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opening extract from

# Dinosaur Cove: Haunting of the Ghost Runners

written by

## Rex Stone

published by

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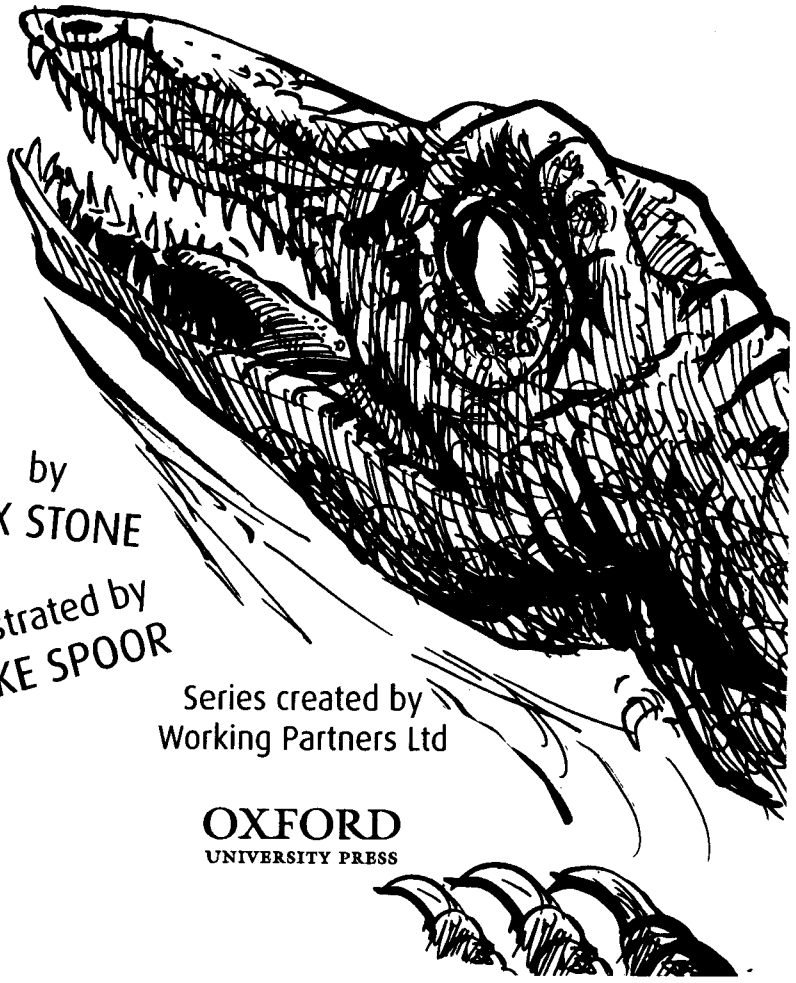
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# DINOSAUR COVE™

## HAUNTING OF THE GHOST RUNNERS



by
REX STONE

illustrated by
MIKE SPOOR

Series created by
Working Partners Ltd

OXFORD
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Special thanks to Jan Burchett and Sara Vogler.

To Oscar and Lucy Webb,
and all the pupils of Edward Feild School. R.S.

Dedicated to 'Working Partners' with thanks for all the encouraging comments. M.S.

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# FACT FILE

JAMIE'S DAD'S MUSEUM ON THE BOTTOM FLOOR OF THE LIGHTHOUSE IN DINOSAUR COVE IS THE SECOND BEST PLACE IN THE WORLD TO BE. THE FIRST IS DINO WORLD, OF COURSE. THE SECRET THAT JAMIE AND HIS BEST FRIEND TOM HAVE DISCOVERED IN THE BACK OF A DEEP, DARK CAVE. THE BOYS HAVE NEVER BEEN TO DINO WORLD AT NIGHT. IT'S SCARY ENOUGH WITH ALL THE DINOSAURS. BUT WHAT IF DINO WORLD IS . . . HAUNTED?

## JAMIE

- **FULL NAME:** JAMIE MORGAN
- **AGE:** 8 YEARS
- **SIZE:** 1 JATOM*
- **TOP SPEED:** 10 KPH
- **LIKES:** FOSSIL HUNTING AND LEARNING ABOUT DINOSAURS
- **DISLIKES:** BEING STUCK INDOORS





