

The Llama and the Dinosaur

By Ben Palmer Fry (all rights reserved)

In a very strange land not very long ago
there lived a llama and a dinosaur as only some folk know.
The llama was in fact a vicunya from the Andes
and Vicky had wisdom and feet just like Ghandi's.
But Tricksy was a triceratops, a scaly, funny thing
full of laughter, joy and smiles and very prone to sing.
Together they cycled on a tandem, one sombre, one care-free,
for many years until they came across a mystery.
A missing child, a prince no less, from the Kingdom of the Stars
where day is night and night is day and light is kept in jars.
Tricksy sadly said "oh dear"
and Vicky added "hmmm, how queer!"
Where had he gone? No one could tell except a monster in a cell.
With the blessing of the King our duo questioned it;
a beast with four eyes, wings and shell that barely seemed to fit.
"Where has he gone and how do you know?!"
The llama dealt the beast a blow.
With a growl it grumbled deeply
"You'll never solve this problem neatly.
But one thing I'll say before you go
is look around where wild winds blow."
Exiting the stench our team departed,
smelling as if someone had farted,
and puzzling over the words of the beast
they sought the help of a wise old priest.
"What does he mean..." the dino asked
"...of wild winds? The meaning's masked!"
"Worry not fair children" the old priest said,
"I know a place where wild winds wed.
It's o'er these mountains and o'er this sea." He pointed on a map.
Then with a present from the priest they both went off to pack.
"A book for the trip? A thriller I think would be apt for the occasion."
So with the book the llama packed some food bought from an Asian.

Together then they scaled the peaks of that dark starry land
not accustomed to the night or silver sinking sand.
Many-a-time they used the present the priest had given them,
a rope of gold that pulled them out of bog and flooded fen.
Once at the top their keen eyes saw
a muddy brown and menacing shore
over the waters of that sea,
the priest was right, it had to be

a ten-day crossing over monstrous waves.
The couple spent that night in caves
where Vicky dreamt of the pending voyage
while Tricksy dreamt of oatmeal porridge.
When morning broke they set off down, descending fairly quickly,
the prospect of those stormy waters made Vicky feel quite sickly.
But Tricksy jumped and sang a note
and on the shore she hired a boat
of stern construction with a sail
and on the side she drew a whale.
“If big fish try to trouble us
they’ll see the whale and off they’ll rush!”
The llama rolled her eyes and laughed,
“whatever helps this little craft.”
So with rope and book and asian food they headed off at speed,
holding tight and praying lots tucked in their wind-borne steed.

Ten days to-the-day they landed on those nasty, muddy shores,
awfully green from head to toe and with some salty sores.
But taking stock they pondered hard upon the priest’s advice,
“If there seems an easy way you really should think twice.”
So off the road they took a path all covered in vegetation
and in a clearing they found a child and sang with jubilation.
He held a jar with light inside
behind which he tried to hide.
Tricksy said “Fear not my lad!
We’ve been sent here from your dad.”
“To bring you home” the llama added
and towards the boy she gently padded
and kneeling low she showed her side
inviting the little prince to ride
upon her back, for greater pace
should his captor show their face.
And indeed at the moment of revival
there was a shout of a reprisal.
A creature rose up high above
and roared a message, not of love.
“How dare you take my prize away!
“Now you two I’ll hurt and slay!”
A dragon’s body with the head of a man
its wings a football field would span
bore down upon them, our brave wee pair.
But at the point of their despair
the child raised up the jar of light
and there was a flash! Oh what a sight!

The three were sat quite happily
upon the far side of the sea.
They could hear the distant crazed frustration
at their insubordination
and while they watched the rage and smoke
Tricksy produced three cans of coke.
"To celebrate our little friend
who seems quite gaily on the mend."
The little prince was drinking fast
when Vicky couldn't help but ask
"Why didn't you magic yourself away before now?"
"Well" said the ten year old, "I didn't know how
until you arrived and made sense of the riddle.
You see it's written on the jar, right here, in the middle.
'When creatures come, a power will flow,
if me you hold, to evil show.'"

So with big smiles the band retreated
until in court all three were seated
and jars of light were all around;
choirs praised and horns did sound.
The King and Queen embraced their boy,
safe again like Helen of Troy,
and offered half their kingdom to
this unlikely pair, this tremendous two.
But Vicky and Tricksy did decline
accepting only thanks and wine
and merrily they went their way
inviting the royalty to say
"How strange it is that folks so weird
would fight the fight that we all feared!"
So it only goes to show
how you're never going to know
what your heroes might look like
such as a dino-llama on a bike.