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| The Totally Amazing And Truly True Adventures OfYour Favorite Dinosaurs…Dino And Pete;)Written and Illustrated By: Jaimar Nair Alvarez Pagan  |
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 Dino and Pete were the best of friends, from now to here, from there to then. Dino was tall, Pete a bit short. They loved to play, and think of beach resorts. But then they heard a noise, like a group of loud boys!

 Pete was small, but round like a ball. And in his little voice, he screamed at the top of his lungs, “Dino! Dino! Why don’t you look? A unicorn is about, holding a big orange book!” Dino laughed. A unicorn holding a book? What silly things, says that Pete. But when he looked…

 “Grab a hook! A sword! A plunger, whatever! We have an intruder, in fact, grab pepper spray, that’d be better,” yelled Dino and he shook Pete about. Then Pete said hello, and shouted out. “Dino, come see, this creature’s no different than you and me. Come say hi, and not for four minutes we have to say bye.”

 Dino thought, well, it couldn’t hurt to play. So they played hide n seek all the day! But time came to speed, already it was time to leave. When the best friends asked if the unicorn would come over tomorrow, sadly, he declined, and said with sorrow: “Oh, I’m so sorry, but I have to play chess. I have a new friend for you two, and I wish you the best.”

You see, the unicorn looked, and began to mumble. Some weird, crazy magical jumble. He opened the book and said ‘alla cazam!’ Out popped a monster with some jelly jam.

 “Why, hello there you two, short and tall. I’m Mr.Roarsies, we’ll have a ball! Take some jelly, fill your bellies, I’m not scary, but I can’t eat dairy! What do you call yourselves, fellows?” said the monster in an endless bellow. Pete piped up, “I am Pete. A little higher, is Dino, about a million inches from your feet.”

 Surprisingly, the monster was no thing to scream about. Not to cry or yell, or even pout. They went outside, took Mr.Roarsies for a ride. Soon it became dark, the sun went away. They said their goodbyes until the very next day.

 Dino went to sleep with his mind full of sweet dreams. Dreaming of games, food, and galore, his life so good, he wanted nothing more.

 Pete stayed up all night, in the

 dark with no fright. Telling stories of his

 day to his big blue brother, Jay-Jay.

 But Mr.Roarsies, that boy, was brushing his teeth giggling with joy! Why? Oh my! That little old thing, oh listen to me! He’s got a plot, and it doesn’t cost a lot…just Dino and Pete! Oh my, oh me! Mr.Roarsies wants to break them apart, make them want to yell out their hearts!

Mr.Roarsies, Pete and Dino all alike, woke to the sun with parties on their minds. Dino thought, ‘why, I’ll call them up. Invite them over to party, that should be enough. But will they come? Of course they will! If not, then we can play on the hill.’ So that’s what he had done, and his two friends were ready for the party fun!

 What’s at a party? Food, yes. Music, too. Don’t forget good friends, like all of you! Dino let Pete in, and they began to chat. Then on the door sounded a loud *pat-pat!*  “Who could it be?” chirped little Pete. “Well, my friend, let us go see!” Dino opened the door, who did you expect? It was Mr.Roarsies, dressed in all red.

 They danced and sang, the little jokesters, doorbells they rang. Dino suggested some Freeze Tag, but Pete said no, he think he saw a rat. Who would want to play with that? Mr.Roarsies took a little fruit punch, then to Dino he said, “let’s talk while we eat our lunch.”

 Sloppy Joes and crisp French fries. A Mountain Dew and ice cream on the side. In between bites, Mr.Roarsies spoke. “So….,” he began with a poke, “I was thinking maybe I should tell you…Pete thinks you’re an ugly, smelly, nose picking rat. And he said you have the ugliest hats!” Dino was sad, Dino wanted to cry. Dino was mad, and stay happy, he tried.

 “Thank you for showing me what a meanie Pete is,” Dino said. Mr.Roarsies went to Pete whose teeth were stained fruity red.

“Pete, I’m sorry. But Dino doesn’t like you. He said you guys weren’t the perfect two. He also said you were too short to be cool. Oh, and fat. Ugly, too. But, hey, don’t let it get to you.” Mr.Roarsies was smart, Mr.Roarsies was mean, oh that Mr.Roarsies, he was another thing.

 Pete cried, and went to talk to Dino, who was alone in the yard. You should always talk out your problems, even when it’s hard.

“Why did you say I was fat, ugly, too short to be cool? You made me feel like a fool,” Pete yelled.

“Well don’t look at me, that’s not what I said. In fact it was *you* who went over my head. You said I was ugly, nose picking rat with ugly hats!” yelled Dino.

 They figured it out, and they stopped all the pouts. Mr.Roarsies lied, and lied, he made it all up! And they had enough!

 The two kicked the lying monster out of the group, and off they went to go hula hoop. As best friends, until the end. Talking out your problems worked for them, maybe it’ll come in handy for you and your friends!