

DINOSAUR POLICE

BY SARAH MCINTYRE



Dinoville police station was having a perfectly quiet morning – until the phone rang...



"RED ALERT!"
hollered Sergeant Stig O'Saurus.
"There's a rampaging T-Rex
at the pizza factory!"

Sergeant Stig O'Saurus and Inspector Sarah Tops were on their way, faster than you can say "WOO WOO".

Woo Woo!

Officer Brachio joined in, even though he was too big to fit in the car.

HELP!



The pizza factory was a mess.
Inspector Sarah sighed,
"I should have guessed...
it's Trevor the T-Rex!"



The manager was sobbing, "The mayor ordered these pizzas for tomorrow's town fair. Everything is ruined!"



"We'll catch this T-Rex," promised Sergeant Stig.



Trevor had eaten
SO MUCH PIZZA
that he fell asleep.

Inspector Sarah said,
"Right, let's take him
to the station."



Sergeant Stig switched
on his megaphone.

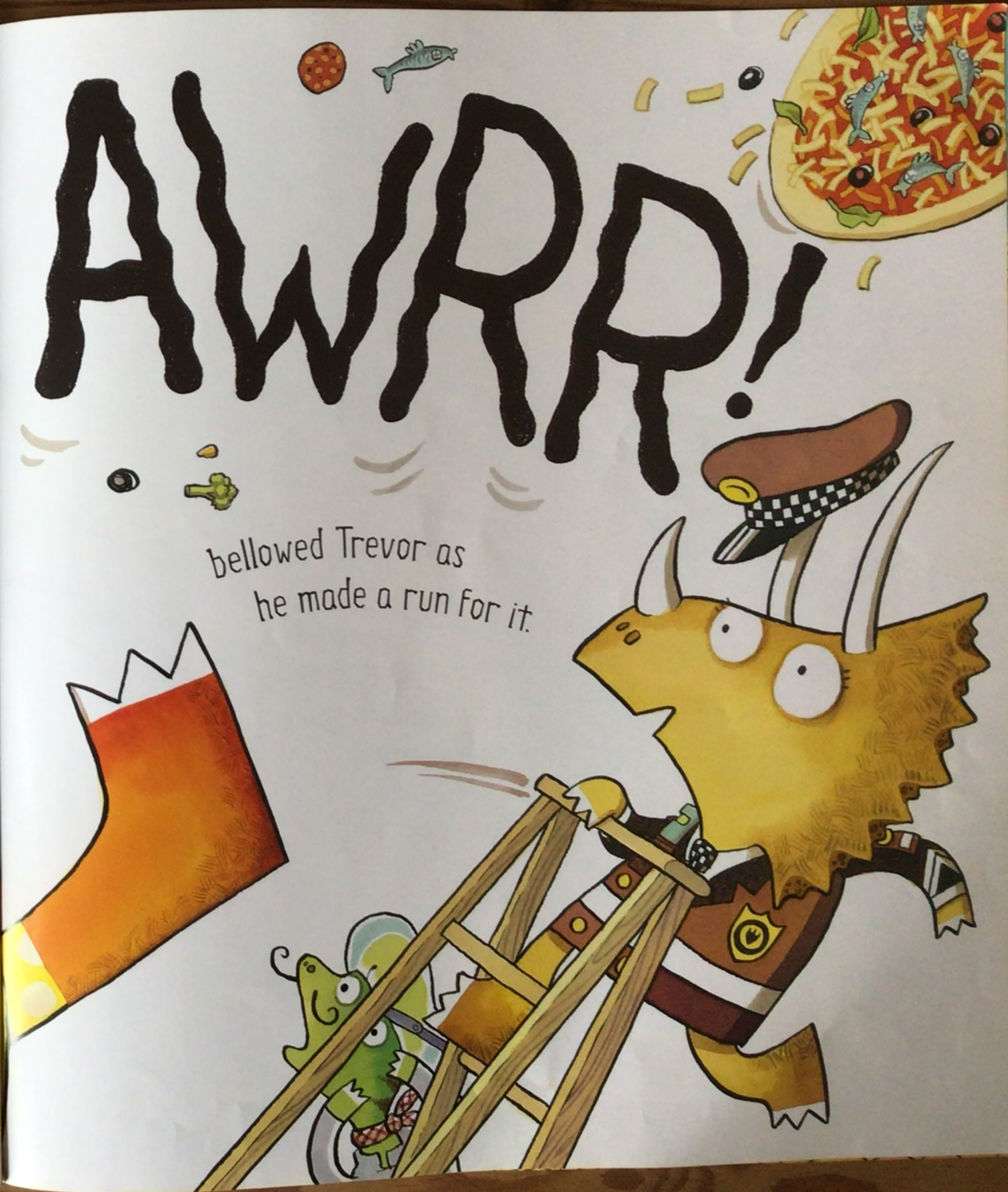


But what was this...?
Trevor's arms were so tiny that
they slipped through
