

Opening extract from

Dinosaur Cove Swimming with the Sea Monster

Written by and Illustrated by

**Rex Stone and Mike
Spoor**

Published by

Oxford University Press

All text is copyright of the author

Please print off and read at your leisure.



Special thanks to Jan Burchett and Sara Vogler

To my good friend, Roman Novotny - R.S.

To Christopher - M.S

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS

Great Clarendon Street, Oxford OX2 6DP

Oxford University Press is a department of the University of Oxford.
It furthers the University's objective of excellence in research, scholarship,
and education by publishing worldwide in

Oxford New York

Auckland Cape Town Dar es Salaam Hong Kong Karachi
Kuala Lumpur Madrid Melbourne Mexico City Nairobi
New Delhi Shanghai Taipei Toronto

With offices in

Argentina Austria Brazil Chile Czech Republic France Greece
Guatemala Hungary Italy Japan Poland Portugal Singapore
South Korea Switzerland Thailand Turkey Ukraine Vietnam

Oxford is a registered trade mark of Oxford University Press
in the UK and in certain other countries

© Working Partners Limited 2008

Illustrations © Mike Spoor 2008

Eye logo © Dominic Harman 2008

Series created by Working Partners Ltd

The moral rights of the author have been asserted

Database right Oxford University Press (maker)

First published 2008

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced,
stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means,
without the prior permission in writing of Oxford University Press,
or as expressly permitted by law, or under terms agreed with the appropriate
reprographics rights organization. Enquiries concerning reproduction
outside the scope of the above should be sent to the Rights Department,
Oxford University Press, at the address above

You must not circulate this book in any other binding or cover
and you must impose this same condition on any acquirer

British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data

Data available

ISBN: 978-0-19-272837-1

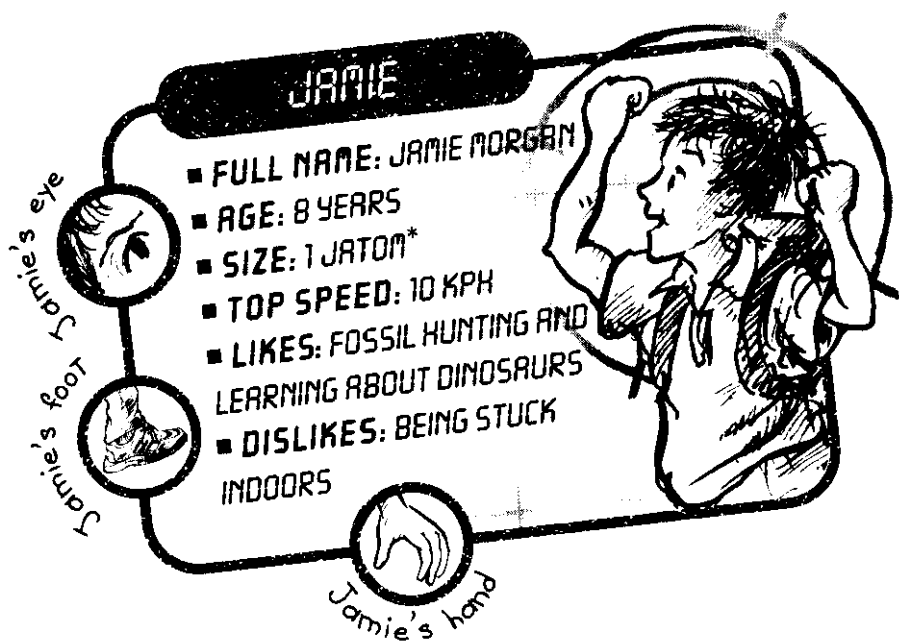
1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

Printed in Great Britain by CPI Cox & Wyman, Reading, RG1 8EX

Paper used in the production of this book is a natural,
recyclable product made from wood grown in sustainable forests.
The manufacturing process conforms to the environmental
regulations of the country of origin.

FACTFILE

➡ JAMIE AND HIS BEST FRIEND, TOM, HAVE DISCOVERED A SECRET CAVE WITH FOSSILIZED DINOSAUR FOOTPRINTS AND, WHEN THEY PLACE THEIR FEET OVER EACH OF THE FOSSILS IN TURN, THEY ARE MAGICALLY TRANSPORTED TO A WORLD WITH REAL, LIVE DINOSAURS. THE JURASSIC PERIOD WAS KNOWN FOR HAVING LOTS OF SEA LIFE AND THE BOYS WANT TO SEE IT UP CLOSE. BUT NOT TOO CLOSE ...



*NOTE: A JATOM IS THE SIZE OF JAMIE OR TOM: 125 CM TALL AND 27 KG IN WEIGHT

TOM

- FULL NAME: THOMAS CLAY
- AGE: 8 YEARS
- SIZE: 1 JATOM*
- TOP SPEED: 10 KPH
- LIKES: TRACKING ANIMALS AND EXPLORING WILDLIFE
- DISLIKES: RAINY DAYS



Tom's eye



Tom's hand

WANNA

- FULL NAME: WANNANOSAURUS
- AGE: 65 - 80 MILLION YEARS**
- SIZE: LESS THAN A JATOM*
- TOP SPEED: 50 KPH, ESPECIALLY WHEN BEING CHASED BY A T-REX
- LIKES: STINKY GINGKO FRUIT AND BANGING HIS HEAD ON TREE TRUNKS
- DISLIKES: SCARY DINOSAURS



Wanna's head

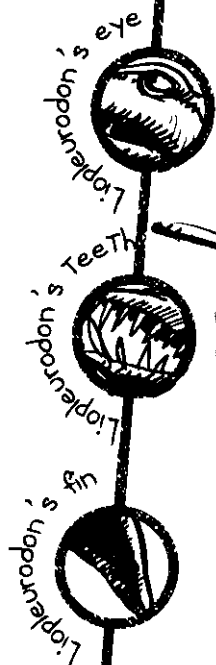


Wanna's foot

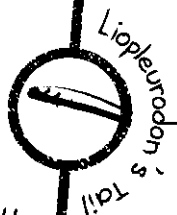
*NOTE: A JATOM IS THE SIZE OF JAMIE OR TOM: 125 CM TALL AND 27 KG IN WEIGHT

**NOTE: SCIENTISTS CALL THIS PERIOD THE LATE CRETACEOUS

LIOPLEURODON



- **FULL NAME:** LIOPLEURODON
- **AGE:** 155 - 160 MILLION YEARS***
- **LENGTH:** OVER 10 JATOMS*
- **WEIGHT:** OVER 370 JATOMS*
- **LIKES:** BEING THE FIERCEST AQUATIC PREDATOR OF ALL TIME; HUNTING TASTY ICHTHYOSAURS
- **DISLIKES:** WHEN FOOD GETS AWAY AND BEING CALLED A DINOSAUR. IT WAS A MARINE REPTILE.

