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The manufacturing process conforms to the environmental regulations of the country of origin.

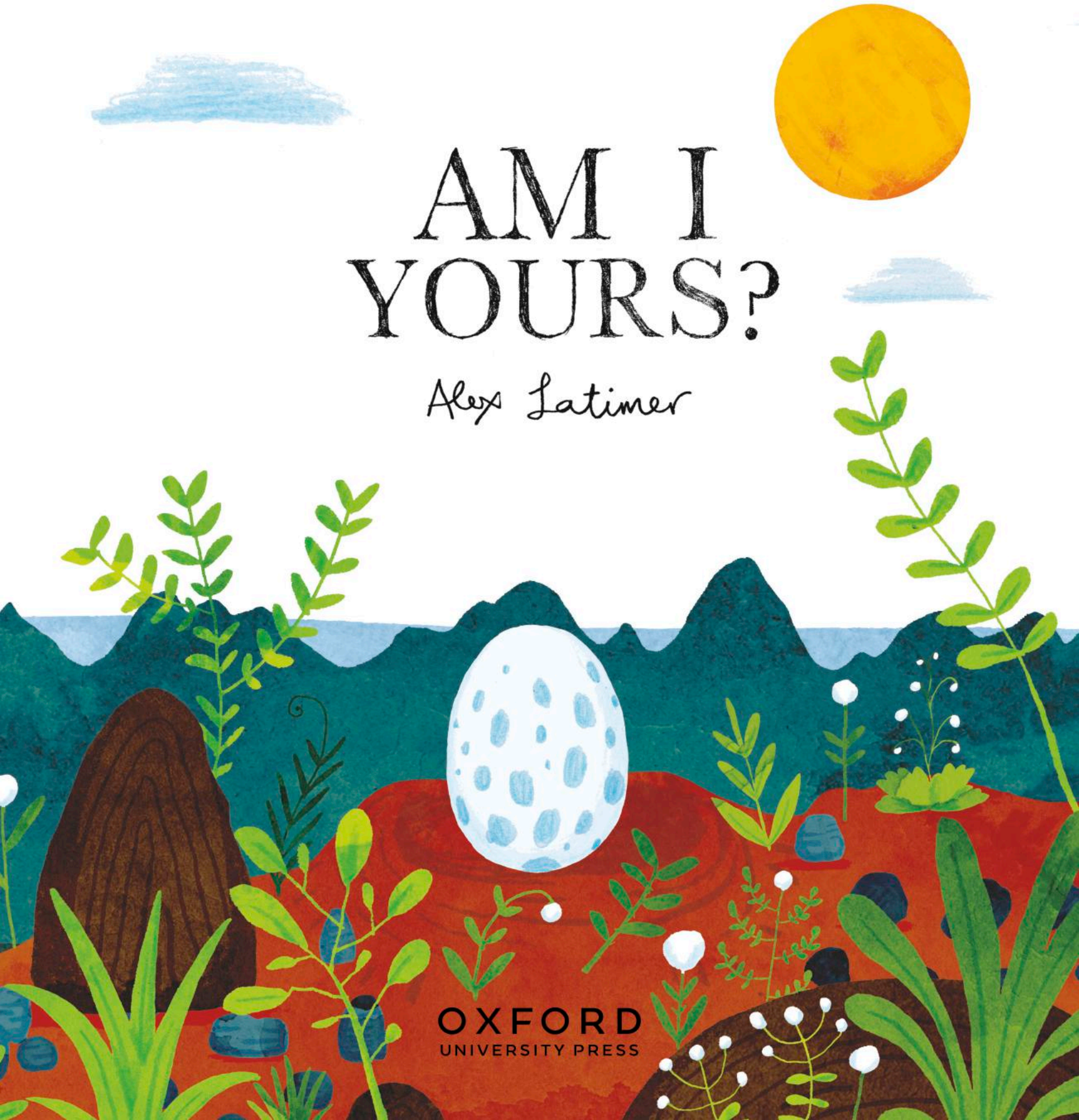
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AM I YOURS?

Alex Latimer



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Two hundred million years ago
an icy wind began to blow.
It blew great clouds from east to west
and pushed an egg out of a nest.



