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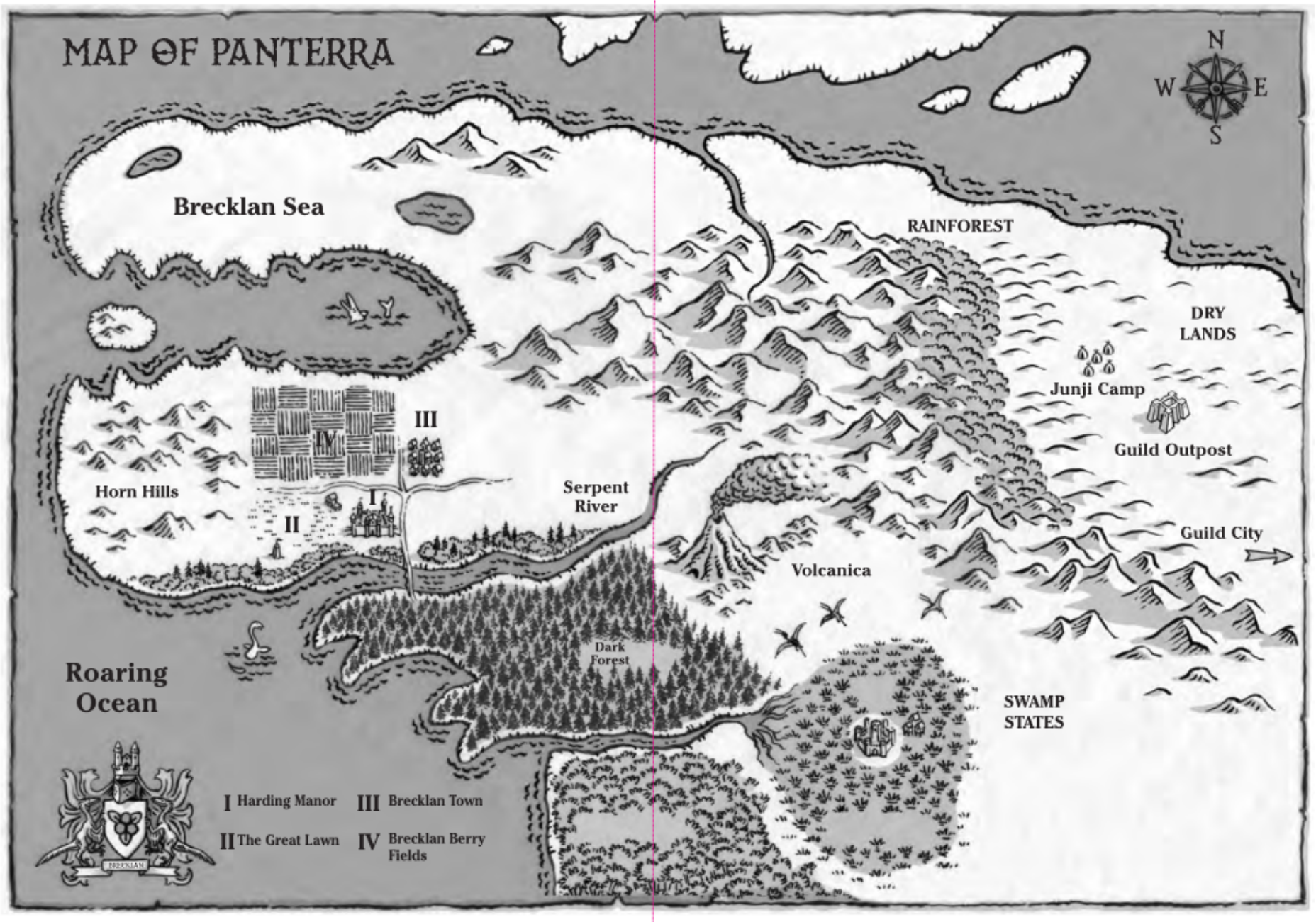
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For Sidonie…
for always believing.

J.N.




MAP OF PANTERRA
N
W
E
S
Brecklan Sea
RAINFOREST
DRY LANDS
Junji Camp
Guild Outpost
Guild City
Horn Hills
Serpent River
Volcanica
Dark Forest
SWAMP STATES
Roaring Ocean
I Harding Manor
II The Great Lawn
III Brecklan Town
IV Brecklan Berry Fields



Galliard

You are about to meet...



Torin



Elspeth



Iyla



Henry



Galliard

Torin

Elspeth

Iyla

Henry



Lord Harding
Longtime ruler of Brecklan, and Henry's guardian.



Lady Anwyn
Wise co-ruler of Brecklan, and champion of peace.



Captain Carey
Commander of the Guild's western outpost.



General Razzath
Ruthless Guild general, determined to kill all dinosaurs.



Hannah
Warrior of the Junji, ancient tribe of the Dry Lands.



Hera
Hannah's mother, tribal elder of the Junji.



Sylvia and Harris
Henry's parents, missing since he was a baby.



Cylis
Warrior of the Swamp States





Henry Fairchild loved riding his dinosaur into battle.

He raised his sword, ready to strike as he raced towards his opponent on the back of his trusty Tyrannosaur, Rex. Henry was a Dino Knight, a trained warrior and defender of Brecklan, his beloved homeland.