Jamie's eye



Jamie's foot

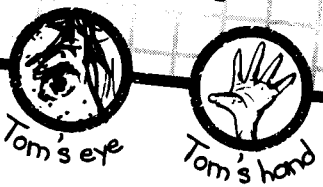


Jamie's hand

*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

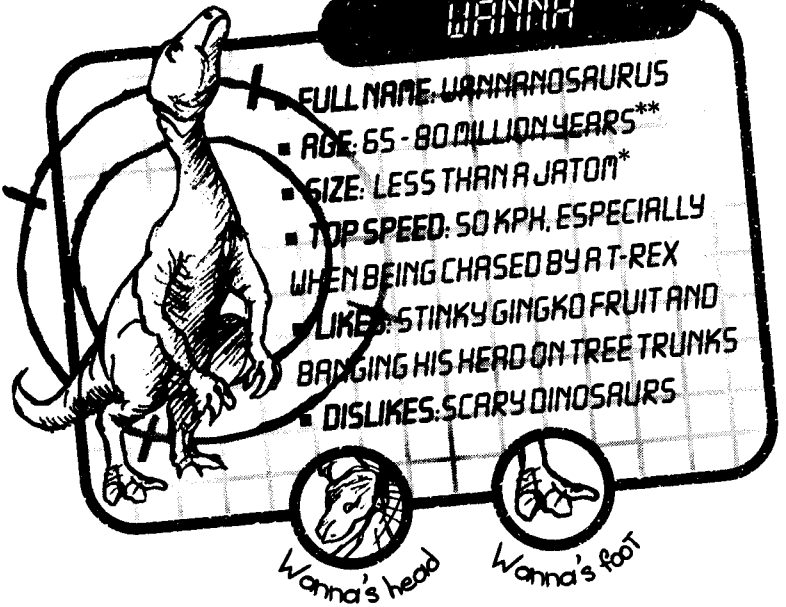


Tom's eye

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

# COELOPHYSIS



Coelophysis's eye

Coelophysis's claw

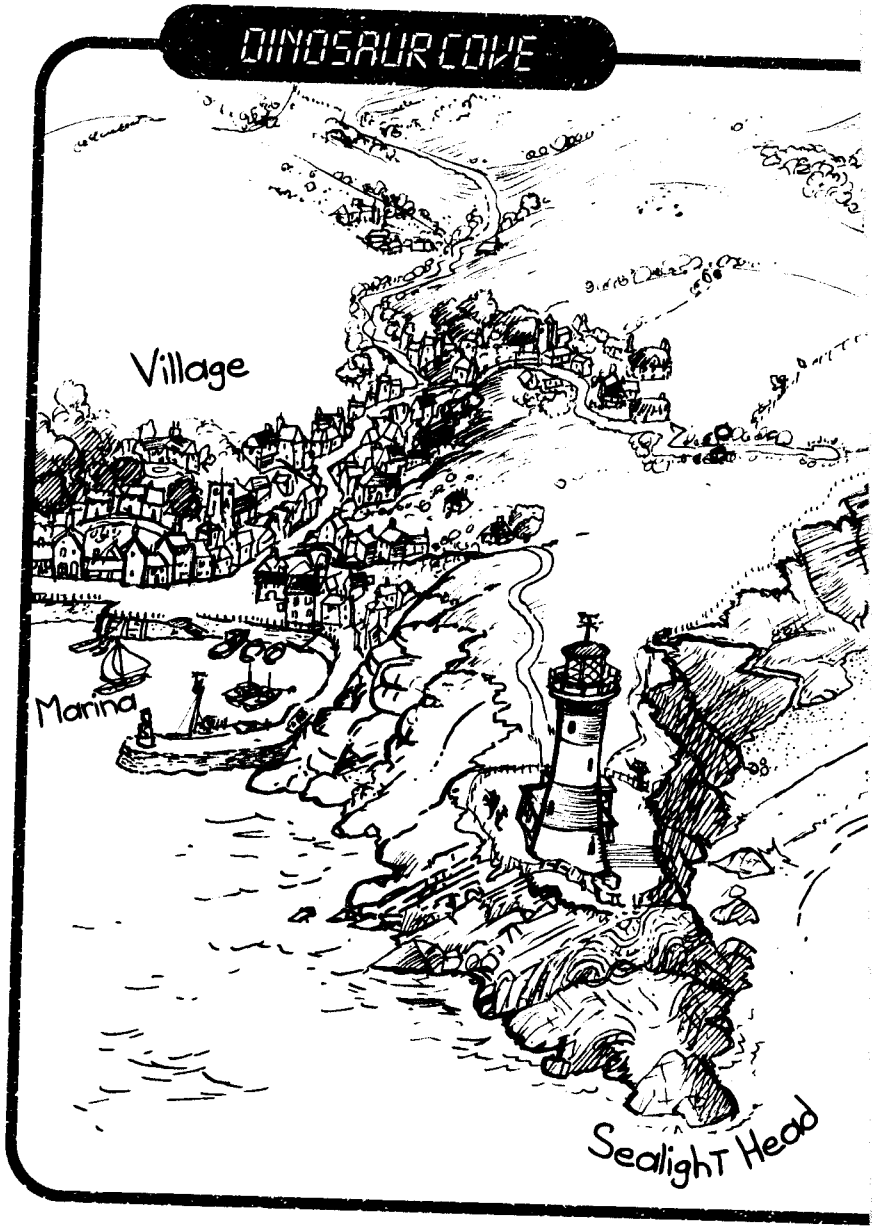
Coelophysis's teeth