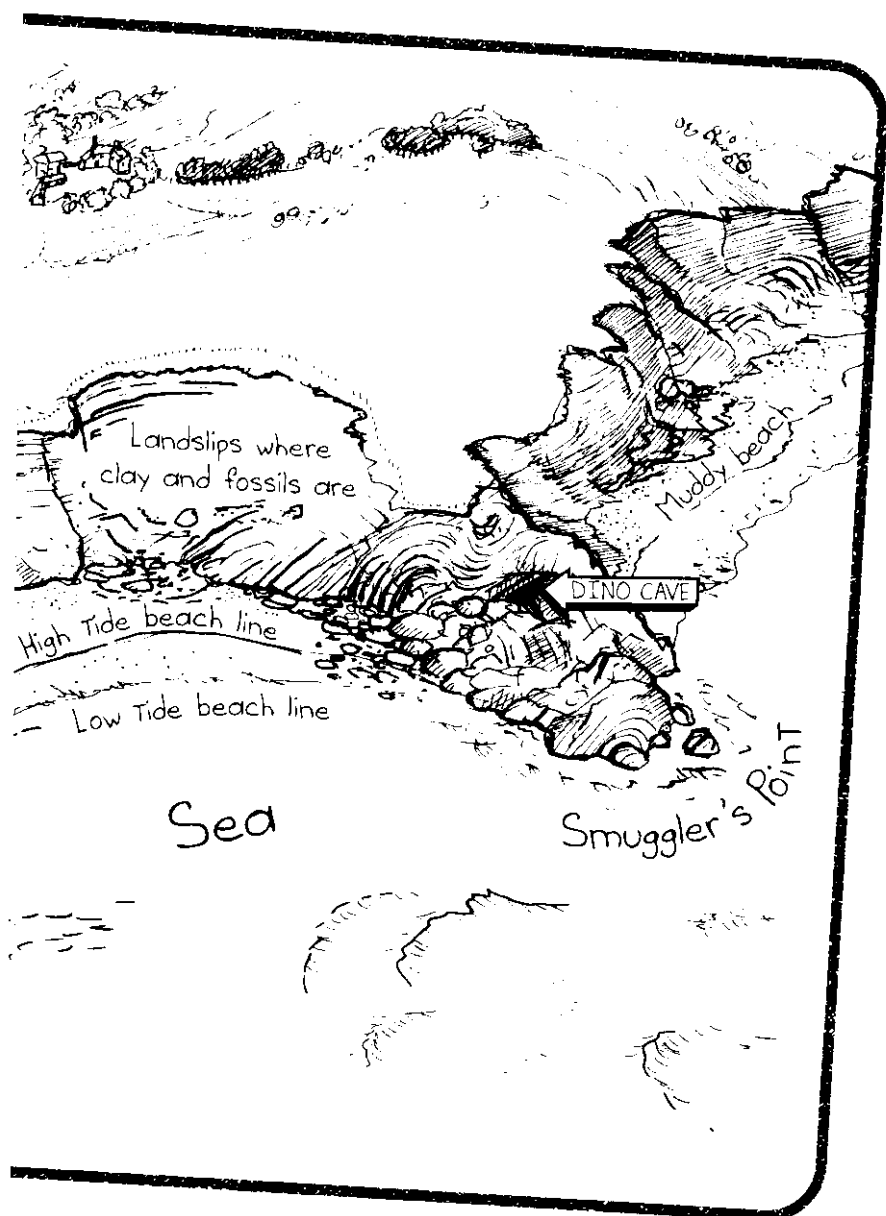


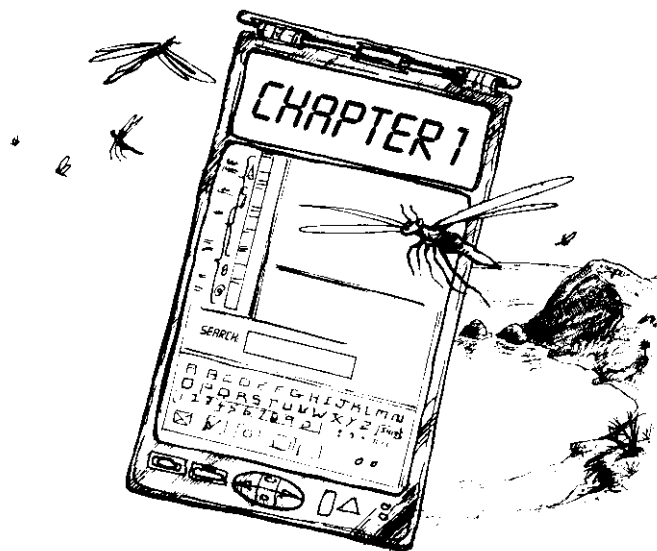
*NOTE: A JATOM IS THE SIZE OF JAMIE OR TOM: 125 CM TALL AND 27 KG IN WEIGHT

***NOTE: SCIENTISTS CALL THIS PERIOD THE JURASSIC

DINOSAUR COVE







Hurry up, Tom! Jamie Morgan thought as a wave lapped around his ankles, swirling the sand beneath his bare feet.

Jamie was going snorkelling in Dinosaur Cove and his best friend Tom Clay was late. He scanned the empty beach, squinting in the sunshine.

Suddenly, he spotted Tom running across the sand with his snorkel and mask dangling over one arm, a bodyboard in the other, and his binoculars round his neck.





