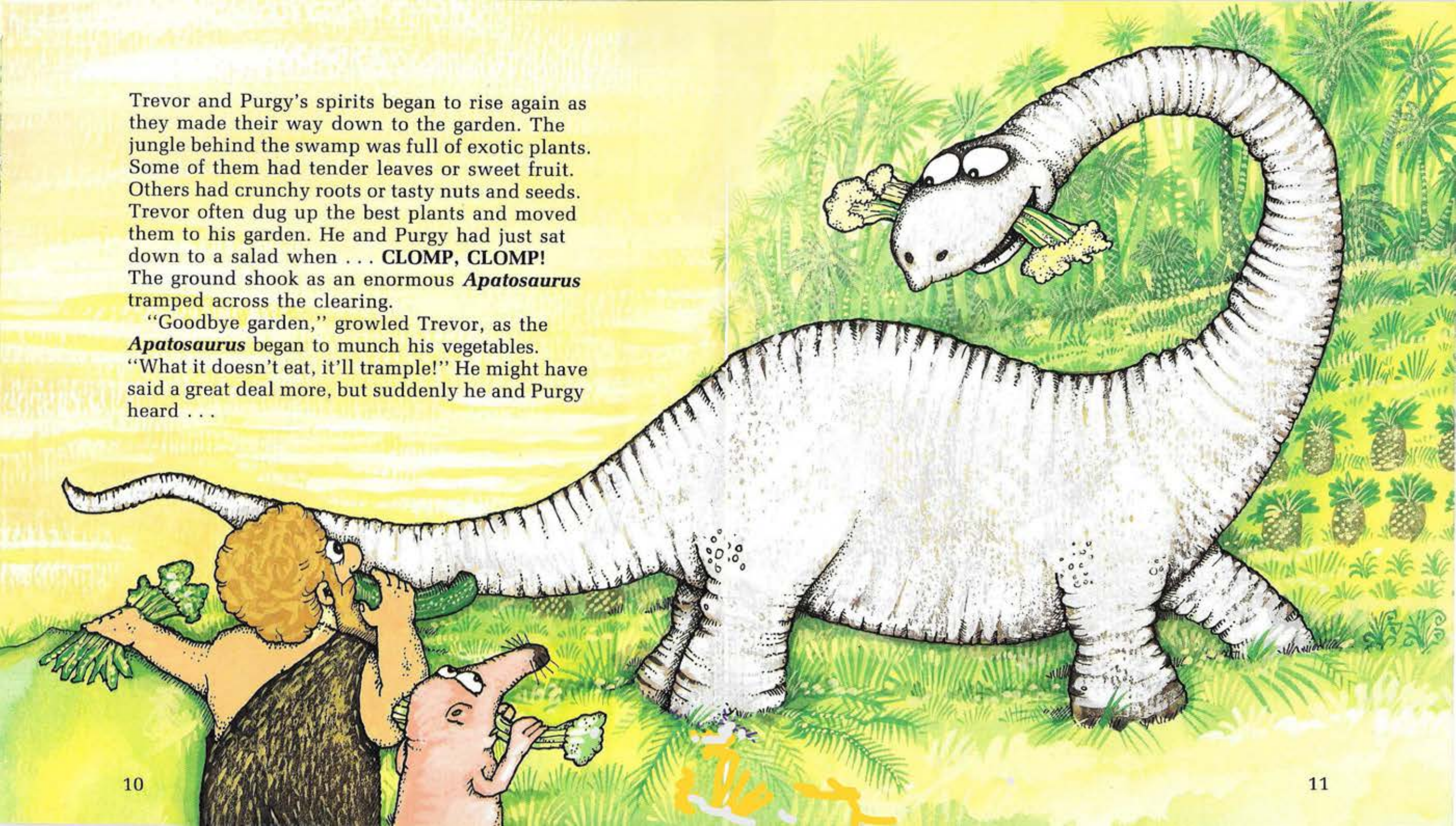
That afternoon, Trevor and Purgy climbed up to the small side vent of a volcano. They had a bag of doughnut mix made from ground-up seeds, honey, and an egg. Purgy cut the dough into rings with a sharp piece of bamboo and Trevor flipped them onto the hot rocks. A delicious smell filled the air. Soon they had a pile of warm doughnuts stacked on a pair of convenient sticks.