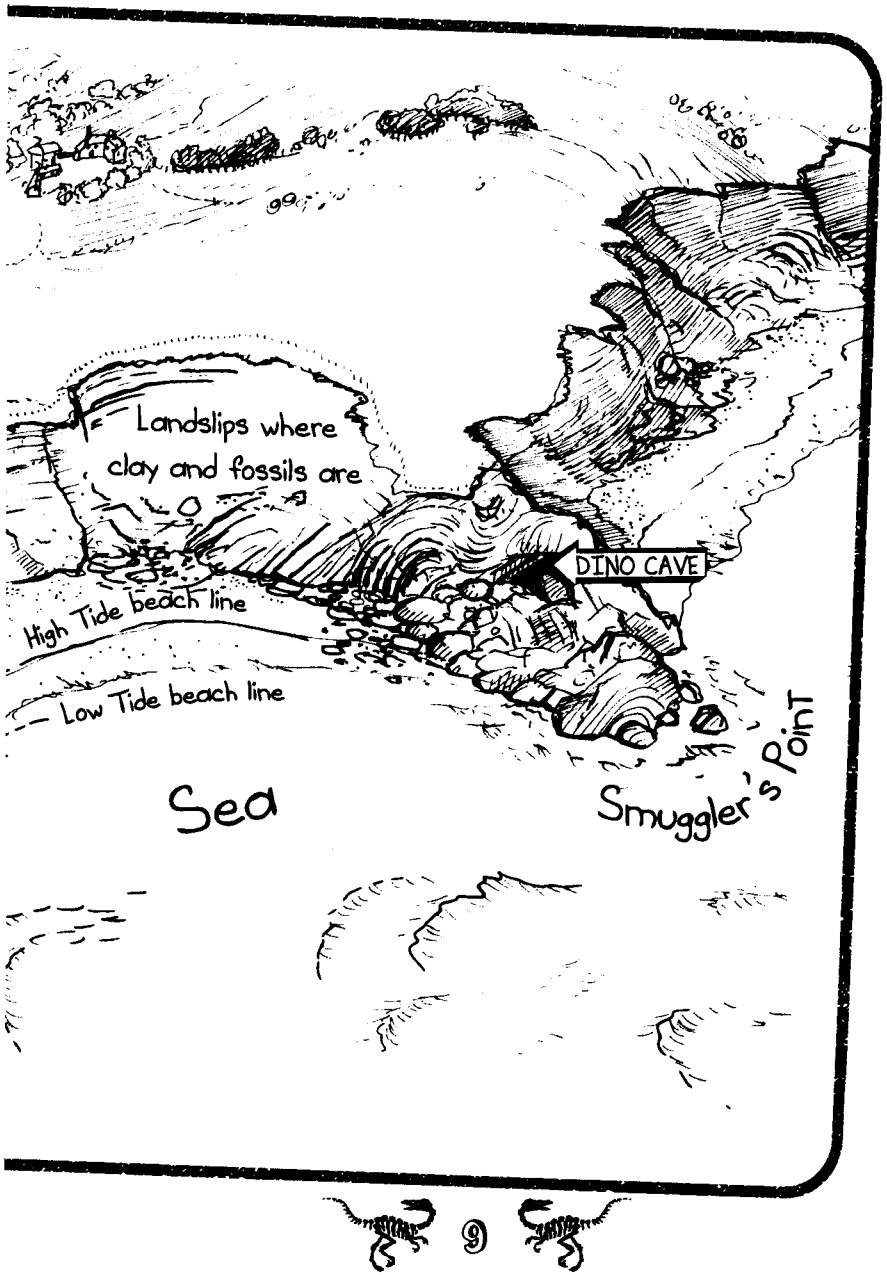
Coelophysis's tail

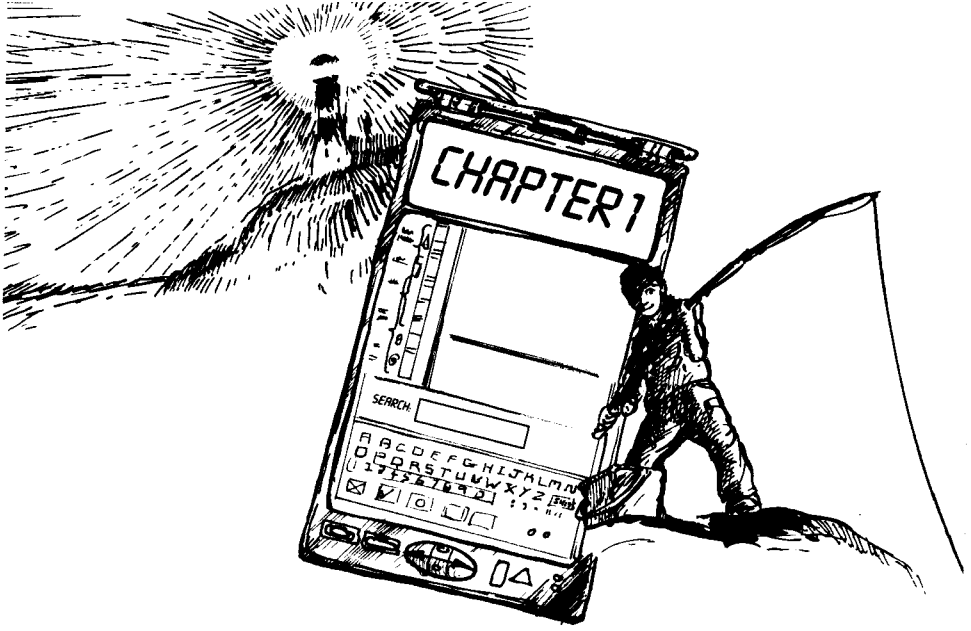
- **FULL NAME:** COELOPHYSIS
- **AGE:** 210-220 MILLION YEARS***
- **HEIGHT:** 1 JATOM*
- **WEIGHT:** 1 JATOM*
- **LENGTH:** 2.5 JATOMS*
- **LIKES:** HAVING HOLLOW BONES SO IT CAN BE FAST ENOUGH TO CATCH ITS LUNCH
- **DISLIKES:** BEING ON ITS OWN. IT LIKED TO BE ONE OF THE HERD

