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Opening extract from

Dinosaur Cove 21: Saving the Scaly Beast

Written by

Rex Stone

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SAVING THE SCALY BEAST





LATE CRETACEOUS

Attack of the
LIZARD KING

Charge of the
THREE-HORNED MONSTER

March of the
ARMOURED BEASTS

Flight of the
WINGED SERPENT

Catching the
SPEEDY THIEF

Stampede of the
GIANT REPTILES

JURASSIC

Rescuing the
PLATED LIZARD

Swimming with the
SEA MONSTER

Tracking the
GIGANTIC BEAST

Escape from the
FIERCE PREDATOR

Finding the
DECEPTIVE DINOSAUR

Assault of the
FRIENDLY FIENDS

TRIASSIC

Chasing the
TUNNELLING TRICKSTER

Clash of the
MONSTER CROCS

Rampage of the
HUNGRY GIANTS

Haunting of the
GHOST RUNNERS

Swarm of the
FANGED LIZARDS

Snatched by the
DAWN THIEF

PERMIAN

Stalking the
FANNED PREDATOR

Shadowing the
WOLF-FACE REPTILES

Saving the
SCALY BEAST

Taming the
BATTLING BRUTES
COMING SOON

Snorkelling with the
SAW SHARK
COMING SOON

Hunted by the
INSECT ARMY
COMING SOON

DOUBLE LENGTH ADVENTURES

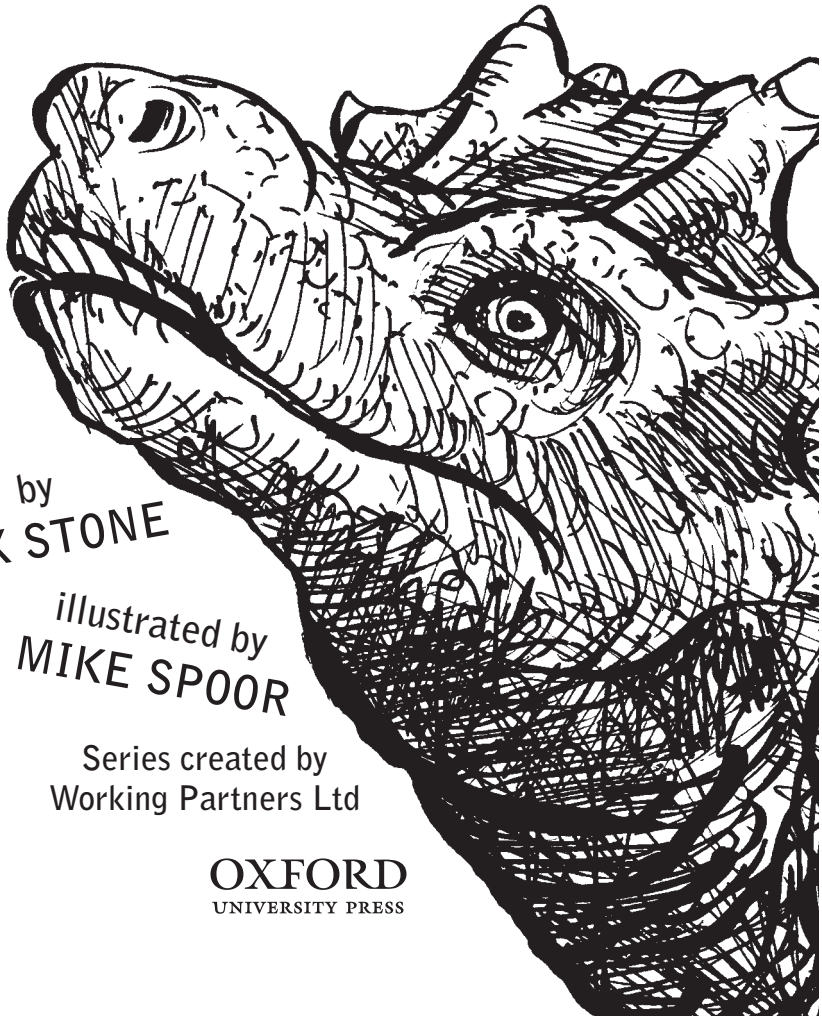
Journey to the
ICE AGE

Lost in the
JURASSIC

The
CRETACEOUS CHASE

DINOSAUR COVE™

SAVING THE SCALY BEAST



by
REX STONE

illustrated by
MIKE SPOOR

Series created by
Working Partners Ltd

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS



Special thanks to Jane Clarke.