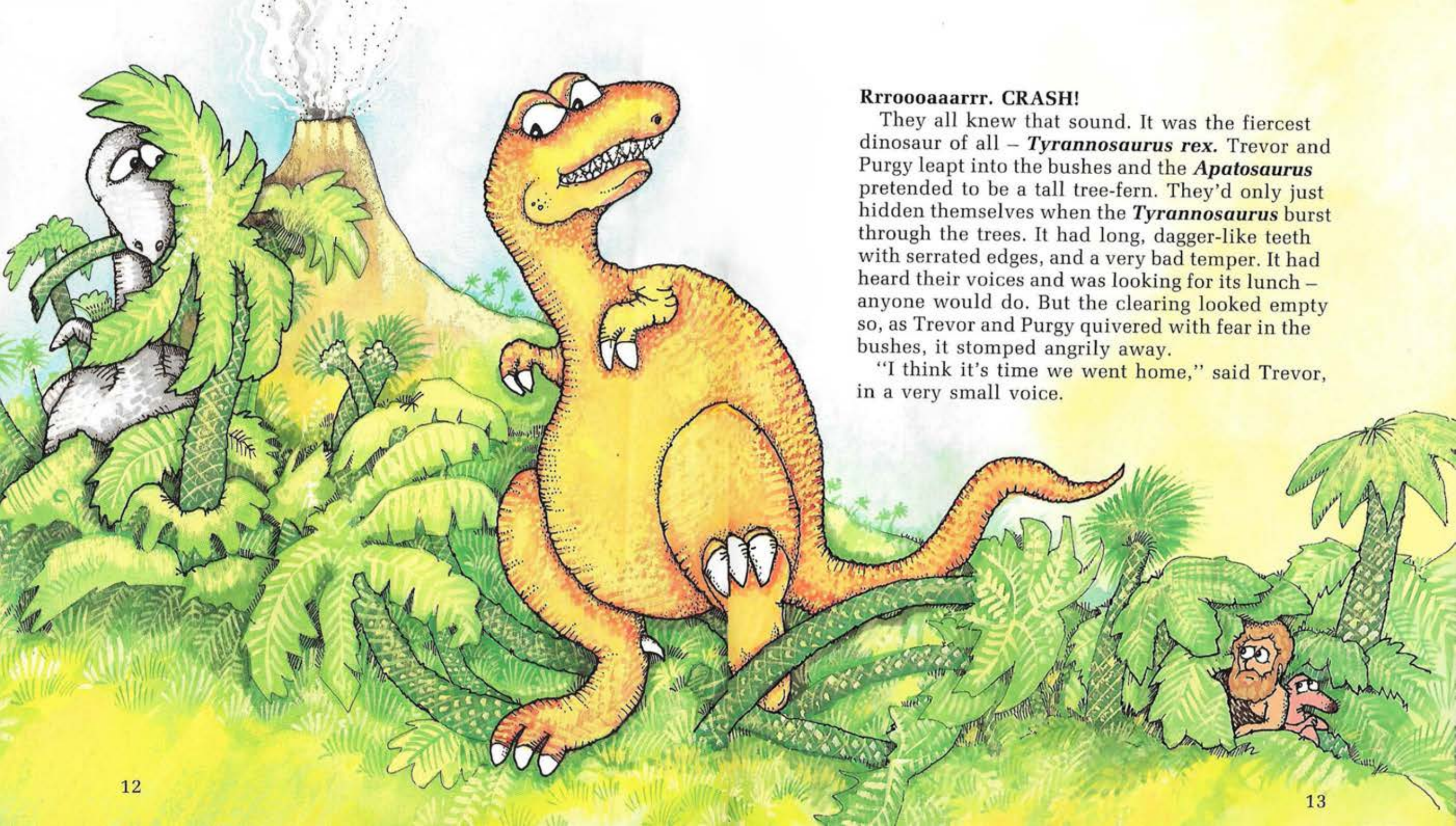
"I can't wait to taste one . . .," Trevor began.