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

***NOTE: SCIENTISTS CALL THIS PERIOD THE TRIASSIC

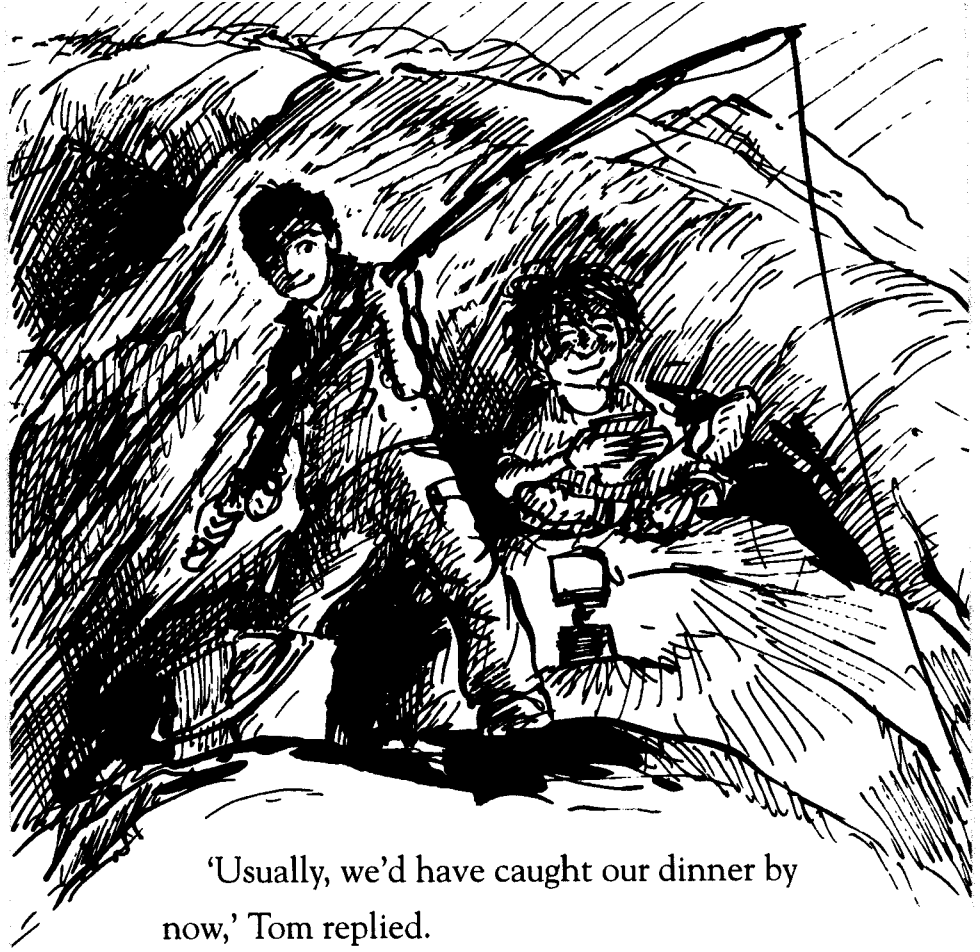

DINOSAUR COVE
Village
Marina
Sealight Head


Landslips where clay and fossils are
DINO CAVE
High Tide beach line
Low Tide beach line
Sea
Smuggler's Point




Jamie Morgan cast his fishing line into the black water of Dinosaur Cove. His float landed with a faint splash and bobbed on the gentle waves, its red nightlight glowing in the dark.

'I love fishing at night, but the fish don't seem to like it much,' he said to his best friend Tom Clay, who was sitting beside him on the rocks of Smugglers Point. 'We've got really juicy worms for bait, but we haven't even caught a tiddler.'

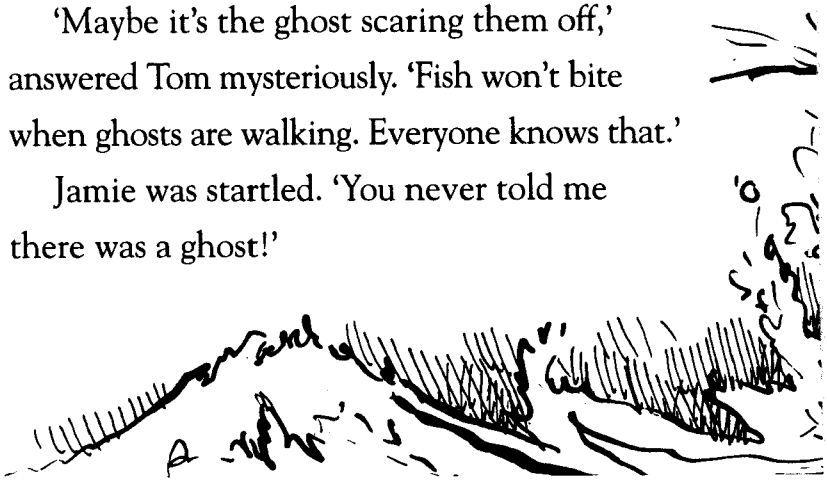


'Usually, we'd have caught our dinner by now,' Tom replied.

'I wonder what's going on,' said Jamie.

