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Opening extract from  
**Dinosaur Cove 22:  
Taming the  
Battling Brutes**

Written by  
**Rex Stone**

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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

## 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

## 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

## PERMIAN

Stalking the  
FANNED PREDATOR

Shadowing the  
WOLF-FACE REPTILES

Saving the  
SCALY BEAST

Taming the  
BATTLEING 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.

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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 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

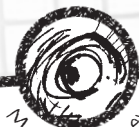
\*NOTE: A JATOM IS THE SIZE OF JAMIE OR TOM: 125 CM TALL AND 27 KG IN WEIGHT

\*\*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

## ESTEMMENSUCHUS

- FULL NAME: ESTEMMENSUCHUS
- 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

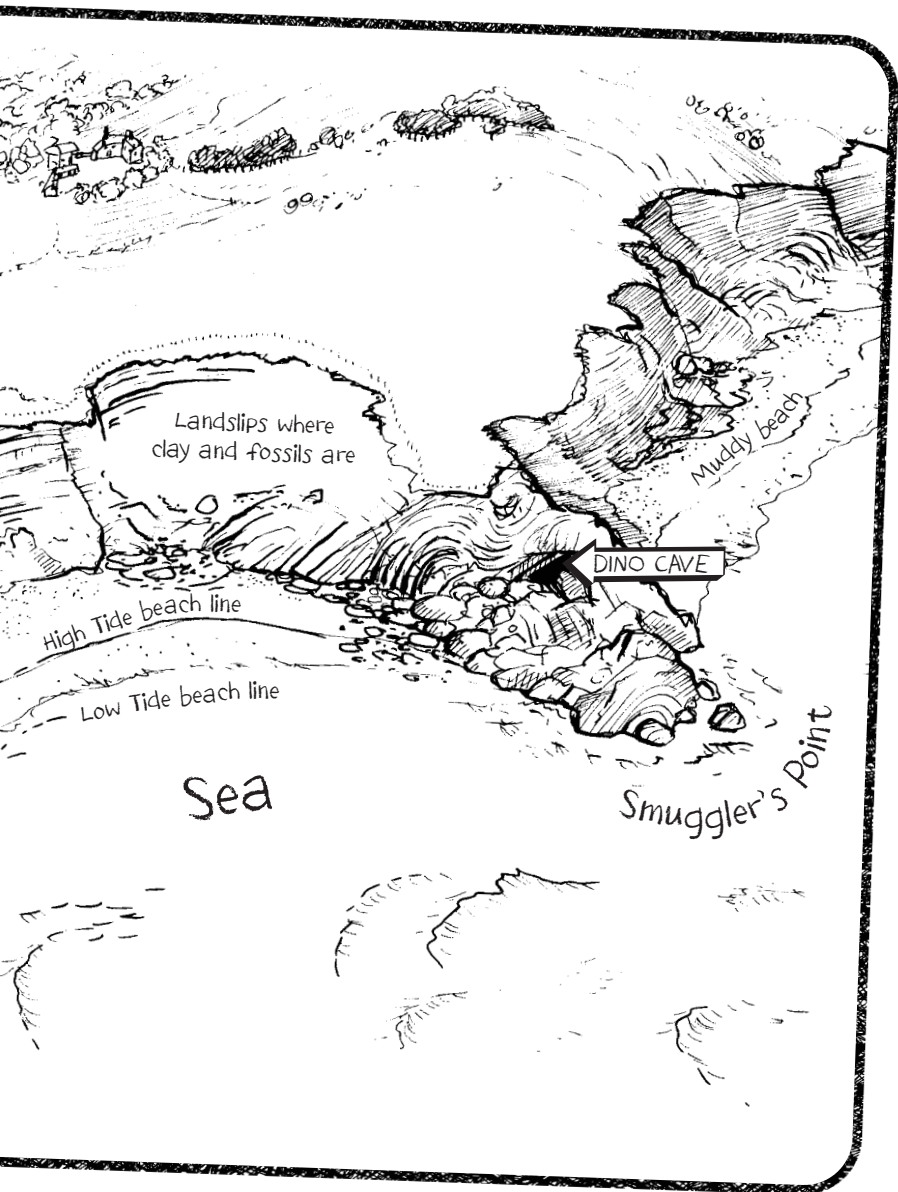
\*NOTE: A JATOM IS THE SIZE OF JAMIE OR TOM: 125 CM TALL AND 27 KG IN WEIGHT

\*\*\*NOTE: SCIENTISTS CALL THIS PERIOD THE PERMIAN

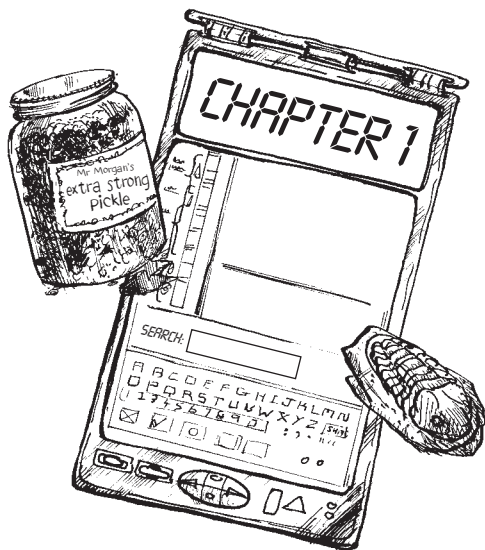


# DINOSAUR COVE





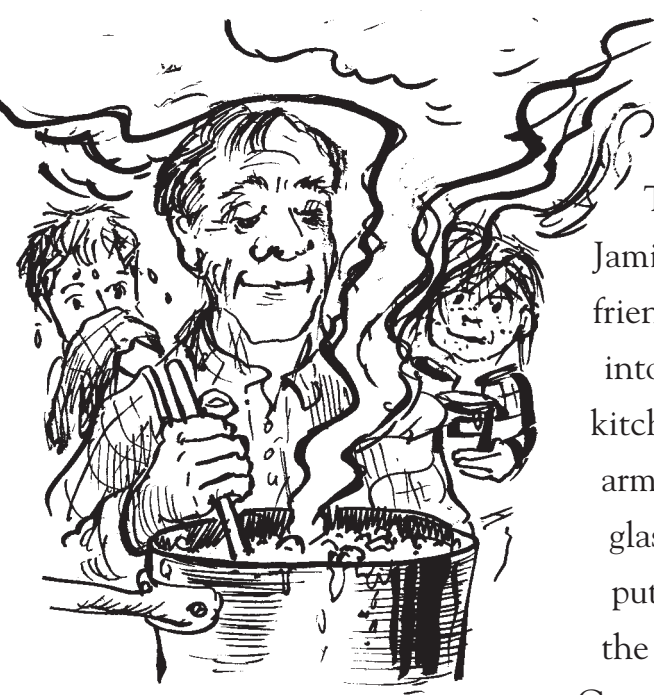




‘Nearly finished!’ declared Jamie Morgan, fanning the hot air of the kitchen from his face.

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!**