**YAAAAH-AAARRRH!** Something gave a huge yawn and the sticks began to move. Trevor and Purgy realised too late that they were the horns of a *Triceratops* which had fallen asleep on the warm ground. They watched helplessly as it lumbered off to enjoy the tastiest meal it had ever eaten.

Trevor and Purgy's spirits began to rise again as they made their way down to the garden. The jungle behind the swamp was full of exotic plants. Some of them had tender leaves or sweet fruit. Others had crunchy roots or tasty nuts and seeds. Trevor often dug up the best plants and moved them to his garden. He and Purgy had just sat down to a salad when . . . **CLOMP, CLOMP!** The ground shook as an enormous *Apatosaurus* tramped across the clearing.

"Goodbye garden," growled Trevor, as the *Apatosaurus* began to munch his vegetables. "What it doesn't eat, it'll trample!" He might have said a great deal more, but suddenly he and Purgy heard . . .

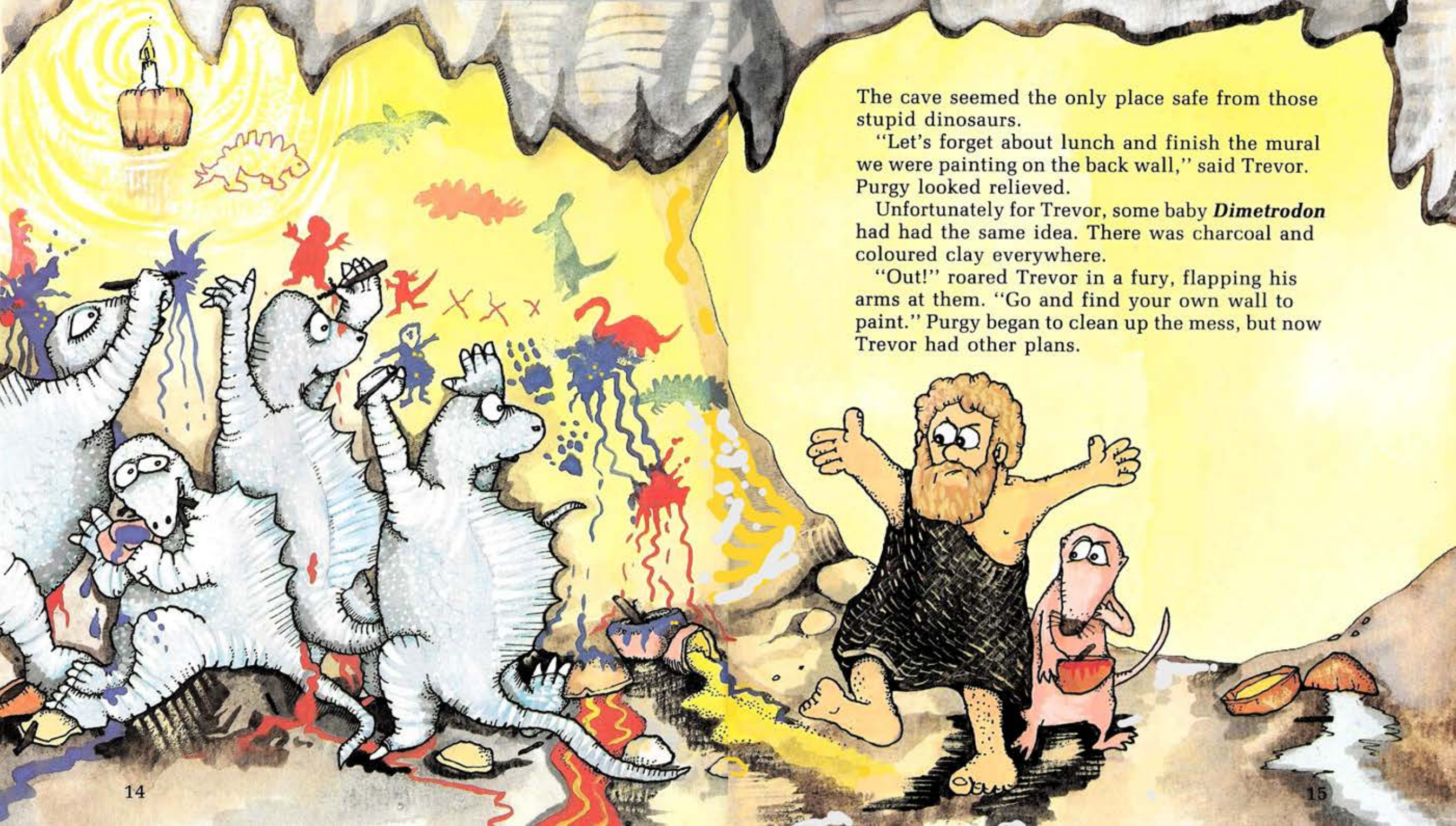




**Rrroooaaarr. CRASH!**

They all knew that sound. It was the fiercest dinosaur of all – *Tyrannosaurus rex*. Trevor and Purgy leapt into the bushes and the *Apatosaurus* pretended to be a tall tree-fern. They'd only just hidden themselves when the *Tyrannosaurus* burst through the trees. It had long, dagger-like teeth with serrated edges, and a very bad temper. It had heard their voices and was looking for its lunch – anyone would do. But the clearing looked empty so, as Trevor and Purgy quivered with fear in the bushes, it stomped angrily away.

“I think it’s time we went home,” said Trevor, in a very small voice.



The cave seemed the only place safe from those stupid dinosaurs.

“Let’s forget about lunch and finish the mural we were painting on the back wall,” said Trevor. Purgy looked relieved.

Unfortunately for Trevor, some baby *Dimetrodon* had had the same idea. There was charcoal and coloured clay everywhere.

