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opening extract from

Dinosaur Cove 15: Rampage of the Hungry Giants

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'Something's creeping up on us,' Jamie Morgan whispered to his best friend Tom Clay, as they crawled commando-style through the undergrowth in the woods high above the beach.

'Then let's hide here,' Tom hissed, flattening himself to the ground. His freckly, charcoal-streaked face peeked out from behind a bush as he scanned the woods behind them.

Jamie crouched down and held his breath



as a big round object covered with sticks and leaves parted the dried ferns.

'Ahoy, there!' a cheery voice called.

'Grandad.' Jamie laughed. 'You found us in mega-quick time.'

'Well, look behind you.' Grandad's old mesh-covered camouflage helmet wobbled as he grinned. 'You left an obvious trail.'

Jamie and Tom glanced back the way they had come. Two lines of bare earth led up to their hiding place.

Grandad picked up a dead branch and used it to brush leaves over the ground behind

him. 'Basic commando training: cover your tracks if you don't want to be followed. Now, what are your other survival skills like?' he asked.

'Not bad.' Jamie looked at Tom. Grandad had no idea that they'd survived meeting ferocious dinosaurs countless times! Only they knew about the secret cave in Dinosaur Cove that led to Dino World, a land of living, breathing, prehistoric beasts.

'Would you eat this to survive?' Grandad indicated a pink-brown toadstool sprouting from a tree trunk.

'No way,' Tom said. 'Toadstools can be deadly poisonous, even ones that look like mushrooms.'

'Right. But what about this?' Grandad pointed to a fat beetle grub wriggling through the leaf mould. 'Can you eat it?'

'You're joking!' Jamie made a face.

'Lots of grubs are edible.' Grandad picked up the wriggly grub. 'Want a nourishing snack? Chewy on the outside and soft and creamy in the middle . . .'

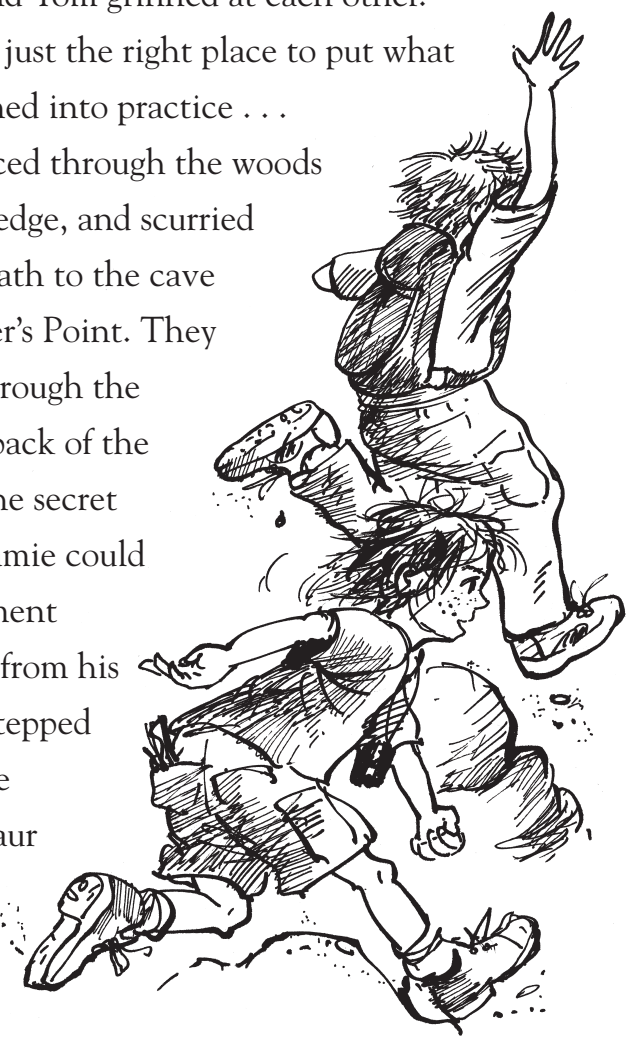


'Gross!' Jamie pulled a face. He took off his backpack and rummaged through it. His precious Fossil Finder, his notebook with the Triassic map, and the Triassic fossil ammonite were still there from their last trip to Dino World, plus extra survival supplies. He took out an energy bar and handed a piece to Grandad and Tom. 'Much tastier than grubs,' he mumbled with his mouth full.

'Well,' Grandad said, putting down the squirming grub. 'I'll leave you to carry on with your survival training. See you at the lighthouse before dinner.'

Jamie and Tom grinned at each other. They knew just the right place to put what they'd learned into practice . . .

They raced through the woods to the cliff edge, and scurried down the path to the cave on Smuggler's Point. They squeezed through the gap in the back of the cave into the secret chamber. Jamie could feel excitement tingling up from his toes as he stepped into the five fossil dinosaur



footprints that led across the floor of the cave.

In an instant, with a blinding flash of light, he was standing inside the hollow tree in Triassic Dino World. And a moment later Tom was beside him. A dragonfly the size of a paper aeroplane whirred past and pine needles crackled beneath their feet as they stepped out into the hot dry Triassic forest.

'Race you to that tree commando-style!' Tom said, dropping to the ground.



Jamie threw himself onto the pine-needly floor of the Triassic forest. A creamy grub the size of a fat sausage wriggled across his path.

'Want a nourishing snack?' he asked Tom.

'Shhh, fossil brain!' Tom hissed. He pointed ahead with a shaking finger. 'That

fern's moving. Something's hiding in it, waiting to pounce on us when we pass.'

A scaly two-legged dinosaur leapt out of the bush and hurled itself on them.

'Ambush!' Jamie yelled.

