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opening extract from

# Dinosaur Cove: Chasing the Tunnelling Trickster

written by

## Rex Stone

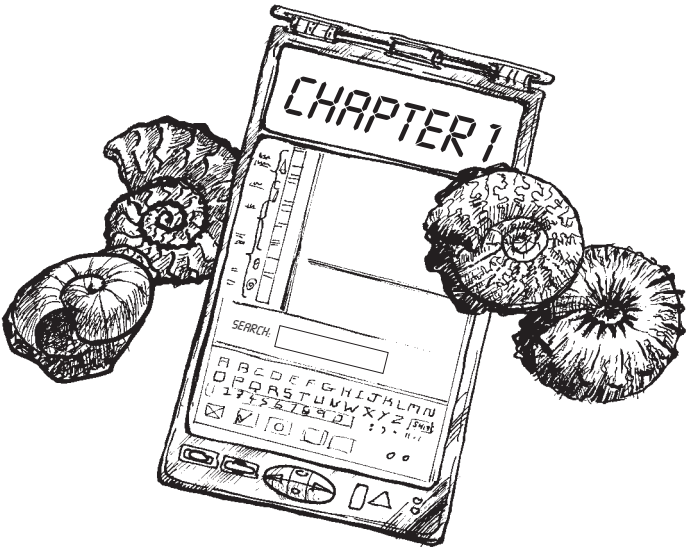
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'Awesome!' exclaimed Jamie Morgan to his best friend, Tom Clay.

He was standing in front of the new Time Tunnel that led from the cliff path to the main entrance of his dad's dinosaur museum. Mr Morgan had been working on the long, arched tunnel all week, and now it was finished. It looked as if it was made of solid rock.

'It looks so cool.' Tom knocked on the wall. 'Who'd think it was fibreglass?'

'We're the first to go in,' said Jamie in delight, as they stepped through the open mouth of a model T-Rex and into the sudden dark.

They were bathed in green light and a recorded voice echoed round them. **'Get ready to journey back millions of years in time—to the age of the dinosaurs.'**

Jamie and Tom grinned at each other. This tunnel might pretend to be going back in time, but they'd done it for real! Deep in the cliffs of Dinosaur Cove they'd discovered a secret world. A land of living dinosaurs!

As they moved on, images of prehistoric creatures appeared on screens. Deep rumbling growls surrounded them.

