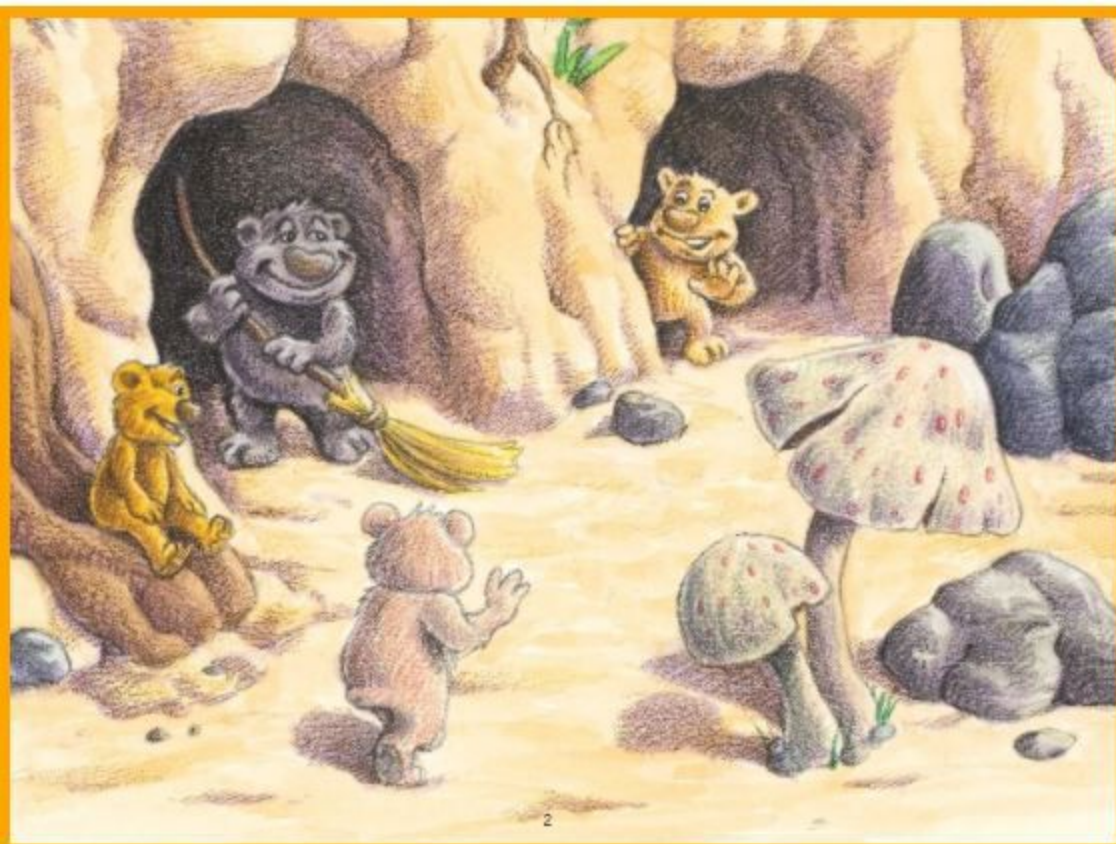


# ***Devron the Dinosaur***





There was once a peaceful Village called Yaadt Land.

And all the Yaadties lived happily and had a simple life suiping biere and drukking dums.

