

Dinosaur Rodeo



**Story and art by
Sheldon Dawson**



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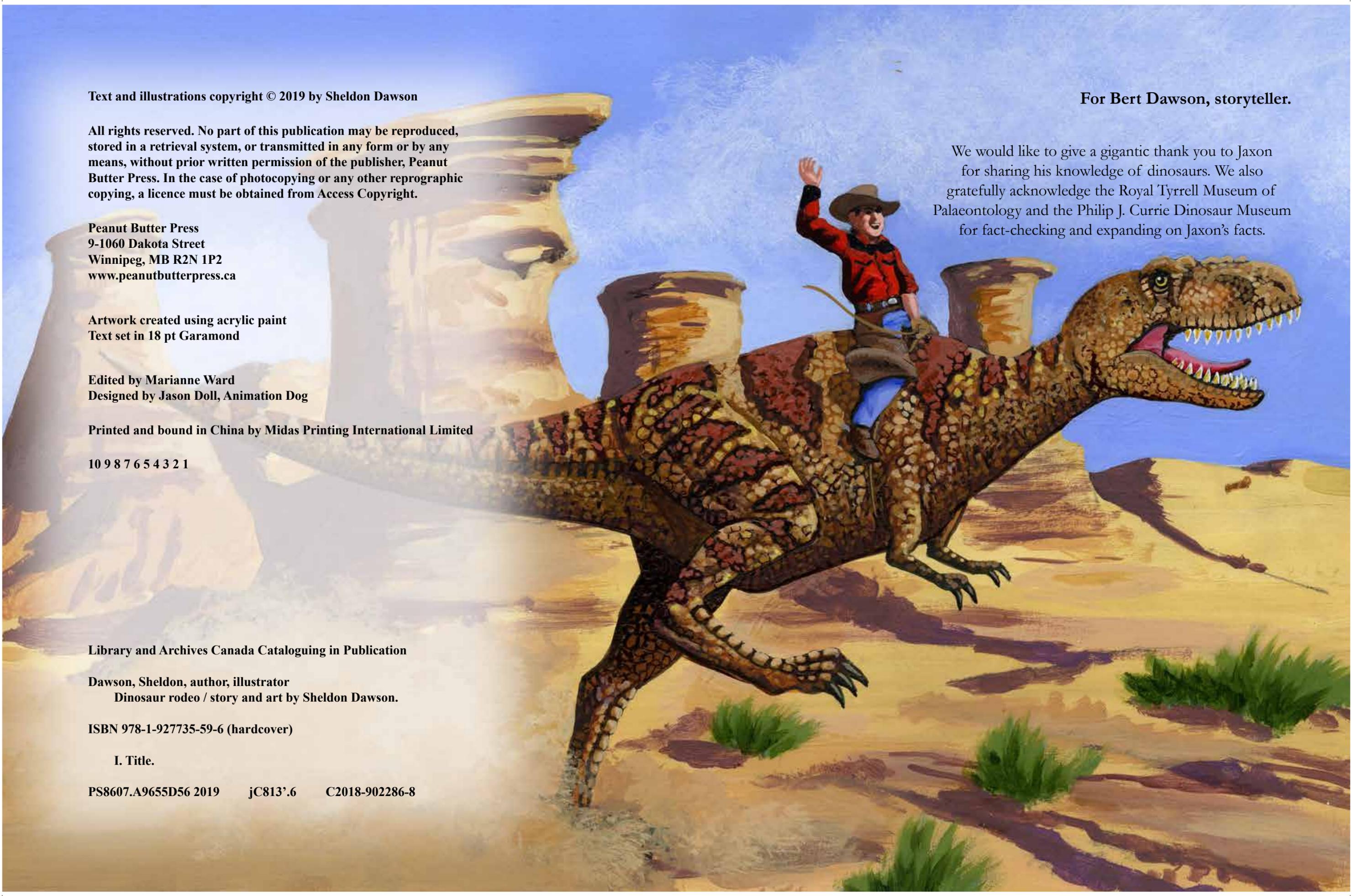
