

Opening extract from
**Dinosaur Cove: Flight
of the Winged
Serpent**

Written by
Rex Stone

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Special thanks to Jan Burchett and Sara Vogler
Especially for Theo and Ben Wheadon, with love

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FACT FILE

➡ JAMIE HAS JUST MOVED FROM THE CITY TO LIVE IN THE LIGHTHOUSE IN DINOSAUR COVE. JAMIE'S DAD IS OPENING A DINOSAUR MUSEUM ON THE BOTTOM FLOOR OF THE LIGHTHOUSE. WHEN JAMIE GOES HUNTING FOR FOSSILS IN THE CRUMBLING CLIFFS ON THE BEACH HE MEETS A LOCAL BOY, TOM, AND THE TWO DISCOVER AN AMAZING SECRET: A WORLD WITH REAL, LIVE DINOSAURS! WALKING ON THE GROUND WITH THE DINOSAURS IS ONE THING, BUT FLYING IN THE AIR WITH THEM IS A DIFFERENT MATTER!

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



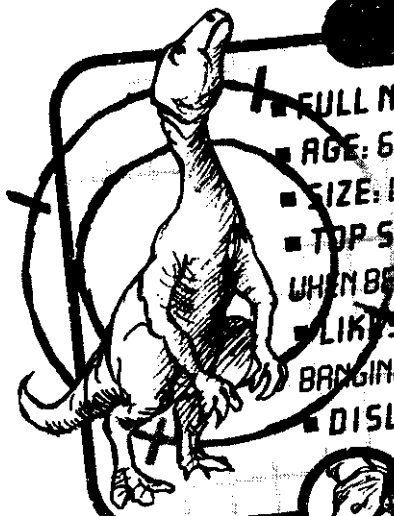
Tom's eye



Tom's hand

WANNA

- FULL NAME: WANNAOSAURUS
- 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

QUETZALCOATLUS



- FULL NAME: QUETZALCOATLUS
- AGE: 65 - 80 MILLION YEARS**
- NECK: LONGER THAN A GIRAFFE'S
- WIDTH: UP TO 14 JATONS*
- WEIGHT: 5 JATONS*
- LIKES: BEING THE LARGEST FLYING CREATURE EVER
- DISLIKES: BEING MISTAKEN FOR A DINOSAUR. IT WAS A PTEROSAUR, A FLYING LIZARD