To Helen and Amy, with love. R.S.

For Hannah, Alice and Imogen. M.S.

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FACT FILE

JAMIE AND HIS BEST FRIEND, TOM, HAVE A SECRET—THEY'VE DISCOVERED A CAVE THAT LEADS THE WAY TO DINO WORLD! IF THE BOYS PLACE THEIR FEET INTO A SET OF FOSSILIZED DINOSAUR PRINTS THEY'RE INSTANTLY TRANSPORTED TO AN ANCIENT LAND OF PREHISTORIC BEASTS. IN THE PERMIAN ERA, THE BOYS GO ADVENTURING IN THE JUNGLE. BUT THEY QUICKLY DISCOVER THAT THERE'S MORE AMONGST THE VINES THAN JUST BUGS.

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

PAREIASAURUS









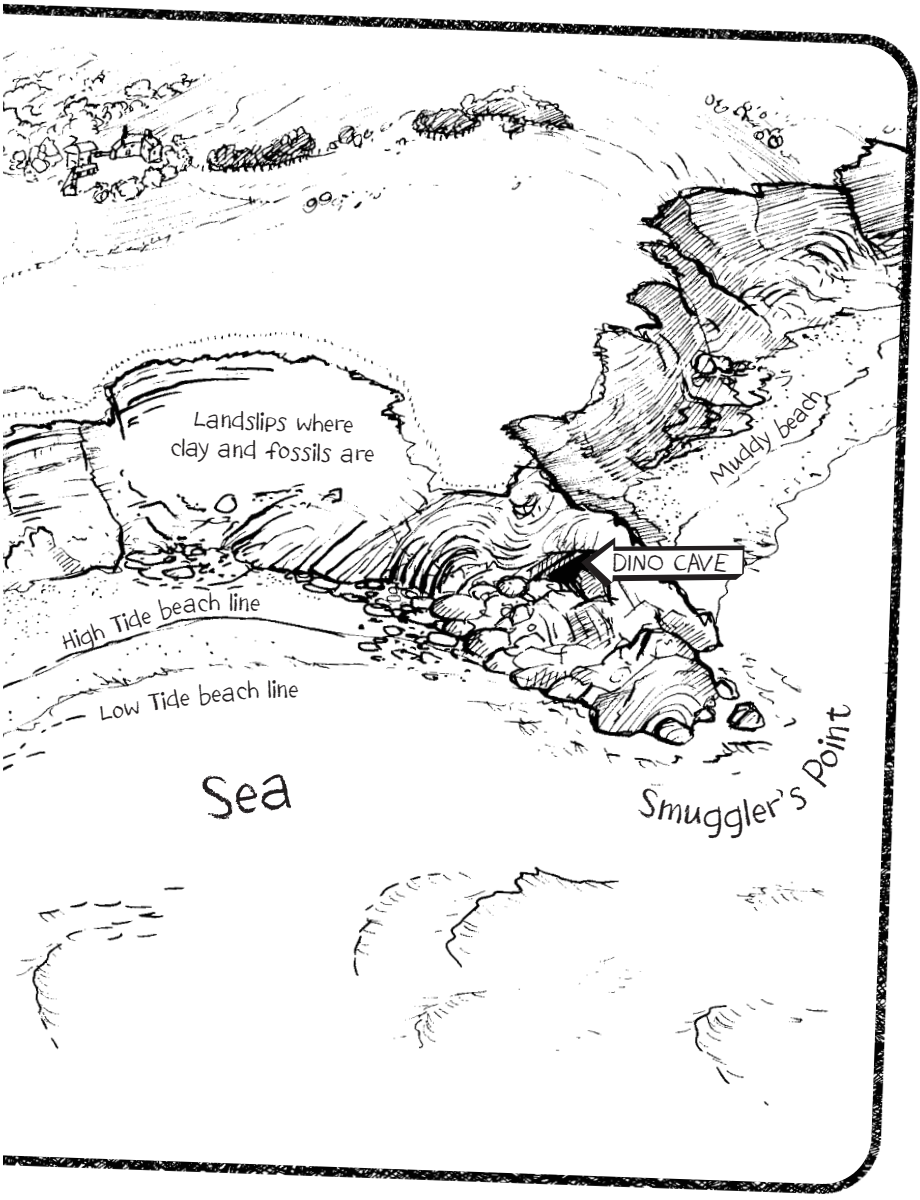
- **FULL NAME:** PAREIASAURUS
- **AGE:** 260 MILLION YEARS***
- **HEIGHT:** 1 JATOM*
- **LENGTH:** 3 JATOMS*
- **WEIGHT:** 25 JATOMS*
- **LIKES:** CHEWING BARK AND FERN LEAVES
- **DISLIKES:** RUNNING. ITS STOCKY BODY AND SHORT LEGS MADE IT A SLOW MOVER