the handcuffs!



AWARR!

bellowed Trevor as
he made a run for it.





HUFF
HUFF



Sarah grabbed her
police walkie-talkie.
"We need help. Send
in the air squad!"



GALLUMPH

GALLUMPH

VROOM
VROOM
VROOM



Stig bellowed into his megaphone,
"NO NO NO, TREVOR...
Don't go THAT WAY!"

Heh
Heh

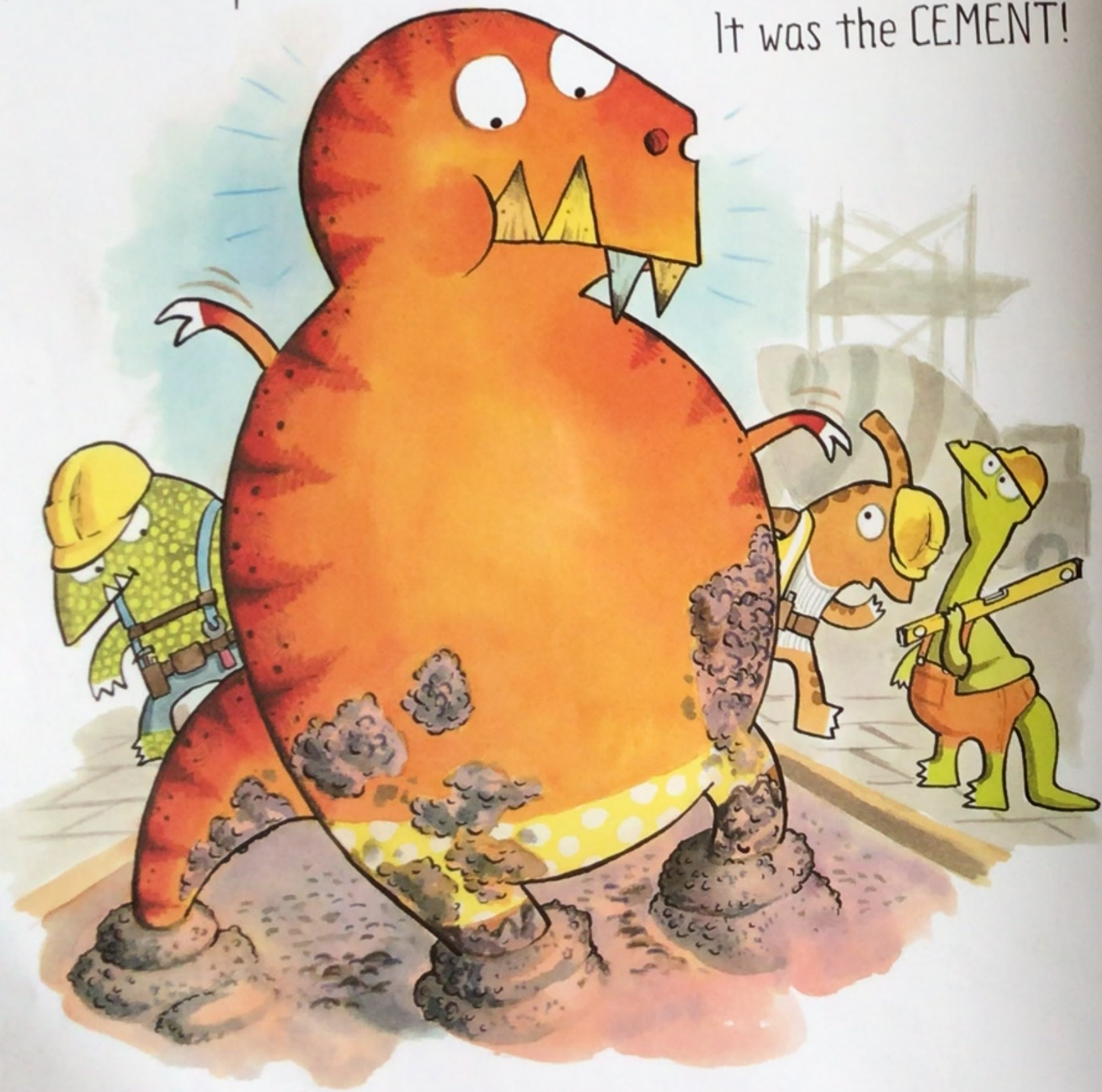
But did Trevor listen?
"RAWRRR!" he roared, as he crashed
and stomped through the building site,
with the air squad hot on his heels.