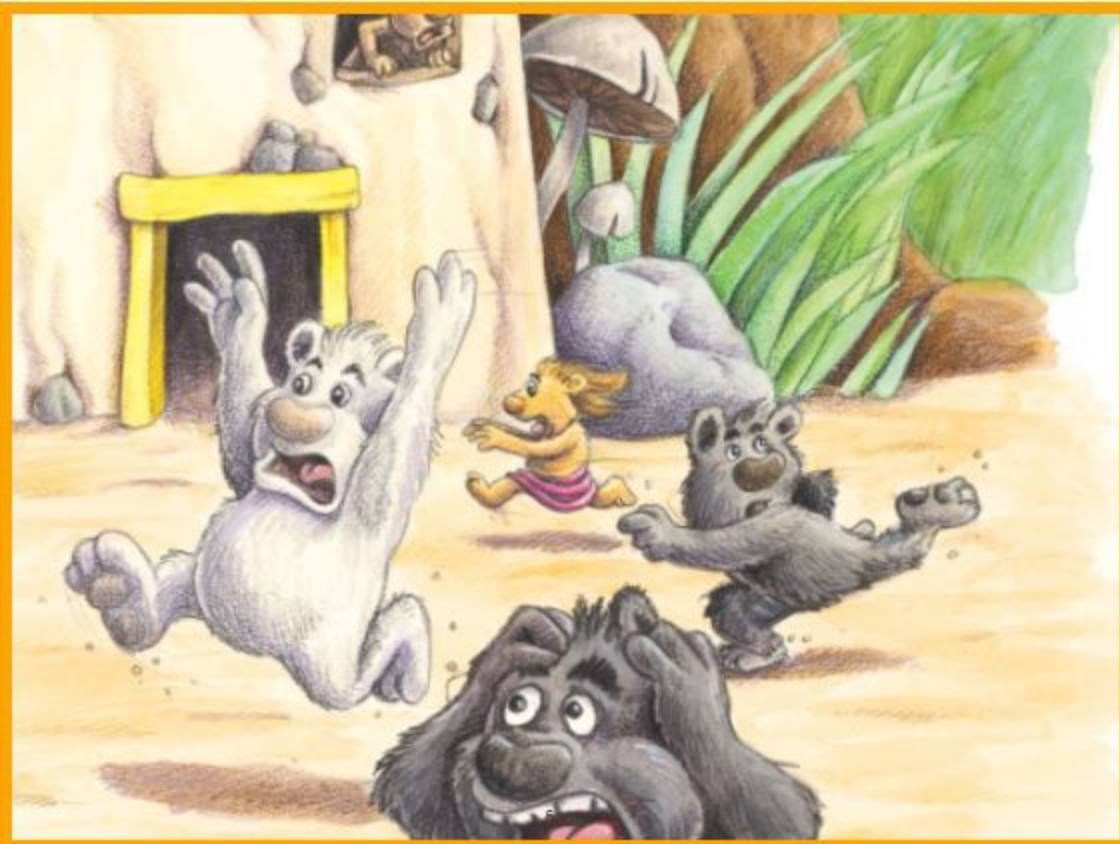


One day, the woellage, Devron the Dinosaur came to attack the Village.

"Hosh Julle" Said Devron the Dinastour.

As he broke down the walls of Yaadt Land.

The Villagers had to sput kak fast.



"Oh my Poes" screamed the Villagers.

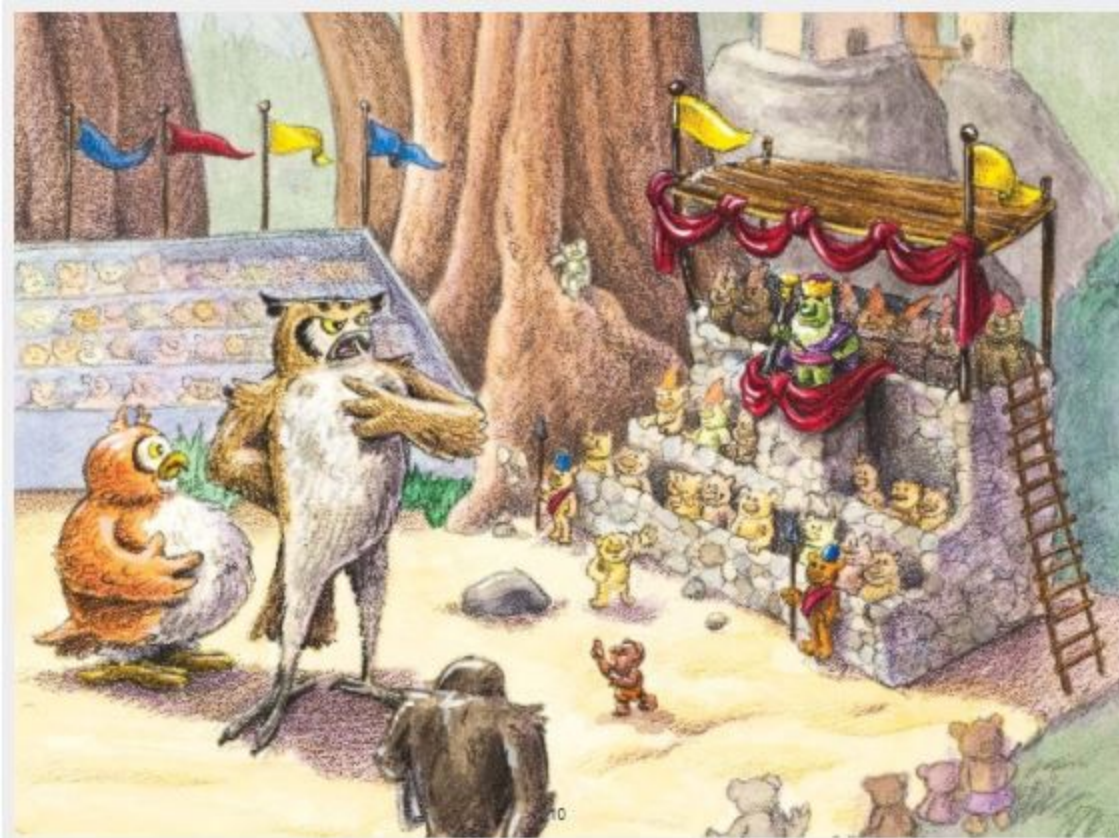
They had to run away naai fast, or Devron the Dinosaur was gonna kick them in their whole poes.