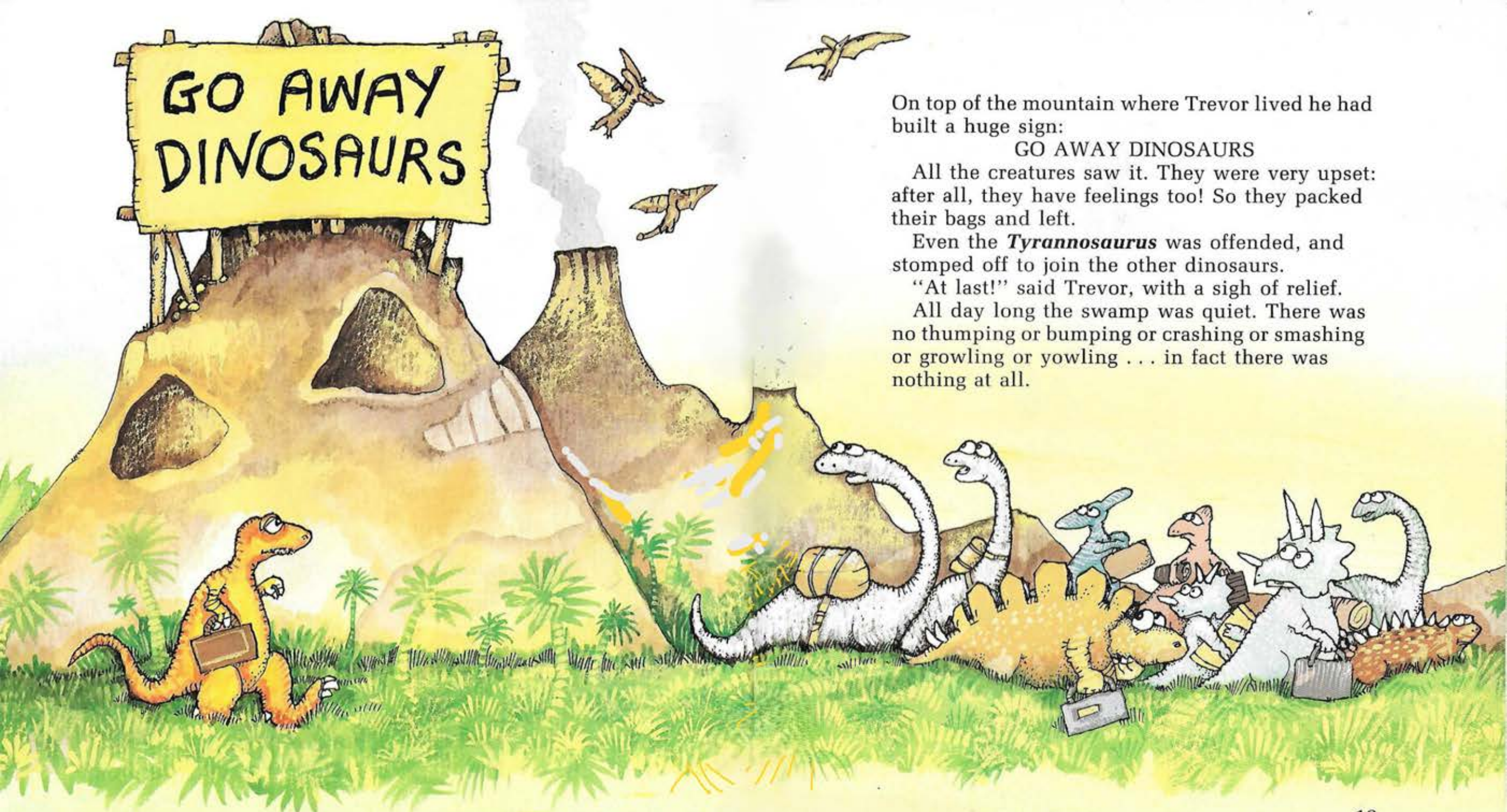
“Out!” roared Trevor in a fury, flapping his arms at them. “Go and find your own wall to paint.” Purgy began to clean up the mess, but now Trevor had other plans.

Trevor was furious with all those creatures. They had no manners at all. Life in the swamp was becoming unbearable.

All that night he chopped and sawed and hammered and painted. Purgy was puzzled. What was Trevor doing? It must be top secret.

As the sun rose next morning, Trevor looked proudly at his night's work.





On top of the mountain where Trevor lived he had built a huge sign:

GO AWAY DINOSAURS

All the creatures saw it. They were very upset: after all, they have feelings too! So they packed their bags and left.

Even the *Tyrannosaurus* was offended, and stomped off to join the other dinosaurs.

“At last!” said Trevor, with a sigh of relief.

