

**DINOSAUR
PIE**

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For Róisín, Kirin and Tigey Cat,
with love, always

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MORNING CHAOS

I'm Rory, sometimes Roary Rory, and this is the story of the weirdest week of my life. Well, the weirdest week so far. Probably. I mean the week I was born was probably quite weird for me. But, I don't remember that. Thankfully.

Anyway, **SPOILER ALERT**, this week's weirdness starts on Monday, when I am accidentally turned into a dinosaur. Mum blames herself, but it isn't really her fault. It all happens later in the day so we'll come back to it.

Right now, it's 6:30AM, two hours before school, and Mum is trying to wake me. She used to wake me one and a half hours before school, but we are trying two hours

now, to see if it is Less Stressful. It seems to mean that I get half an hour less sleep and everything is still its usual disaster, but for slightly longer.

At this stage I totally don't appreciate the fact that I am still a human.

Anyway, I can't wake properly. I am deep in happy sleepy land. It took me ages to go asleep last night because all I could

think about was the *Big Battle World* update.



Now, I'm tired and my bed is lovely and warm. It's totally not fair that I have to leave it.

When I do eventually get up, I'm apparently 'already late for school'. How can I be already late when school hasn't even started yet? I'm running to catch up again - welcome to my life.

Getting dressed is delayed just a teensy bit as I take a sneak peek at *Big Battle World*. Today is update day, the Doom Dimension update. Today the Doom Boss and the Blethers arrive and loads of other cool stuff. If you don't know what I'm talking about, *Big Battle World*, *BigB* for short, is an awesome computer game. I have been waiting for this update since they announced it three months ago and it was due to happen about midnight our

time. While Mum is in the shower, I turn on the computer and have a peek. I've got to check it out so that I can tell Daria and Oleg about it later at school. Knowledge is power, people!

Mum comes out of the shower. She says, 'Rory, sweetie, hurry up. We need to be gone in forty minutes.'

Oops.

I spend ten minutes searching our flat for shoes that I had chucked somewhere yesterday. They have amazingly made their own way to the shoe rack. But I can't find socks. Bad socks! I eventually locate two similar enough to pass as a pair. They are part of the pile of clean clothes that I meant to put away, but that only got as far as the end of my bed, fell off and now lives on the floor.

Then I find my lunchbox is still in my schoolbag from Friday. Double oops. Mum says it's a biohazard. It is not as bad as the dried-out, shrivelled black banana I found when I took my schoolbag out at the end of the summer break. Mum is losing all sense of perspective.

She is now totally stressed off her head that she will be late for work. She cannot be late for work. There will be dire consequences. She is talking loud and fast, and I only have time to eat a few spoonfuls of my Oaty Krunch. I brush my teeth super fast, twice because I forgot to last night. Then it's off out the door to my favourite place in the whole world.

Only joking. It's not really my favourite place. I'm trying out sarcasm here. What do you think? I probably spoiled it by explaining it.