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Opening extract from

Dinosaur Cove 22: Taming the Battling Brutes

Written by

Rex Stone

Published by

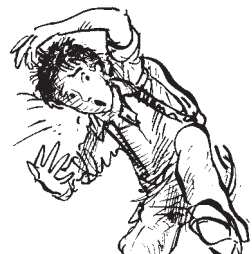
Oxford University Press

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TAMING THE BATTLING BRUTES



DINOSAUR COVE™

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

Snorkelling with the
SAW SHARK



Hunted by the
INSECT ARMY



DOUBLE LENGTH ADVENTURES

Journey to the
ICE AGE

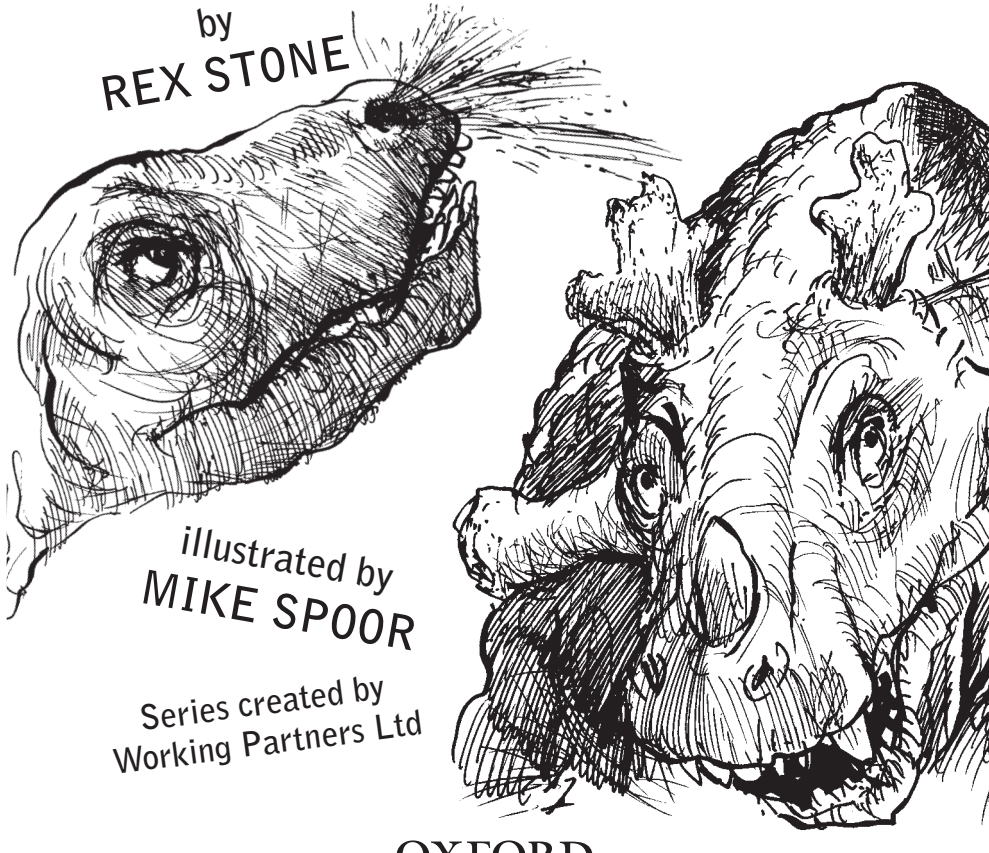
Lost in the
JURASSIC

The
CRETACEOUS CHASE

DINOSAUR COVE™

TAMING THE BATTLING BRUTES

by
REX STONE



illustrated by
MIKE SPOOR

Series created by
Working Partners Ltd

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS



Special thanks to Jan Burchett and Sara Vogler.

For Jack Burnett and Matt Stockton. OK, I give up.
Here's your dedication. No fighting. R.S.

This book is especially for Dylan and
Luke Gill-Sivitter. M.S.