'You can't go bodyboarding today,' Jamie called. 'The sea's as flat as a frisbee.'

'I'm not going bodyboarding,' Tom grinned, skidding to a halt. 'In fact I'm not going in *that* sea at all.'

'Not even snorkelling?' asked Jamie, disappointed.

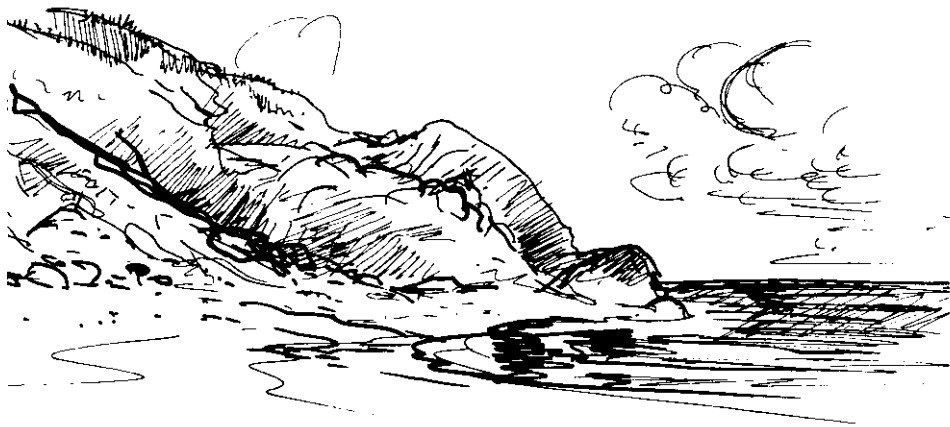
Tom shook his head. 'Not here.'

'Round the headland then?' asked Jamie. Tom had lived in Dinosaur Cove all his life so he knew the best places.

'No, much further away than that.' Tom's grin was nearly splitting his face. 'But we can be there in an instant.'

'You mean . . .' Jamie began.





‘The Jurassic ocean!’ Tom finished.

Jamie and Tom shared a fantastic secret. They’d found a way to visit a world of living dinosaurs.

‘Cool!’ exclaimed Jamie. He could already feel bubbles of excitement inside. ‘Good thing I never go anywhere without my backpack.’

‘You’ve still got the Jurassic ammonite?’ Tom asked, as the boys raced towards the cliff path on Smuggler’s Point. On their last visit, the boys had discovered that the ammonite fossil they carried with them determined which time period they visited.

‘I’ve got it,’ Jamie replied. ‘But why do you have a bodyboard when we’re going snorkelling?’





'It's for Wanna,' Tom explained as they neared the rocks that led up to their secret cave. 'He can ride while we swim. It's even got one of his prehistoric friends on it.' He stopped at the

top of the cliff and turned the board over.

A fearsome-looking reptile with four powerful flippers had its mouth open to show off sharp, scary-looking teeth.

Jamie took his Fossil Finder out of his backpack and keyed in *SEA MONSTERS*.

'*LEE-OH-PLUR-AH-DOO*,' he read. '*MOST SUCCESSFUL AQUATIC HUNTER IN THE JURASSIC, THE LIOPLEURODON IS A TYPE OF PLESIOSAUR*.' Jamie stuffed the Fossil Finder back into his backpack. 'Looks like a plesiosaur wouldn't call Wanna his friend. It would call him dinner.'



The boys scrambled up the rocks to the old smugglers' cave and the hidden entrance to Dino World. They squeezed into the secret chamber at the back, and Jamie shone his torch on to the line of fossilized footprints.

'Ready for action?' said Jamie.

'You bet!' Tom replied.

They put their feet into each clover-shaped print. 'One,

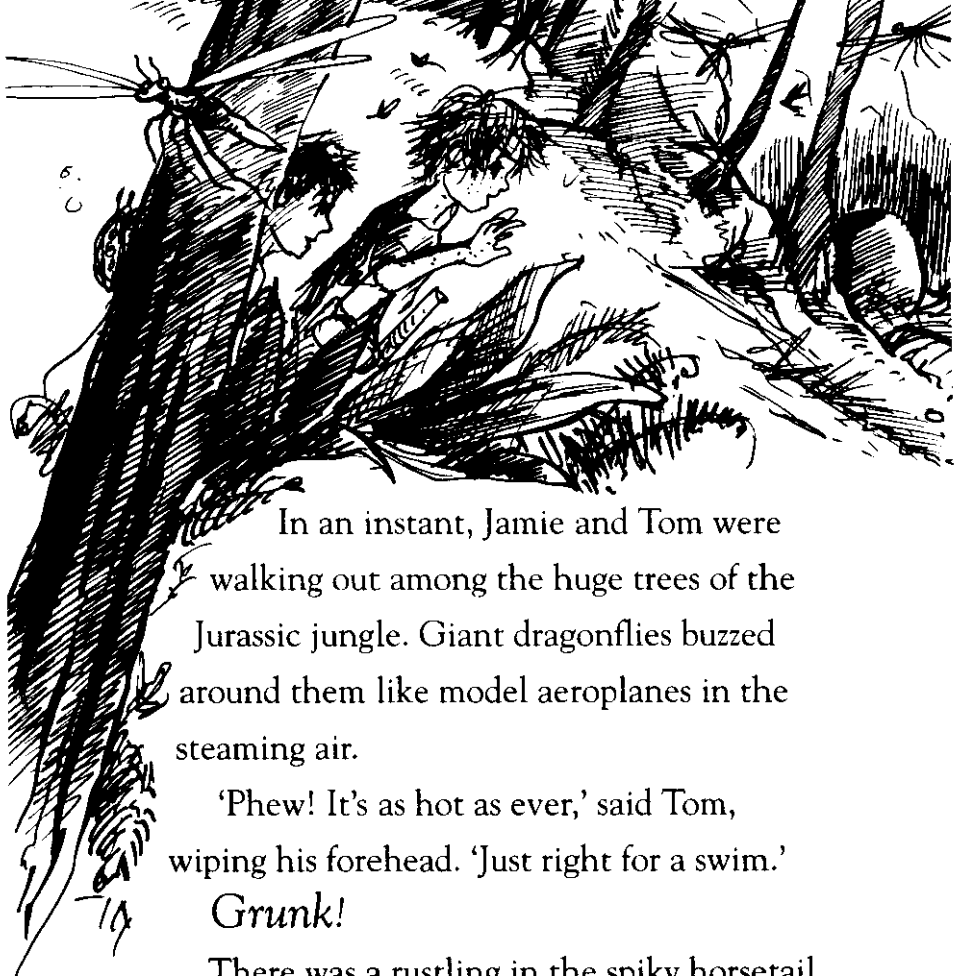
two,

three,

four . . .

five!'