King Faba, had spent all the money that was to go to the Defence of the Village on a new frontloader for his XR3.

Saldanha Drags was coming up soon and he mos had to stiek uit wild.

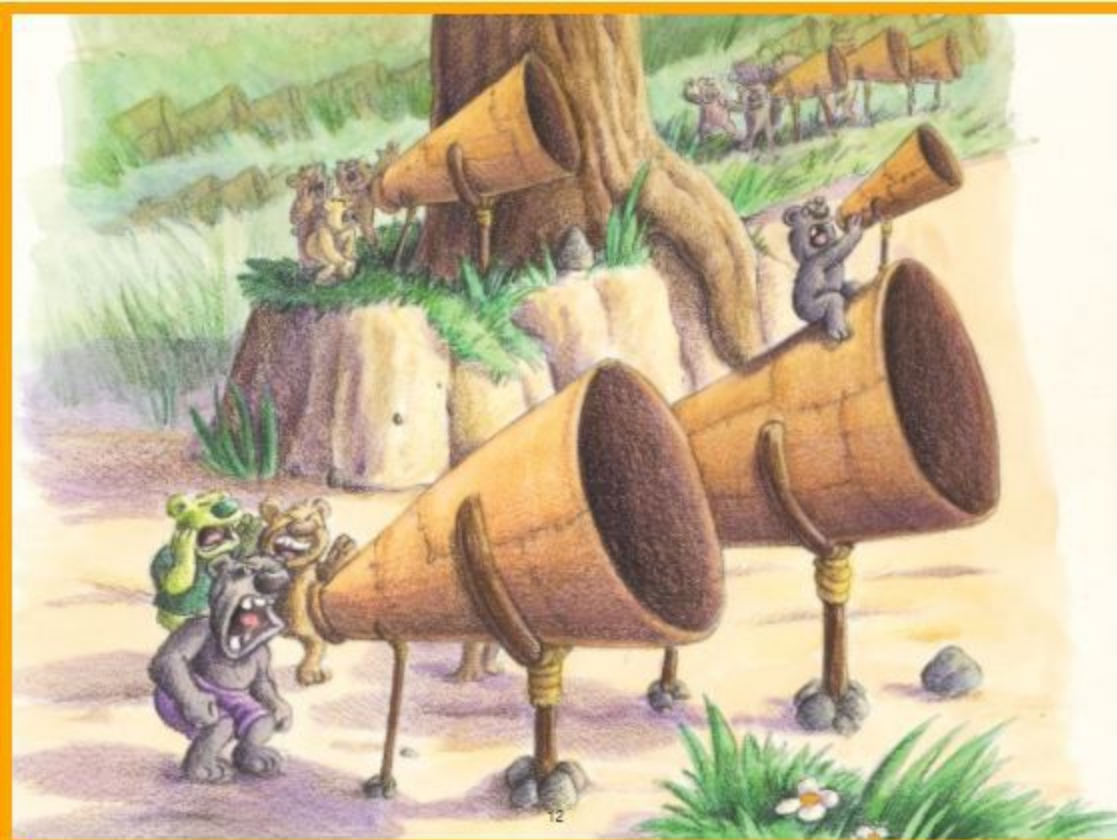
This left Yaadt Land in a kak position.