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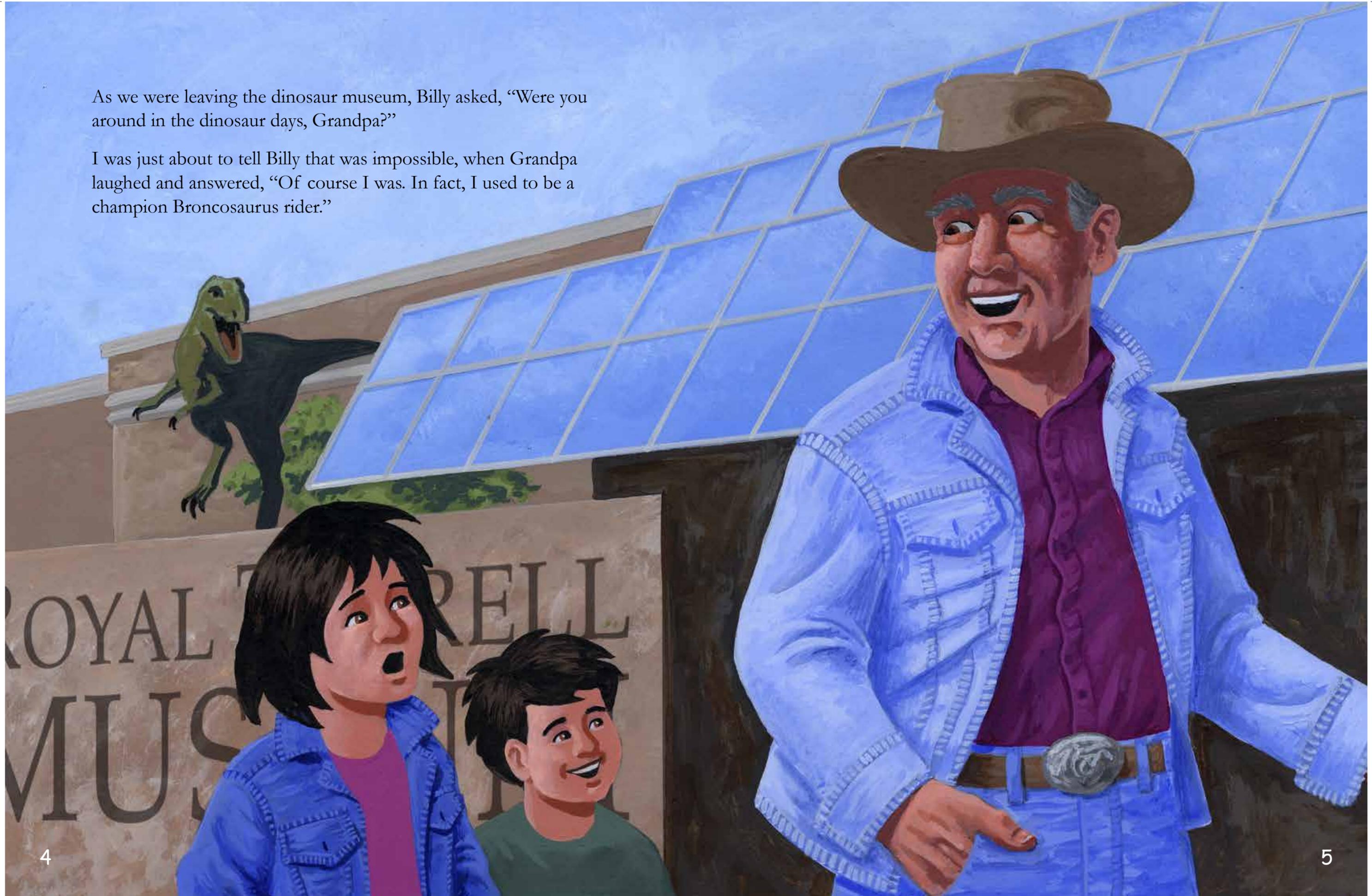
For Bert Dawson, storyteller.

