

TYRONE

THE BIG BAD BULLY

by Hans Wilhelm



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Adaptation réalisée par Marie-Laure Besson



Being a dinosaur kid was not easy for Boland.

Although he had lots of friends, he also had one big nasty enemy...





... That was Tyrone!

Tyrone the Horrible, as he was called.

Tyrone was a kid himself, but he was much bigger and stronger than anyone else.

And he liked to pick on Boland.

No matter what Boland did to stop him, sooner or later, Tyrone would start bothering him again.

It was so bad that Boland even dreaded going to school.



Monday

On Monday Tyrone surprised him with a water bomb.



Thursday

On Tuesday Tyrone tripped him.



Wednesday

On Wednesday Tyrone called him dirty names.



Thursday

On Thursday Tyrone stole Boland's lunch.



And on Friday Tyrone used Boland as a basket ball!



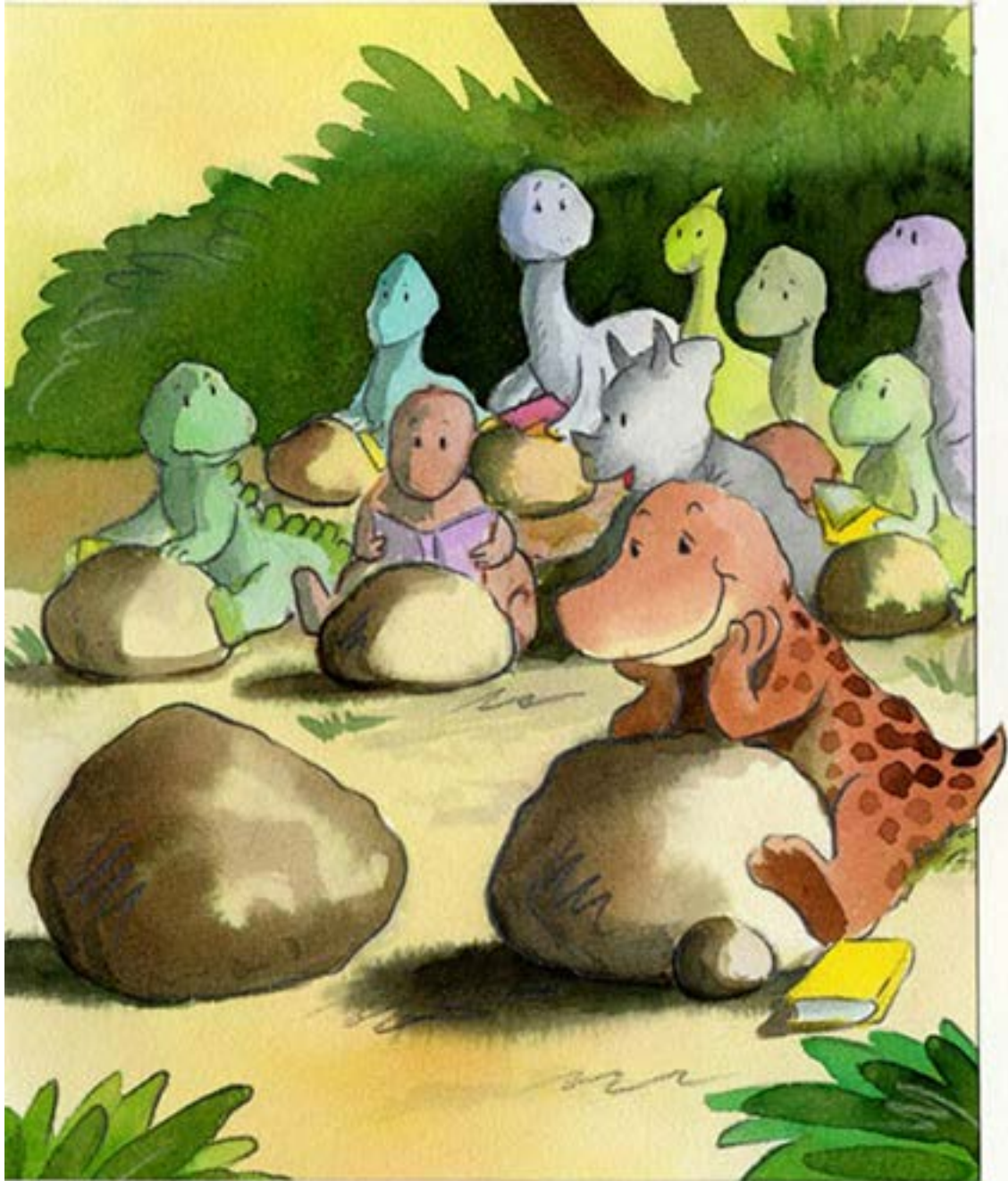


No wonder that Boland was looking forward to the weekend.

