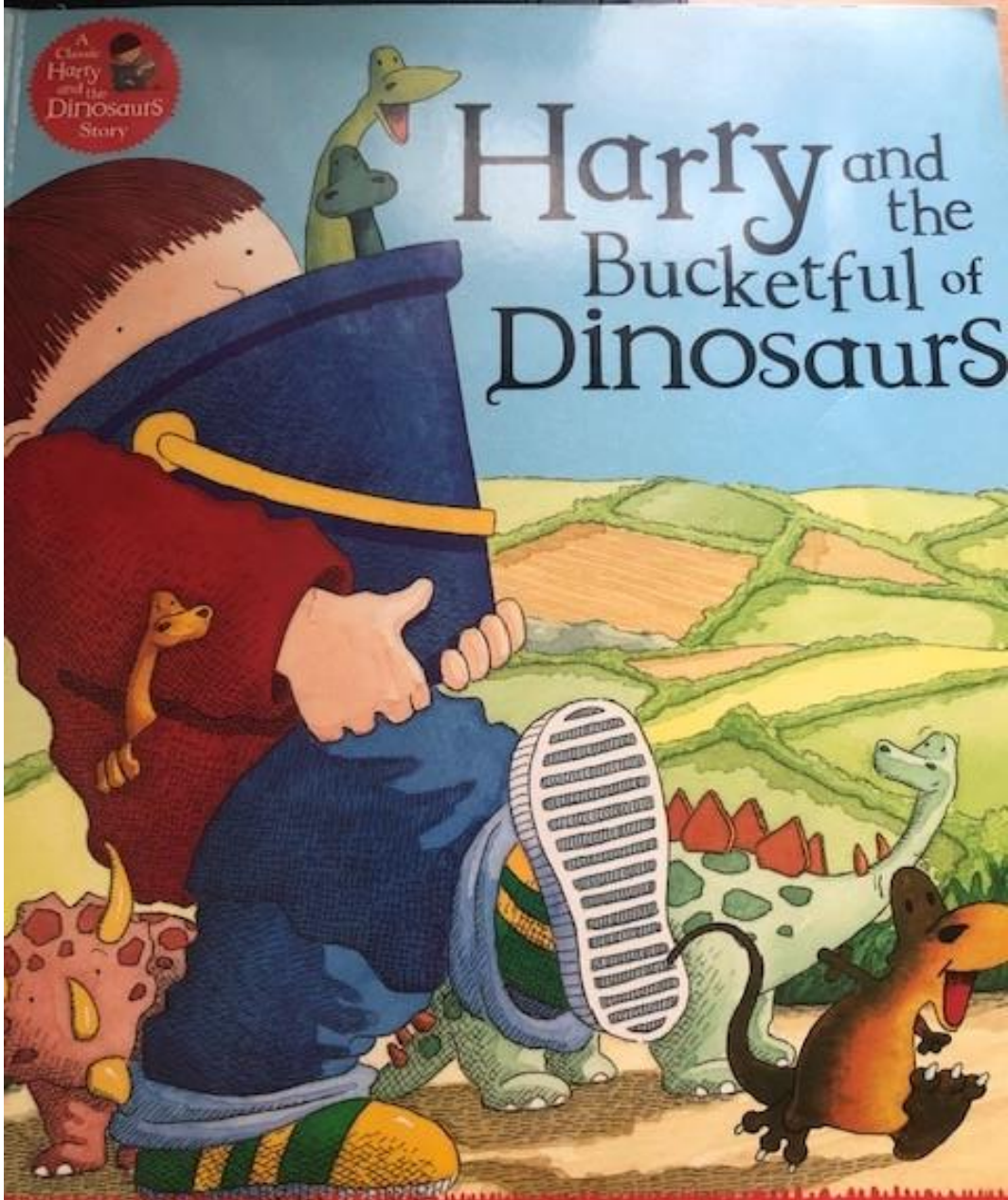


A Classic
Harry
and the
Dinosaurs
Story

Harry and the Bucketful of Dinosaurs



Ian Whybrow ♡ Adrian Reynolds

Harry and the Bucketful of Dinosaurs

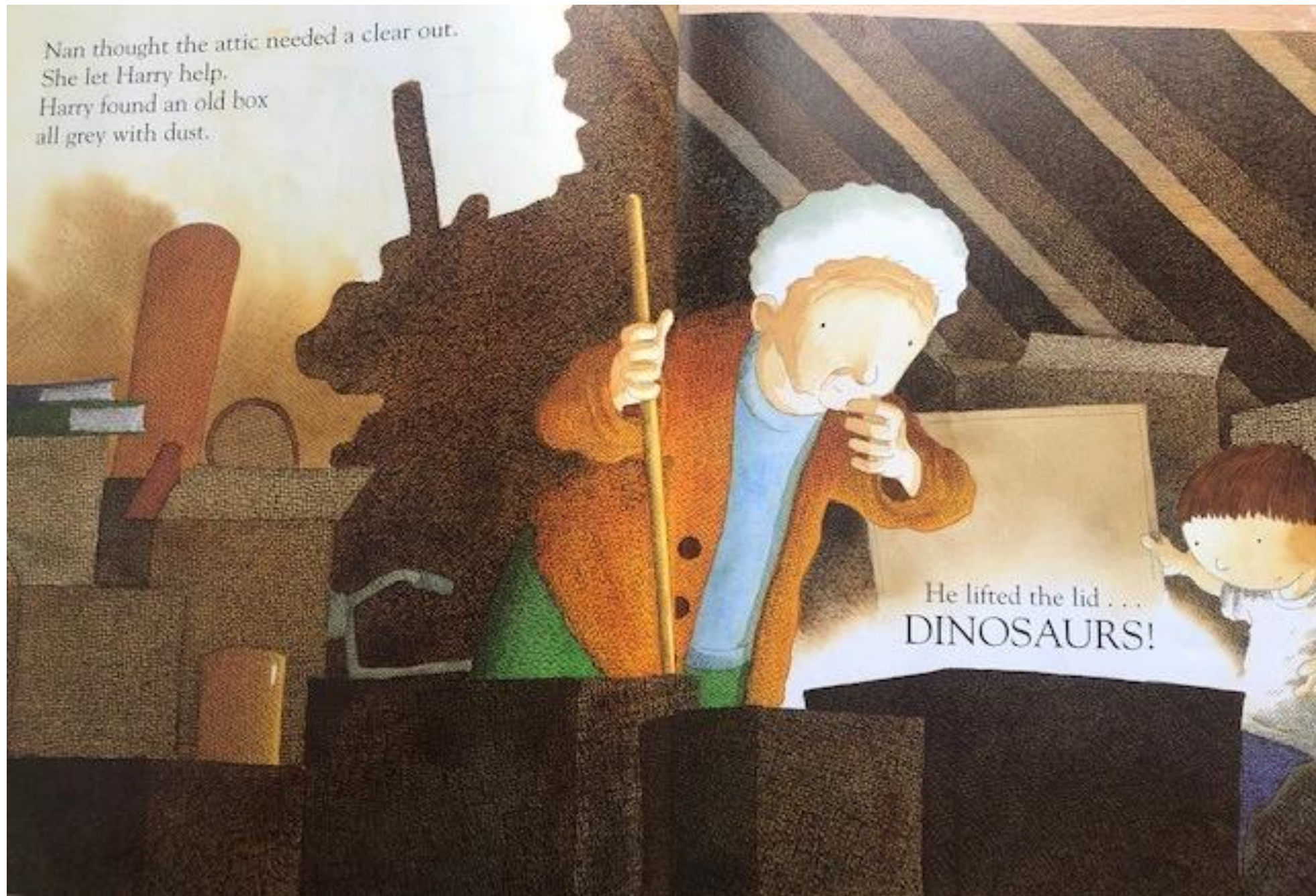


Ian Whybrow 🐦 Adrian Reynolds



PUFFIN

Nan thought the attic needed a clear out.
She let Harry help.
Harry found an old box
all grey with dust.



He lifted the lid . . .
DINOSAURS!

Harry took the
dinosaurs downstairs.



He unbent the
bent ones.

He fixed all the
broken ones.



He got up on a chair and washed them in the sink.
Nan came to see and say, "Just what do
you think you're up to?"



"Dinosaurs don't like boxes," Harry said.
"They want to be in a bucket."

Sam came in from watching TV.
She said it was stupid, fussing over so much junk.
"Dinosaurs aren't junk," Harry said.



The next day, Harry went to the library with Mum.
He took the dinosaurs in their bucket.





He found out all the names in a book
and told them to the dinosaurs.
He spoke softly to each one.
He whispered,
"You are my Scelidosaurus."
"You are my Stegosaurus."
"You are my Triceratops."

And there were enough names for all the Apatosauruses
and Anchisauruses and Tyrannosauruses.
The dinosaurs said, "Thank you, Harry."
They said it very quietly, but just
loud enough for Harry to hear.

After that, the dinosaurs went everywhere in Harry's bucket.



They went shopping.



They went to the garden centre.



They went to the beach.



When Harry had a bath, the dinosaurs had a bath.



When Harry went to bed, the dinosaurs went to bed.