In an instant, Jamie and Tom were walking out among the huge trees of the Jurassic jungle. Giant dragonflies buzzed around them like model aeroplanes in the steaming air.

‘Phew! It’s as hot as ever,’ said Tom, wiping his forehead. ‘Just right for a swim.’

Grunk!

There was a rustling in the spiky horsetail plants nearby and a little green and brown wannanosaurus burst out.

‘Hello, Wanna!’ Tom patted their dinosaur friend on his hard domed head and Wanna wagged his tail in excitement.



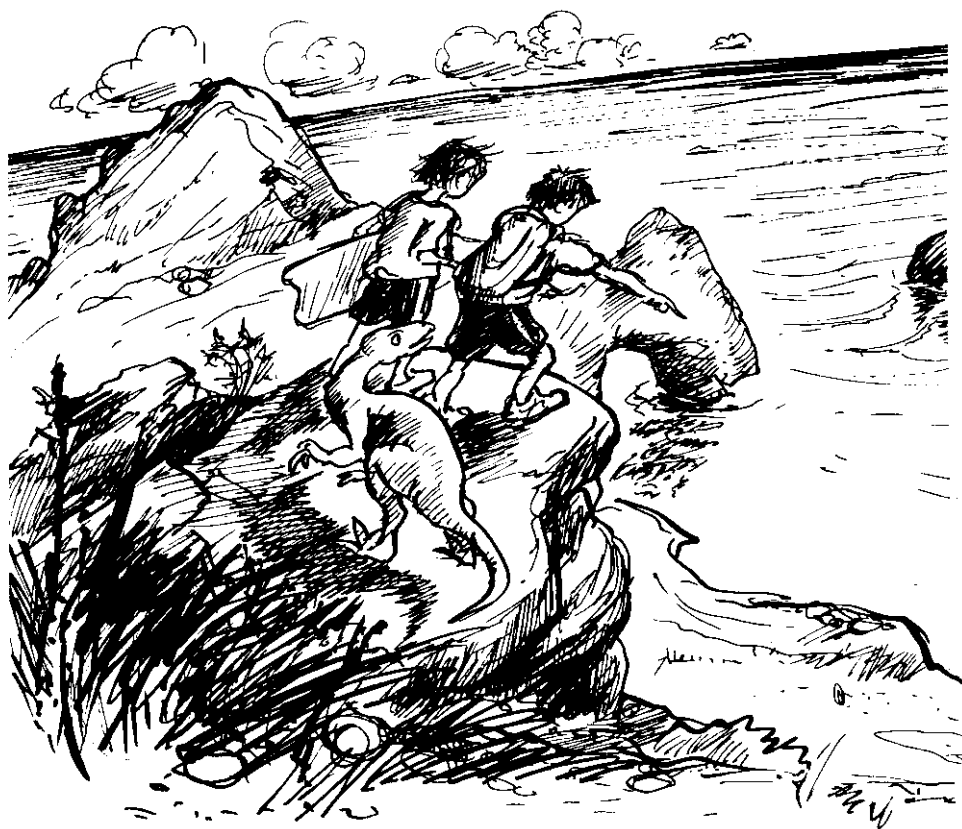


Jamie picked some gingkoes from an overhanging tree. 'Good job his favourite fruit grow in Cretaceous and Jurassic times.' He tossed two to Wanna and hid the rest in his backpack. Wanna gobbled up the smelly snacks and rushed about on his stumpy legs, giving the boys sticky licks.

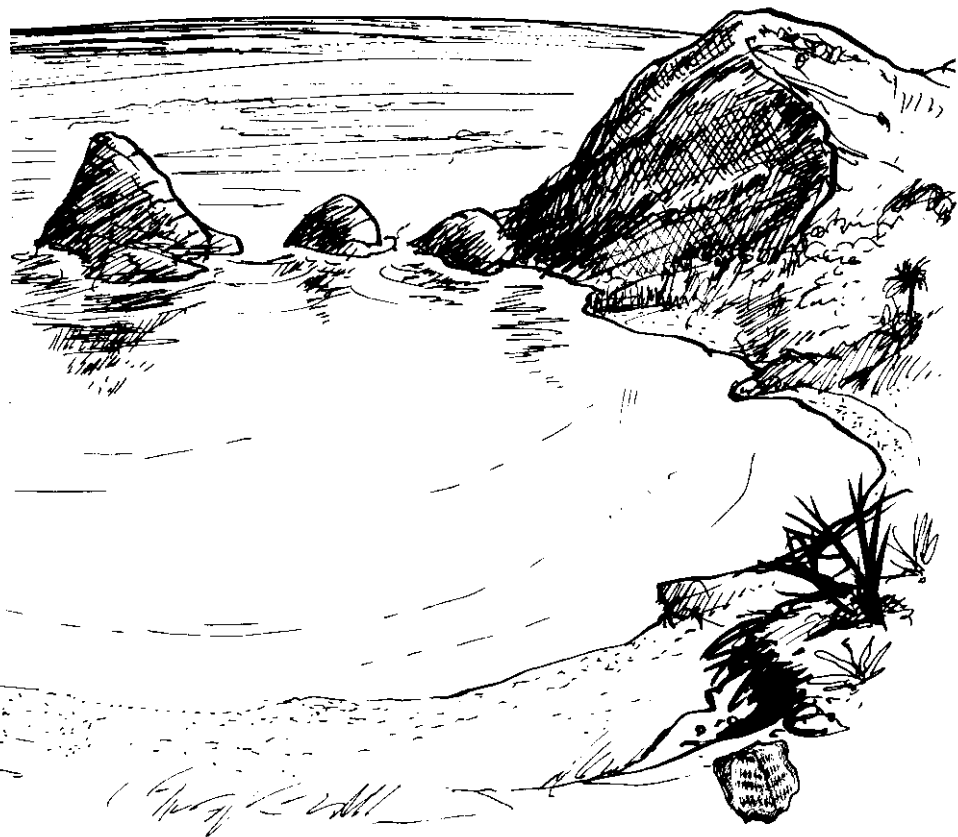
Jamie took out his notebook with the new map of the Jurassic Dino World. 'This says that the sea is south-west from the cave. Got your compass?'