We would like to give a gigantic thank you to Jaxon for sharing his knowledge of dinosaurs. We also gratefully acknowledge the Royal Tyrrell Museum of Palaeontology and the Philip J. Currie Dinosaur Museum for fact-checking and expanding on Jaxon's facts.



As we were leaving the dinosaur museum, Billy asked, "Were you around in the dinosaur days, Grandpa?"

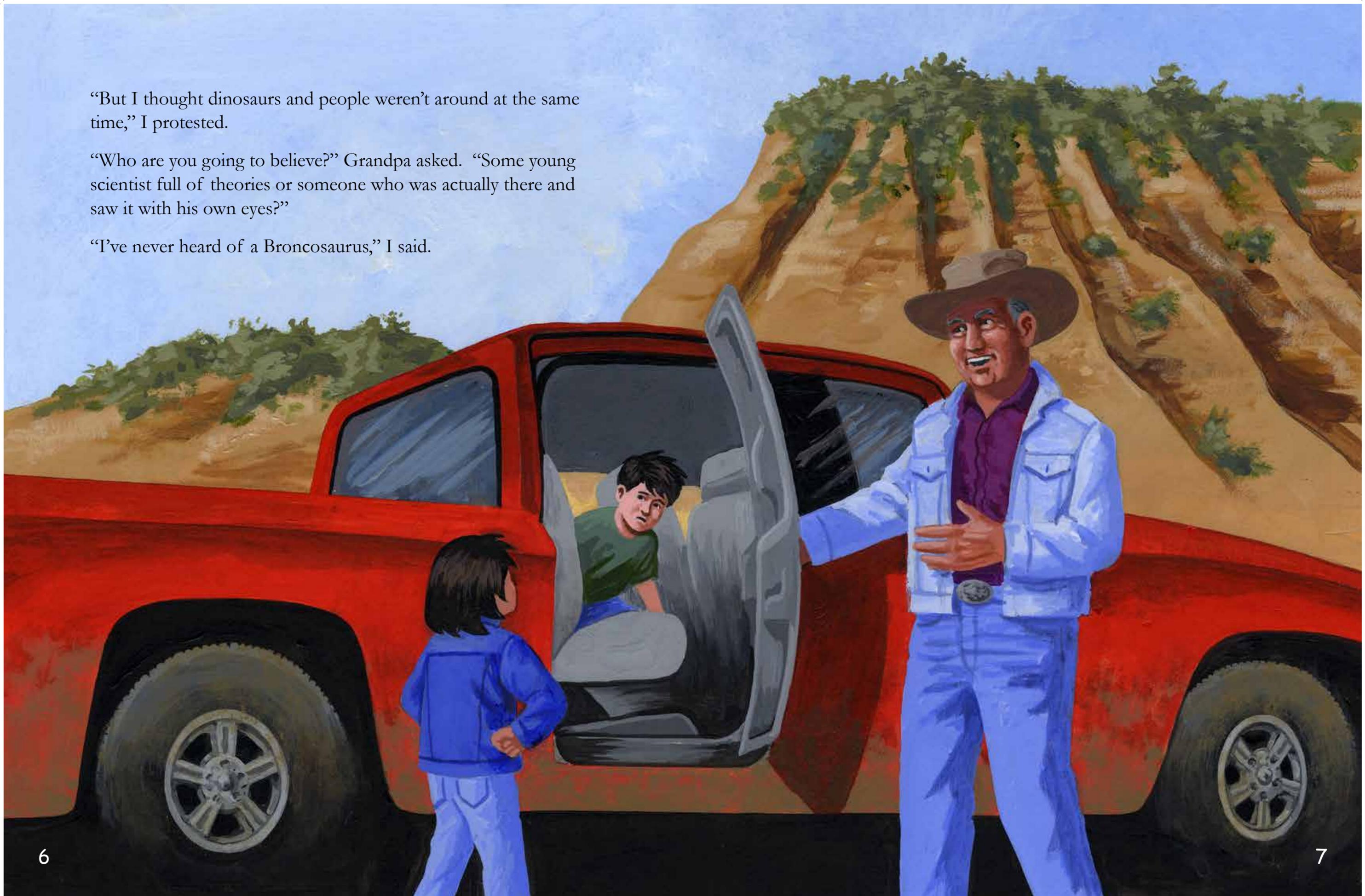
I was just about to tell Billy that was impossible, when Grandpa laughed and answered, "Of course I was. In fact, I used to be a champion Broncosaurus rider."



“But I thought dinosaurs and people weren’t around at the same time,” I protested.