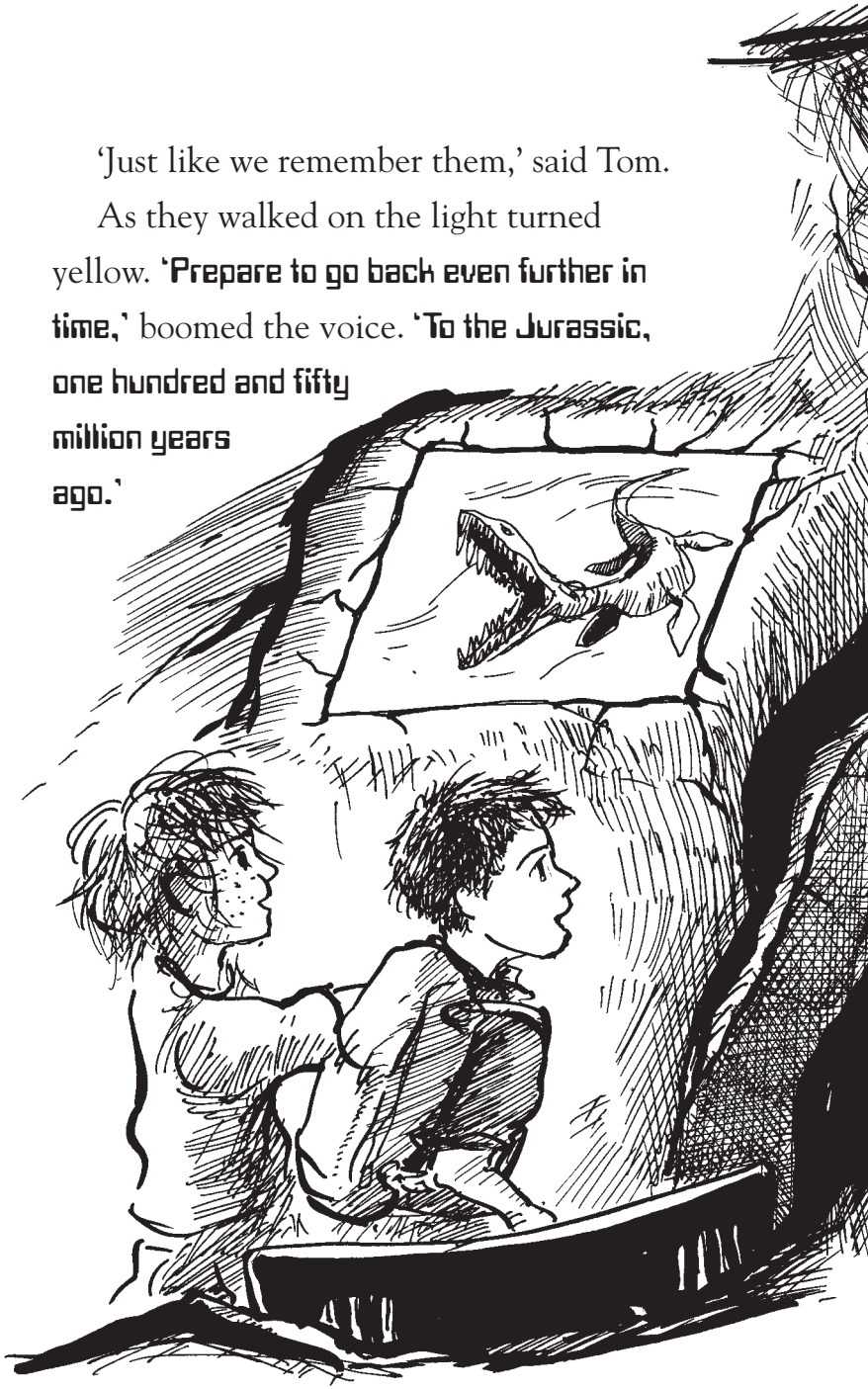
**'You are now in the Cretaceous Age,'** announced the voice, **'sixty-five million years ago.'**