'Course.' Tom pulled it out and pointed to the south-west. 'Through the trees here.'





The three friends set off over the hills, walking through the conifers and deep ferns until they arrived on the edge of a cliff, looking out over the beautiful ocean. To their right was a calm, sparkling bay shielded from the waves by a line of jet-black rocks poking up out of the water.

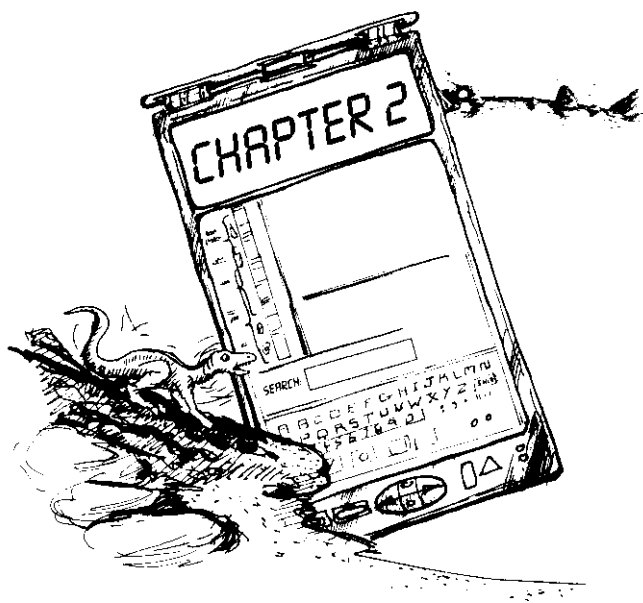


'Awesome!' exclaimed Tom. 'With those rocks as barriers, that bay's just like a swimming pool.'

'The perfect place for snorkelling,' said Jamie. 'And we can climb down that pathway where the cliff's crumbled away.'

'Last one to the beach is a sea slug!' yelled Tom.





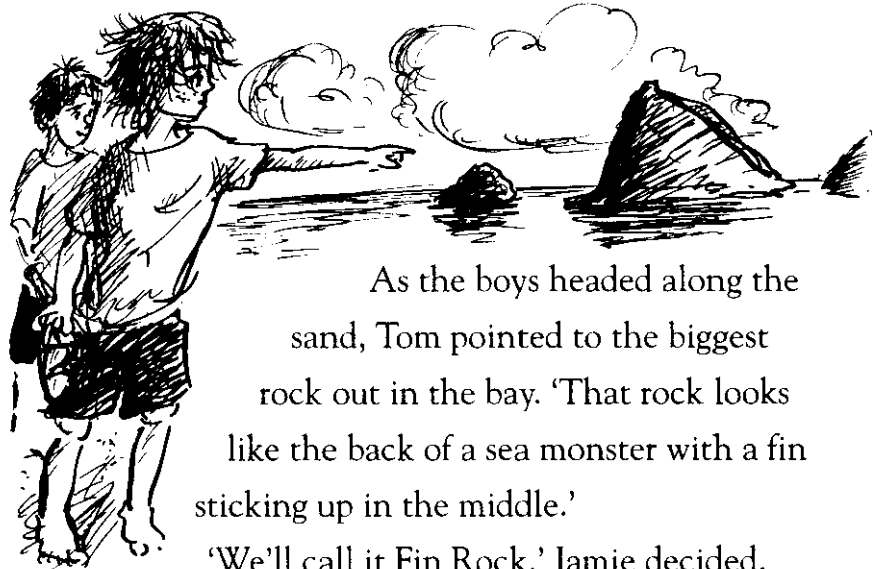
‘Beat you!’ Jamie laughed as he clambered over the last of the slippery black slate rocks onto the sand.

‘Only just,’ said Tom, sliding down beside him. ‘Anyway, Wanna’s the sea slug.’

Wanna scampered happily up behind.

‘Do you think he remembers our last trip to the seaside?’ asked Jamie. ‘He had quite an adventure with his flying reptile friends.’

Tom grinned. ‘Who knows what goes on inside that domed head?’



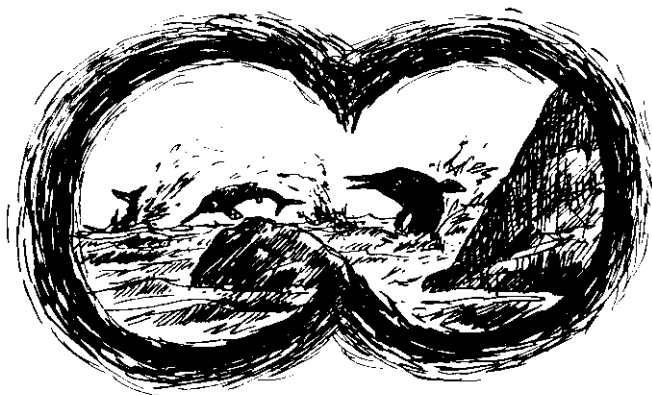
As the boys headed along the sand, Tom pointed to the biggest rock out in the bay. 'That rock looks like the back of a sea monster with a fin sticking up in the middle.'

'We'll call it Fin Rock,' Jamie decided.

The tall rock stood like a gate to the open sea and waves splashed up against it on the ocean side. Beyond the line of rocks, Jamie could see something leaping out of the ocean. 'Wow!'

Tom saw it too and looked through his binoculars. 'There's more than one!' He thrust the binoculars at Jamie.

Jamie knew what they were right away.



'They're ichthyosaurs.'

