Digging for Dinos

by Jessica Young
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Haggis woke up early and got ready for the day.

He clipped his toenails.

He snipped his mustache.

He polished his dog tag until it sparkled.
Tank did not have time for grooming. She was busy reading.

Wow! My book says that dinosaurs used to live right here!

Ahh, I feel like a new dog! There's nothing like a good grooming. You should try it sometime, Tank.
Tank spotted something sticking up out of the ground. She ran to check it out.

Imagine—real dinos in our backyard!

No, thank you.
Hot diggity dog! Look at this funny bone!

It doesn’t look funny to me.

Do you think it’s a dinosaur bone?

No. I don’t.

Well, I do. Maybe there are more!
Tank dug for dinosaur bones.

What are you doing?

I'm digging for dinos!
All she found was a stinky old tennis ball.

*sigh*

No bones. Maybe you're right, Haggis.

Haggis?
Are you playing hide-and-seek? Come out, come out, wherever you are!

PT-THOOOOOEY!

Gee, Haggis, you're one dirty dog. You could use a good grooming.

Rrrrrr...
While Haggis brushed himself off, Tank read some more.

Do you think there are any real, live dinosaurs still around from dino days?

I think you're in a dino daze. Dinosaurs are extinct. There aren't any left.

There aren't any left?

Right.

There aren't any right?

No, there aren't any left.
I bet they’re just hiding . . .
and we’re going to find them!

So where are they—left or right?

Look, there aren’t any dinosaurs left or right. They aren’t anywhere! They’re all gone!
Haggis did not want adventure. But Tank used her best begging skills.

Come on, Haggis—adventure calls!

I can't hear it—I’ve got dirt in my ears.

Please, please, pretty please with extra cheese?

Finally, Haggis gave in.
Haggis and Tank got ready for a dino hunt!