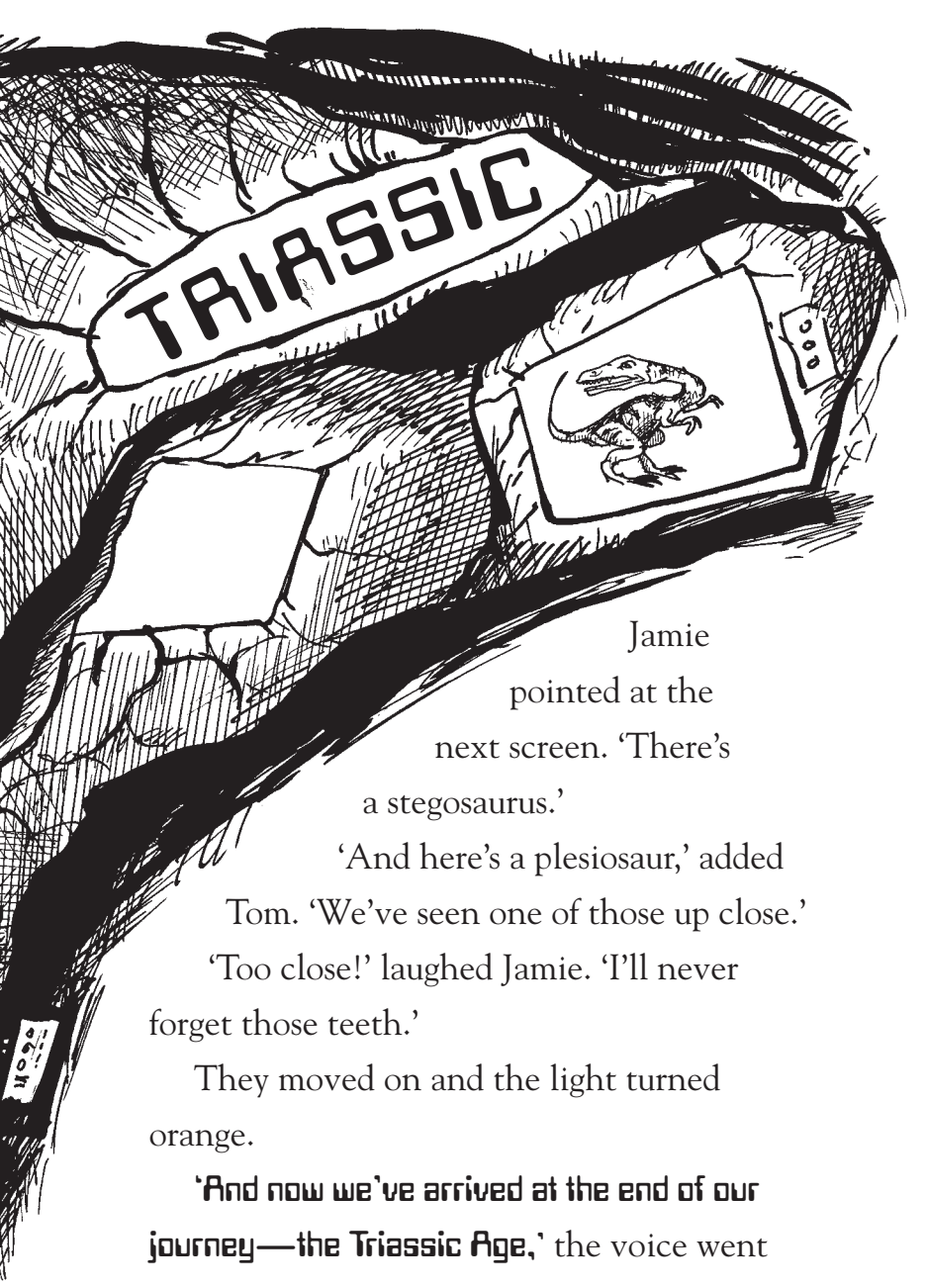
'Wow!' said Jamie. 'Look at those velociraptors . . . and the ankylosaurus.'


ENTRANCE

'Just like we remember them,' said Tom.

As they walked on the light turned yellow. **'Prepare to go back even further in time,'** boomed the voice. **'To the Jurassic, one hundred and fifty million years ago.'**






Jamie pointed at the next screen. 'There's a stegosaurus.'

'And here's a plesiosaur,' added Tom. 'We've seen one of those up close.'

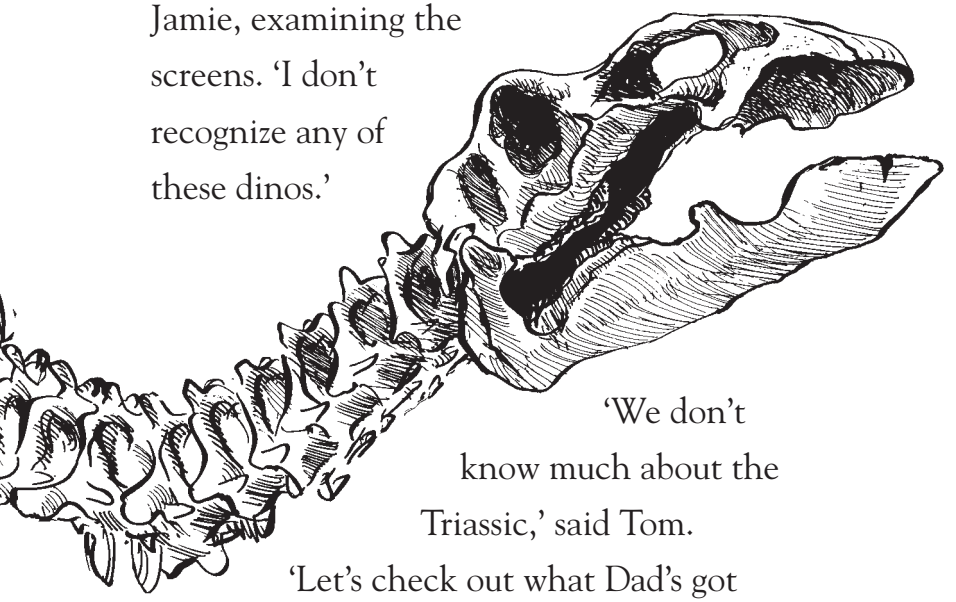
'Too close!' laughed Jamie. 'I'll never forget those teeth.'