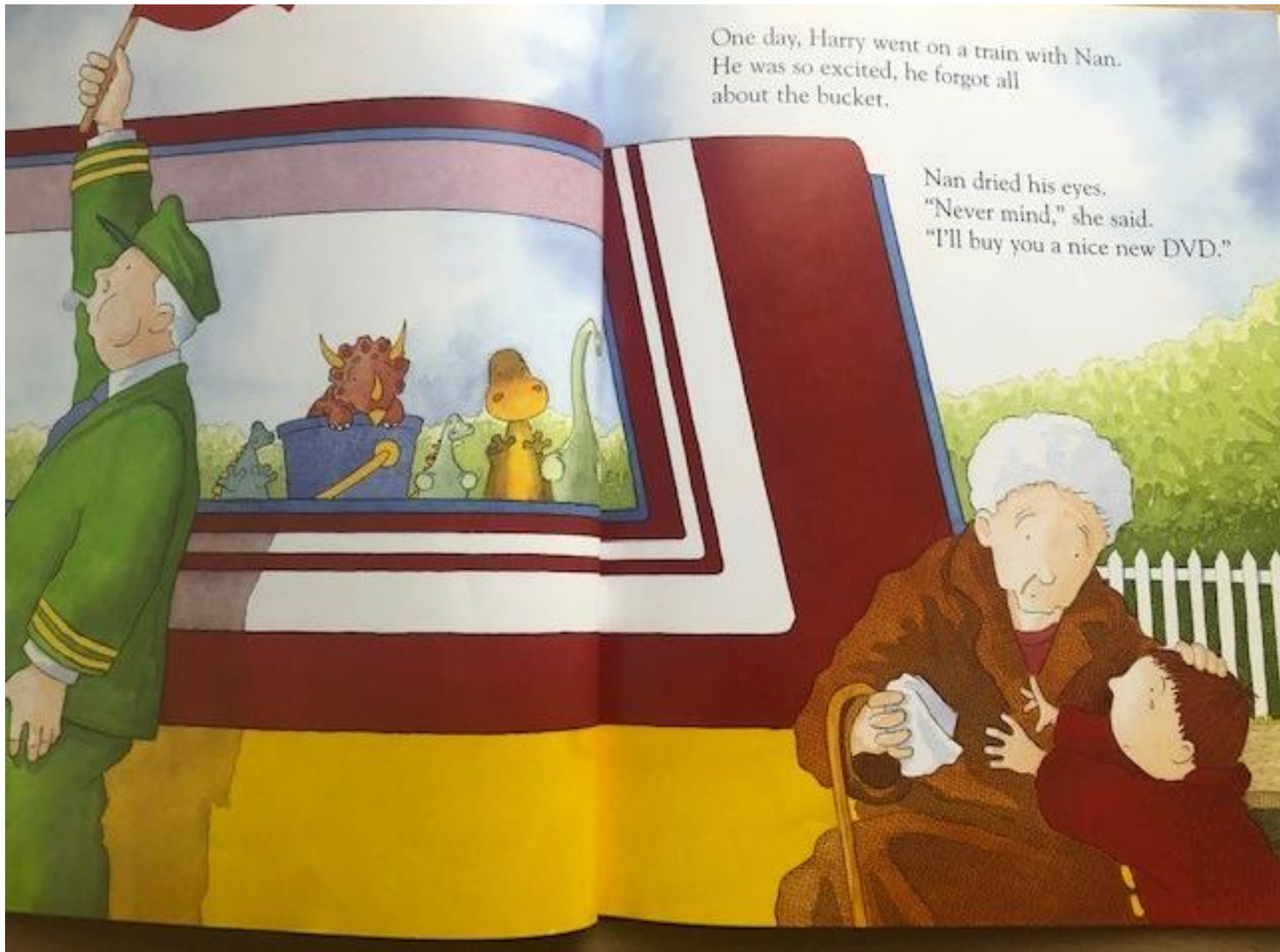
Sometimes they got left behind.
But they never got lost for long because
Harry knew all their names.

And he always called out their names,
just to make sure they were safe.



One day, Harry went on a train with Nan.
He was so excited, he forgot all
about the bucket.

Nan dried his eyes.
"Never mind," she said.
"I'll buy you a nice new DVD."





Harry watched the DVD with Sam.
It was nice, but not like the dinosaurs.

At bedtime, Harry said to Mum, "I like DVDs.
But I like my dinosaurs better
because you can fix them, you can bath them,
you can take them to bed.



And best of all, you can say their names."