What a fiasco!
Could ANYONE stop that T-Rex?

It wasn't the air squad that caught Trevor.
It wasn't the police.

It was the CEMENT!



Trevor was completely STUCK. He let out a whine of panic.



"TREVOR," said Inspector Sarah, "we'll get you out, but only if you promise not to run away."

"RAWRRRR"
agreed Trevor.

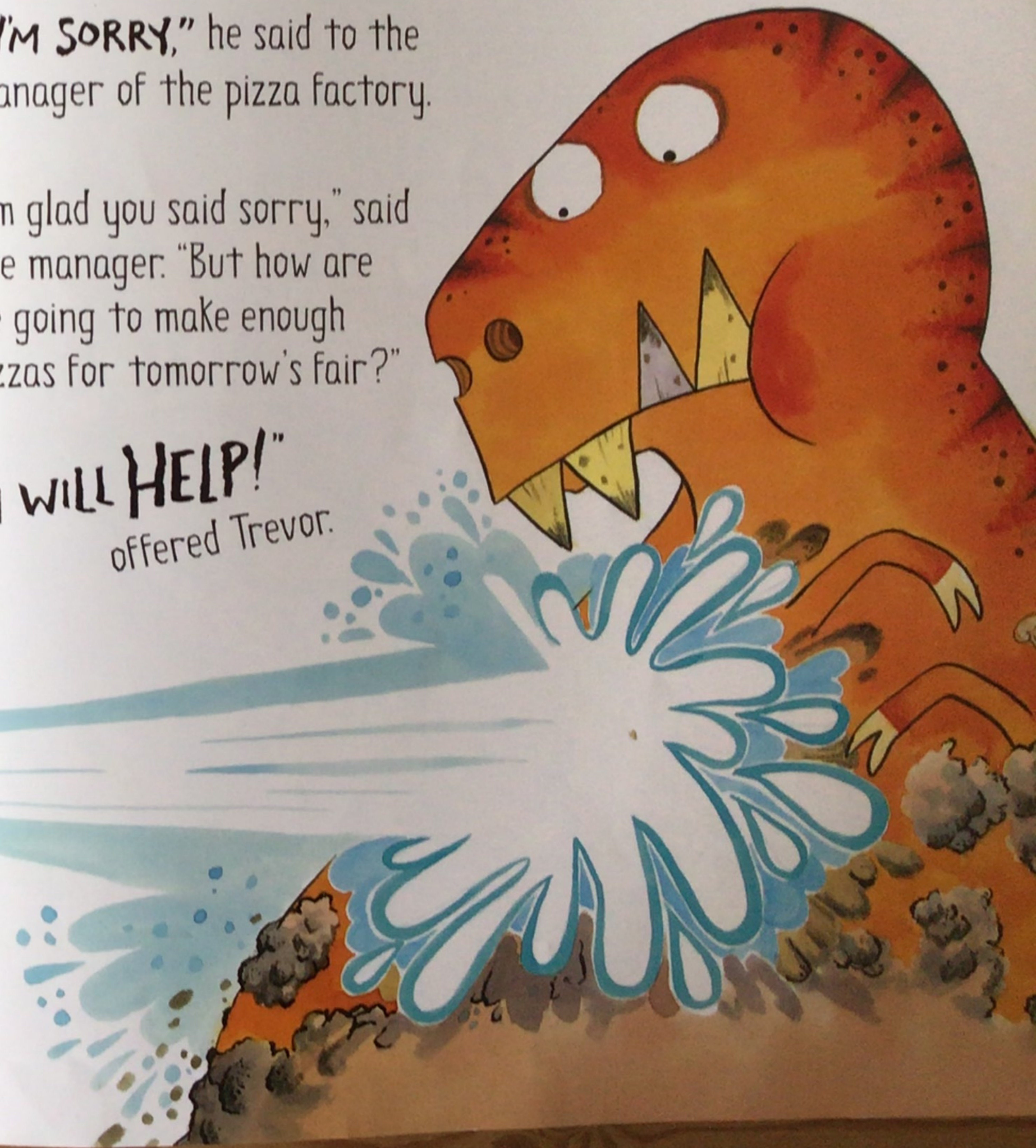
Back at the station, the dinosaur police hosed off the rest of the cement.