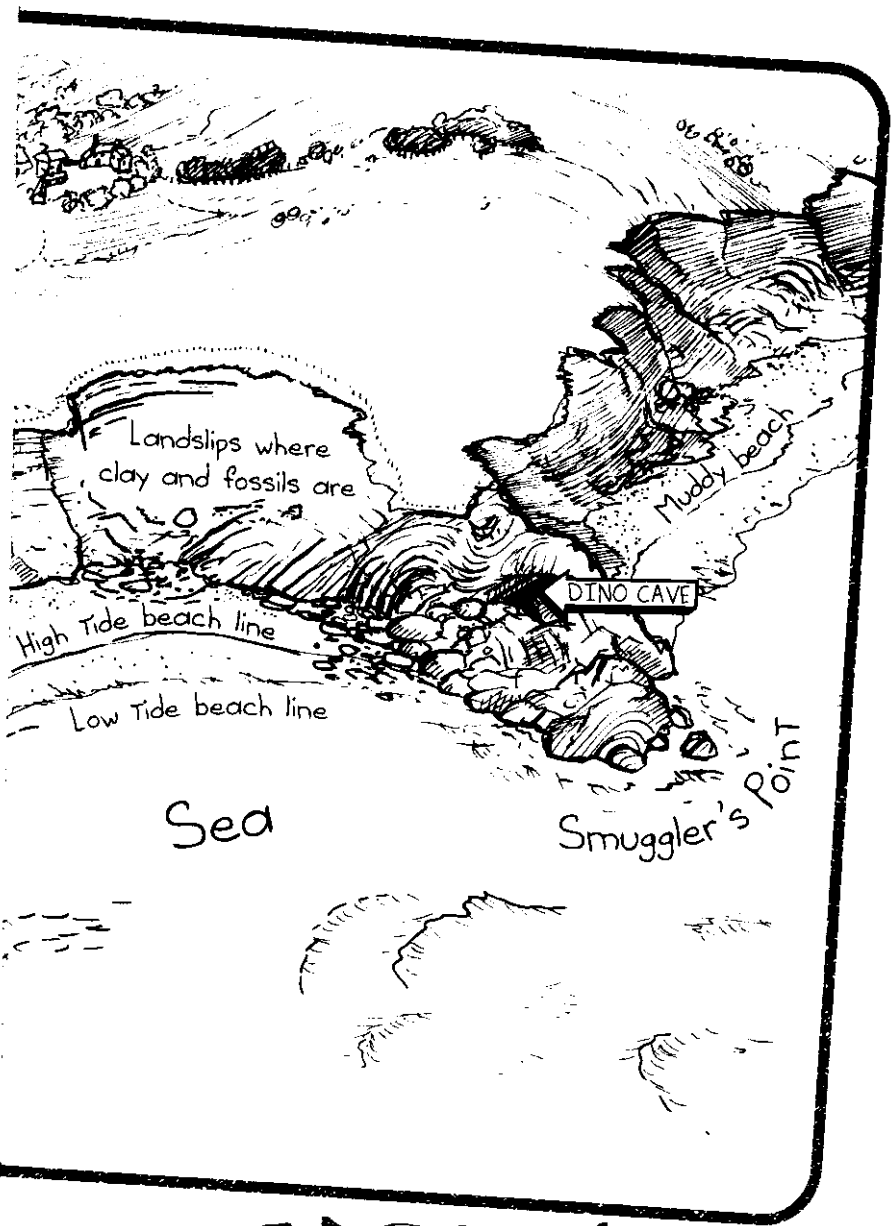


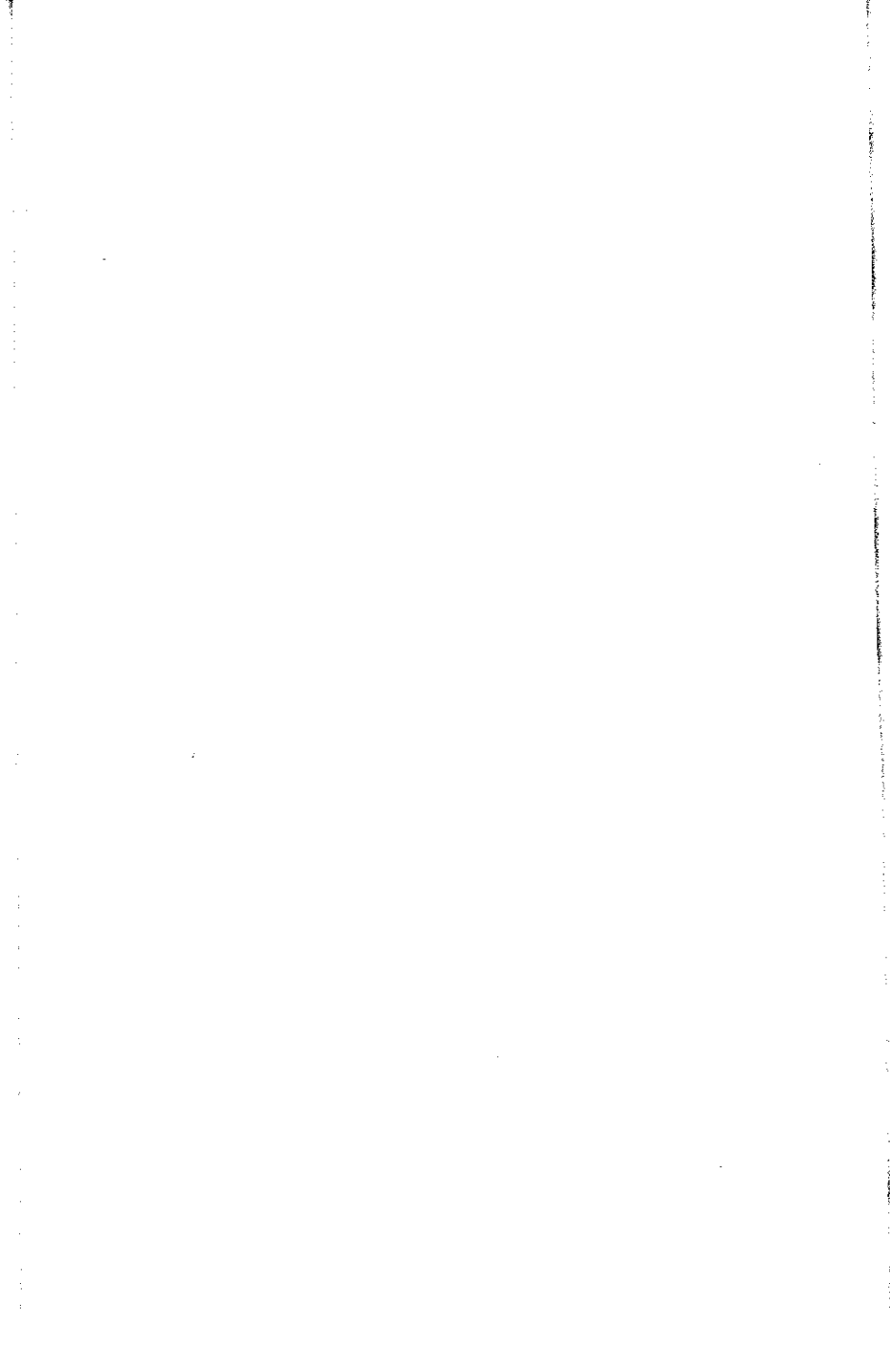
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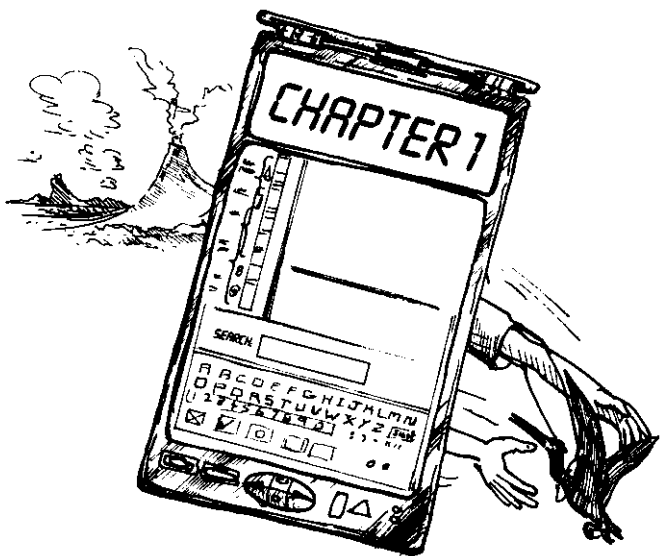
**NOTE: SCIENTISTS CALL THIS PERIOD THE LATE CRETACEOUS

DINOSAUR COVE









'This exhibit looks so cool!' exclaimed Jamie, as his best friend Tom glued on the last miniature jungle tree.

The two boys had spent the morning painting the prehistoric landscape and were just finishing the scenery. The scale model was as big as the table top and was going to be one of the exhibits in Jamie's dad's new dinosaur museum on the bottom floor of the old lighthouse where they lived.

'The marsh is my favourite,' Tom said, putting down the glue.

The model was labelled 'Late Cretaceous Period' and had a jungle, a plain, a beach with cliffs, and an eerie-looking marsh. Dad had set up a smoke machine under the table so that smoke blew over the marsh like mist.

Dad walked into the room with the post.