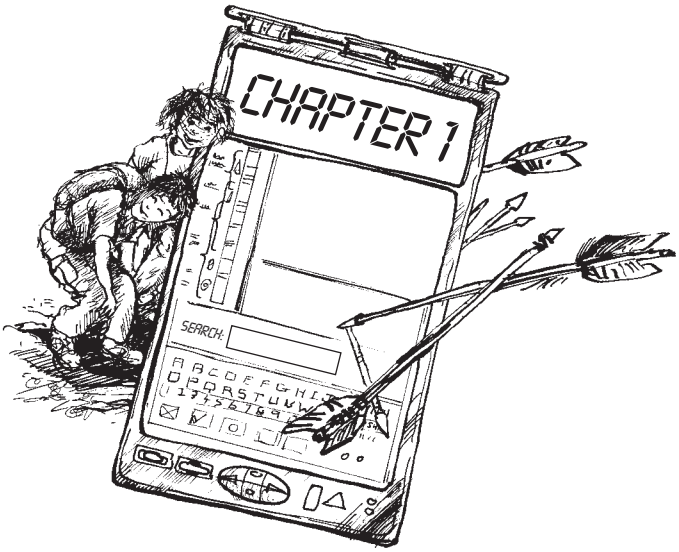


*__NOTE:__ A JATOM IS THE SIZE OF JAMIE OR TOM: 125 CM TALL AND 27 KG IN WEIGHT

***__NOTE:__ SCIENTISTS CALL THIS PERIOD THE PERMIAN


DINOSAUR COVE
Village
Marina
Sealight Head

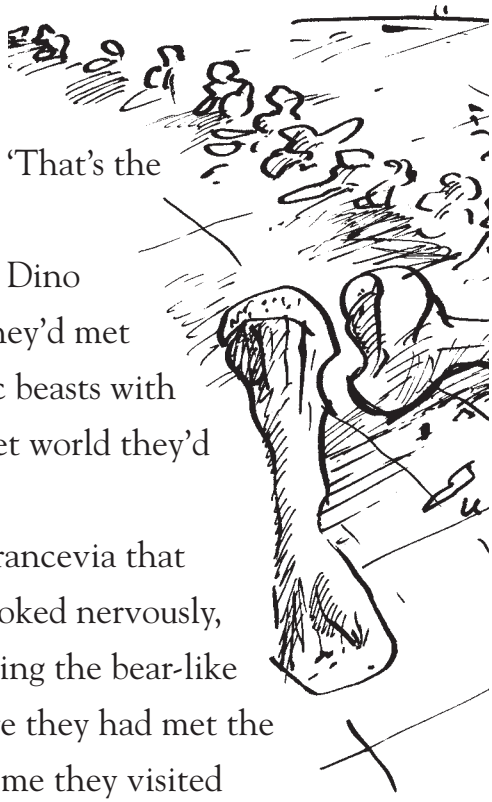

Landslips where
clay and fossils are
Muddy beach
DINO CAVE
High Tide beach line
Low Tide beach line
Sea
Smuggler's Point



A great crash came from the basement of the old lighthouse in Dinosaur Cove.

'Stop!' Jamie Morgan warned. His best friend Tom Clay froze, about to open the door.