They moved on and the light turned orange.

**'And now we've arrived at the end of our journey—the Triassic Age,'** the voice went

on. **'Over two hundred million years ago. The Dawn of the Dinosaurs.'**

'We've never been as far back as this,' said Jamie, examining the screens. 'I don't recognize any of these dinos.'



'We don't know much about the Triassic,' said Tom.

'Let's check out what Dad's got on display,' suggested Jamie.

They stepped out of the tunnel into the museum at the bottom of Jamie's lighthouse home. They raced round the table with its Cretaceous landscape, under the edmontosaurus skeleton, and past the triceratops skull.

'I can't find anything from the Triassic. There's nothing older than two hundred million years!' said Jamie.

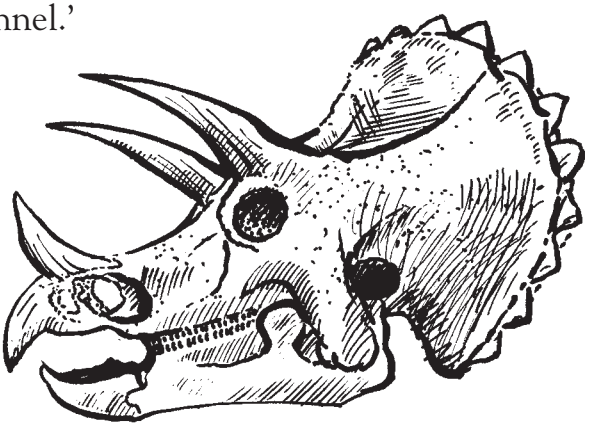
'We'd better ask your dad,' said Tom.

They found Mr Morgan arranging a shelf of Jurassic teeth.

'Hello, boys,' he said. 'What do you think of my Time Tunnel?'

'It's cool, Dad,' said Jamie. 'Almost like really going back in time.'

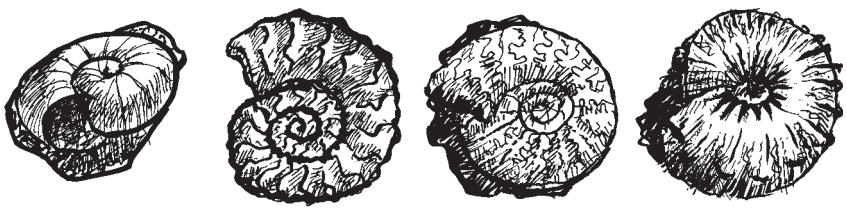
Tom coughed to hide a laugh. 'We were wondering if there are any Triassic dinos here?' he asked. 'Like the pictures in the tunnel.'



'Not at the moment,' said Mr Morgan. 'But that's my next job now the tunnel's finished.'

'We'll do some research for you,' said Jamie with a wink at Tom.

They headed off to the 'Keys of the Past' exhibit, where a glass case mounted on the wall held a display of ammonites. Below was a sand pit with plastic trowels where kids could dig up fossils and use the labelled exhibits in the case to identify them. Whenever the boys




went to Dino World they had to take the right ammonite with them, as it was their own secret key to the age they wanted to visit.



