

The Dinosaur Who Lived in My Backyard

by B. G. Hennessy

There used to be a dinosaur who lived in my backyard. Sometimes I wish he still lived here.

The dinosaur who lived here hatched from an egg that was as big as a basketball.

By the time he was five, he was as big as our car.

Just one of his dinosaur feet was so big it wouldn't even have fit in my sandbox.

My mother says that if you eat all your vegetables you'll grow very strong. That must be true, because that's all this dinosaur ate. I bet he ate a hundred pounds of vegetables every day. That's a whole lot of lima beans.

This dinosaur was so heavy that he would have made my whole neighborhood shake like pudding if he jumped. He weighed as much as twenty pick-up trucks.

The dinosaur who lived in my backyard was bigger than my school bus. Even bigger than my house.

He had many other dinosaur friends. Sometimes they played hide-and-seek. Sometimes they had terrible fights.

The dinosaur who used to live here was allowed to sleep outside every night. It's a good thing he didn't need a tent. He was so big he would have needed a circus tent to keep him covered.

Back when my dinosaur lived here, my town was a big swamp. This dinosaur needed a lot of water. If he still lived here we'd have to keep the sprinkler on all the time.

My dinosaur had a very long neck so he could eat the leaves at the top of trees. If he still lived here, I bet he could rescue my kite.

That's all I know about the dinosaur who used to live in my backyard.

He hasn't been around for a very long time. Sometimes I wish he still lived here.

It would be pretty hard to keep a dinosaur happy.

But my sister and I are saving all our lima beans—just in case.