Trevor blushed like a tomato. "I'M SORRY," he said to the manager of the pizza factory.

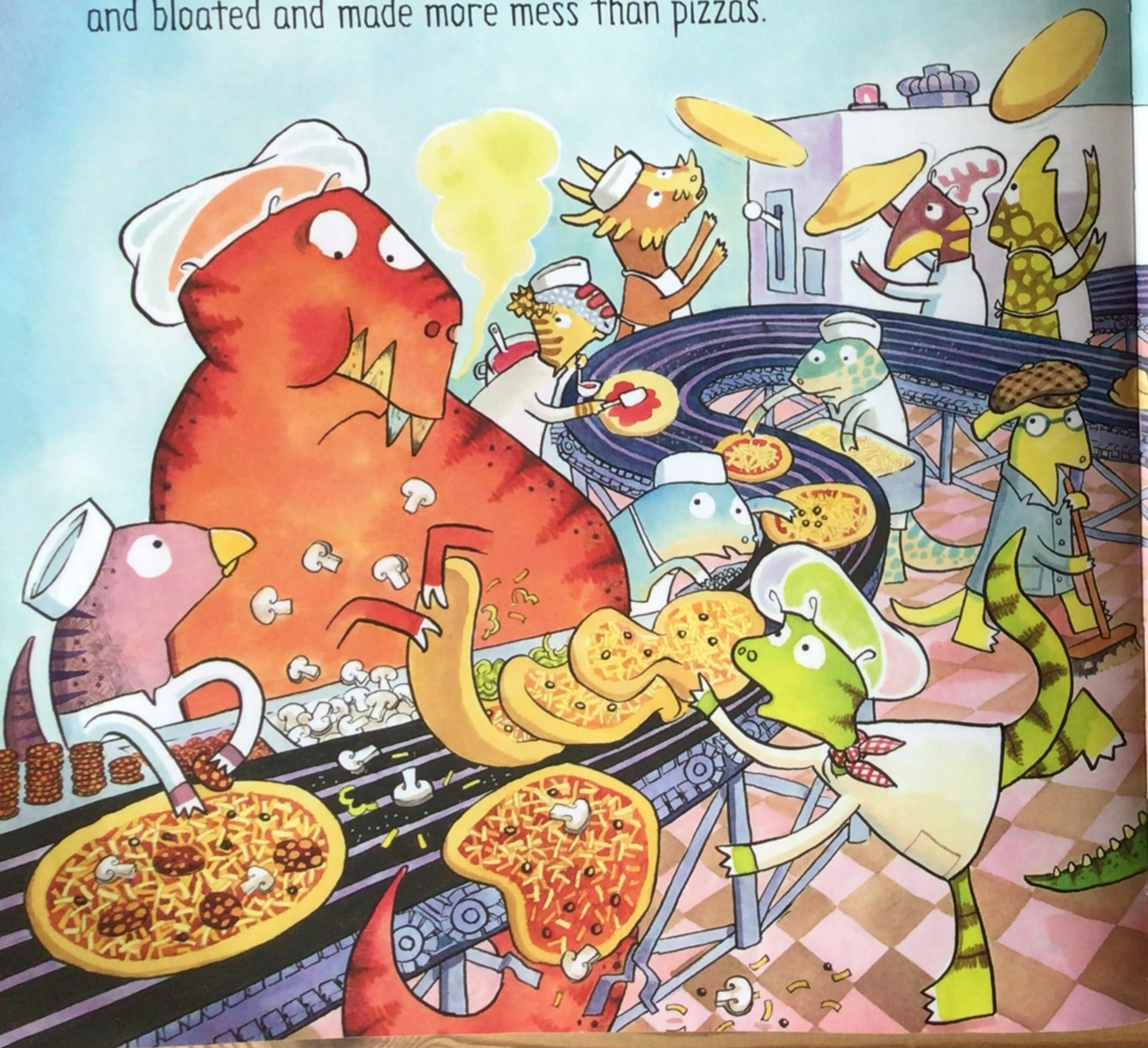
"I'm glad you said sorry," said the manager. "But how are we going to make enough pizzas for tomorrow's fair?"

"I WILL HELP!"
offered Trevor.



The dinosaurs prepared pizzas all through the night.

Trevor tried to help, but he was feeling clumsy and bloated and made more mess than pizzas.