Jamie's dad had sent the boys to the basement to collect a box of replica early human clothing and equipment for an Ice Age display in his dinosaur museum. But something was in there. The boys pressed their ears to the door and listened to the scritch-scratching noise it was making.



Tom looked at Jamie. 'That's the sound of claws.'

'Like something from Dino World,' Jamie agreed. They'd met dinosaurs and prehistoric beasts with vicious claws in the secret world they'd discovered in the Cove.

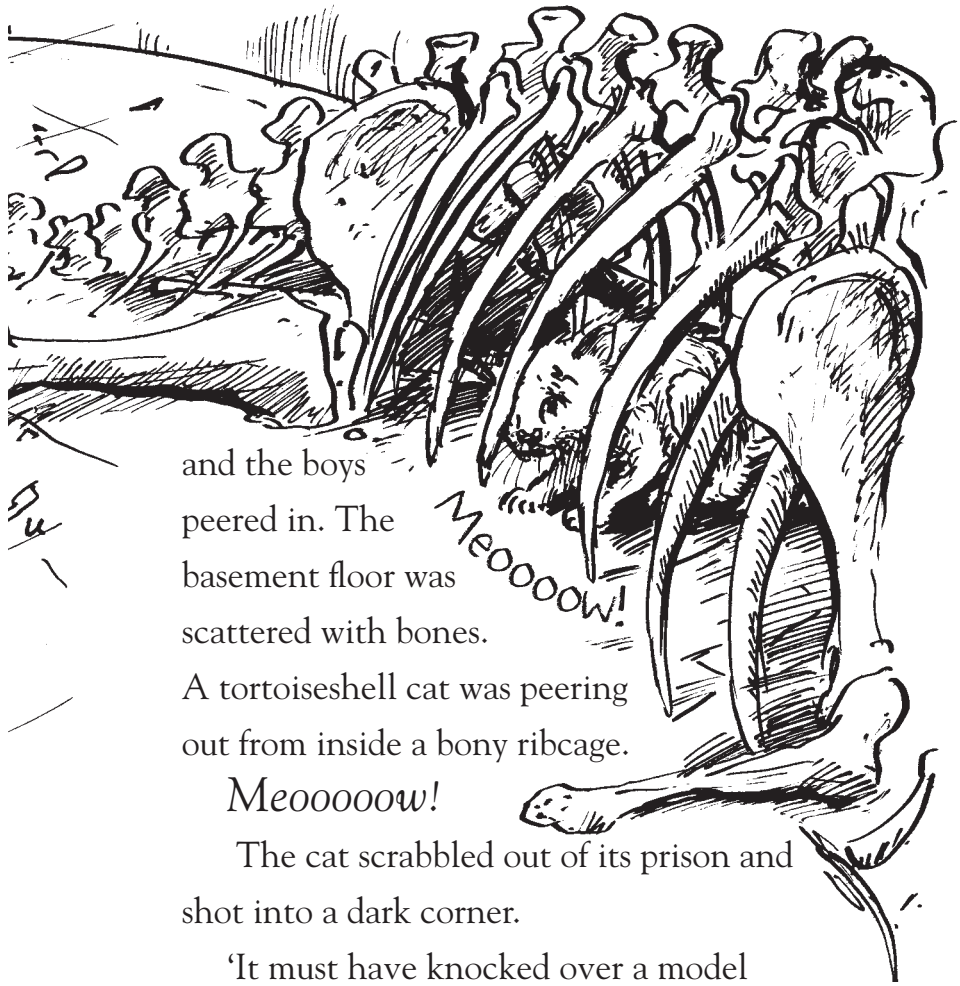
'Maybe it's that inostrancevia that keeps hunting us,' Tom joked nervously, remembering the bear-like creature they had met the last time they visited Dino World.

There was a clattering noise and a loud screech.

Meoooooow!

'It's not a dinosaur, it's a cat-o-saur!' Jamie cracked open the door





and the boys peered in. The basement floor was scattered with bones. A tortoiseshell cat was peering out from inside a bony ribcage.

Meooooow!

The cat scrabbled out of its prison and shot into a dark corner.