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS

Great Clarendon Street, Oxford OX2 6DP
Oxford University Press is a department of the University of Oxford.
It furthers the University's objective of excellence in research, scholarship,
and education by publishing worldwide in

Oxford New York

Auckland Cape Town Dar es Salaam Hong Kong Karachi
Kuala Lumpur Madrid Melbourne Mexico City Nairobi
New Delhi Shanghai Taipei Toronto

With offices in

Argentina Austria Brazil Chile Czech Republic France Greece
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First published 2012

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British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data

Data available

ISBN: 978-0-19-275631-2

1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

Printed in Great Britain
Paper used in the production of this book is a natural,
recyclable product made from wood grown in sustainable forests
The manufacturing process conforms to the environmental
regulations of the country of origin

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 GET CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF TWO GIANT ENEMIES. CAN THEY STOP THE BRUTES BEFORE SOMEONE GETS HURT?

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

MOSCHOPS



- **FULL NAME:** MOSCHOPS
- **AGE:** 250 MILLION YEARS***
- **HEIGHT:** 2 JATOMS*
- **LENGTH:** 4 JATOMS*
- **WEIGHT:** 33 JATOMS*
- **LIKES:** BEING THE BIGGEST PERMIAN CREATURE
- **DISLIKES:** RUNNING



Moschops's eye



Moschops's teeth

ESTEMMENOSUCHUS

- **FULL NAME:** ESTEMMENOSUCHUS
- **AGE:** 250 MILLION YEARS***
- **HEIGHT:** 1½ JATOMS*
- **WEIGHT:** 17 JATOMS*
- **LENGTH:** 3-4 JATOMS*
- **LIKES:** EATING CHEWY PLANTS
- **DISLIKES:** BEING A SLOW RUNNER