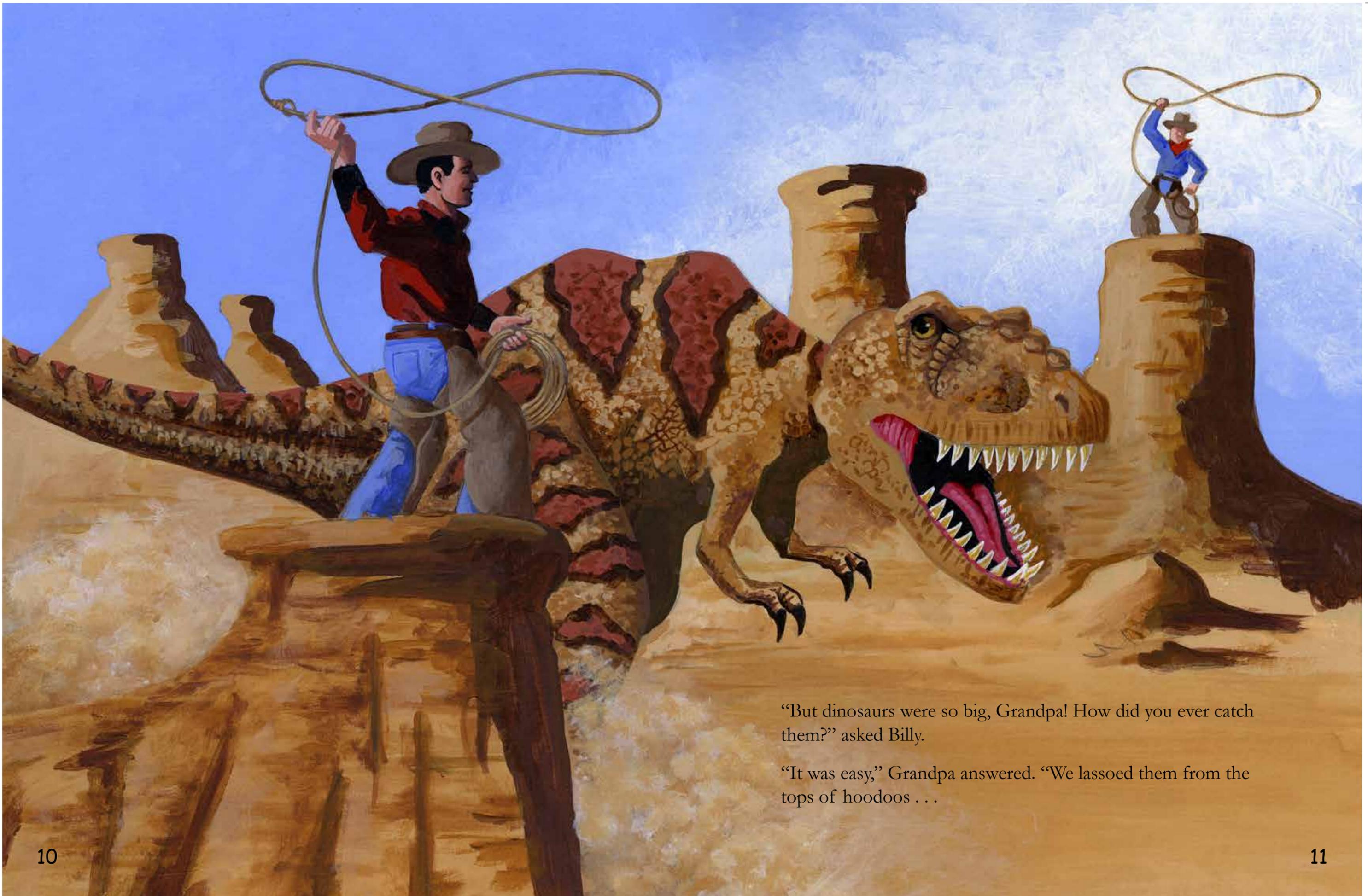
“Who are you going to believe?” Grandpa asked. “Some young scientist full of theories or someone who was actually there and saw it with his own eyes?”

“I’ve never heard of a Broncosaurus,” I said.



“Well, palaeontologists have a fancy new name for them nowadays. Their scientific name is *Albertosaurus*, but back in the Cretaceous Period, we just called them broncos,” said Grandpa. “And we rounded up all sorts of dinosaurs every spring for a big rodeo.”