'It must have knocked over a model dinosaur skeleton,' Tom laughed. 'It was a cat-*in*-saur.'

Jamie groaned.

'Everything ship-shape down there?' Jamie's grandad called from outside the

basement. He clomped down the steps and surveyed the scene. 'That's Pippin from the farm down the road,' he exclaimed when he spotted the cat.

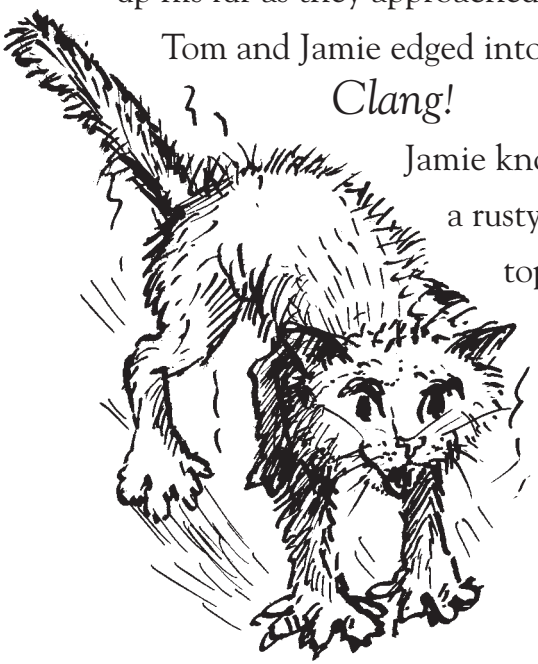
Jamie pointed to the tiny window at ceiling level that was open a crack.

'Pippin must have jumped in through there,' he said, 'but now he's trapped.'

'Then we'll have to catch the little scamp,' Grandad told them. 'Spread out, me hearties.'

Pippin retreated into a corner and puffed up his fur as they approached.

Tom and Jamie edged into the storeroom.

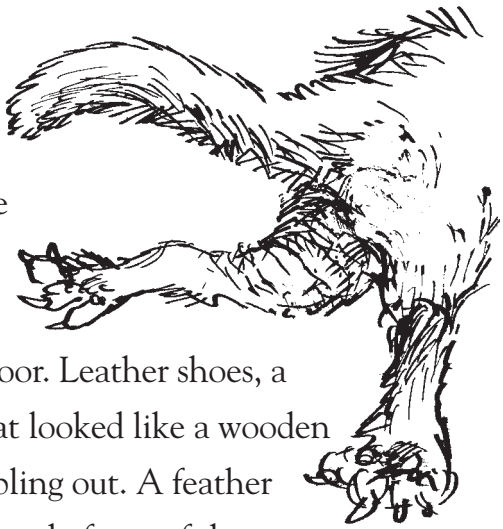


Clang!

Jamie knocked into a rusty spade, that toppled over.

Yeooowwwl!

Pippin leapt up onto a shelf



in alarm, dislodging one of the boxes.

Thunk!

The box fell to the floor. Leather shoes, a bow and arrows and what looked like a wooden tennis racket came tumbling out. A feather detached itself from the end of one of the arrows and floated to the floor by Tom's feet.

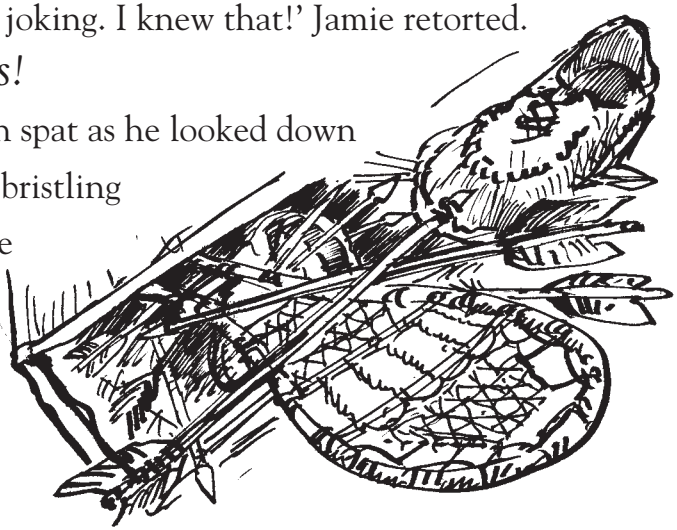
'That's the box Dad sent us to find,' Jamie remarked. 'Looks like they played tennis in the Ice Age!'