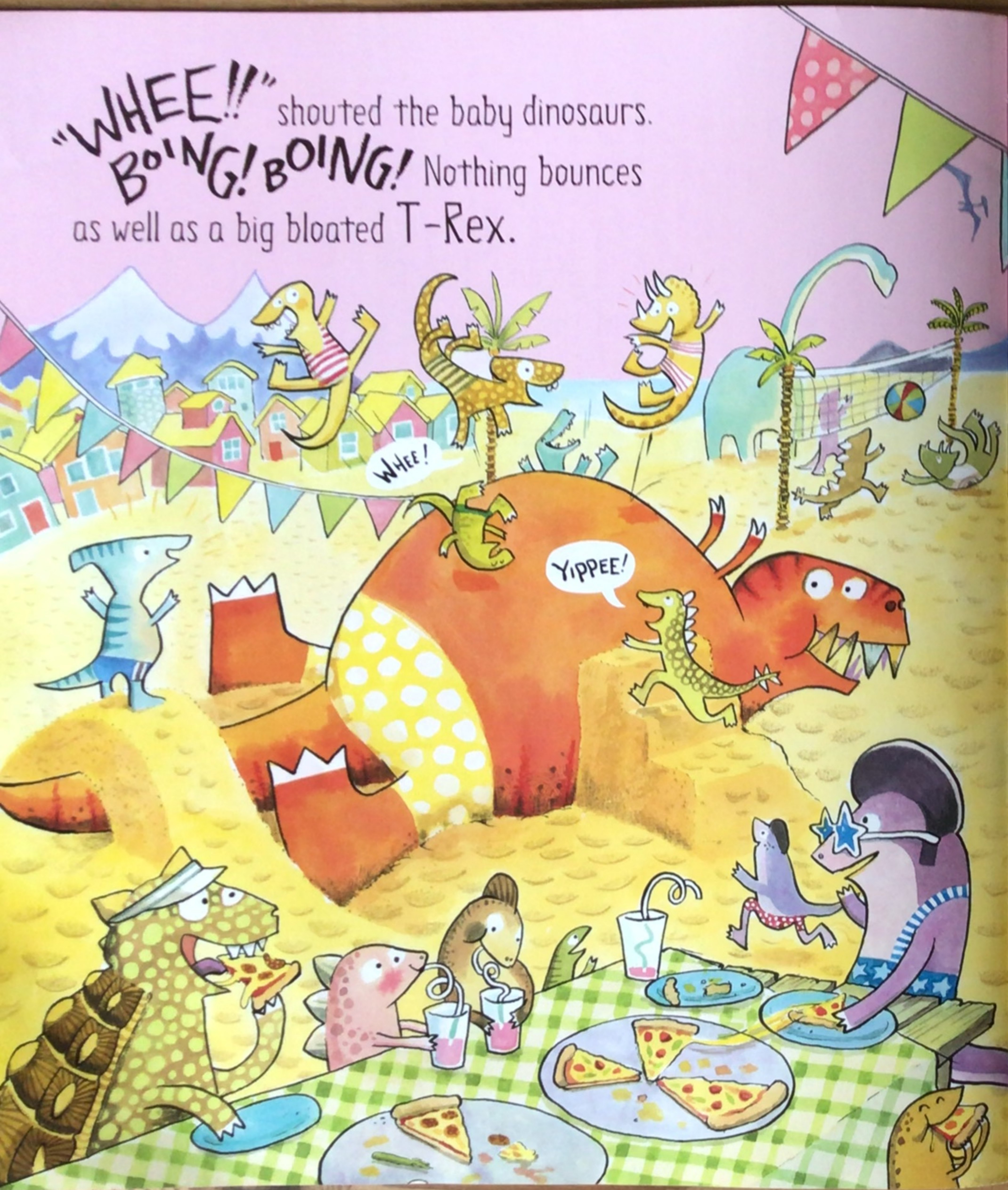
The mayor arrived the next morning. "Thank you for the pizzas!" she said. "But why is there a gloomy T-Rex hiding in the corner?"

The manager told her the whole story.