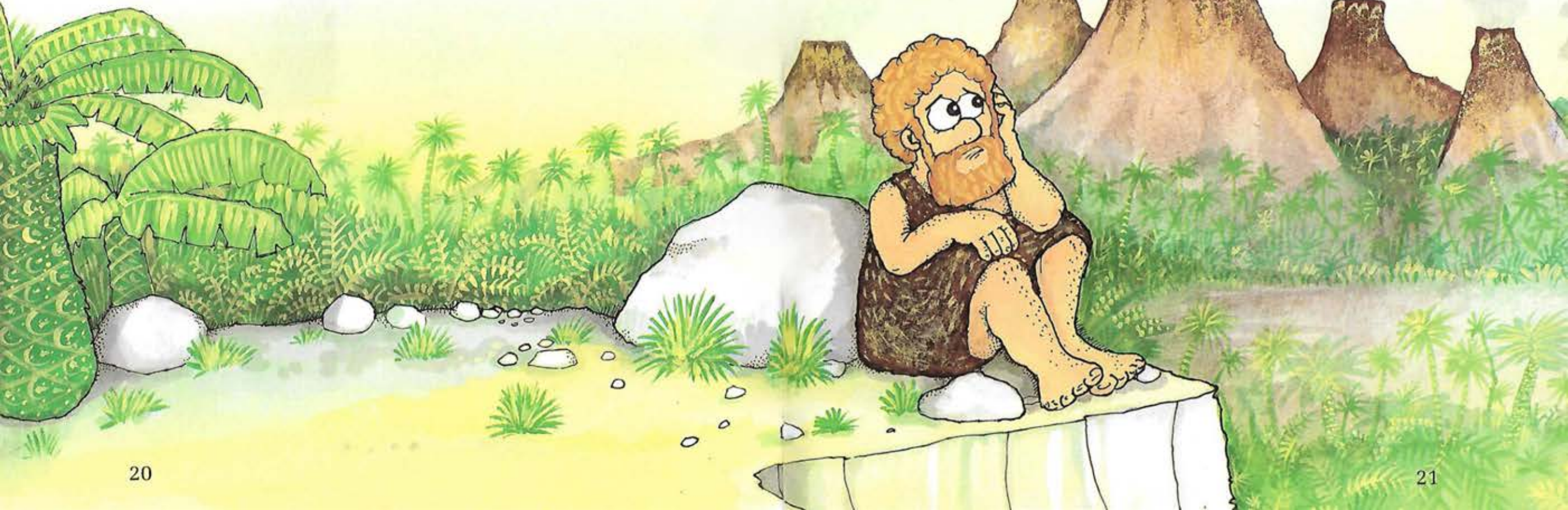
All day long the swamp was quiet. There was no thumping or bumping or crashing or smashing or growling or yowling . . . in fact there was nothing at all.