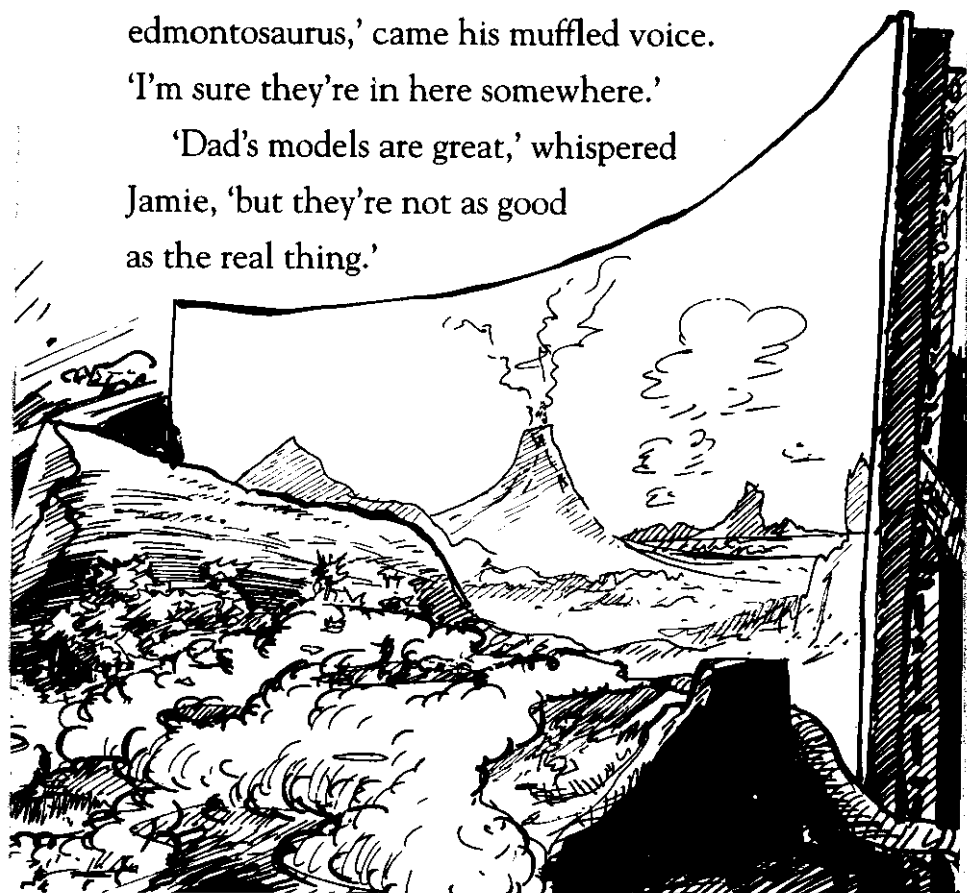
'You two have done a brilliant job painting the ocean,' he told them, and grinned at their paint-splattered clothes. 'And yourselves!'



Next, Jamie and Tom added the most important items to the display—the dinosaurs! They arranged a herd of triceratops on the green plain.

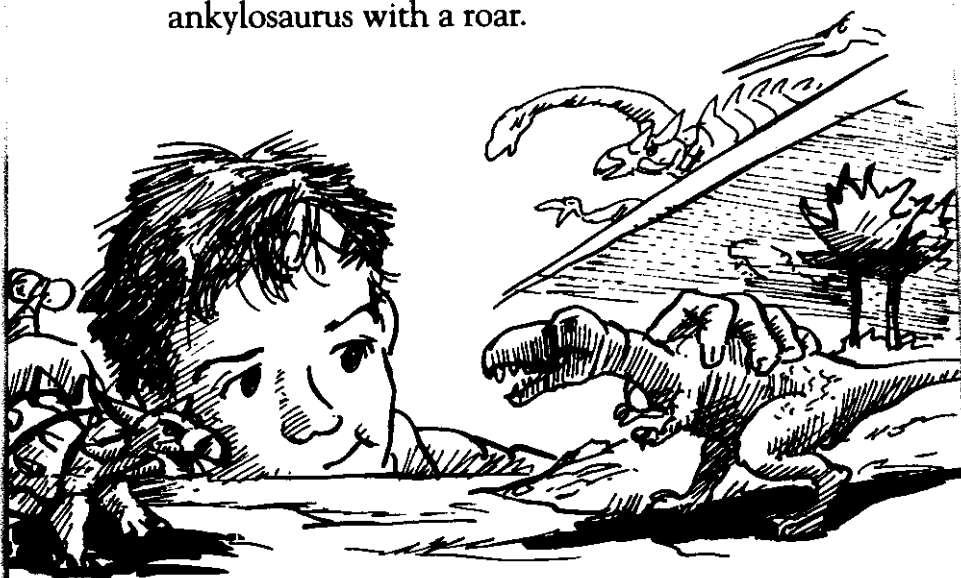
‘They’re just right there,’ said Dad. ‘They look as if they’re grazing.’ He stuck his head into a crate and started rummaging. Sawdust flew everywhere. ‘Can’t find the edmontosaurus,’ came his muffled voice. ‘I’m sure they’re in here somewhere.’