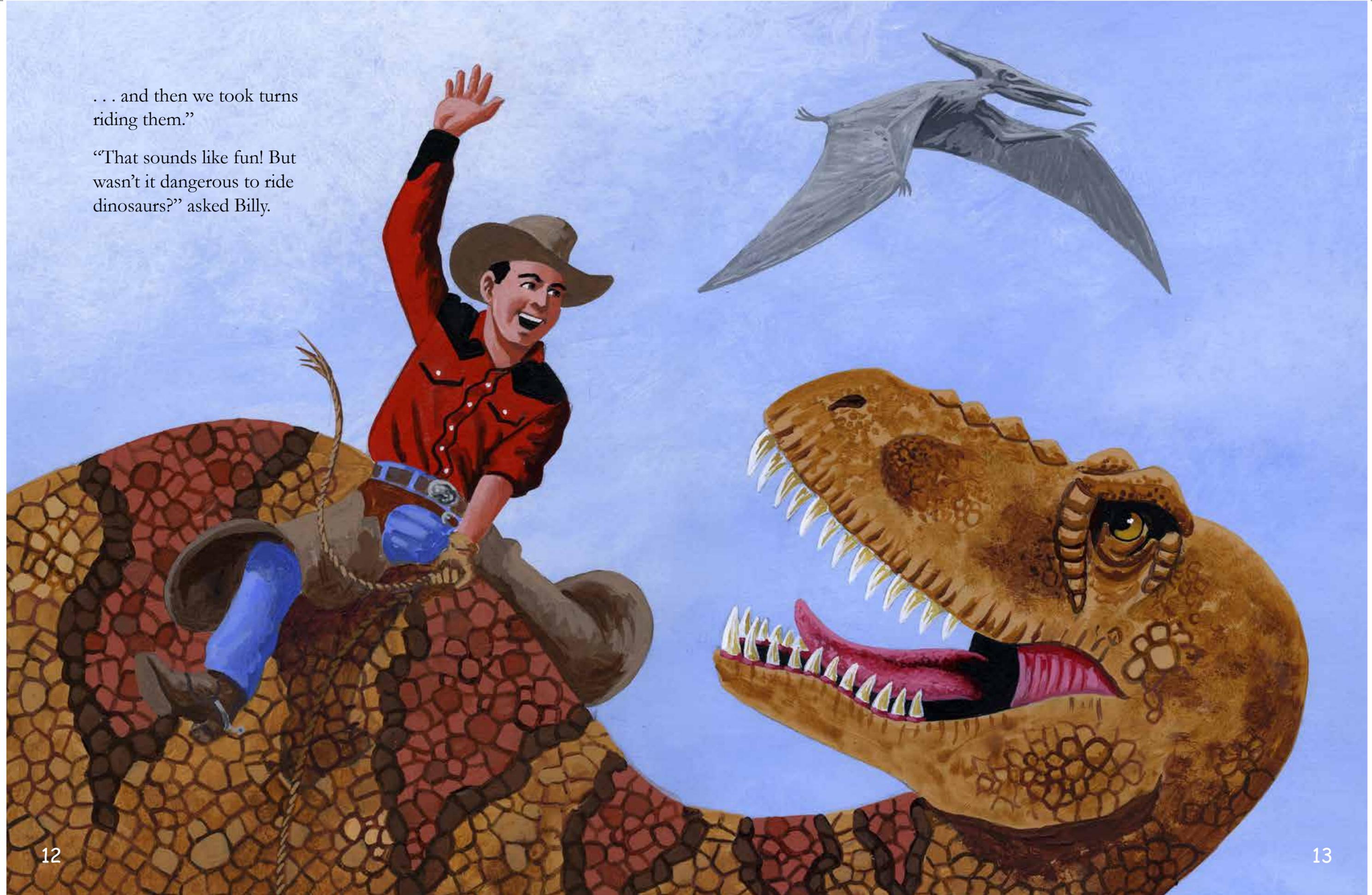


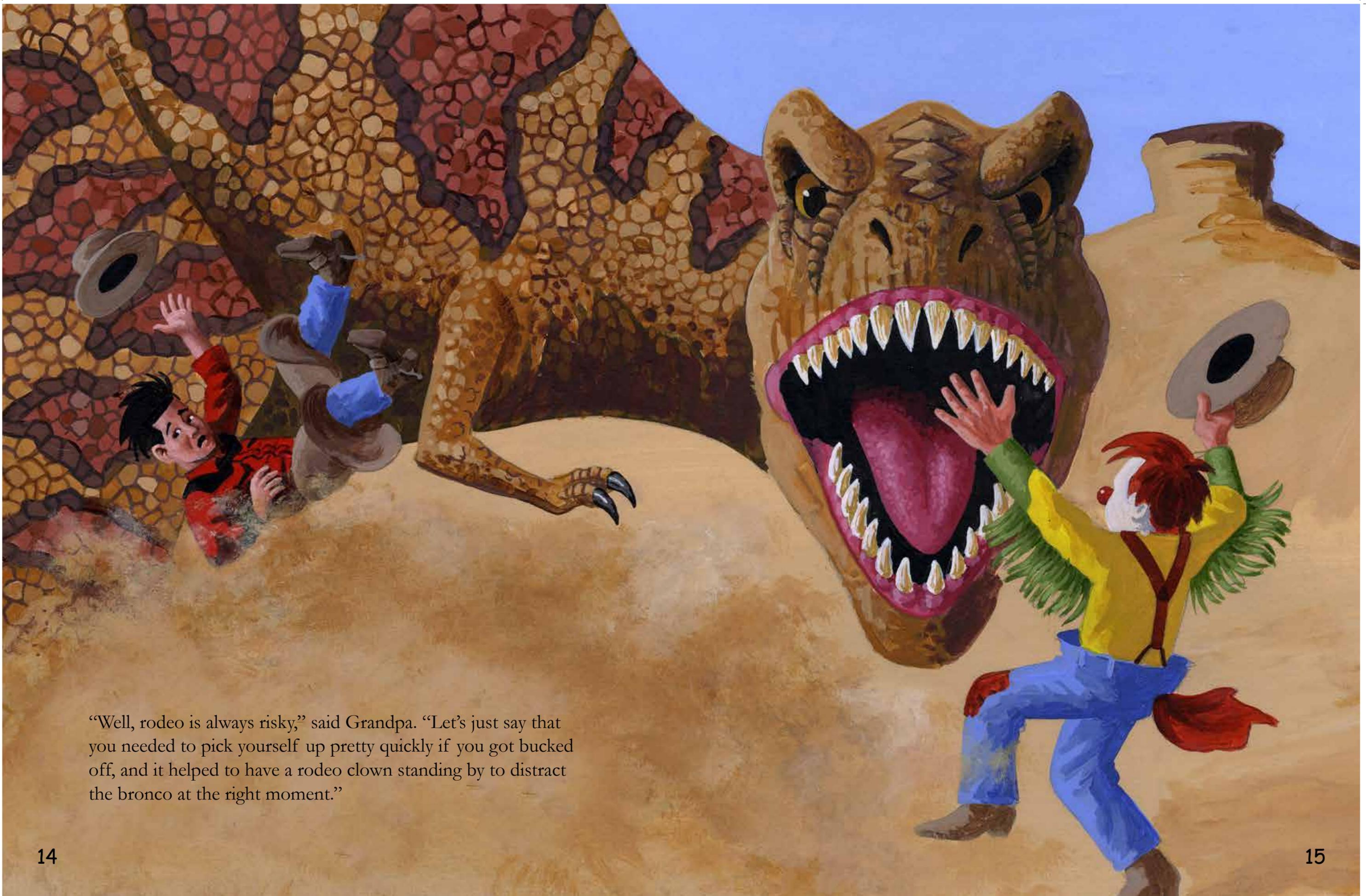
“But dinosaurs were so big, Grandpa! How did you ever catch them?” asked Billy.

“It was easy,” Grandpa answered. “We lassoed them from the tops of hoodoos . . .

... and then we took turns riding them.”

“That sounds like fun! But wasn’t it dangerous to ride dinosaurs?” asked Billy.





“Well, rodeo is always risky,” said Grandpa. “Let’s just say that you needed to pick yourself up pretty quickly if you got bucked off, and it helped to have a rodeo clown standing by to distract the bronco at the right moment.”