Estemmenosuchus's eye

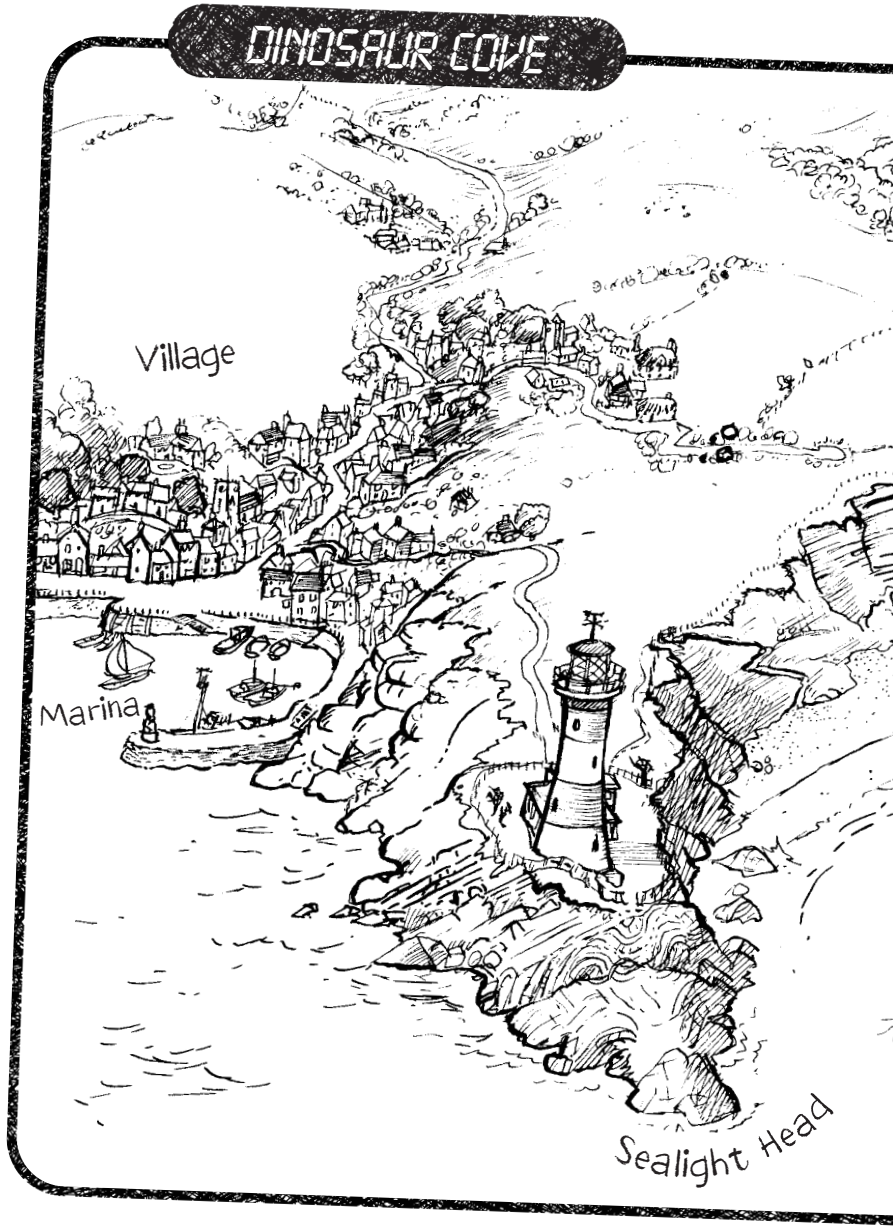


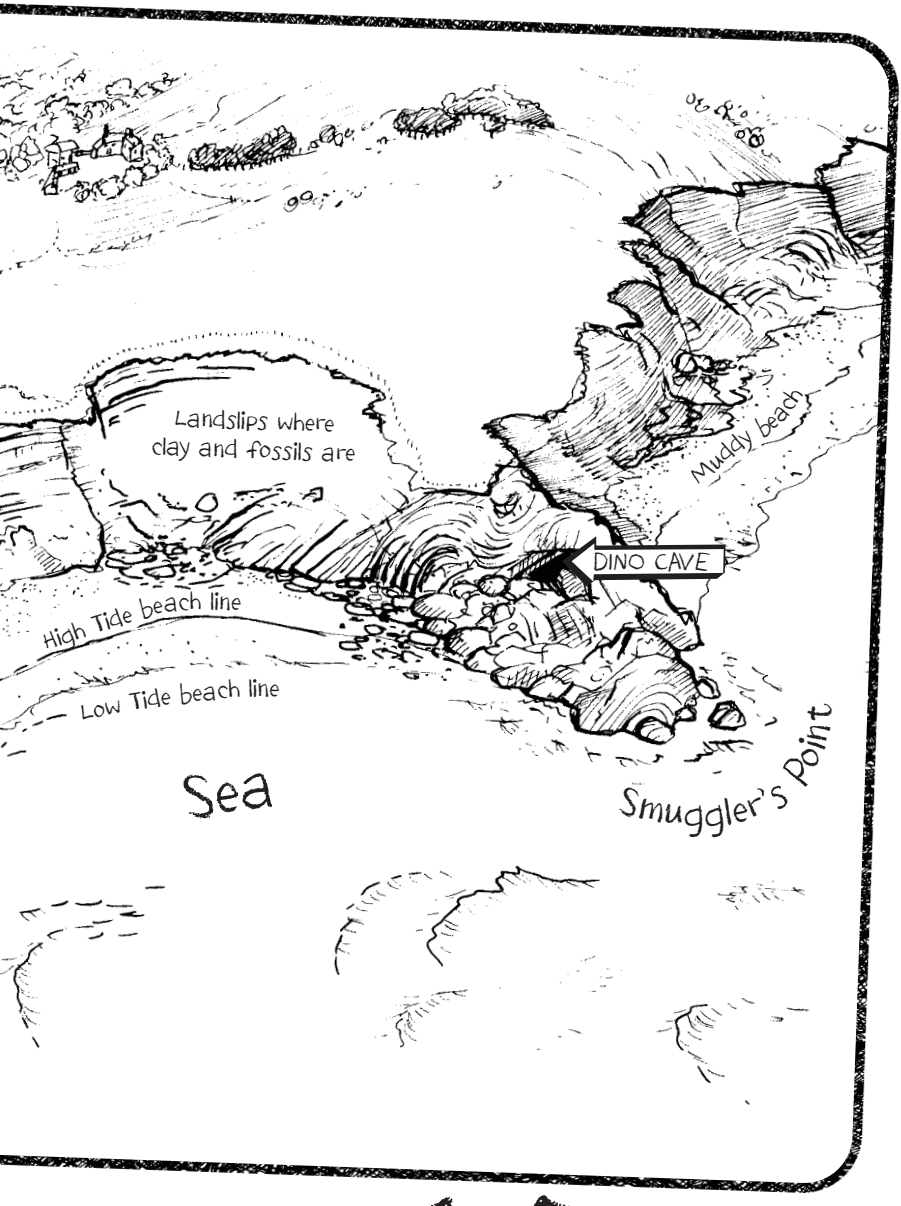
Estemmenosuchus's horn

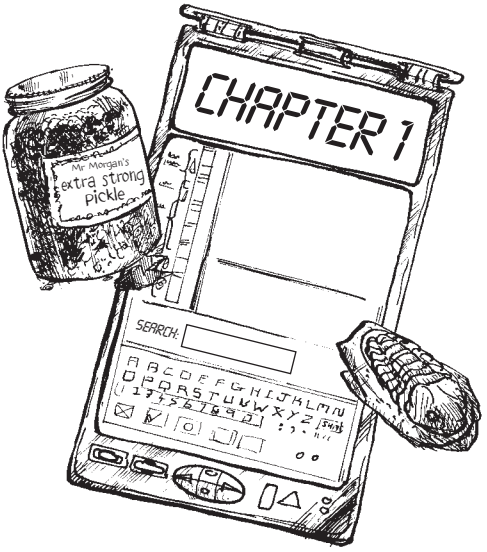


*NOTE: A JATOM IS THE SIZE OF JAMIE OR TOM: 125 CM TALL AND 27 KG IN WEIGHT

***NOTE: SCIENTISTS CALL THIS PERIOD THE PERMIAN

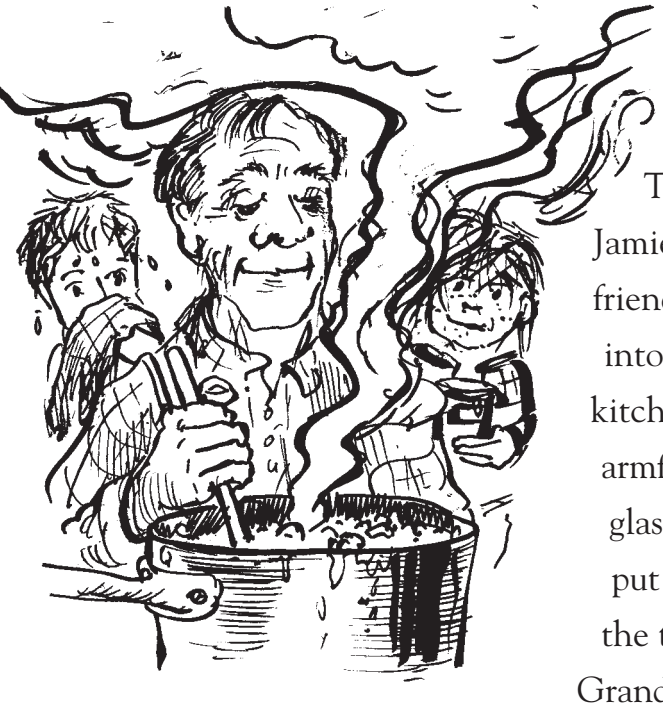

DINOSAUR COVE
Village
Marina
Sealight Head


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



'Nearly finished!' declared Jamie Morgan, fanning the hot air of the kitchen from his face.

He was standing with his grandfather by the stove. Mr Morgan was stirring a huge bubbling pot of his special homemade pickle, while Jamie added a final pinch of pepper. All the windows of their lighthouse home were open, but the bitter, fruity smell was still so strong that Jamie had a hanky over his nose!



Tom Clay, Jamie's best friend, clattered into the kitchen with an armful of empty glass jars. He put them on the table. Grandad took the pot off the stove and let it cool a little. He handed over the ladle. 'If you're careful, you two can fill the jars up,' he said.