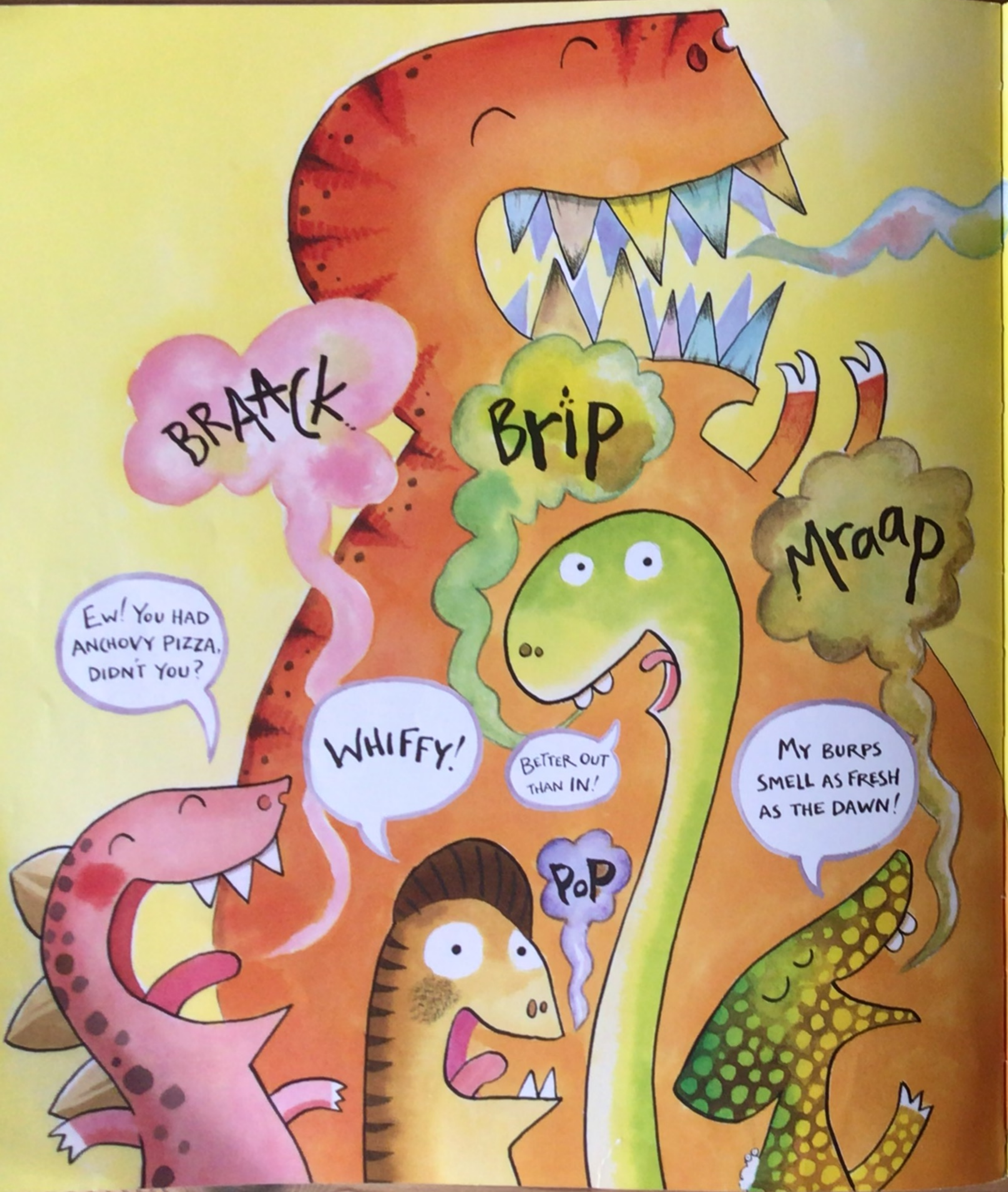
"Hmm," said the mayor. "I have an idea..."



"WHEE!!" shouted the baby dinosaurs.
BOING! BOING! Nothing bounces
as well as a big bloated T-Rex.



Everyone tucked into the yummy pizzas - everyone except Trevor, who still felt mighty full. Trevor was so happy he let out a little BURP, and all the baby dinosaurs joined in!