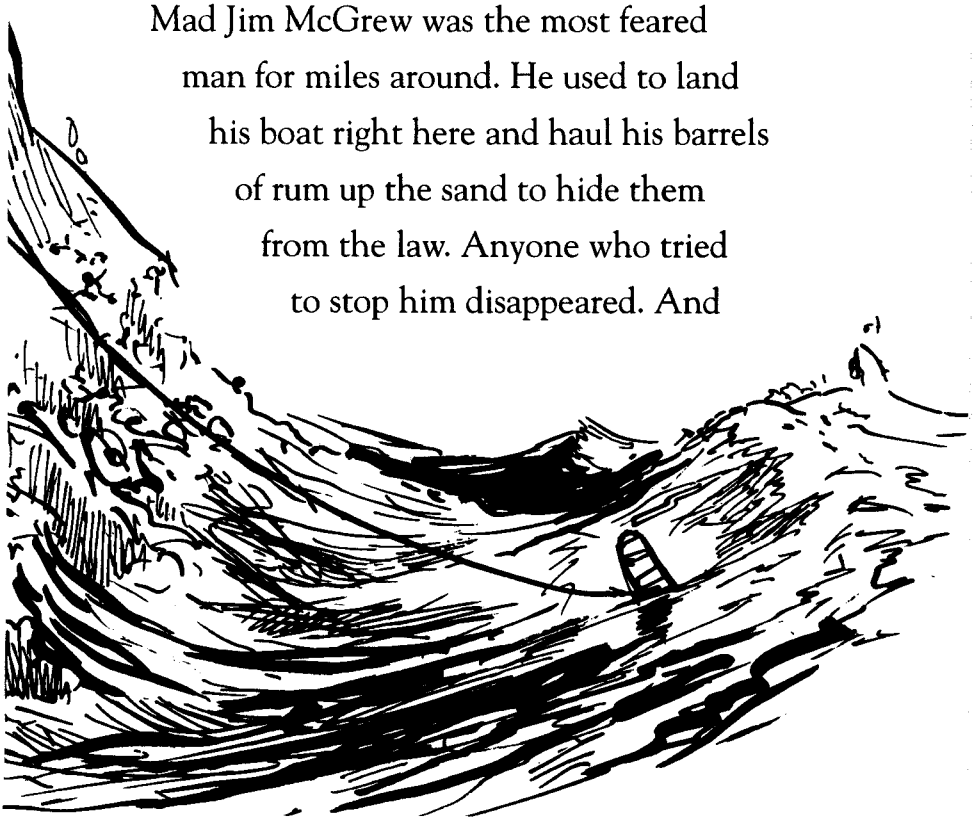
'Maybe it's the ghost scaring them off,' answered Tom mysteriously. 'Fish won't bite when ghosts are walking. Everyone knows that.'

Jamie was startled. 'You never told me there was a ghost!'



Unlike Tom, Jamie hadn't lived in Dinosaur Cove all his life. When he and his dad had come to make their home with Grandad in the lighthouse on the cliffs, the boys had become best friends, and Tom always knew all the best places to go exploring.

'Didn't you know?' Tom asked in a hoarse whisper. 'The cove's haunted by a terrifying smuggler from the olden days. Mad Jim McGrew was the most feared man for miles around. He used to land his boat right here and haul his barrels of rum up the sand to hide them from the law. Anyone who tried to stop him disappeared. And



on dark, moonless nights like this, his ghost walks again! Even the fish can feel his evil presence.'

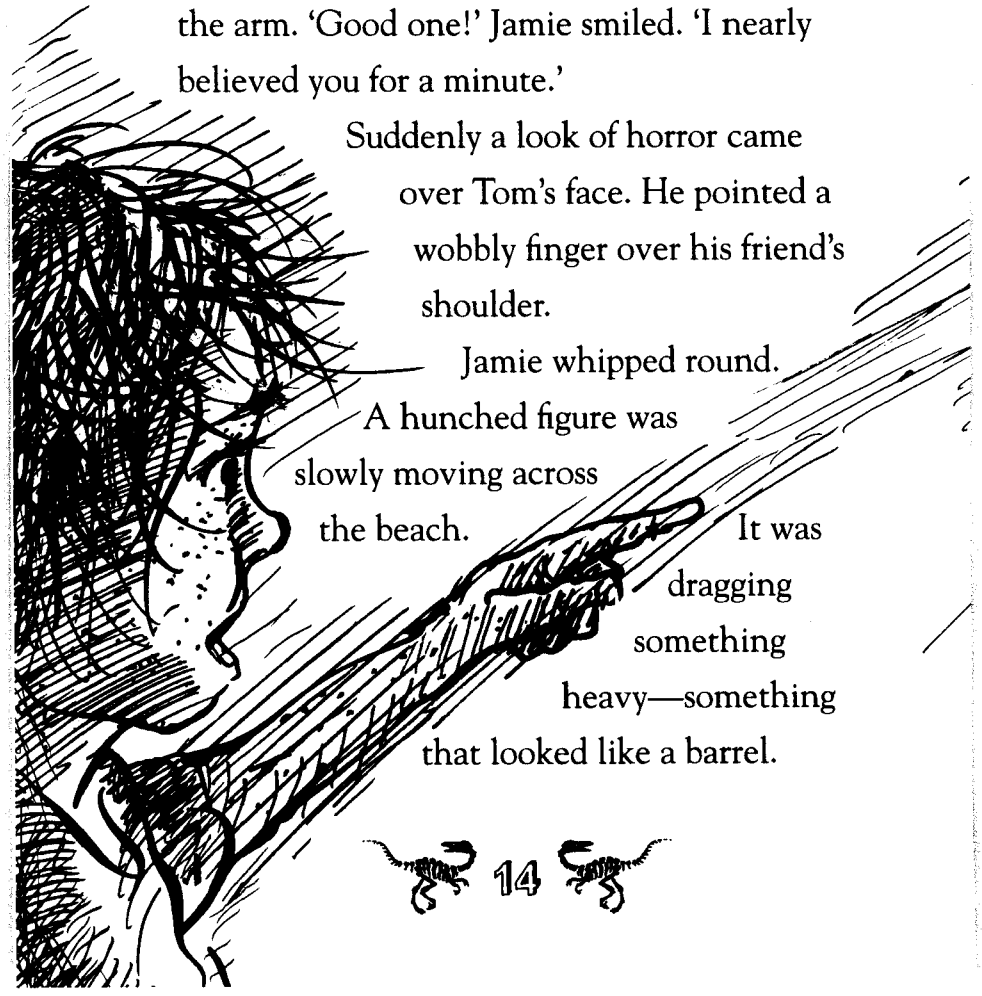
Jamie stared at him, open-mouthed.

Tom grinned then shouted, 'Boo!'

Jamie jumped, then punched his friend on the arm. 'Good one!' Jamie smiled. 'I nearly believed you for a minute.'

Suddenly a look of horror came over Tom's face. He pointed a wobbly finger over his friend's shoulder.

