

Jason's Father

Jason started school two days after his fifth birthday. It was exciting. There were so many children and the teacher told them about dinosaurs that were bigger than the school and one of them could fill the playground.

“But,” said the teacher “There are no more dinosaurs left.”

Just then the school bell rang and it was time to go home.

Jason ran to the school gate and saw his father. They began to walk home together. Jason's father stopped at the dairy shop and bought two large ice-creams.

When Jason took his first lick, his father whispered ,

'Don't tell your mother about the ice-cream. It is our secret.’

It was a long walk home. When the ice-creams were eaten, Jason asked his father about the dinosaurs and what had happened to them.

Jason's father stopped walking and looked at him.

“Jason, my son. Sit down by this tree and I will tell you the true story of what happened to the last dinosaur.”

“She was in the garden hanging out the washing when she suddenly saw a green dinosaur. It was looking at her. She dropped the washing and came inside the house then asked me to help her.”

Jason sat under the tree and listened.

“So, I ran outside and grabbed the water hose. I turned on the water and squirted the dinosaur all over it's face.”

Jason's father began to wave his arms about and shouted,

“ To my surprise the huge green dinosaur suddenly began chasing me and roaring at me with a big green voice. It said rude green words to me, that you and I, and I am sure your mother or sister would never use. The dinosaur chased me down the road, past the ice-cream shop, past the school and past the police station.”

“ It lifted his huge feet to squash me. I was scared. But, I thought quickly. I ran into the supermarket and bought fifty big blocks of yellow butter.”

Jason's father paused. He was breathing heavily and he slowly pulled his hands through his hair. His face became red and he took a deep breath. For a long time he said nothing. Jason was worried in case his father was ill.

Jason's father walked around in a circle and stopped. He took another breath and another and another. He stopped. There was a silence and another silence and another.

Finally his father spoke and there was tears in his eyes. Big long wet tears.



“ Oh,” he said, “**Oh, oh, Oh**....I had to think quickly or the wicked dinosaur would have got me.”

Jason made a video in his head of the dinosaur chasing his father.

“Gosh, Dad” he said .

Jason looked at his father. His shirt had come out of his trousers, his hair was untidy and he was still waving his arms about. Suddenly he screamed. Jason watched as his father went down on his knees, took hold of his hands and looked into his eyes.

“Jason, I knew what I had to do to save myself. I had a plan. It was a hot day. Extremely hot. So I took all the paper from the fifty blocks of butter and spread the butter on the ground to make a yellow butter path. Then I hid behind a tree and waited.”

Jason was puzzled,

“Where was the dinosaur? ”

Jason father shrugged.

“It was tired, and having a rest”

Jason's father stood up. His eyes looked strange and he grabbed Jason.

“I screamed at the dinosaur, **Come and get me you big ugly green beast**”

His father suddenly burst out laughing. He hopped and danced around.

“The **green** dinosaur stepped on the melted butter. He wobbled and shouted out in a huge dinosaur voice....I am slipping... **I'm falling.**”

Jason saw the video in his head with his father, the butter slide and big green dinosaur sliding away.

He looked at his father who had taken off his shoes.

“Hallelujah, Hallelujah” shouted his father and flung his shoes into the air and pulled off his socks and threw them all high in the sky.

“And...and then...the dinosaur slid along the butter path past the North Street, the South Street and East Street and the West Street. The dinosaur moved faster and faster as it slipped on the butter path until it came towards the sea and reached the harbour where all the big ships were.”

“There was was a **huge dinosaur splash. The ugly green animal fell into the water.** It sank and was never seen again. And that was the end of the dinosaurs.”

Jason then knew he had the biggest, the bravest and most clever father in the whole world.

Jason's father began to make himself tidy again and they walked home. Neither of them talked. When they got home, Jason's mother gave him a big hug and asked if he was hungry. Jason said he wasn't hungry. His mother frowned and said,

“That's strange,”

Next day Jason went to school and his teacher helped him write his first story. Jason wrote about the dinosaur and what his father had done and he mentioned the butter too. He drew a big coloured picture of his father, his mother and the dinosaur falling into the sea.

The teacher was so happy and said that Jason had a good imagination. When Jason's mother picked him up from school that afternoon she was so proud of his story and said that his father would be proud of him too.

She stopped at the ice-cream shop and Jason and his mother both chose a huge ice-cream.