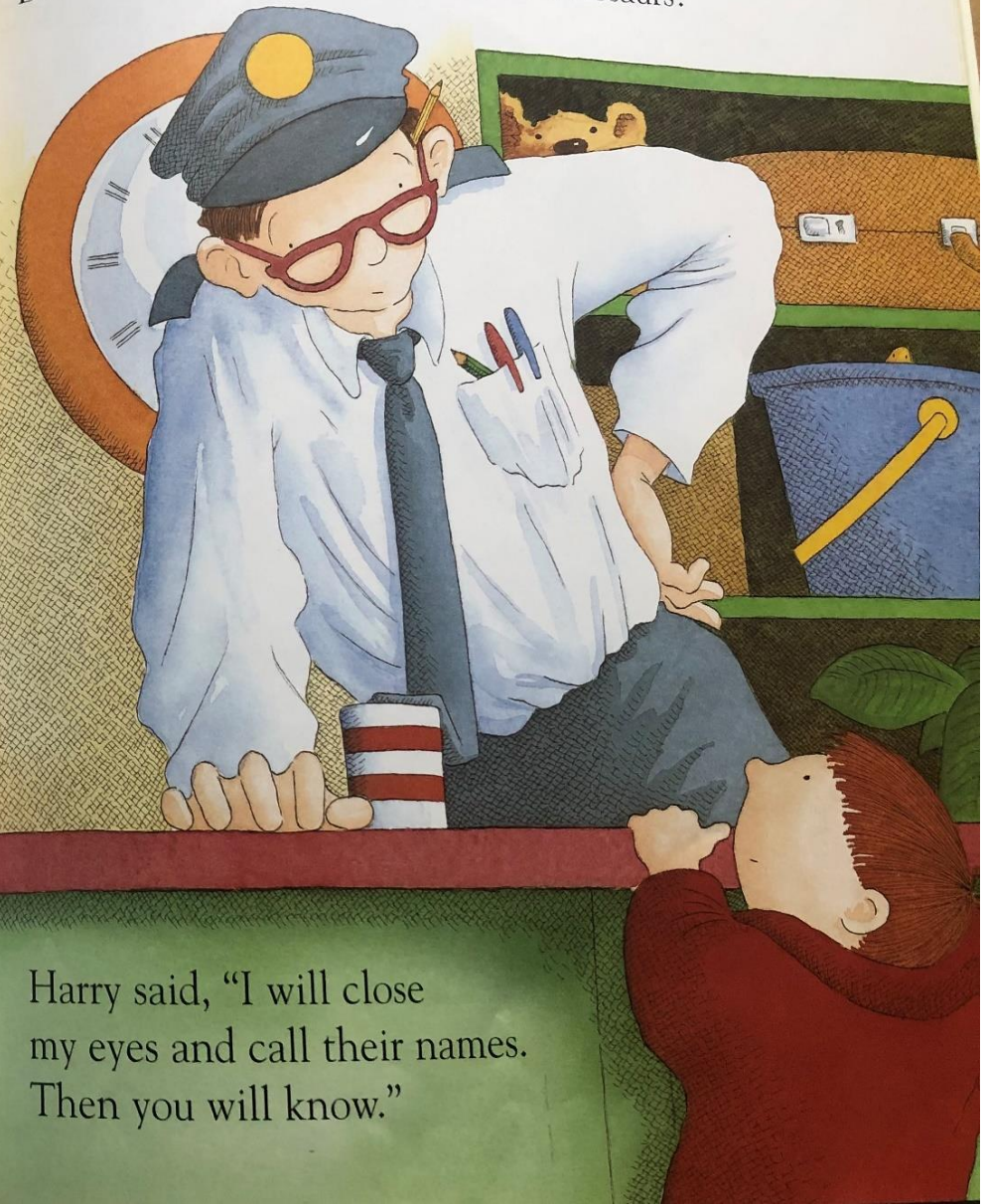


Harry was still upset at breakfast next morning.

Sam said, "Dusty old junk!"

That was why Sam's book got milk on it.
Nan took Harry to his room to settle down.

Later, Nan took Harry back to the train station to see the Lost Property Man.
The man said, "Dinosaurs? Yes we have found some dinosaurs.
But how do we know they are *your* dinosaurs?"



Harry said, "I will close
my eyes and call their names.
Then you will know."

And Harry closed his eyes and called the names.
He called,



“Come back my Scelidosaurus!”

“Come back my Stegosaurus!”

“Come back my Triceratops!”

He called, ‘come back’, to the Apatosauruses
and the Anchisauruses
and the Tyrannosauruses
and all the lost old dinosaurs.
And when he opened his eyes . . .

... there they were – all of them standing on the counter next to the bucket!
“All correct!” said the man.
“These are *definitely* your dinosaurs. Definitely!”

And the dinosaurs whispered to Harry.
They whispered very quietly, but just loud enough for Harry to hear.
They said, “You are *definitely our* Harry, definitely!”



Going home from the station,
Harry held the bucket very tight.
Nan said to the neighbour, "Our Harry
likes those old dinosaurs."



"Definitely," whispered Harry.
"And my dinosaurs definitely like me!"

ENDOSAURUS