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Opening extract from

Will Solvit and the T-Rex Terror

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– it was the sound of air being angrily huffed through dinosaur nostrils. I had thought Rex was asleep. I was wrong.

I heard the stomp of heavy dinosaur feet and the shrill sound of shrieking all at once. I turned around to see Rex heading straight for Zoe. His eyes were angry and his teeth were bared and he looked really, really annoyed.

“Rex, no!” I shouted.

But it was too late. He ran towards her, bent his head and bit into her skirt. My heart stopped – I thought he was going to eat her in one bite!

Rex threw Zoe into the air and caught her with his tiny claws. He let out a loud roar and stomped towards the gate, which Zoe had left open. Before I could do anything, Rex was running across the lawn, over the hedge, through the vegetable patch, until he dipped out of sight. I could hear Zoe’s frightened screams fade into the distance as he carried her away.

There wasn’t a moment to waste.

I couldn’t follow a T-rex unarmed and on foot – no way! I had to devise a plan. I ran into the house, skidding past Grandpa on my way.

“Hold on, Henry!” Grandpa called after me. “What is that blasted racket outside? I’m trying to sleep...”

“I’ll explain later, Grandpa,” I shouted behind me as I ran up the stairs. “And my name’s Will!”

There was no time to stop and explain. If I didn’t do something fast, Zoe would quickly become dino dinner!

I burst into my bedroom. I flung open the wardrobe doors and dug out the bag of stuff I’d taken from Dad’s laboratory. I quickly picked out the things I needed.

This is what I took:

• The electronic stun gun

• Dad’s memory obliterator (if people were going to see a dinosaur running down the street, there was no way I could risk them remembering it and telling the world!)

I heard a strange growling

So...

She blinked at me and looked slightly confused.
“You be careful on that scooter, young man,” she said.
“You’ll crush my flower beds!”
“It’s not a scooter!” I shouted back at her. “It’s a skateboard!”
I was just so relieved that the memory obliterator worked. I’d never used it before, but I’d seen Dad use it in emergencies. I figured that a T-rex on the loose was definitely an emergency, so I knew Dad would approve.
I did a sharp 180-degree turn as I zoomed around the corner onto Main Street. I couldn’t believe the mess that lay ahead of me. As soon as I’d caught Rex and rescued Zoe I was going to be in so much trouble!
Shop windows had been smashed by Rex’s huge, swinging tail, and park benches flattened.
A tall man with red hair was trying to be brave – he had grabbed a pole from a nearby hardware store and was headed in Rex’s direction. I quickly blasted him with the memory obliterator.
Weaving my way through the crowd of frightened spectators, I headed towards the sound of thudding dinosaur steps.
The memory obliterator was on overdrive – I was blasting everyone I passed and sending a few extra blasts out into the crowd just in case I missed anyone. I was feeling pretty scared about what I was having to do and knew in my heart that I was going to have an even tougher job covering this up. The memory obliterator erased the last ten minutes of your memory and stopped you from forming new memories for the next few minutes, but would that be enough? I was getting closer to Rex. I could see his heavy tail swinging around, knocking over everything in sight.
I could hear Zoe’s screams. She was alive!
“Wiiiiiiiiiii!” Zoe shrieked.
“It’s OK!” I shouted. “I’m coming!”