Fortunately Cheslyn, The Owl, the Village's appointed Mal Naai, had an idea.

He wanted the Village's Sterk Bekke to get Devron the Dinosaurs attention by shouting at him.

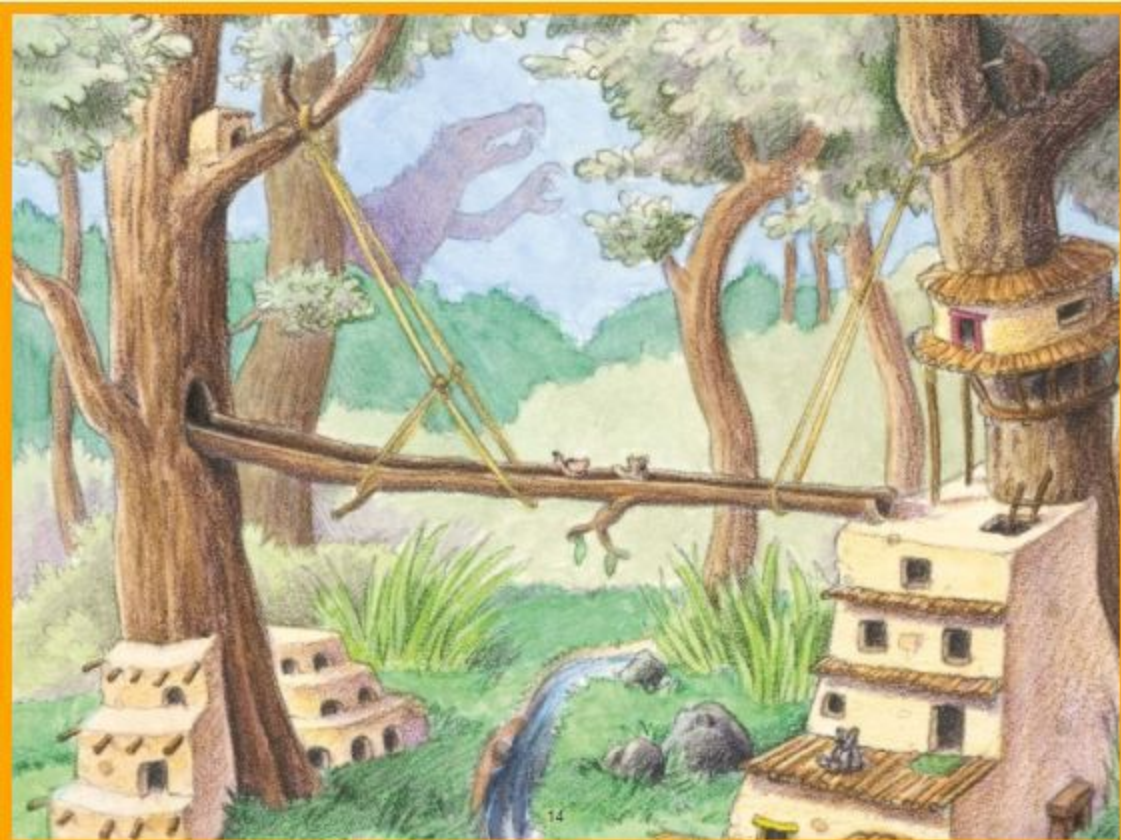
Then the Archer's will shoot him Poestoe.



The Sterk Bekke created massive devices to shout with.

They all stood strong and even the little Sterk Bekke got involved.

All at once the Sterk Beks shouted "Jy Devron you stink naai, your blik poes dinosaur tief"



And just in time too, as Devron was about to get to the Young Yaadties school.

