

# Dinos In The Dark

By Gus Prouty | 1382 words

It was bright in the bathroom; I had to stand on my tippy toes just to see the mirror. Everything in our house was so big it always amazed me. From the grand archway when you entered the house to the ceiling in the living room that seemed to go up forever. Even this bathroom was big; I had to stand on the stool just to rinse my mouth.

But that was ok with me because big things were my favorite. I had books filled with pictures of different kinds of big construction vehicles. I watched Power Rangers because of the big robots that combined into an even bigger robot. My favorite movie character was Godzilla because he was so big. Well that and because he was so much like my absolute favorite big thing, dinosaurs.

Dinosaurs were like Godzilla, only real and alive and oh so cool! Well, maybe not so alive anymore. That was probably the only thing wrong with dinosaurs. They weren't around nowadays so I could never get to see one for real. I remembered the first time my parents had taken me to the natural history museum.

I was so excited, that as soon as we got through the front door I took off for the display in the center of the room. It was a recreation of a Triceratops and a Tyrannosaurus Rex fighting each other. Before my mom could finish buying us our tickets I was already past the security barrier and climbing up onto the diorama. I completed my plan by touching the T-rex's big toe. It was rough and cool to my touch, and didn't feel much different than any other rock but that didn't matter to me. I was touching a real dinosaur for the first time ever.

Then the alarm went off.

The security guard let my parents off with a stern talking to which was then passed on to me.

“I was just looking at it,” I justified sheepishly.

“Last time I checked you look with your eyes, not your hands,” my mom countered. And I really couldn’t argue with her on that point. Still, the rest of the museum was nice, but nothing as cool as that first display and nothing that really made me feel like I was seeing a real dinosaur like I wanted to. Not like how they looked in the pictures of my books at home.

A loud thud startles me out of my thoughts. I resume brushing my teeth, but then it happens again and then a third time, that strange thud ringing through the house. Now I am curious. Mom has been downstairs for a while now, and finding out what made that noise seems like a much better idea than going to bed. So with my toothbrush still gripped firmly in hand I head out into the hallway.

But I’m not prepared for how dark the house is this late at night. Shapes dance before my eyes as I squint my way down the hall to the top of the stairs. The only light comes from the still lit bathroom which casts strange shadows down into the living room below me. They seem to move and flit about and every piece of furniture seems to be hiding some specter. I’m debating whether I really want to go down there when a thought strikes me.

Could what I heard be a dinosaur? I mean just because no one else has ever seen one doesn’t mean that they couldn’t exist, right? There are plenty of things that I haven’t seen but people still tell me they are real. Suddenly the shadows in the darkness seem to transform, taking on a variety of saurian shapes. Is that a Deinonychus under the coffee table? A Stegosaurus

behind the couch? Now I am not so afraid of going down there anymore. In fact, I'm excited. This could be my chance to finally see a real live dinosaur.

But there is nothing but furniture waiting for me when I finally descend the stairs. I'm disappointed but there is still the kitchen to check. I could still see a dinosaur tonight. As I go I think about what kind of dinosaur I most want to see. An Ankylosaurus would be nice; they are herbivores so it might be friendly. A Brachiosaurus would probably be too tall even for our ceilings. Maybe it is a Pteranodon, which isn't really a dinosaur, but I wouldn't mind. We don't have a pool so it is definitely not an Ichthyosaurus. It could even be a small one like a Micropachycephalosaurus; they could hide pretty well. But more than any other I want to see a Tyrannosaurus Rex, the king of the dinosaurs. It's my favorite.

But sadly there is nothing hiding in the kitchen or the dining room, not even under the sink. I can't check the garage because my parents won't let me go in there alone at night. Still, a dinosaur wouldn't care about that so maybe I could make an exception this one time. But before I can make it to the door I hear a commotion coming from behind the sliding glass door that leads out to the back yard. There is a resounding crash, as if something was knocked over. This is it, I can already imagine it. The T-rex standing there, its long tail wrapped around the side of the house, its foot almost as big as I am, its banana sized teeth shining in the moonlight. They say a Tyrannosaurus Rex was tall enough to look into a two story window so I debate running back upstairs, to look out at it from up there and get a better view. But no, I can't wait any longer. I pull back the blinds; eyes pointed towards the sky and see...nothing.

A crinkling sound draws my attention downward and I see, instead of a dinosaur, a cat has knocked over mom's flower pot that was sitting on the rusty lawn furniture out back. The

disappointment is palpable but, before I can sulk back upstairs, I am blinded by the kitchen lights turning on followed swiftly by my mom and dad entering from the garage. After my dad closes the door, he pounds on it several times just to be sure it is shut. My mom glances at him and sighs before looking at me in surprise.

“Gus, what are you doing down here? I thought you were brushing your teeth?”

“I heard a noise.”

“That must have been your father getting home,” she says, gesturing to my dad.

My dad looks at me and smiles his big wide smile. “Sorry if I scared you guy, you know how I am with doors,” he says before laughing.

“I was just curious,” I reply. I don’t tell them about how it wasn’t a dinosaur because I don’t want them to be disappointed, too. Then I think to add,

“A cat broke the pot.” And I point to the damage in question. My mom sighs again before shaking her head.

“Well, it was dead any way.”

“You said it, not me,” interjects my dad before she glares at him.

“Well, now that the mystery has been solved it’s time for bed. It’s already past your bed time honey.” I nod and return to the upstairs bathroom. After depositing my toothbrush and getting into my jammies, I lay down in my bed.

My mom comes in to read me a story. I pick the one about the two little boys that imagine they see dinosaurs at the zoo. After reading it twice and then tucking me in with a kiss, my mom turns out the lights and I am left to lie there in the dark.

As I stare at the ceiling, I think about how I wish I could have something like what happens in the book happen to me. By chance I look out the window, the world barely illuminated by the moonlight. My eyes are transfixed because out there, far off on the mountain tops in the distance, I can make out the barest silhouette of a Tyrannosaurus standing under the moon. I stare at it until I can no longer keep my eyes open and I fall asleep.