He flipped open his Fossil Finder and punched the keys. The image of a pointy-nosed prehistoric dolphin flashed up.

'ICK-THÉE-OH-SOR,' he read.

'ATE FISH AND SQUID. EXTINCT BY THE CRETACEOUS AGE.'



'They look like they're having fun,' Tom said. 'We should, too. Let's go snorkelling!'

They dumped the backpack, Tom's binoculars, and their T-shirts and shoes on a dry rock, grabbed their masks and snorkels and waded into the warm shallows. Tom carried the bodyboard.

The water was so clear that Jamie could see his toes and the pebbles on the sand.

Wanna dashed after them, but skidded to a halt at the sight of the tiny waves.



'You wombat!' Tom laughed. 'They won't hurt you.'

'I know what'll get him in.' Jamie ran back onto the beach to his backpack and pulled out a ginkgo fruit.

He backed slowly into the water keeping it just out of Wanna's reach. The little dinosaur followed eagerly, but when the water lapped over his feet, he darted away again.

Jamie pretended to take a big bite out of the stinky ginkgo. 'Yum, yum!'

Wanna licked his lips then took a few steps forwards, wading up to his knees in the water.

‘That’s it, boy,’ Jamie said.

‘Come and get your tasty snack.’ He put the gingko on the bodyboard as Tom held it still.

Grunk!

Wanna scrambled on to the bodyboard making it wobble in the water. Jamie held Wanna’s waist as the little dinosaur got his balance.

‘He looks like a surfer now,’ chuckled Tom, letting go of the board.

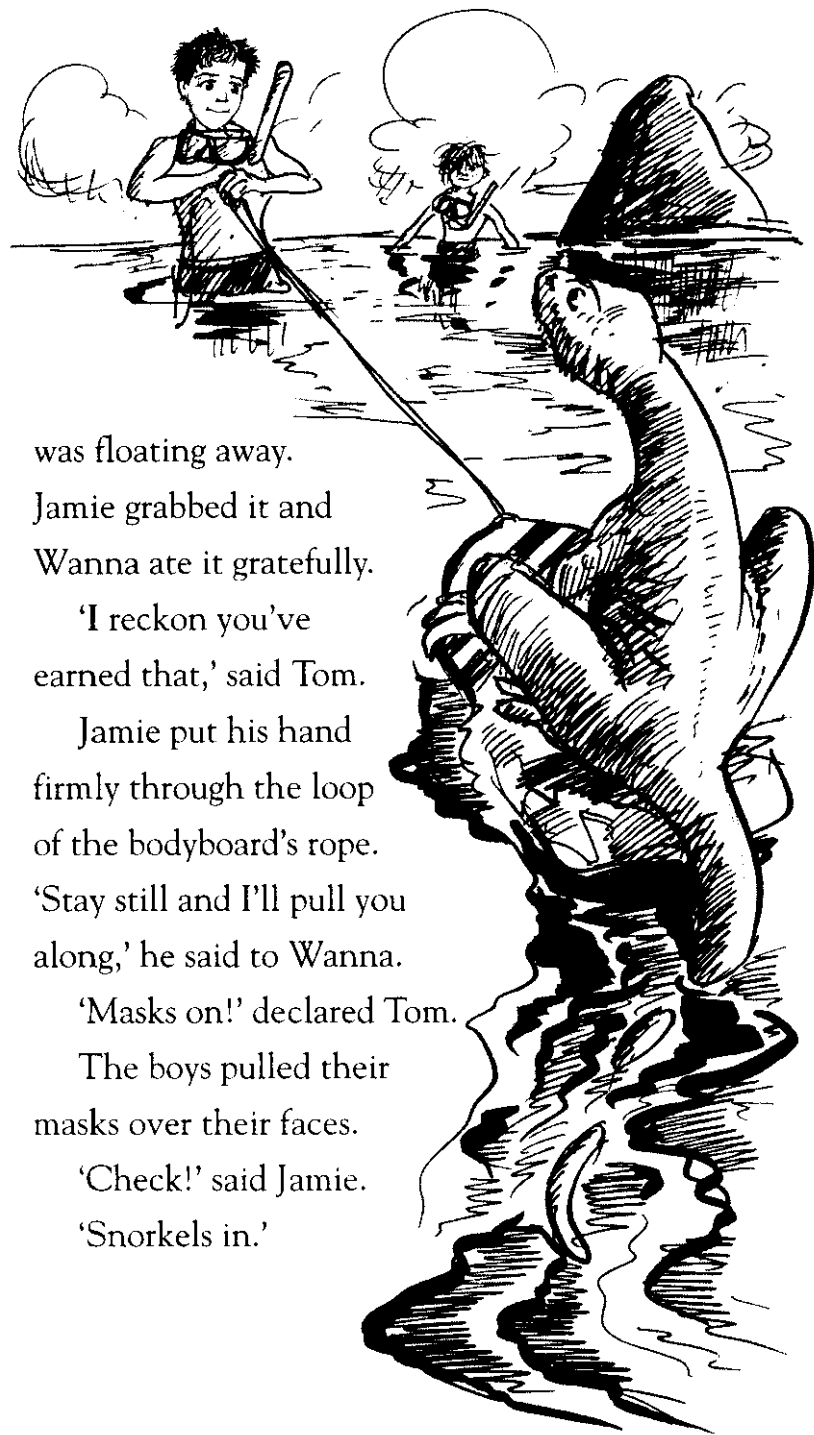


‘Champion of the waves,’ said Jamie.

But when Wanna bent down to eat his gingko, he overbalanced and somersaulted into the sea. He sat in the shallow water looking very surprised.

‘Poor old Wanna,’ said Jamie, trying not to laugh. The boys helped him on again. This time Wanna managed to stay afloat, but looked mournfully at the gingko which





was floating away.
Jamie grabbed it and
Wanna ate it gratefully.

‘I reckon you’ve
earned that,’ said Tom.

Jamie put his hand
firmly through the loop
of the bodyboard’s rope.
‘Stay still and I’ll pull you
along,’ he said to Wanna.

‘Masks on!’ declared Tom.

The boys pulled their
masks over their faces.

‘Check!’ said Jamie.

‘Snorkels in.’



