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Opening extract from

Harry and the Dinosaurs Roar to the Rescue !

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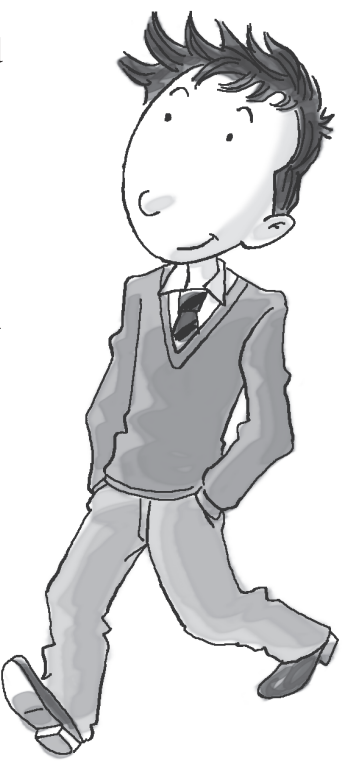
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Chapter 1

‘Hey, look! It’s the kid with the bucketful of dinosaurs!’

Harry was walking across the playground towards the school gates, deep in thought. His neighbour, Mr Oakley, had been robbed at the



weekend and Harry was trying to think of a way that he and his friends could help. When he heard the shout, he froze for a second. He knew that voice. It was nasty and it belonged to Rocco Wiley.

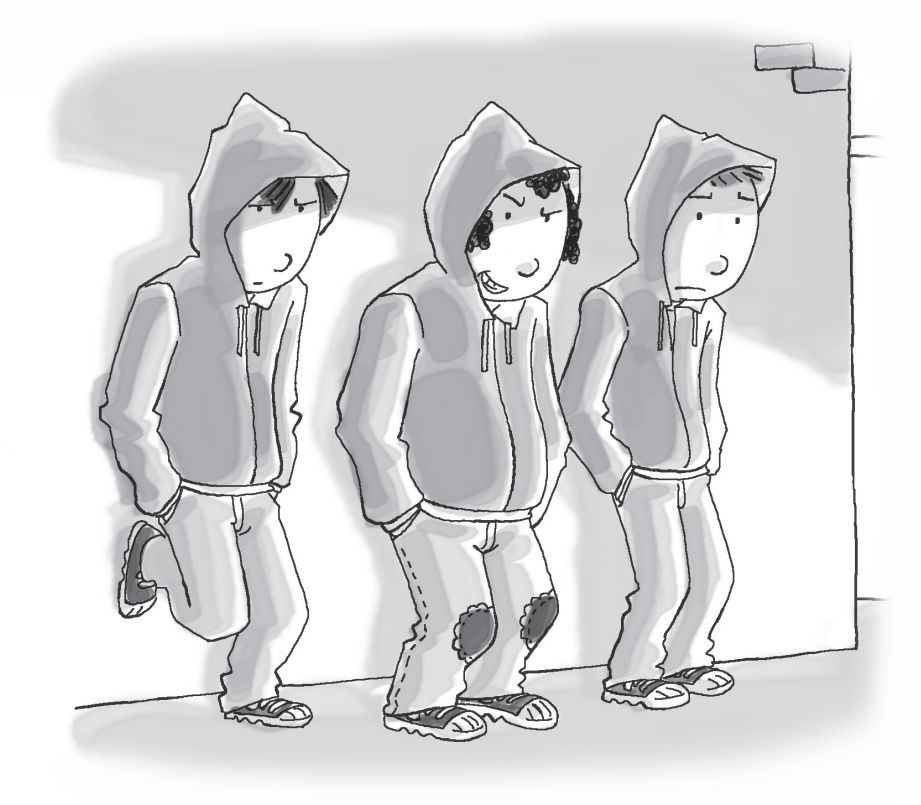
Harry was old enough to know that if a well-known bully who's bigger and older than you starts shouting, it's best not to hang about. Besides, Harry could hear the sniggers of Rocco's mates. They were loud kids, always in trouble. One of them, Philip Wells, was called to the headteacher's office at least once a week.