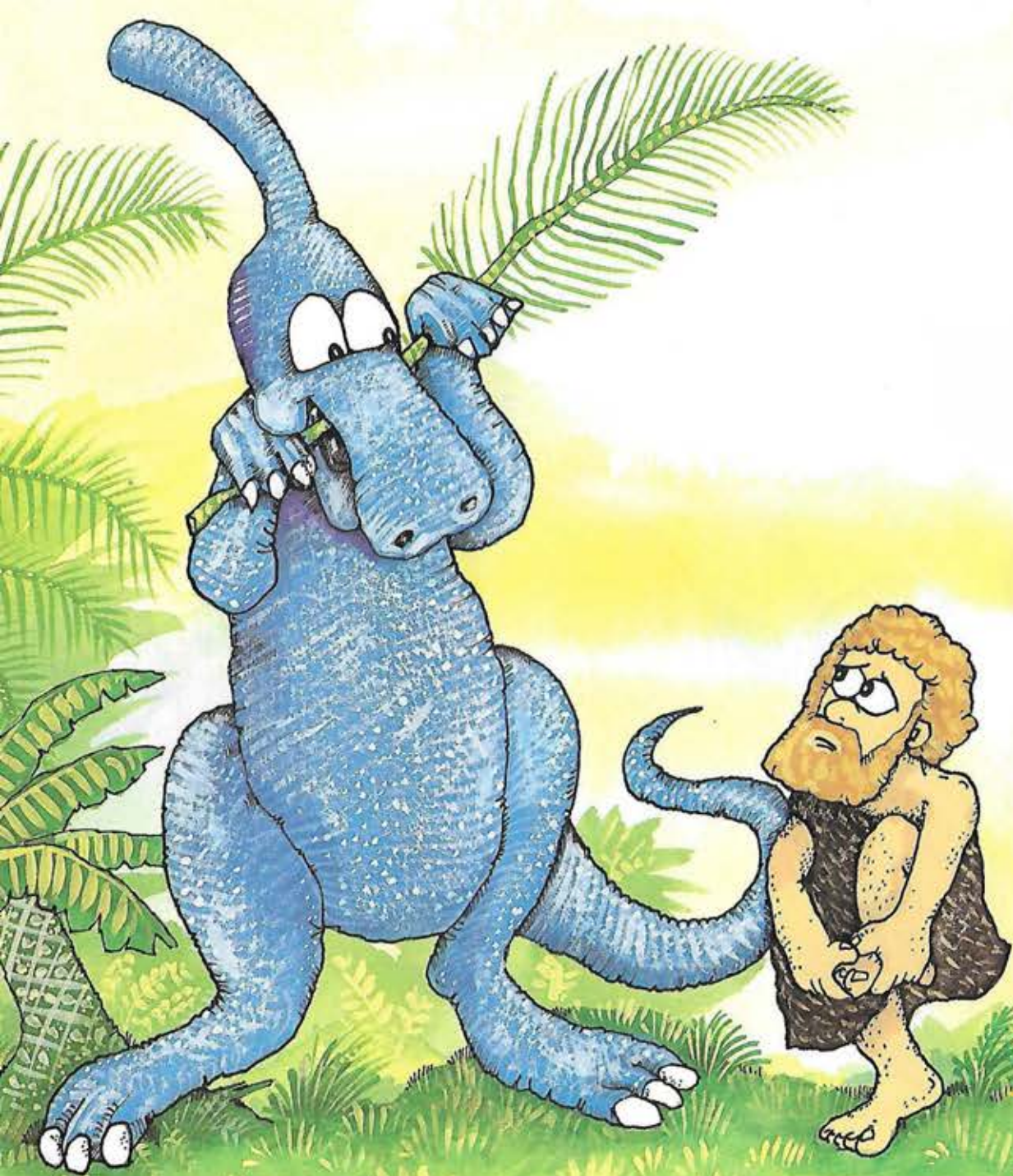
A week went by, then another. After three weeks the silence was too much. Somehow Trevor missed the noisy reptiles and their clumsy ways. Even Purgy was looking wistful.

