

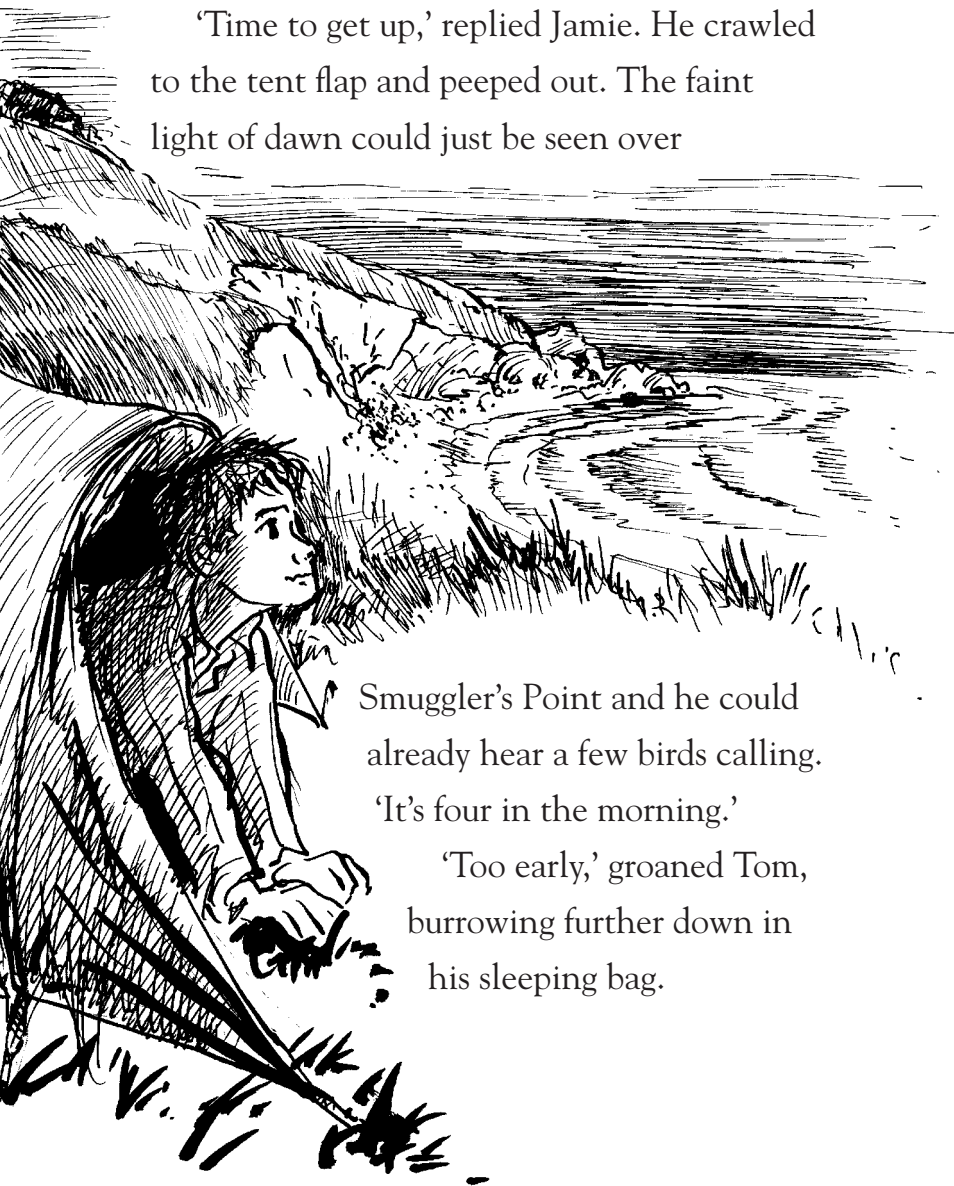
Jamie Morgan sat bolt upright in bed. For a moment he couldn't think where he was. There was a strange buzzing in his ear and the walls of his lighthouse bedroom seemed much closer than they should be and he wasn't in his pyjamas. He was fully dressed. Then he remembered. He and his best friend Tom Clay were camping in a tent in his garden—and the buzzing was his portable alarm clock.

He stretched out a hand and pressed the button to silence the alarm.



‘What time is it?’ came Tom’s drowsy voice from the sleeping bag next to him.