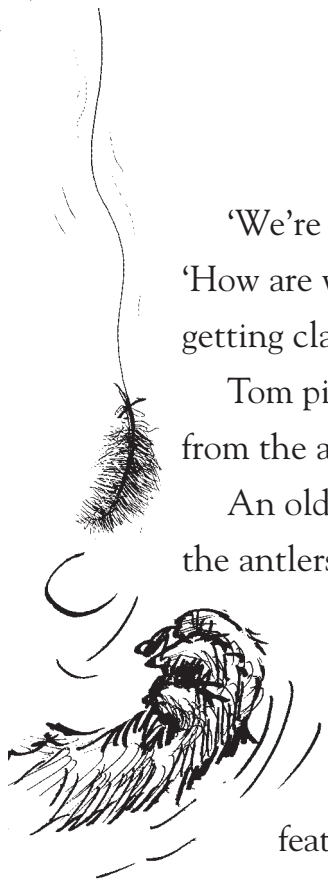
'It's a snowshoe, you wombat,' Tom snorted. 'You strap them to your feet to stop you from sinking in deep snow.'

'I was joking. I knew that!' Jamie retorted.

Hisss!

Pippin spat as he looked down at them, bristling from nose to tail.





'We're scaring him,' Jamie murmured. 'How are we going to get him down without getting clawed?'

Tom picked up the feather that had fallen from the arrow. 'Cats love to play,' he said.

An old red tartan blanket was draped over the antlers of a moth-eaten moose head. Tom pulled a thread loose from it, then tied the feather to one end and set the blanket down on the floor.

'Here, Pippin.' Tom dangled the feather in front of the frightened cat. Pippin looked at it suspiciously for a moment, then stretched out a paw to pat it. Tom let the feather drift to the floor and shook the thread to make it wiggle. Pippin jumped down and stalked the feather onto the blanket.

'Neat!' Jamie said. He scooped up Pippin in the tartan blanket. The cat looked at him in surprise, then began to purr.



'Well done, lads,' Grandad told them. 'You two get Pippin back home while I clear up.'

'If we're quick, we'll have time to go to Dino World!' Jamie whispered, handing Pippin, still snuggled in the blanket, to Tom. He dashed upstairs, grabbed his backpack, and joined Tom outside. They jogged along the road towards the old stone farmhouse.

As soon as Pippin spotted it coming into view, he mewed in delight, leapt out of Tom's arms and shot off home.

Jamie stuffed the empty blanket in his backpack.

'Hurry up.' Tom hopped impatiently from foot to foot. 'Wanna's waiting for us.'

Jamie grinned from ear to ear. He couldn't wait to see their little dino friend again.

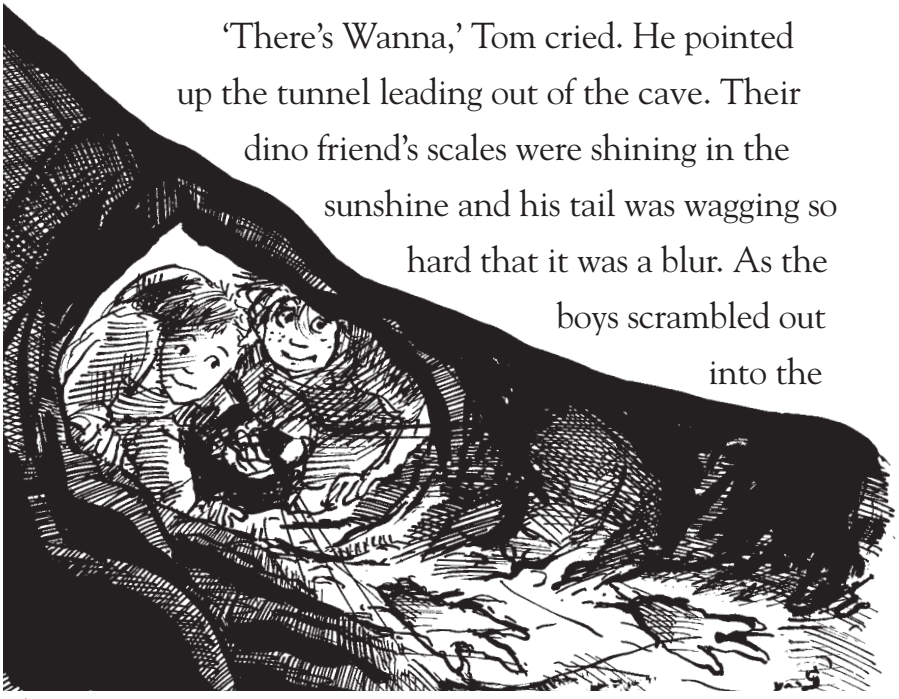
The boys raced to the beach, scrambled up the rocks, and squeezed into their secret cave.