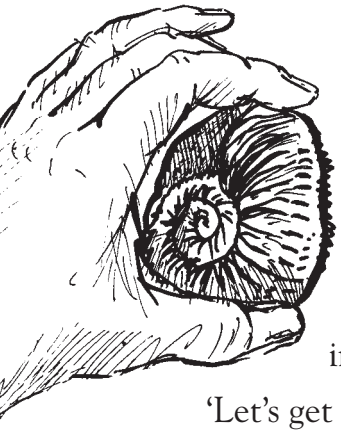
They climbed into the sand pit.

'That's what we need,' exclaimed Jamie, pointing. 'That rough-looking one labelled "Triassic".'

The boys delved in the sand.

Jamie unearthed an ammonite. 'Too round,' said Jamie. He dug again. 'No, too smooth . . . How about this?'





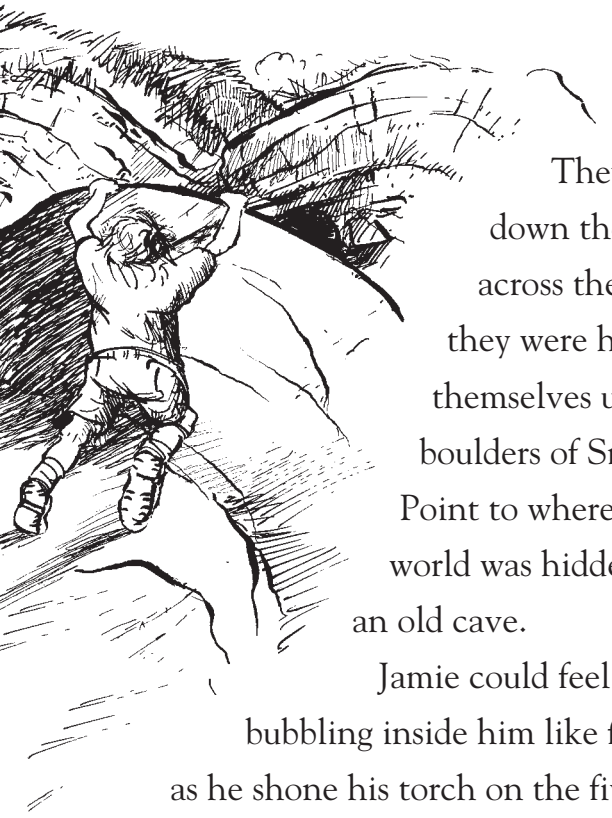
'Perfect match!' Tom gave a grin. 'What are we waiting for?'

Jamie slipped the ammonite into his backpack.

'Let's get some provisions,' he said, heading for the lighthouse stairs. 'Grandad's made some of his cheese and home-made pickle sandwiches.'

'Yummy!' exclaimed Tom.

Sandwiches safely in the backpack, Jamie checked he had everything. 'Torch, Fossil Finder, notepad, lunch,' he announced. 'We're ready.'



They bounded down the steps and across the sand. Soon they were hauling themselves up the boulders of Smuggler's Point to where their secret world was hidden, deep in an old cave.

Jamie could feel excitement bubbling inside him like fizzy lemonade as he shone his torch on the five fossilized dinosaur footprints that led to the back wall of the dark cave.

He took out the ammonite.

'OK, little fossil. Time to take us to the Triassic,' he said. He glanced back at Tom. 'Do you think Wanna will be waiting for us?'

'The sooner we get there the sooner we'll know,' said Tom.



Wanna was a little Cretaceous dinosaur, a wannanosaurus who went with them on all their adventures.

Jamie stepped into the first print. 'One . . . two . . . ' he counted. Tom was close behind. 'Three . . . four . . . five . . . '

There was a flash, the wall disappeared, and the hard footprints beneath their feet turned to soft mud. The boys found themselves in the hollowed out trunk of a rotting tree, swarming with beetles.

'Cool!' said Jamie. 'Look at the size of them.'

They stepped out, their feet crunching on dried pine needles.