He heard the calls and this made him mos bok jas.

"Are you Jas!", he exclaimed and walked towards the Sterk Bekke.





It was in the is time that the Archer's took aim at Devron.

They proceeded to shoot him in his whole poes with arrows.

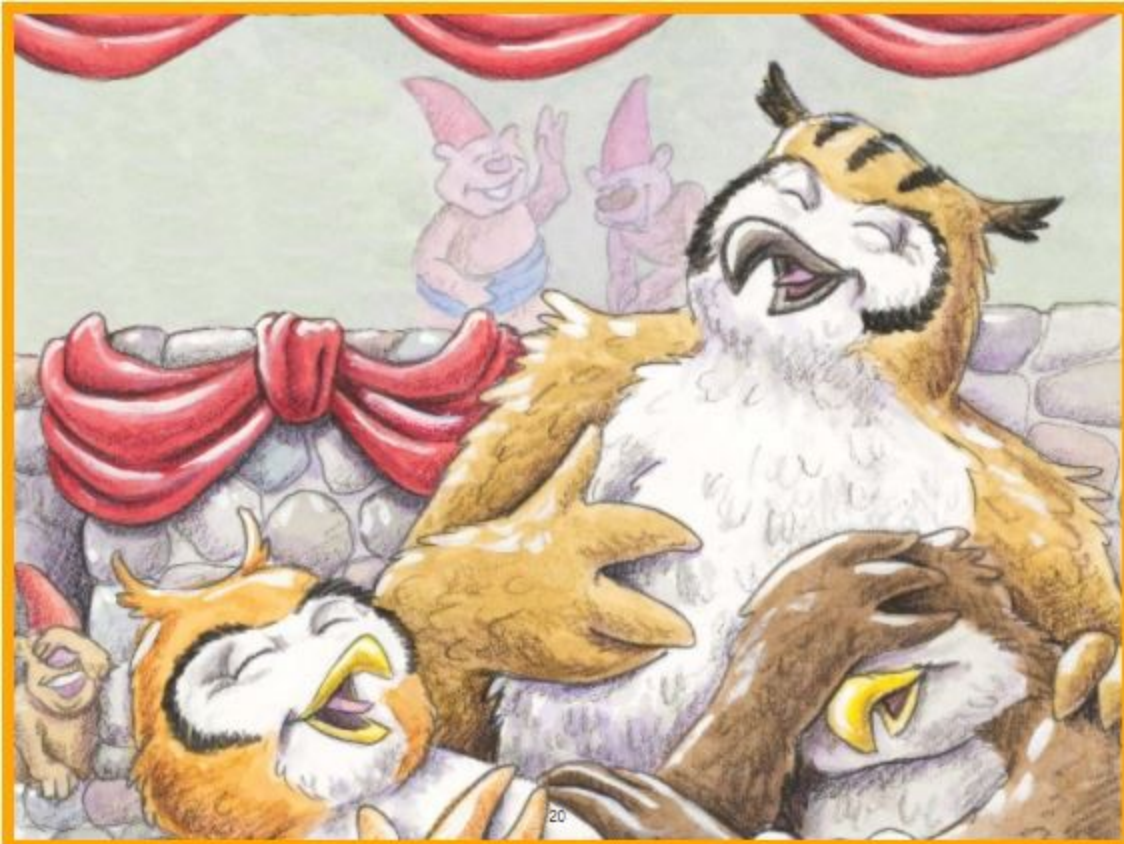
They skiet him aanmekaar, until the naai was verdalad.



Devron was getting skiet deurmekaar, the mense had him.

A paar of the arrows was in his arm and one soema slat him in the vark neck ek se.

He had to sput, so the man line top speed from Yaadt Land.



Chesyln, The Owl, laughed him in his whole  
poes.

He was indeed a mal naai and his jas idea saved  
everyone.

He was then promoted to a Vollende Mal Naai.



As the Bang Naai ran away, the Villagers all laughed and slat a moerse Yaadt Jol.

The King was slatting donuts and the mense was kapping dums and suiping the heelse biere.

All was safe in Yaadt Land again.

**THE END**