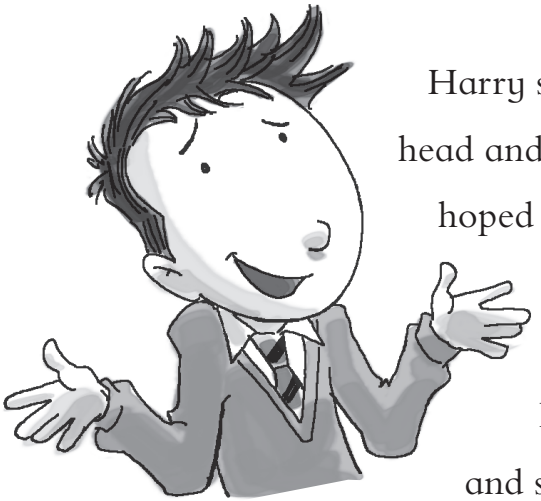
Harry tried to stay calm and keep walking.

'I'm talking to you, Dino-boy!' said Rocco, louder this time. There was more

laughter from his mates.

Harry stopped and turned. He saw the three boys, who were wearing identical hooded tops. They were standing with their hands in their pockets, and one boy had a foot flat against the wall.





Harry shook his head and laughed. He hoped he sounded like a person enjoying Rocco's joke and spread out his hands. 'Look, no bucket!' he called. 'And no dinosaurs. I haven't had anything to do with dinosaurs for *years*.'

'Thought you were a bit of a star, did you?' sneered Rocco. 'I bet you loved it in Assembly this morning –



showing off, everyone clapping you!'

'I had nothing to do with it,' Harry said. 'Mrs Rance was talking about ages ago! I used to be nuts about dinosaurs, that's all.'

'Yeah, right!' said Rocco. 'Like a baby playing baby games with baby toys. And I don't like that kind of stuff, do I, boys?'

'Nah! You hate baby stuff, Rocco!' agreed Philip.

Harry sighed and took another couple of steps towards the gate.

'Wait up, Dino-boy,' shouted Rocco. 'If you've grown out of baby toys then this won't worry you one bit.' He pulled a plastic dinosaur out of his pocket. It was small, and even from a distance Harry recognized it at once by the sail-shape fan

on its back. It was a spinosaurus.

From his other pocket, Rocco pulled out a lighter. His friends cheered as he flicked it on and off.

Harry swallowed nervously. Lighters were dangerous and they weren't allowed at school.

Rocco grinned as a yellow flame shot up from the lighter, quite high.

His little gang of admirers looked impressed. 'Whoa!' they yelled, jumping back.

'What are you doing?' asked Harry. 'You shouldn't have that at school.'

But Rocco just laughed. Then, very slowly, he pushed the head of the tiny plastic spinosaurus into the flame.



Before he could stop himself, Harry was shouting, 'Don't!'

'Ah, diddums!' teased Rocco. 'Come and kiss it better!'

Quickly, his mates moved in to back him up. Three against one. Rocco started waving the spinosaurus about. It made the plastic start to blaze and give off lots of black smoke.

Harry couldn't stand it. 'You cowards!' he yelled, and rushed at them all.

Maybe it was the shout. Maybe it was the fierce light in Harry's eyes that scared them. Whatever it was, Rocco's mates turned and ran.

Philip Wells held his nose and started waving the back of his hand while he



retreated, as if Harry was part of the smoky stink. 'Smell you later!'

Rocco flung down the blazing dinosaur and stamped out the flames. 'All yours, Dino-boy,' he sneered, heading past Harry towards the gate.

Harry waited until he was sure he was alone before he bent down and picked up the blackened plastic dinosaur. He had risked a beating for it. Maybe that was why he wrapped it carefully in a tissue and put it in his pocket.