“Oh, all right then,” grumbled Trevor. “Ask them to come back.” Purgy climbed to the top of the highest, smokiest volcano and waved a huge palm leaf back and forth till he’d made a giant smoke signal:

DINOSAURS PLEASE COME BACK

DINOSAURS  
PLEASE  
COME  
BACK





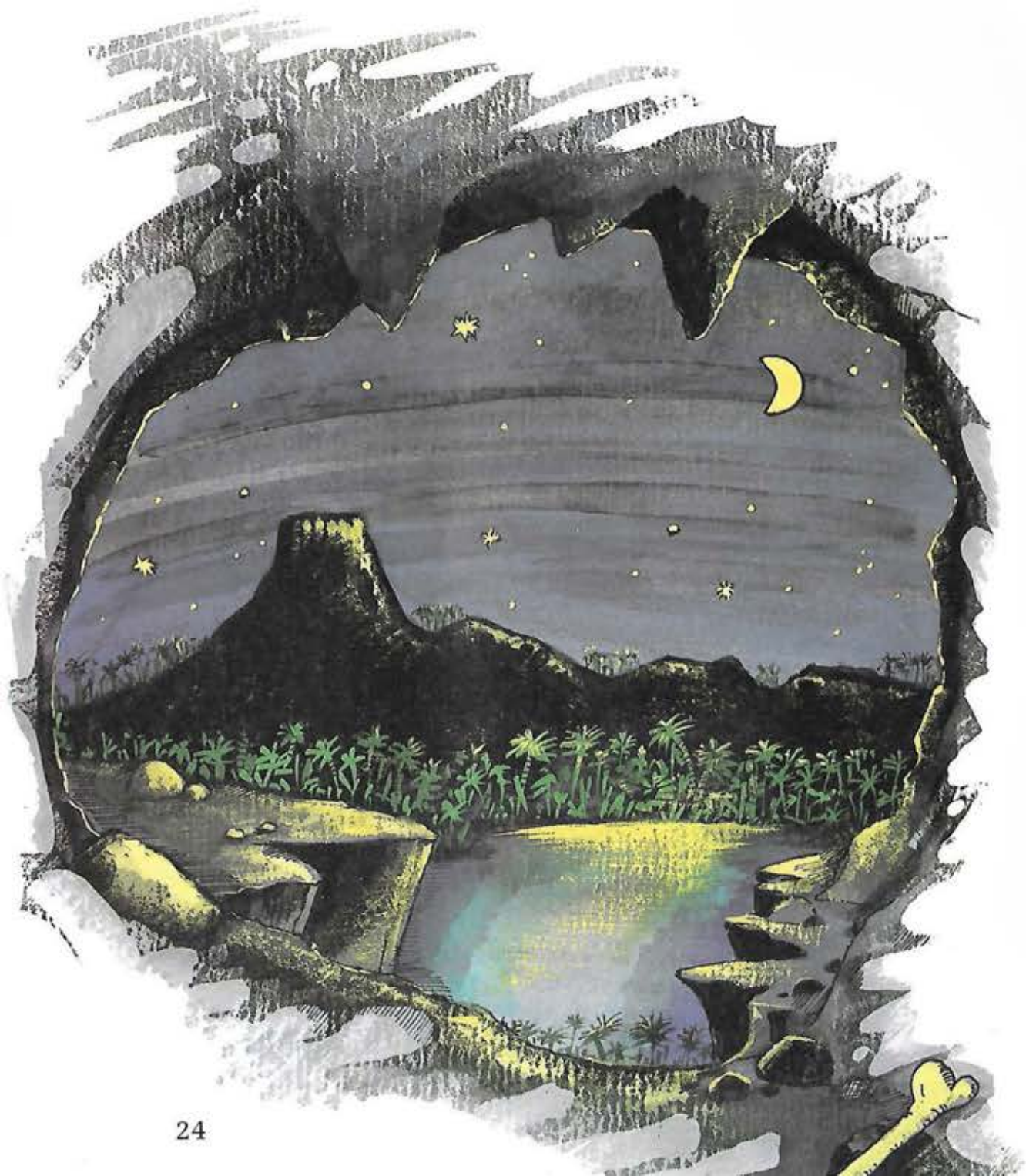
Trevor and Purgy looked out from their cave on the mountain and waited. One day passed, and then two more.