Jamie whipped round. A hunched figure was slowly moving across the beach. It was dragging something heavy—something that looked like a barrel.

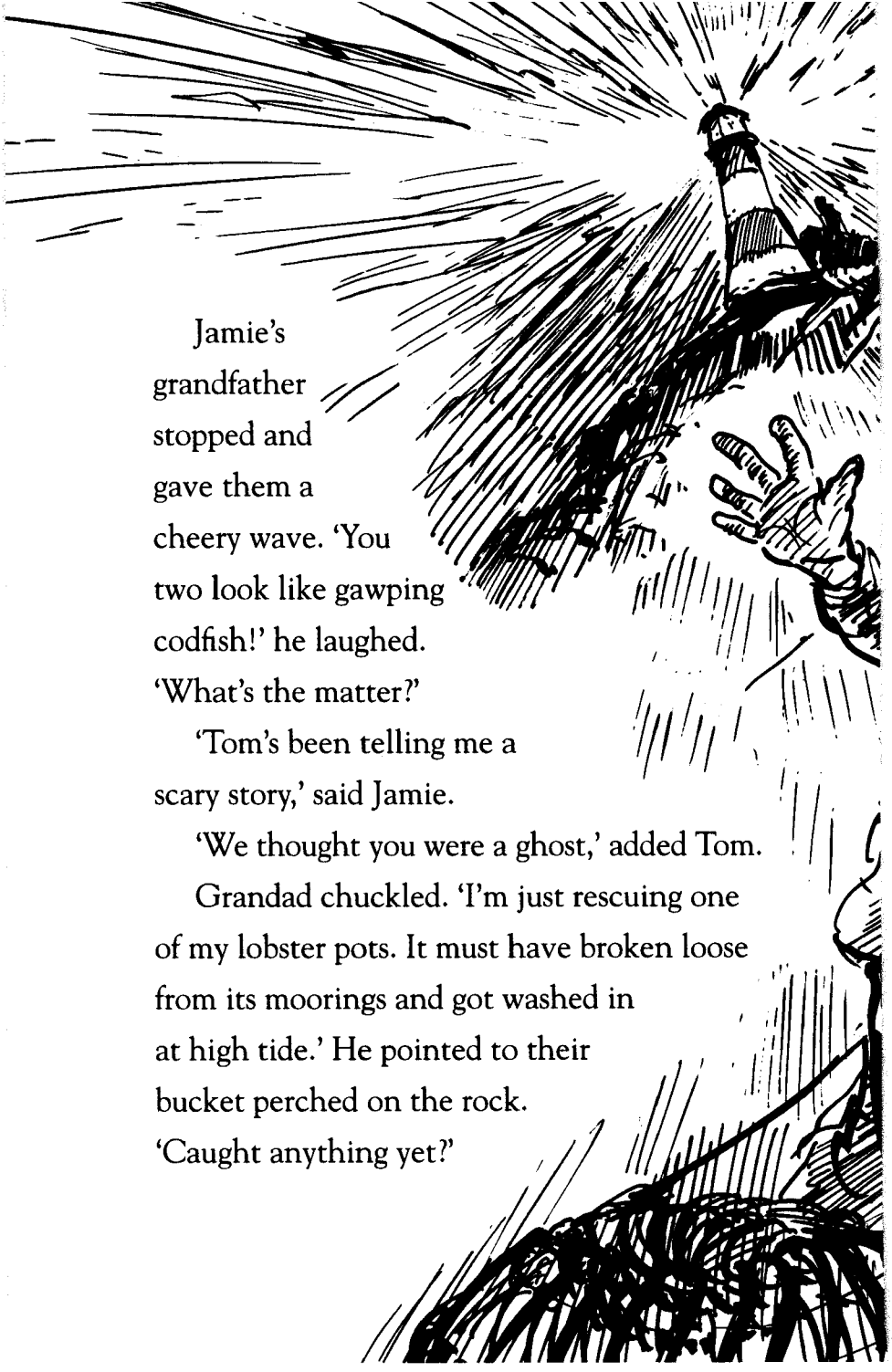




'It's Mad Jim McGrew!' croaked Jamie. 'The story must be true after all.'

At that moment, the lighthouse beam swept across Dinosaur Cove and the boys could see an elderly man in a scruffy jumper and waders pulling a big wicker basket behind him.

'That's not a ghost,' said Jamie in relief. 'It's Grandad!'