'Dino World, here we come,' Jamie panted. His heart thumped with excitement as he fitted his feet into the line of fossilized dinosaur footprints and stepped towards the rock face. Tom was close behind him.

'One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . FIVE!'

There was a lightning-like flash and Tom and Jamie zapped 265 million years back in time into the dark, dusty cave that was their entry point to the Permian age.

'There's Wanna,' Tom cried. He pointed up the tunnel leading out of the cave. Their dino friend's scales were shining in the sunshine and his tail was wagging so hard that it was a blur. As the boys scrambled out into the



sizzling heat, the little wannanosaurus greeted them with a playful butt of his bony head.

'Ooof!' Jamie exclaimed, doubling over. It felt as if all the air had been knocked out of him. Wanna stuck his nose into Jamie's backpack, sniffed the blanket and sneezed.

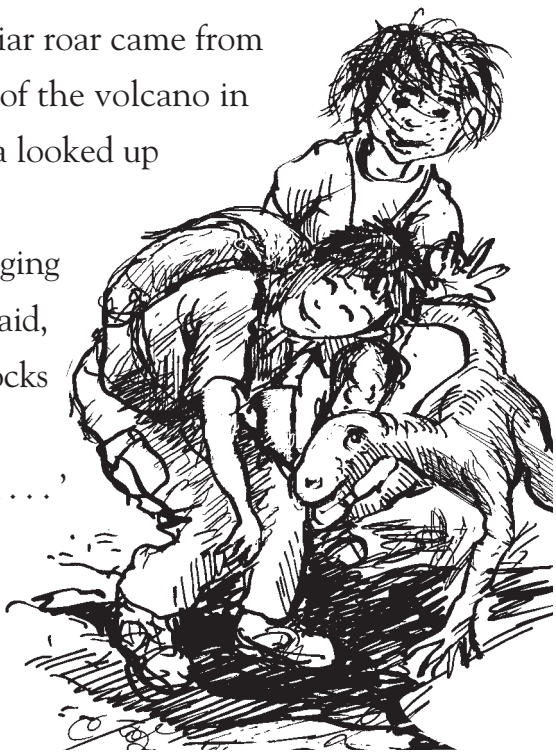
Atchooo!