They had almost given up hope, when at last the ground began to rumble and shake.

“It could be an earthquake,” said Trevor doubtfully. Purgy just looked puzzled. And it wasn’t until a *Parasaurolophus* accidentally trod on his foot that Trevor finally realised – the animals had all come back.

That night the swamp was so full of noise that Trevor could hardly sleep . . . but somehow it felt just right.





## Pronunciation guide

<i>Apatosaurus</i>	ay-pat-oh-SAWR-us
<i>Dimetrodon</i>	die-MET-roh-don
<i>Parasaurolophus</i>	para-saw-roh-LOH-fus
<i>Proterosuchus</i>	proh-ter-oh-SOO-kus
<i>Pteranodon</i>	ter-AN-oh-don
<i>Stegosaurus</i>	steg-oh-SAWR-us
<i>Triceratops</i>	try-SER-uh-tops
<i>Tyrannosaurus rex</i>	ty-ran-oh-SAWR-us reks

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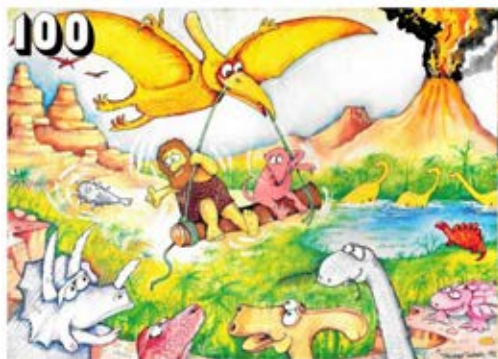
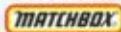
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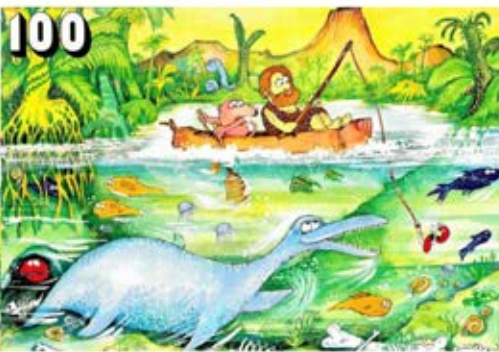
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