

The Homework-Eating Dinosaur

Yavuz DEMİRKIRAN

The Homework-Eating Dinosaur

Yavuz DEMİRKİRAN



Charlie was an eight-year-old boy with messy dark brown hair that stuck up in tufts. He had a bright red hoodie, a green backpack with a broken zipper, and a big imagination. One Monday morning, he sat at his desk in Mr. Patel's classroom, staring at a blank homework sheet. He had forgotten to do it again. He sighed and opened his desk drawer to look for a pencil. Instead, he found something amazing.



Inside the drawer sat a tiny dinosaur, no bigger than Charlie's palm. It had lime green scales, round amber eyes, and small back plates. It blinked up at Charlie and gave a friendly chirp. Charlie gasped. "A dinosaur? In my desk?" he whispered. The little creature sniffed the air and waddled toward Charlie's homework sheet. It opened its short snout and took a big bite.



Charlie watched in shock as the dinosaur chewed the paper and swallowed. Then it ate another bite, and another. Soon the whole homework sheet was gone! The dinosaur licked its lips and grew a tiny bit bigger. Charlie's eyes went wide. "You eat homework?" he said. The dinosaur burped a small puff of paper scraps. Charlie grinned. This could be the perfect excuse for unfinished work.



The next day, Charlie didn't do his math homework. When Mr. Patel asked for it, Charlie said, "My dog ate it." But he didn't have a dog. Mr. Patel raised an eyebrow but said nothing. After school, Charlie fed the homework to the dinosaur. It gobbled it up and grew to the size of a cat. Charlie made it a little paper crown, and it wore it proudly. "You're my secret weapon," Charlie whispered.



But the dinosaur was always hungry. It ate Charlie's spelling list, his science worksheet, and his book report. Each time, it grew bigger. Soon it was the size of a small dog. It could no longer fit in the desk drawer. Charlie hid it in the supply closet. "Just a few more days," he told it. The dinosaur chirped and nibbled on a stray paper. Charlie felt a little worried but pushed the feeling away.



On Thursday, strange things started happening. A stack of textbooks disappeared from the bookshelf. The alphabet poster vanished from the wall. Mr. Patel looked puzzled. "Has anyone seen our classroom materials?" he asked. Charlie's heart pounded. He knew exactly what was happening. At recess, he found the dinosaur munching on a social studies book. It had grown to the size of a large dog. Paper scraps stuck to its mouth.



"Stop eating everything!" Charlie cried. The dinosaur looked up with big amber eyes and gave a sad chirp. But it kept chewing. Charlie tried to pull the book away, but the dinosaur was too strong. It swallowed the last page and grew even bigger. Charlie knew he couldn't hide it much longer. But he was scared to tell the truth. What would Mr. Patel say?



The next morning, the dinosaur escaped from the closet. It wandered into the classroom and ate the attendance chart. Then it nibbled on the teacher's chair. Charlie chased it around the room, but it was too fast and too big. "Come back!" he shouted. The dinosaur knocked over a pencil cup and swallowed a whole box of crayons. Charlie's heart raced. This was a disaster.



Just then, Mr. Patel walked in. He stopped and stared at the giant green creature with paper scraps on its mouth. The dinosaur blinked at him and chirped. Charlie wanted to run away, but his legs felt frozen. Mr. Patel looked at Charlie, then at the dinosaur, then back at Charlie. "Charlie," he said calmly, "is there something you want to tell me?" Charlie's face turned red.



Charlie took a deep breath. His hands shook. "I found a dinosaur in my desk," he said. "It eats homework. I thought it was a good excuse. But it kept growing, and now it's eating everything." He looked down at his scuffed sneakers. "I'm sorry. I should have told you sooner." Mr. Patel listened without anger. He pushed his round glasses up and said, "Thank you for telling me the truth."



Mr. Patel knelt down and looked at the dinosaur. "Well, little friend," he said, "you can't eat our schoolwork. But maybe we can find you something better." He asked Charlie what the dinosaur liked best. "Paper," Charlie said. "But it's always hungry." Mr. Patel smiled. "Then let's give it a proper meal." He pulled out a bag of old newspapers and a bunch of lettuce leaves.



Together, Charlie and Mr. Patel made a special meal. They shredded old newspapers and mixed them with fresh lettuce, carrots, and a little bit of fruit. The dinosaur sniffed the bowl and chirped happily. It gobbled up the food and licked its lips. For the first time, it didn't grow any bigger. Charlie laughed with relief. "It's working!" he said. Mr. Patel nodded. "Good teamwork, Charlie."



After that, the dinosaur stayed in a cozy corner of the classroom. It ate the special food every day and grew healthy and strong. It never ate homework again. Charlie made it a new paper crown, and the dinosaur wore it proudly. Mr. Patel even let the class help feed it. Charlie felt proud that he had told the truth. He learned that being honest and responsible was always better than making excuses.



From that day on, Charlie did his homework on time. Sometimes the dinosaur helped by eating the scraps from art projects. The class named it Papermuncher. Charlie smiled as he watched his friends pet the gentle creature. He knew he had made a big mistake, but he had fixed it by being honest. "I'll never hide a problem again," he told Mr. Patel. Mr. Patel patted his shoulder and said, "I'm glad to hear that."



Charlie learned that making excuses only makes things worse. The tiny dinosaur had grown into a big problem because Charlie didn't tell the truth. But when he finally did, things got better. He felt lighter and happier. At the end of the day, he walked home with his green backpack and a big smile. The dinosaur waved goodbye from the classroom window. Charlie waved back and hurried home to do his homework.



That night, Charlie finished his math homework and put it neatly in his folder. He thought about the little dinosaur and how much it had grown. He realized that being responsible was not always easy, but it was always right. He fell asleep with a smile on his face, dreaming of his green friend and the paper crown. Tomorrow would be a good day, and he would be ready for it.