Then he could play with his friends.

But the moment Boland thought of Monday, his teeth began chattering.

He would have to face Tyrone, the big bad bully all over again.



But one Monday Tyrone didn't come to school.

Boland couldn't beleive his luck.

This was too good to be true!

The whole day without being hassled or bullied!



But the next morning Tyrone wasn't there either!

So, the teacher asked Boland to take some math books to Tyrone so that he could get ready for the next test.

"ME???! " cried Boland, "Why me?!"

"Because you live closest to him." said the teacher.

Boland was horrified.



He was so scared that he asked Stella to join him.

"Oh, no!" she said.

"Tyrone lives with a mean, creepy old uncle who yells all the time. I don't want to go near him!"



His friend Stego didn't want to come either.

"Sorry," said Stego, "but I really think you should ask somebody much stronger than me. It's a scary place where he lives!"



Boland went to Terry.

But Terry heard what Boland wanted him to do, he started shaking and said that he was to b-b-b-b-busy to come along.



Finally, Boland thought of asking his parents.

But they hadn't come home yet.

So, he knew he had to go ALONE!!





Boland's heart was beating very loudly as he walked through the swamp forest.

Then he saw Tyrone's house.

And he heard awful noises coming from inside.

It sounded like a terrible fight.

There were shouts and crashes.

Boland was so scared that he felt like running back.

But he thought he'd drop the books on the doorstep first.



He heard a deep raspy angry voice:

"You slimy, stupid lizard head!"

But it wasn't Tyrone shouting.

This voice was much older and louder.

And then Boland heard:

"I'm going to get you. You double dirty rotten cheater! If you think that I've been tough so far, you wait. You'll see who is the boss around here!"



Boland heard a door slamming and being bolted.

Then there were the sounds of heavy foot steps going up the stairs.

Then there was silence.

But from somewhere came a faint sniffing.

Boland sneaked around the side of the house and peeked through the cellar window.

He saw someone inside the cellar!



It was Tyrone!

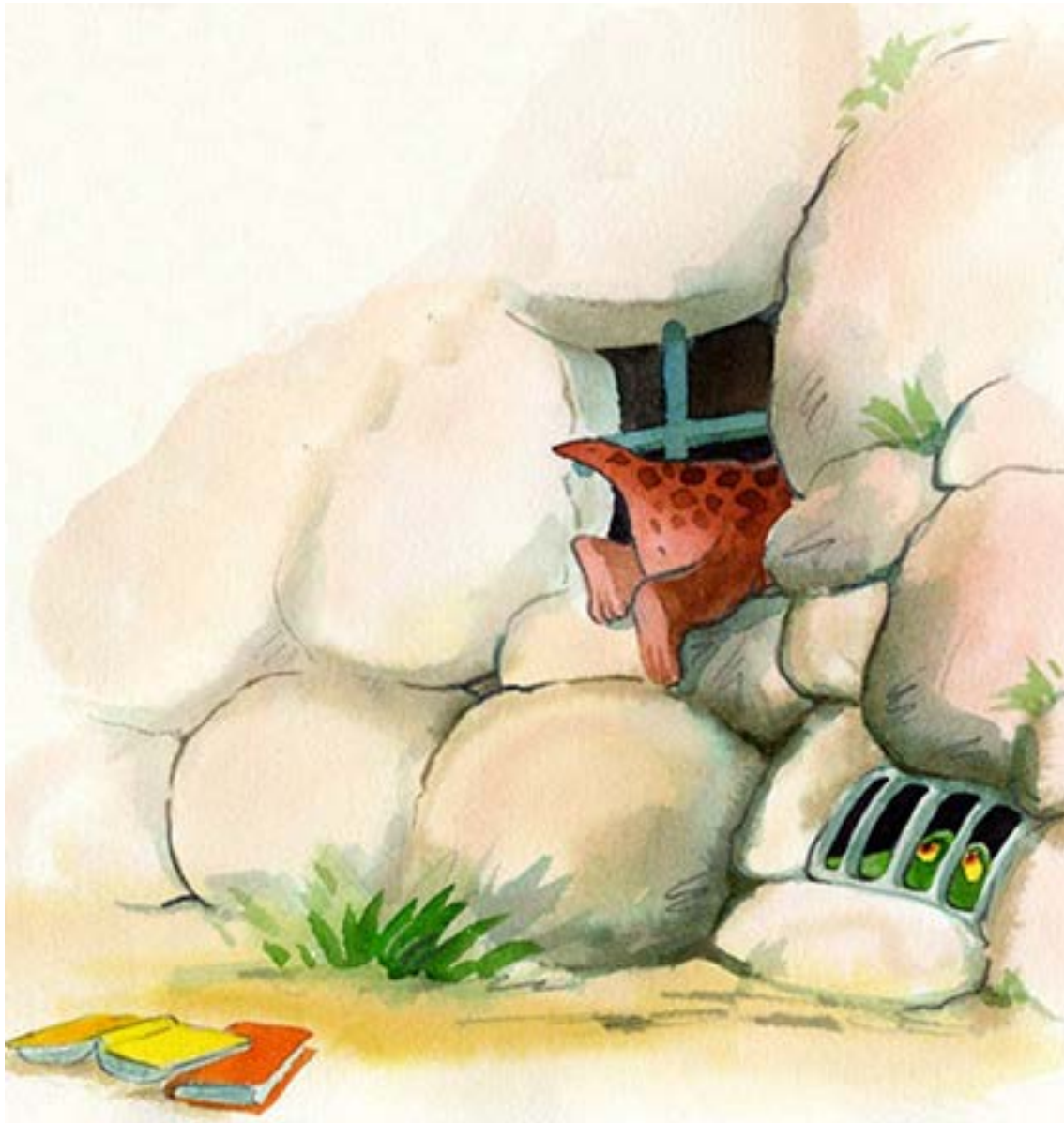
He was sitting hunched over on the cellar floor.