The boys slopped warm pickle into each jar.

'There's plenty here for our sandwiches,' said Tom eagerly.

'And loads left over for all Grandad's friends,' added Jamie, scraping the pan clean.

Visitors came from far and wide to visit the lighthouse, where there was a dinosaur

museum run by Jamie's dad, and Jamie thought that his Grandad's pickle was almost as famous.

'You've been really helpful, boys,' said Grandad. He screwed a top on a jar, wrote 'Mr Morgan's extra strong pickle' on the label and handed it to Tom. 'One for you, lad.'



'Cool!' exclaimed Tom. 'Thanks!'

'I don't know about cool,' said Jamie with a grin. 'More likely to blow your head off!'

'Cheeky monkey!' chuckled his grandfather. 'Off you go before I biff you with my ladle.'

Laughing, Jamie snatched up his backpack from a chair and the boys scooted out of the



kitchen and down the cliff steps to Dinosaur Cove beach.

'Got your Fossil Finder?' Tom asked Jamie, his eyes gleaming with excitement.

Jamie knew what Tom was thinking. He nodded and tapped his shorts pocket. 'Yep. And there's a torch in the backpack.'

'Is the Permian trilobite in there too?'

Jamie beamed. 'Of course.'

'Then we're all set for a trip to Dino World!' Tom said.

He slipped the pickle jar into Jamie's bag and they dashed across the sand

towards the headland and the old smugglers' cave high up in the cliff. Deep inside the cave was a secret entrance to an amazing world of living dinosaurs—and the trilobite was the key that opened it.

'Beat you!' panted Tom as he hauled himself up the last of the boulders and climbed into the cave.

Jamie pulled out his torch and flashed it over the back of the cave. A small dark opening came into view. He quickly squeezed into the little gap that led to the secret chamber, his backpack knocking off a trickle of small stones. 'Bet I'll be first into the Permian,' he called.

Tom wriggled after him. Jamie was already standing in the line



of fossilized footprints that led to a solid rock wall. He slipped his arms through the backpack straps as Tom took his place behind him.

'Dino World here we come!' exclaimed Jamie eagerly, as they followed the prints.

With a dazzling flash of light the boys were back in the familiar dark underground cavern at the base of a steaming volcano. They quickly climbed up to the opening above and





popped their heads out into the hot, dry air of the Permian world. The ferns around the entrance tickled their faces.

'It's good to be back!' said Jamie. He shielded his eyes against the glare of the sun.

Tom held an imaginary microphone. 'Welcome to Permian TV with your presenter, Tom Clay. In the distance is the Permian desert. We can just make out a herd of dimetrodon, the fans on their backs soaking up the warmth. Behind us lies the steamy jungle, and to our

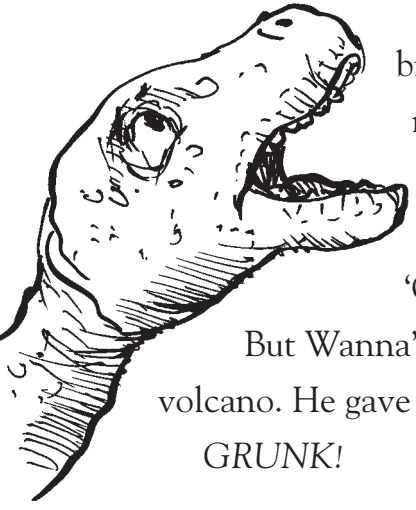
right, the dense forest. Even from here we can see giant dragonflies buzzing among the trees.'

The boys climbed out of the cavern, panting in the intense heat.

A loud *grunk* made them jump.

A little greenish-brown dinosaur was pacing up and down on the slope just above them.

'And here comes Wanna, our dino friend!' reported Tom. 'This wannanosaurus may be from the Cretaceous Era, but he always joins us on our explorations.'



'Get ready!' warned Jamie, bracing himself against a rock. 'He'll be so excited when he sees us, he's sure to knock us flying.'

'Over here, boy!' called Tom.

But Wanna's eyes were fixed on the volcano. He gave a loud, warning cry.

GRUNK!