BRAACK

Brip

Mraap

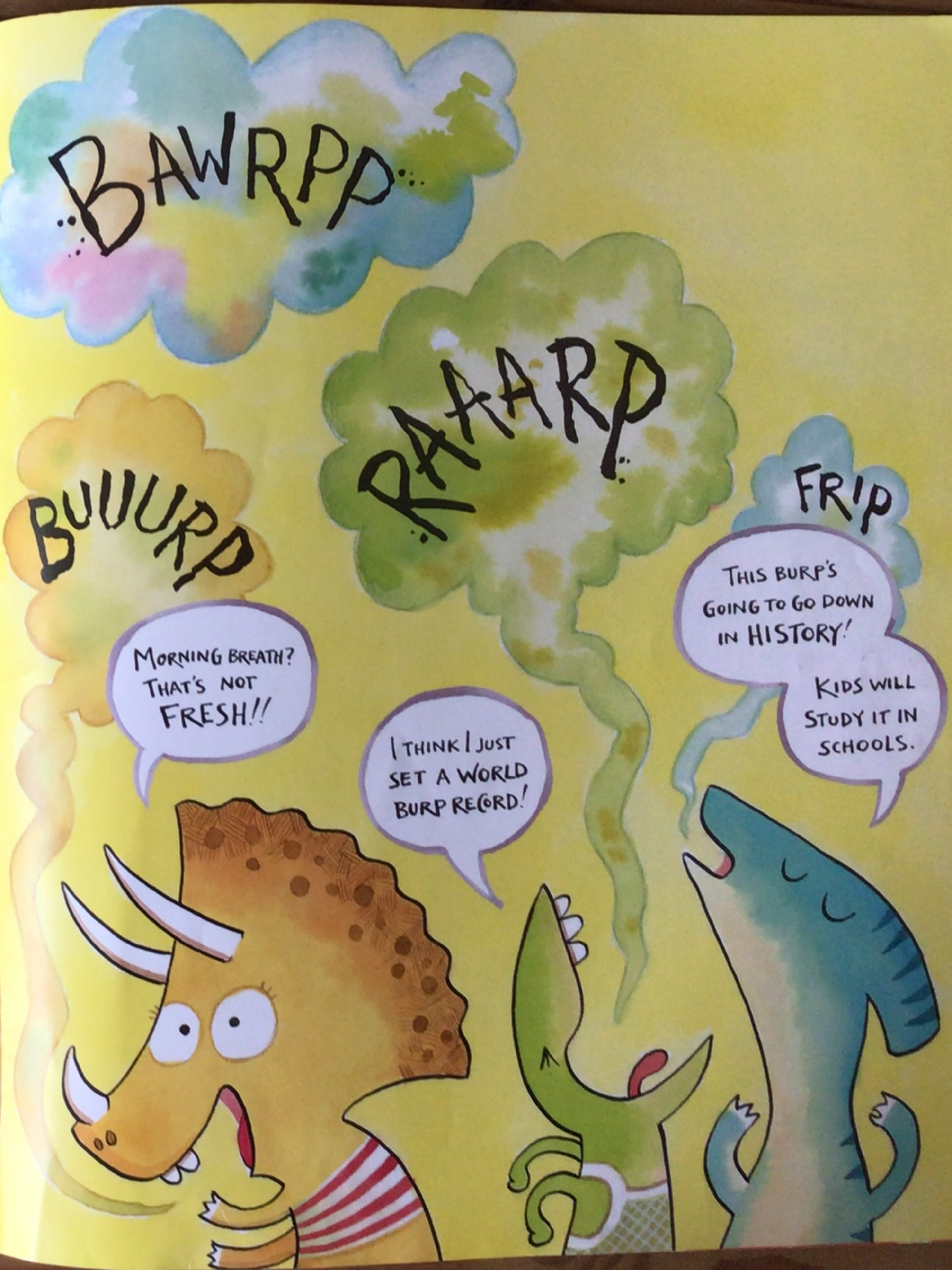
Ew! You had ANCHOVY PIZZA, DIDN'T YOU?

WHIFFY!

BETTER OUT THAN IN!

MY BURPS SMELL AS FRESH AS THE DAWN!

POP



BAWRPP...

RAAARP

FRIP

BUUURP

MORNING BREATH? THAT'S NOT FRESH!!

I THINK I JUST SET A WORLD BURP RECORD!

THIS BURP'S GOING TO GO DOWN IN HISTORY!

KIDS WILL STUDY IT IN SCHOOLS.

"RED ALERT!"

A CHEEKY, PIZZA-GUZZLING T-REX
IS ON THE **RAMPAGE** IN DINOVILLE!
CAN THE DINOSAUR POLICE SAVE THE DAY?

A DELICIOUSLY ACTION-PACKED ROMP
BY BESTSELLING WRITER-ILLUSTRATOR
SARAH MCINTYRE.



UK £6.99
ISBN 978-1-407143-28-6
9 781407 143286
SCHOLASTIC