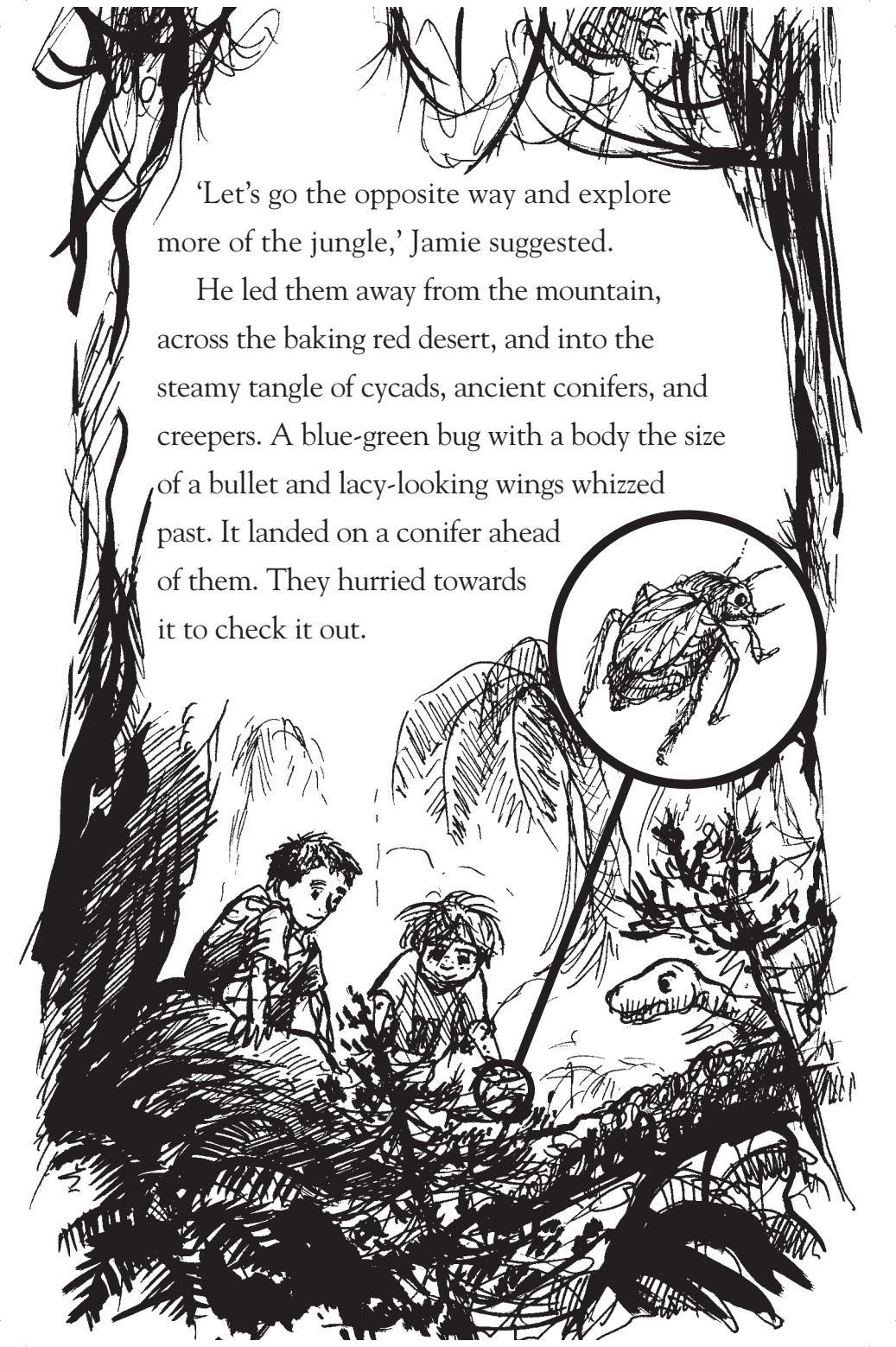
'You're the first dino ever to smell a cat,' Jamie laughed. But Tom had his finger to his lips and was looking worried.

Garrr!

A faint but familiar roar came from the gritty red slopes of the volcano in the distance. Wanna looked up and grunked softly.

'The inostie's hanging around again,' Tom said, scanning the steep rocks with his binoculars. 'I can't see it, though . . . '





'Let's go the opposite way and explore more of the jungle,' Jamie suggested.

He led them away from the mountain, across the baking red desert, and into the steamy tangle of cycads, ancient conifers, and creepers. A blue-green bug with a body the size of a bullet and lacy-looking wings whizzed past. It landed on a conifer ahead of them. They hurried towards it to check it out.

'Awesome bu— ' Jamie didn't get to finish his sentence. He yelped as the ground vanished under his feet.

Thump!

Jamie, Tom, and Wanna landed in the soft leaf mould at the bottom of a huge hole. Jamie glanced around in dismay. The sides of the pit were steep and crumbly-looking. They were trapped!

Wanna looked up and tipped his head to one side, listening intently. Tom and Jamie strained their ears. Something was snorting and snuffling towards them. The sides of the pit began to shudder and a shadow blotted out the sun.

'If that's a predator,' Tom gasped, 'we're its dinner!'