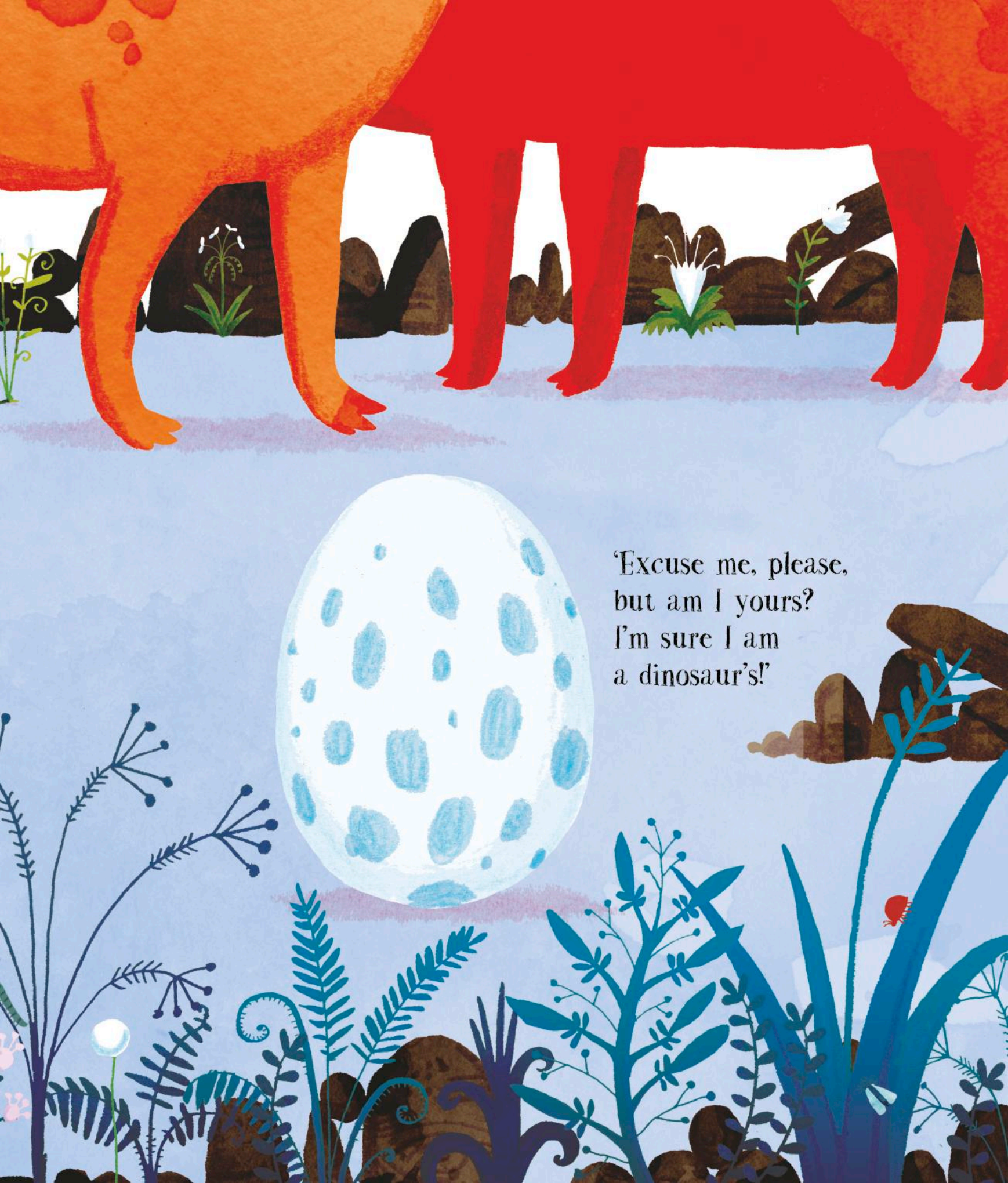
The egg rolled gently down a hill,
slow at first, then faster, until—



it bumped a rock and spun around
and came to land on level ground.



It sat there through that cold, dark night.
At last it felt the warm sunlight.
And with the light came thumping feet—
The lost egg called out, soft and sweet:


'Excuse me, please,
but am I yours?
I'm sure I am
a dinosaur's!'