

**QUINN AND MAGGIE'S ADVENTURE**

**Judy House  
14305 123<sup>rd</sup> Avenue NE, Unit A  
Kirkland, WA 98034  
(206) 390-9251  
judyhouse@dwt.com**

Gramma had gone on vacation and left Maggie (Gramma's puppy dog) with Quinn to dog sit.

"No Quinn, you can't go back outside, it's time for dinner," Dad said. Humph,, thought Quinn. Him and Maggie were in the middle of making their perfect construction site and had just come in to get another tractor when his Dad stopped him from going back outside. That's not fair, Quinn thought, I've been working on this site all afternoon and I'm almost done. "Please Dad," Quinn said, "just one more minute." "No," said Dad, "it's dinner time." Quinn hung his head and felt sad and mad and all kinds of other feelings he wasn't sure what they were, he felt just awful. As he sat down at the table, he closed his eyes. . . THUMP, THUMP, THUMP. . .

"What's that sound?" As he peeked out from under the large front loader he was working on. THUMP, THUMP, THUMP. . . "There it went again." "I wonder what that could be." And then he heard something that sounded like something really really big was blowing it's nose. "What in the world could that be?" Maggie also came out from under the tractor barking away. "What is it Maggie," Quinn asked her. But she just kept barking and barking. Maggie didn't move from the spot she was in, she just barked and growled. Quinn picked up a rock and threw it way out in front of him. He heard the THUMP, THUMP, THUMP again and then he saw something. He squeezed back under the tractor with Maggie and they both saw this huge foot and leg and then another huge foot and leg walking towards the rock. THUMP-CRACK, THUMP-CRACK, went the ground as it shook underneath them and they saw this huge Parasaurolophus (Par-a-saw-ROL-o-fus) stepping down and smashing and cracking the branches that laid in its way. "What's going on Maggie?" Quinn asked as they looked on in amazement. "Where are we?" "What time is this?" "Why is there a Parasaurolophus here?" But Maggie just

stayed frozen to the spot she was in, not making a sound now. She knew that thing was too big to mess with. Then they watched as it thundered away. They both set their for a minute, then Quinn couldn't stand it, he had to follow it and see where it was going. So Quinn and Maggie crawled out from under the tractor and tried their very best to not make any noise and very carefully crept along following the Parasaurolophus. When it stopped inside a bunch of trees, Quinn told Maggie to be very very quiet as they tip toed a little closer. When they could see through the opening between the trees Quinn saw what looked like two large white eggs. "Look Maggie," Quinn said, "those look like Parasaurolophus eggs." When just that moment they heard from around to one side this loud squealing and ear blasting yell. They moved over to the side of the trees and they saw the Parasaurolophus fighting with a Troodon (Troh-o-don). All Quinn could figure out was that the Troodon must of wanted to get the Parasaurolophus's eggs and he was defending his babies eggs. Quinn and Maggie moved back around to where the eggs were when they heard a couple of thundering thuds. It sounded like both dinosaurs fell to the ground. Quinn told Maggie to stay there and he moved even closer to the eggs, but when he heard them start to crack and move, Maggie was right there beside him watching in amazement with Quinn as the baby Parasaurolophuses' cracked through their eggs and peeked their little heads out looking directly at Maggie. Maggie didn't know what to think at first as she smelled the air and then smelled the babies. A couple of seconds later, the baby Parasaurolophuses' nuzzled up against Maggie. "Oh no," Quinn said, "Maggie, I think they think you are their mother." "What are we going to do?" Maggie just kept looking at the strange creatures. "We better go ask Dad," Quinn said. So Quinn and Maggie ran as fast as they could back to the tractor, and right behind them ran the baby Parasaurolophuses. "Oh well Maggie," said Quinn "looks like you have some more new friends."

“Quinn! Quinn!” said Dad, “are you going to eat or just sit there day dreaming.” As Quinn looked down at Maggie who was sleeping at his feet. “Yes Dad,” said Quinn “but could Maggie have some food too, we’ve had a hard day.”

758 word count