‘Dad’s models are great,’ whispered Jamie, ‘but they’re not as good as the real thing.’



Jamie and Tom had a secret. They had discovered the entrance to an amazing land of living dinosaurs, and they visited it whenever they could.

Jamie picked up a Tyrannosaurus Rex and made it run across the plain towards an ankylosaurus with a roar.



Tom snatched up the ankylosaurus. 'Not such an easy meal, you bully!' He swung the tiny anky's clubbed tail at the T-Rex.

'Whoops!' Tom gasped as the T-Rex went flying out of Jamie's hand towards a shelf full of model creatures.

WHACK!

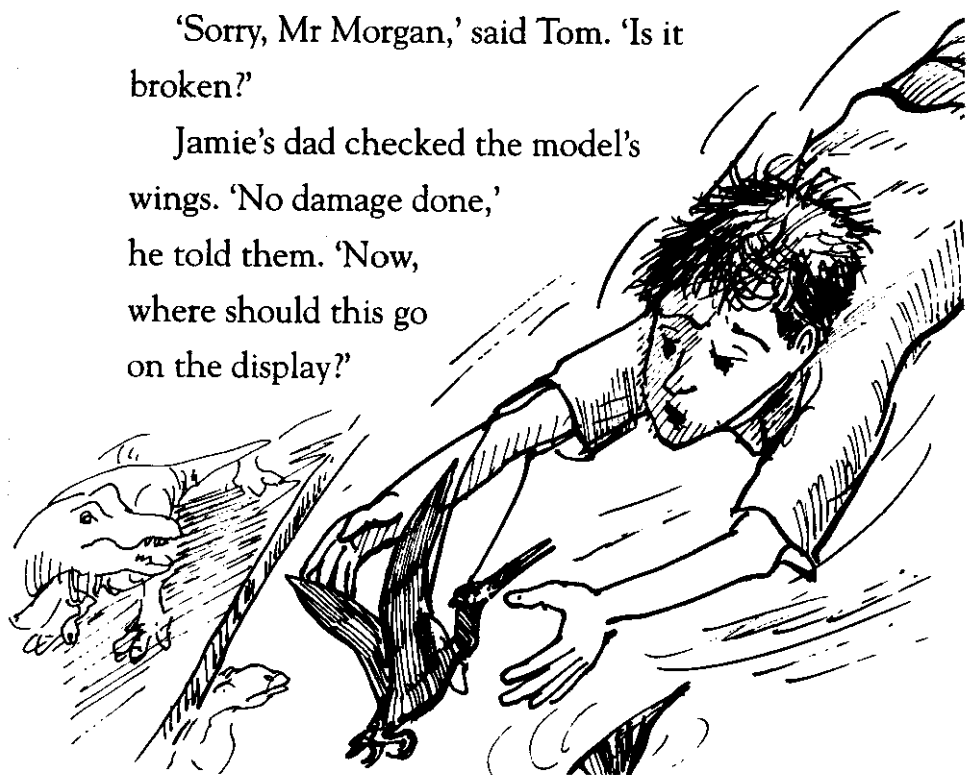
The T-Rex crashed into a large winged creature which wobbled and fell. Jamie dived like a goalie and caught it before it hit the floor.

'Good catch!' gasped Tom.

Jamie's dad came running over.

'Sorry, Mr Morgan,' said Tom. 'Is it broken?'

Jamie's dad checked the model's wings. 'No damage done,' he told them. 'Now, where should this go on the display?'