The young knight's armour had been polished to a shine, reflecting the bright sun above. He trained his gaze on the leather-clad figure riding towards him on a pterosaur, its wings tucked in for the charge. The two fighters held their swords high. Only one would prevail.

Henry gripped the reins with his left hand as he ducked his helmeted head, swiping his blade at his fast-approaching opponent.

THUMP!

The young soldier fell from his winged steed as a deafening cheer erupted from the home-town crowd. Henry had been so focused that he'd almost forgotten this was not a real battle, but a simulated one – a game, and a friendly one at that.

Their contest was part of the first-ever Friendship Games that Brecklan was

hosting with its neighbours, many of whom had been at war with Henry's homeland not so long ago. The games were part of Lord Harding's plan to bring lasting peace to the realm of Panterra.

"Better to clash metal in tournament than on the field of battle," he had explained to the Dino Knights, when he proposed his plan for the games.

Henry leapt down from Rex and faced his opponent on the field. All around him, the spectators in the wooden stands cheered him on.

But Henry's opponent was not yet ready to concede.

The fighter smirked at Henry as he clutched his sword in two hands, eager to defend himself at ground level.

"Ready to yield?" asked Henry.

"You wish, Breck," came the reply.

"My name is Henry, actually."

"Well, Henry Actually, I'm Cylis, but my opponents know me as Victor."

Henry had to admire the boy's confidence. They were roughly the same age, but while Cylis was taller and looked stronger, Henry was both fast and clever. "Then let's give them a show, Cylis Victor," he replied.

Henry swung his sword, which Cylis met in mid-air with his own.

CLANK!

Sparks flew as metal struck metal.

The fighters clashed dramatically, giving the audience more of a theatrical performance than a real fight.

At one point, Henry swung at Cylis's head, but Cylis did a backflip to avoid the blade and turned to bow to the crowd.



Henry let him have his moment before going on the attack again.

"Is that all you've got?" goaded Cylis.

Henry aimed for his legs, but Cylis blocked the blow.

THWACK!

"I'm just getting started," Henry replied with a smile. "Rex!"

Henry's dinosaur charged forwards and twisted around, offering his tail to his master. Henry hopped onto it and Rex lifted it up. Henry rose above Cylis and took advantage of his new-found height to leap down on Cylis, forcing him to the ground. Henry held his sword flat against his opponent.

"Now will you yield?" Henry asked.

"Fine," relented Cylis. "You win, Breck."

Henry stood up and offered his hand to Cylis. The crowd clapped, both at the

spectacle and the sportsmanship.

Henry waved to the crowd, soaking up the applause. He then turned to Cylis. "It's too bad you're a Swamp Rat and not a Breck. We could use someone like you fighting alongside the Dino Knights."

"Maybe, but us Swamp Rats fly graceful pterosaurs, not plodding dinosaurs. And if my Hetty had been allowed to use her wings in this bout, I could have used height to my advantage. I prefer to fly than ride."

Henry nodded and smiled. He had flown on the back of a pterosaur once and it was exhilarating. That was back when the Swamp States was an enemy of Brecklan. But now the only battles between neighbours took place here on the tournament grounds. Henry realised that Lord Harding was right, as usual –

it was far better to fight in friendly competition than in fierce battle.

Cylis nodded at two older spectators in the front row of the stands. They responded with a friendly wave.

"Your fans?" asked Henry.

"My parents," Cylis replied. "They didn't want to miss my debut tournament, but I just hope I didn't disappoint them by losing."

"You didn't lose, Cylis," Henry reassured him. "You fought hard and represented the Swamp States with honour."

Henry turned to Cylis's parents and tilted his head towards their son, silently acknowledging that he had been a worthy competitor.

But in that instant, with hundreds of spectators watching him, Henry Fairchild felt very much alone. He reminded

himself that he belonged to a team, the Dino Knights, and he lived in the close-knit community of Brecklan Town, but unlike Cylis, he had never known his parents, and probably never would. It was a great hole in his heart. And that absence, that terrible sense of not knowing what happened to them, gnawed at his soul.

His parents had ventured east and never returned. But why?

Henry looked east towards the great mountains that rose up into the clouds, with no idea of what lay beyond them. He vowed to himself he would do whatever it took to discover what had befallen his missing parents.



"You want to do *what*?" gasped Gally.

Henry leant against Rex as the flames of the campfire kept the Dino Knights warm on the cool, clear night. The other dinosaurs were resting in their pens, but Rex never went to sleep before Henry, always staying by his master's side. High above them, the chalk-white moon

glowed brilliantly in the star-filled sky; a perfect circle except for a missing fragment, as if a giant had taken a bite out of a biscuit.

"You heard me," Henry replied. He had just told his friends about his plan to travel east.

"But we are needed here," asserted Torin, leader of the group. "Brecklan may be at peace, but it's our job to keep it that way. And we can only do that by riding high, on our dinos, *here*, in our homeland."

Henry knew Torin was making a pointed comment about him. Less than a year ago, Henry had defied Lord Harding's orders and left Brecklan with Ellie, one of the other Dino Knights, to save her people in the Highlands. While they were gone, the conniving Prince Pattick had invaded Brecklan. The incursion was daring and