Tom placed the snorkel in his mouth and gave an excited thumbs up.

The boys waded out until the water came up to their armpits and then started swimming, putting their faces in the water so that their snorkels pointed up into the air. Jamie looked down, breathing through his snorkel. Below him, small plants waved in the gentle current and weird, colourful sea creatures darted up and down. An electric-blue sea slug crept over a rock. Then a group of squid-like creatures came swimming by. Their spiral shells were wonderful colours: blues, greens, and purples.



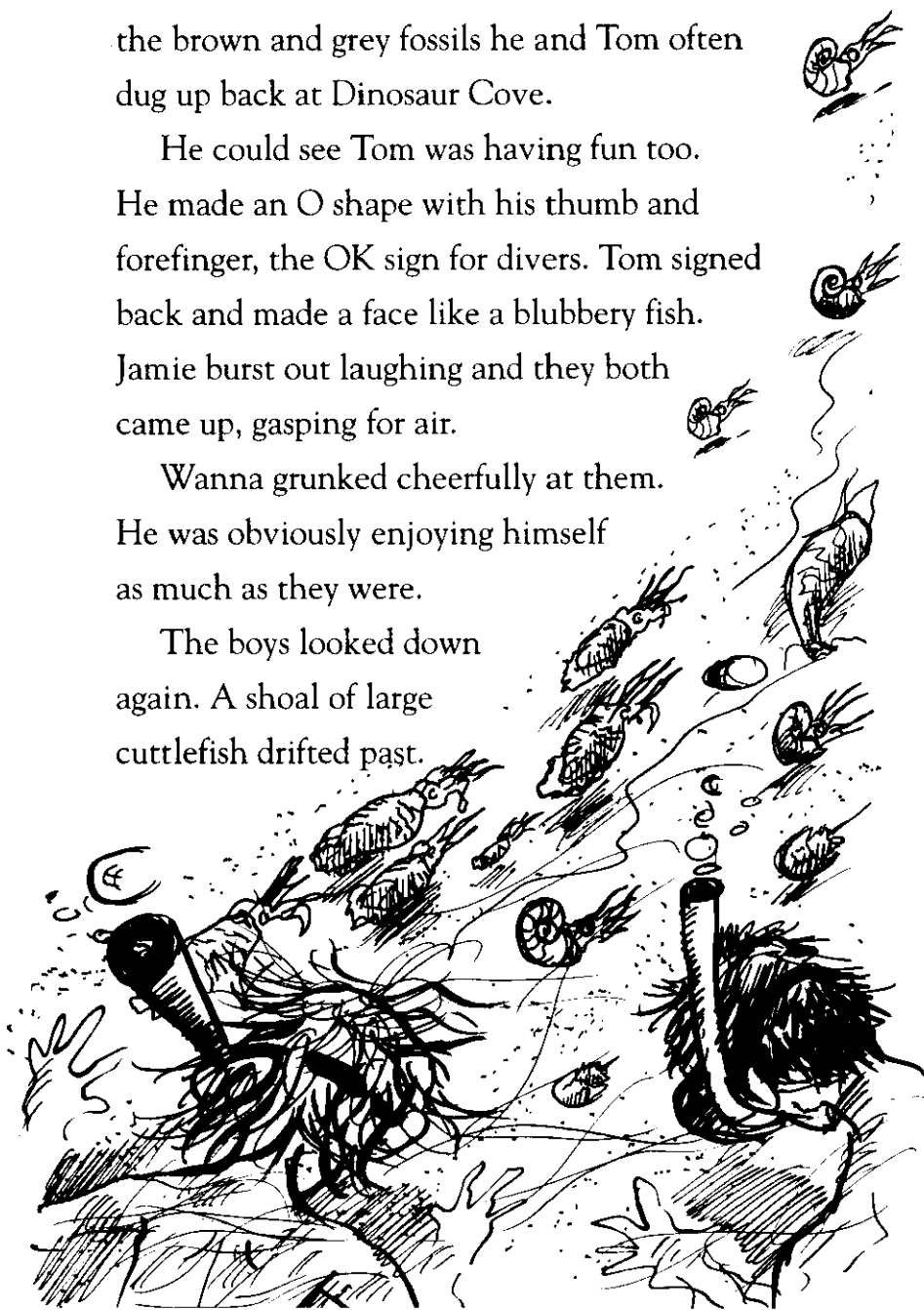
Real live ammonites! Jamie thought. *They're so bright.* The ammonites were nothing like

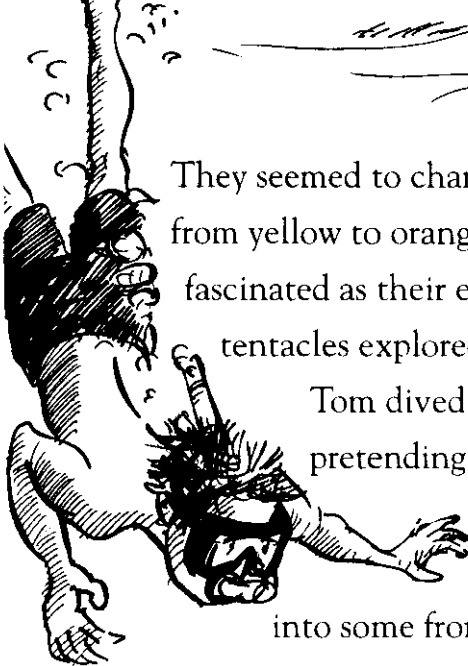
the brown and grey fossils he and Tom often dug up back at Dinosaur Cove.

He could see Tom was having fun too. He made an O shape with his thumb and forefinger, the OK sign for divers. Tom signed back and made a face like a blubbery fish. Jamie burst out laughing and they both came up, gasping for air.

Wanna grunked cheerfully at them. He was obviously enjoying himself as much as they were.

The boys looked down again. A shoal of large cuttlefish drifted past.





They seemed to change colour as they swam, from yellow to orange to blue. Jamie watched fascinated as their eight arms and two long tentacles explored the sand below them.