Jamie looked at the long beak, the outstretched wings, and bony crest on the head. 'It's a sort of pterosaur, isn't it?'

'Yes, it's a quetzalcoatlus. Here's its label.'

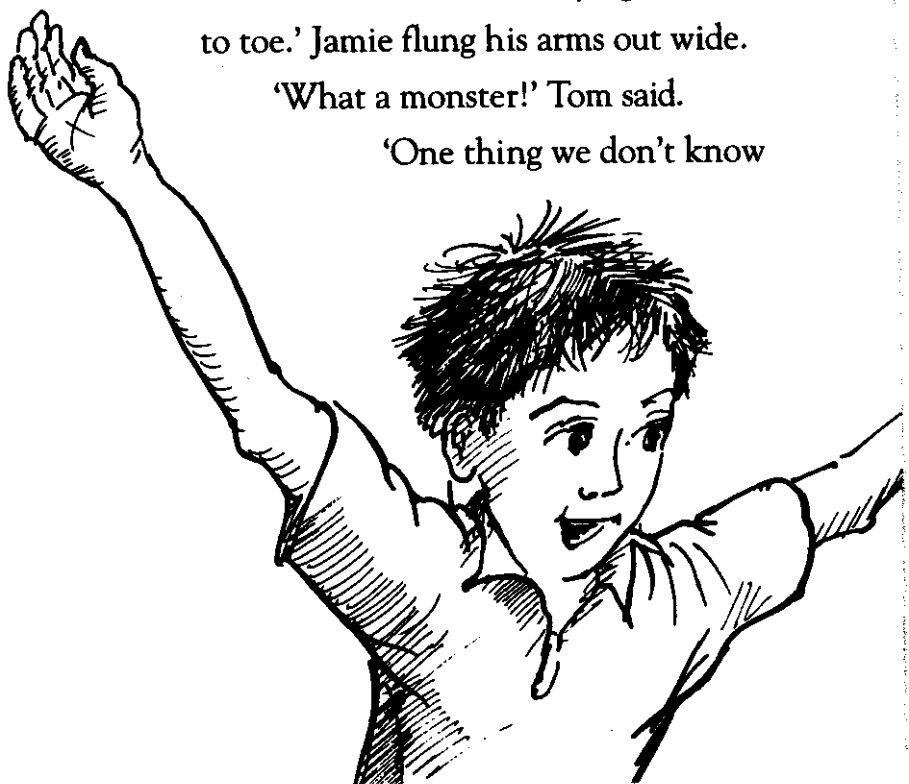
'*Ket-sal-kow-at-lus*,' Jamie read. 'That's a mouthful.'

'The biggest flying reptile of them all,' Dad explained. 'It had a twelve metre wingspan.'

'That's more than six Dads lying head to toe.' Jamie flung his arms out wide.

'What a monster!' Tom said.