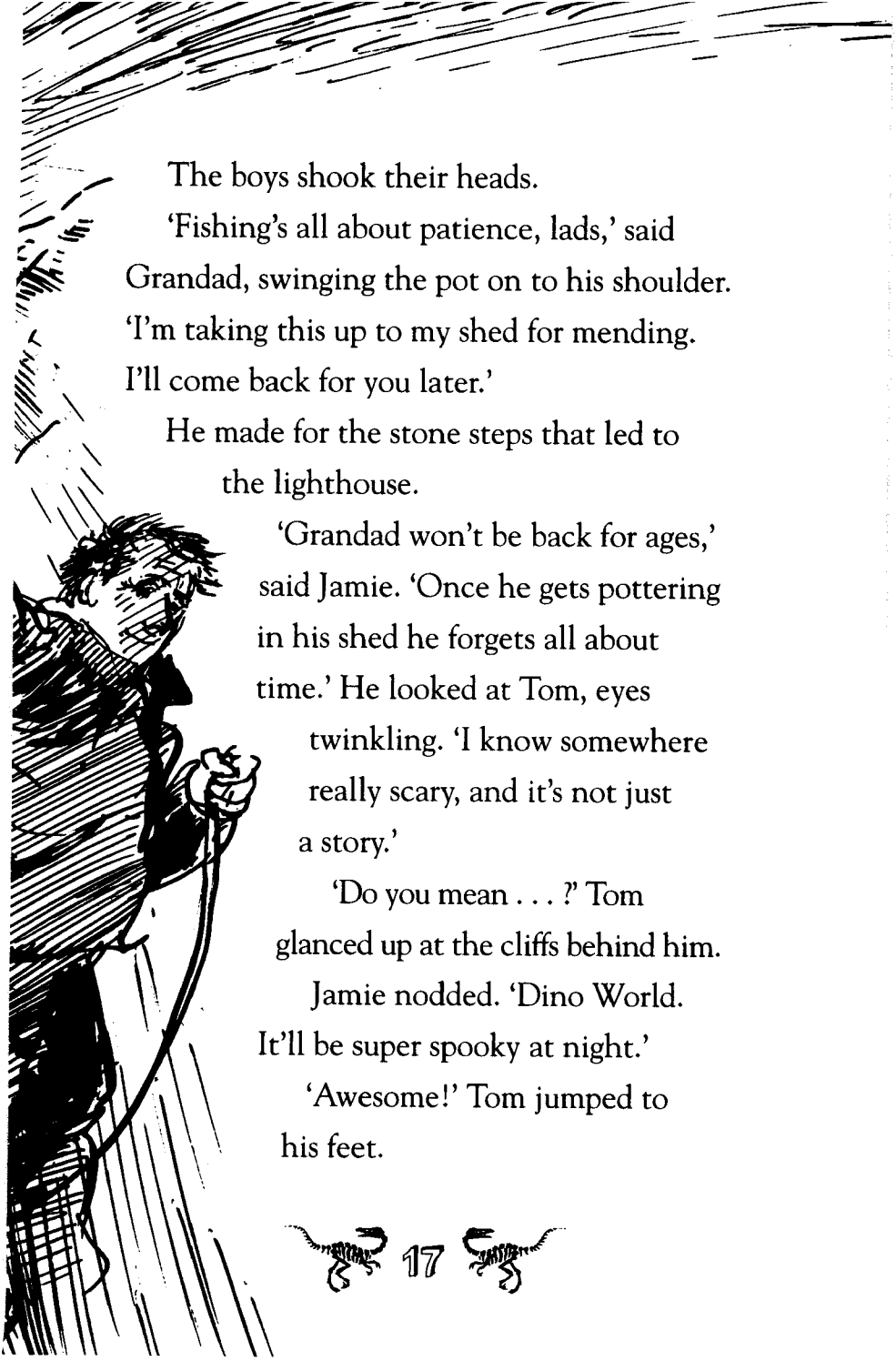


Jamie's grandfather stopped and gave them a cheery wave. 'You two look like gawping codfish!' he laughed. 'What's the matter?'

'Tom's been telling me a scary story,' said Jamie.

'We thought you were a ghost,' added Tom.

Grandad chuckled. 'I'm just rescuing one of my lobster pots. It must have broken loose from its moorings and got washed in at high tide.' He pointed to their bucket perched on the rock. 'Caught anything yet?'



The boys shook their heads.

'Fishing's all about patience, lads,' said Grandad, swinging the pot on to his shoulder. 'I'm taking this up to my shed for mending. I'll come back for you later.'

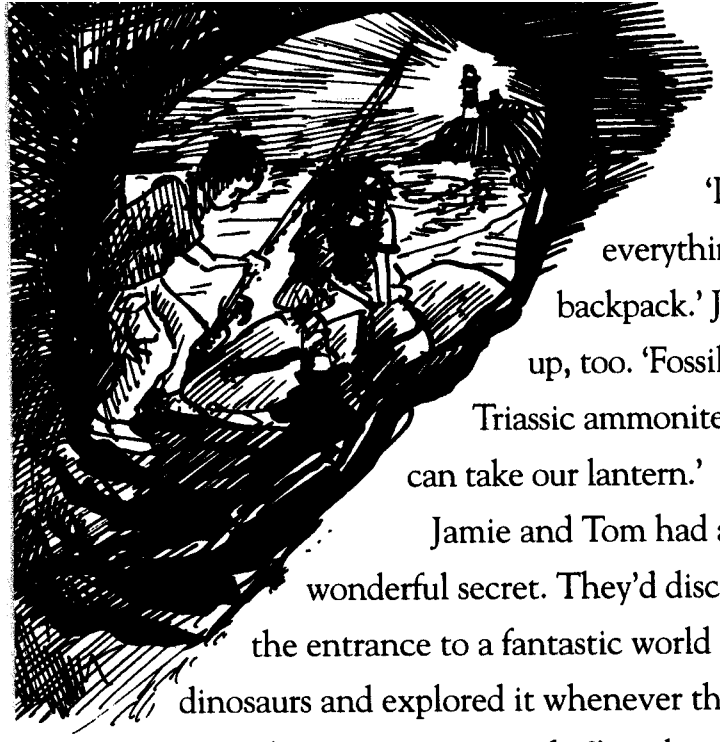
He made for the stone steps that led to the lighthouse.

'Grandad won't be back for ages,' said Jamie. 'Once he gets pottering in his shed he forgets all about time.' He looked at Tom, eyes twinkling. 'I know somewhere really scary, and it's not just a story.'

'Do you mean . . . ?' Tom glanced up at the cliffs behind him.

Jamie nodded. 'Dino World. It'll be super spooky at night.'

'Awesome!' Tom jumped to his feet.



'I've got everything in my backpack.' Jamie got up, too. 'Fossil Finder, Triassic ammonite, and we can take our lantern.'