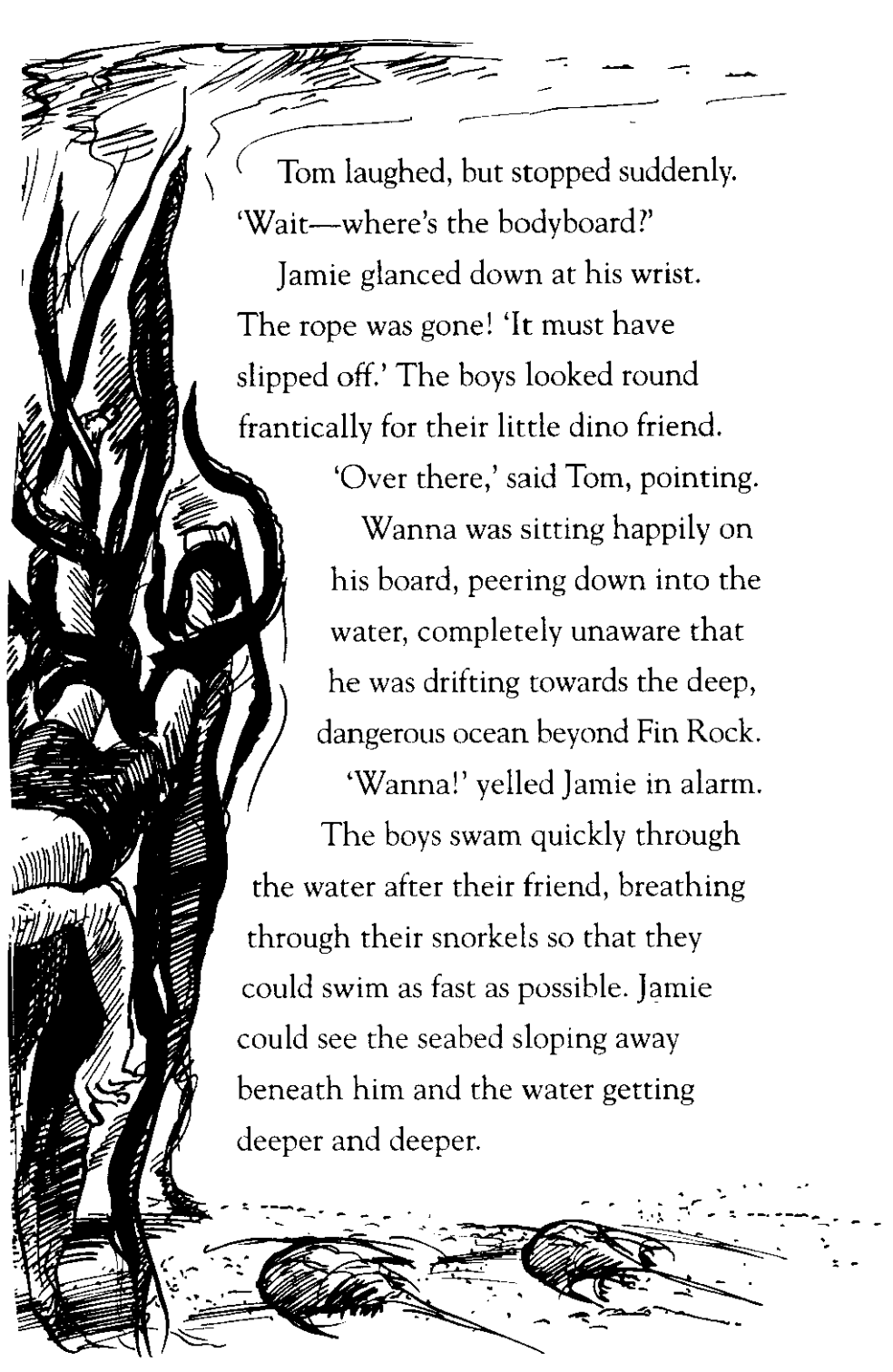
Tom dived below the water, pretending to film them as if he was making a documentary, until they disappeared into some fronds of sea kelp. But Tom wasn't paying attention to where he was swimming and one of his legs became tangled in the underwater leaves.

As quick as he could, Jamie dived down into the tangle to pull his friend free.

'Thanks, Jamie,' Tom said as they surfaced.

'That would have made a good TV programme,' Jamie joked, adjusting his mask on his face. 'Attack of the Killer Kelp!'





Tom laughed, but stopped suddenly.
'Wait—where's the bodyboard?'

Jamie glanced down at his wrist.
The rope was gone! 'It must have
slipped off.' The boys looked round
frantically for their little dino friend.

'Over there,' said Tom, pointing.

Wanna was sitting happily on
his board, peering down into the
water, completely unaware that
he was drifting towards the deep,
dangerous ocean beyond Fin Rock.

'Wanna!' yelled Jamie in alarm.

The boys swam quickly through
the water after their friend, breathing
through their snorkels so that they
could swim as fast as possible. Jamie
could see the seabed sloping away
beneath him and the water getting
deeper and deeper.

He pulled hard with his arms and kicked furiously. Glancing up through his splashes, he could see that they were nearing the wide gap in the rock barrier, and the rough, foaming water beyond. Wanna was going to be swept out to sea! Jamie couldn't let that happen.

Suddenly, Jamie was close enough to see the bright yellow rope ahead of him. He tried to grab it but it slipped through his fingers. Wanna and the bodyboard had reached the gap next to Fin Rock and were bobbing on the choppy water at the edge of the shallow bay. Beyond was the ocean, so deep and dark that Jamie couldn't see the bottom.

He kicked forwards again and grabbed the loop of the rope, holding on with all his strength as the board tugged against him in the rough water.

'Got him!' he yelled to Tom, his snorkel banging against his cheek.



'Just in time,' Tom said as he swam up.
'Let's get away from here.'

Jamie could feel the board wobbling violently in the waves. Wanna gave a frightened grunk.

'Don't worry, boy,' Jamie told him.
'You'll soon be safe.'

But the little dinosaur didn't seem to understand. He kicked his feet and waved his tail wildly, eyes wide with fear.

'No, Wanna!' shouted Tom.
'Stop!'

The board rocked more and more violently until . . .

SPLASH!

Wanna disappeared under the water.