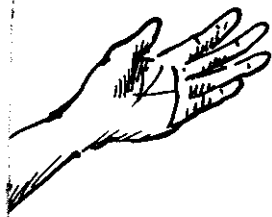
'One thing we don't know



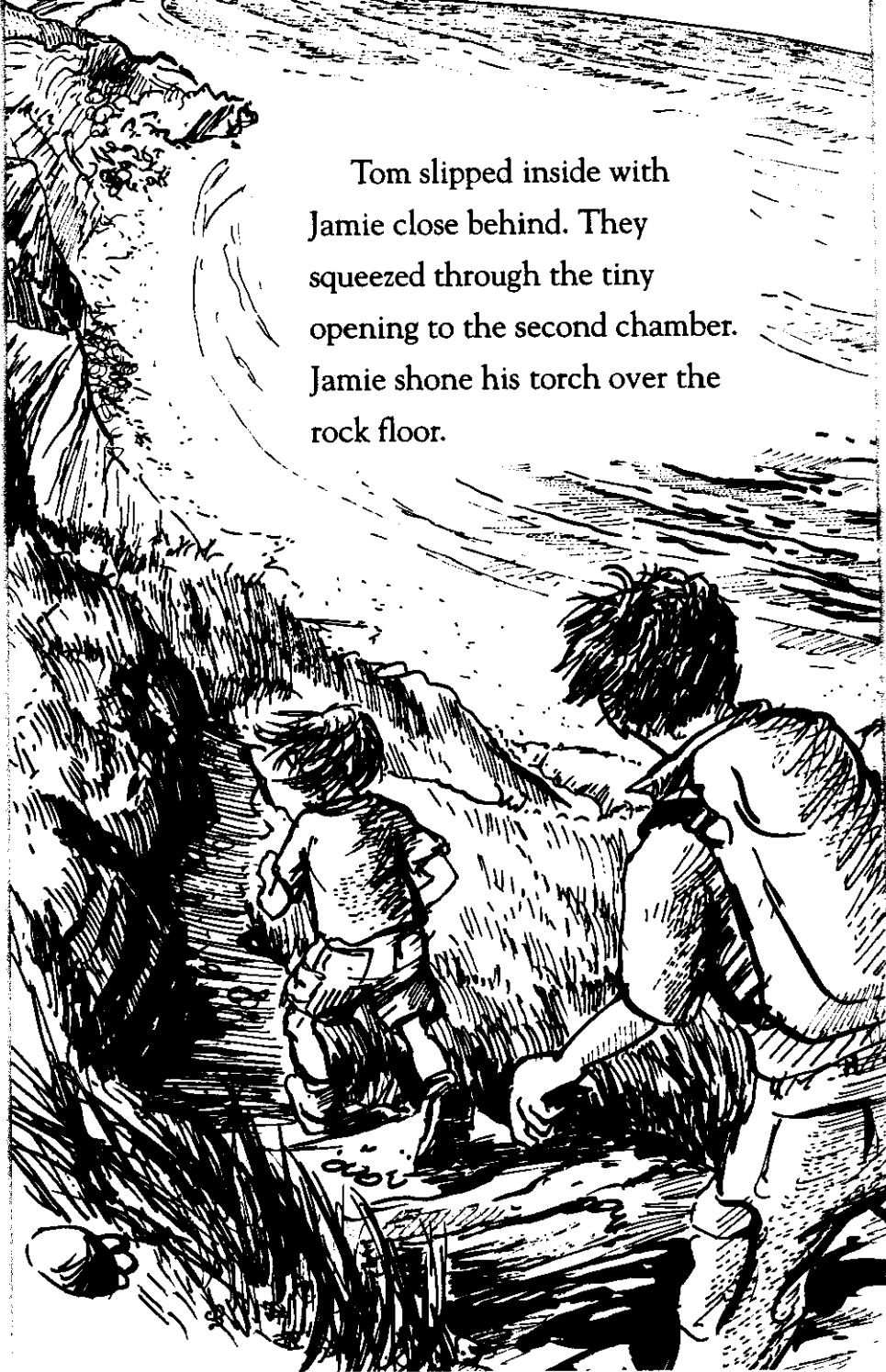
is where these quetzies nested,' said Dad. 'On the marsh, on the beach, or in the jungle.' He put the quetzy back on the shelf. 'Here's a quest for you, boys. Do some research and help me decide where on the model to put it. That'll keep you out of trouble.'

Jamie and Tom grinned at each other. They knew exactly where to find out where the quetzalcoatlus nested—Dino World!

Jamie scooped up his backpack and charged after Tom down the rocky steps from the lighthouse. They raced across the pebbly beach, whooping with excitement, to the steep headland path. Clambering over the mossy boulders they were soon at the old smugglers' cave—and the entrance to their secret world.



Tom slipped inside with Jamie close behind. They squeezed through the tiny opening to the second chamber. Jamie shone his torch over the rock floor.



'Here are the footprints,' he said.
'Let's go!'

One step at a time,
Jamie and Tom followed
the fossilized dinosaur
tracks that led to the wall
at the back of the cave.
One . . . two . . .
The familiar crack of light
appeared in the wall . . .
three . . . four . . . The
crack widened . . . Five!

When Jamie opened
his eyes, the ground was
spongy under his feet.
Jamie and Tom were in
Dino World again!