He looked much smaller.

"Are you alright?" Boland whispered.

"Of course!" said Tyrone, "Why are you snooping around here?"

"I just came to bring you some books," said Boland, "Shall I slip them through the window?"



"No, I'm getting out of here." said Tyrone,
"Climb through the living room window
and unbolt the cellar door."

"Have you be crying?" asked Boland.

"Nonsense! Quick, open the door!"

Boland hesitated.

But then he took a deep breath and
looked up to the window.

He made sure that nobody was in the
room and then he squeezed himself
through the narrow opening.





Boland tiptoed across the room.

He stepped over broken furniture and dishes.

Then he tried to unbolt the cellar door.

But it was a very heavy bolt.

It took all his strength.

But finally, he got the door open!



Boland kept away from Tyrone.

He was still afraid of him.

He didn't know what to expect.

But when he saw Tyrone come out of the cellar, Boland forgot about his fear.

"What happened?" he asked.



Suddenly there were heavy footsteps.

Somebody was coming down the stairs.

Boland ducked behind the cellar door.

There was Tyrone's uncle!

He was an old and very nasty looking
tyrannosaurus rex.





"How did you get out!" cried the uncle and grabbed Tyrone's arm.

Boland took this moment to run to the front door where he turned the key and opened the door as fast as he could.





“Leave him alone!” cried Boland in a very loud voice that he never knew he had.

“Come on, Tyrone! Let’s get out of here. Quick!”

The uncle was so surprised that he let go of Tyrone’s arm.

Tyrone bolted through the open door!



The two ran through the thick swamp forest, leaving the screaming uncle behind.

They ran for quite a while before they slowed down.

"You saved my life, you little shrimp!" said Tyrone after a while.

"I'd better stay with you for a few days."

"Well" said Boland.

"My uncle is going to be pretty mad when he finds out that I threw his false teeth into the swamp."

"You did WHAT??" said Boland.

"After I nailed his favorite slippers to the floor."

"Oh, no!" said Boland.

"And what will really make him mad is when he finds out that I dumped all the garbage in his bed. He'll probably kill me."

"All right - all right." said Boland, "I'll ask my folks if you can stay. But only if you promise to behave."

Boland told his parent what had happened to Tyrone.



His father immediately called all the other dinosaurs and together they discussed what to do.

In the meantime Boland's mother patched Tyrone up with lots of love and Band-aid.

She did it so well ...



... that in not time Tyrone was his old self again.