Jamie and Tom had a wonderful secret. They'd discovered the entrance to a fantastic world of living dinosaurs and explored it whenever they could.

'What are we waiting for?' exclaimed Tom. They pulled in their fishing lines and packed up their kit into Jamie's backpack. 'We can leave our bucket and rods in the cave.'

The boys climbed the steep cliff towards the smugglers' cave and the secret entrance to Dino World. It was hard to find their way in the dark without slipping on the loose stones of the rock face but at last they reached the black, gaping hole of the cave.

Once inside they put down their rods and bucket and Tom held up the lantern.

Strange shadows danced over the rock walls as they made their way to the back.

'There are the fossilized footprints,' whispered Jamie. His voice echoed eerily as he placed his feet in the prints and began to follow the trail. He felt the usual fizz of excitement in his tummy—and a little tingle of fear.

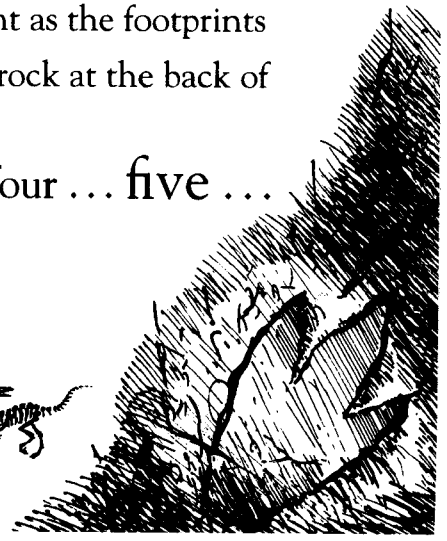
'It's going to be really creepy going into Dino World at night,' he said, hesitating.

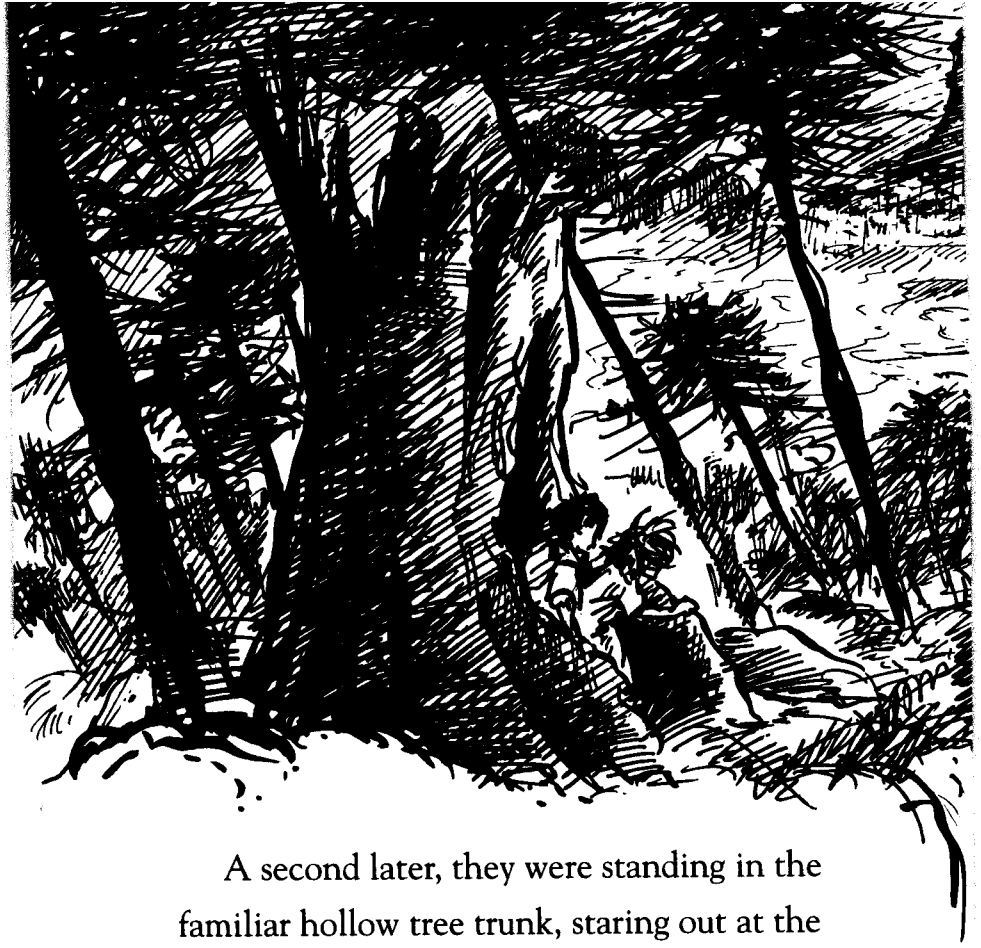
'Not for bold Triassic explorers like us.' Tom nudged his friend forwards. 'It'll be great!'

The boys started to count as the footprints led them towards the solid rock at the back of the cave.

One ... two ... three ... four ... five ...

# FLASH!





A second later, they were standing in the familiar hollow tree trunk, staring out at the dark forest beyond.

Jamie and Tom stepped out on to the crunchy pine needles that covered the forest floor. The sparse conifer trees made black shapes against the deep purple sky. Far away lay the vast desert and beyond it a line of volcanoes rose up looking



as if they were giant camels' humps in the pale light from the crescent moon.

The ferny branches of the cycad trees hung over them like huge spiders and a wispy mist billowed around their feet. In the distance, cries and deep rumbling roars filled the night.

'You were right,' whispered Tom eagerly. 'This is extra creepy.'