‘Time to get up,’ replied Jamie. He crawled to the tent flap and peeped out. The faint light of dawn could just be seen over



Smuggler’s Point and he could already hear a few birds calling.

‘It’s four in the morning.’

‘Too early,’ groaned Tom, burrowing further down in his sleeping bag.

Soon Jamie could hear his muffled snores. He tossed a pillow at the humped figure. Tom's bleary face appeared, tousled hair sticking up in spikes.

'Come on. It was your idea to camp out so that we could hear the dawn chorus.'

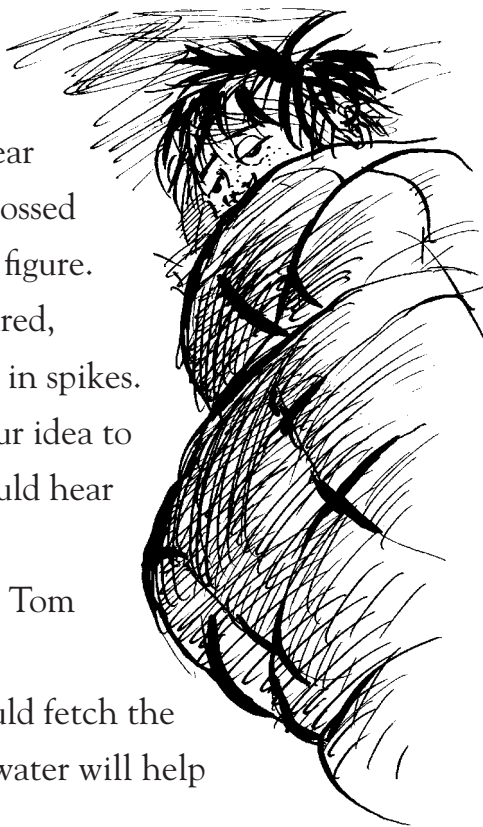
'Five more minutes,' Tom complained.

Jamie grinned. 'I could fetch the hose. Maybe a blast of water will help you get out of bed?'

'I'm up!' Tom leapt out of his sleeping bag.

They burst through the flap of the tent and stood on the dewy grass. From the cliffs came the shrill caws and harsh cries of the seabirds as they woke and took to the air.

'Some of them sound like they're sawing wood,' said Tom.





‘That will be the razorbills,’
replied Jamie. ‘Grandad said it’s
like they’re having a woodwork class
on the cliff.’

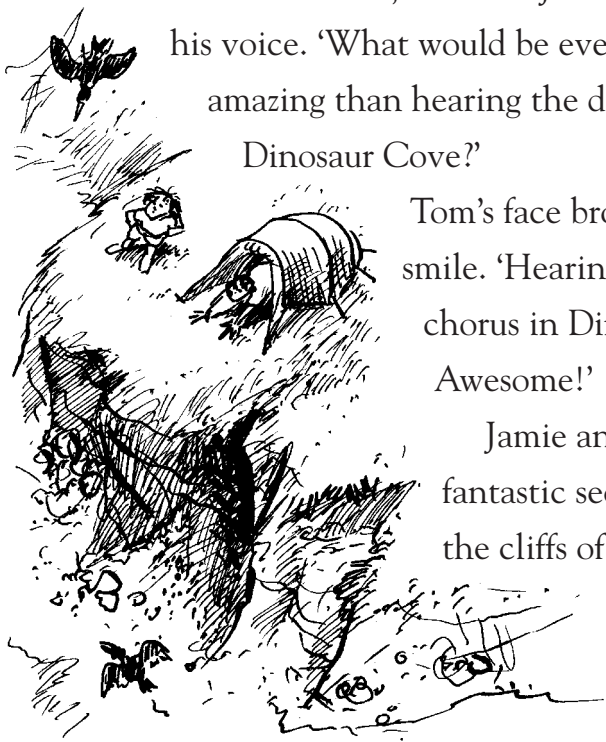
Gradually the sky above the cove
filled with gulls, calling harshly as they
swooped and dived over the sea.

‘What a racket!’ Tom laughed. ‘I can’t
believe I normally sleep through all this.’

‘Got an idea,’ shouted Jamie. He lowered
his voice. ‘What would be even more
amazing than hearing the dawn chorus in
Dinosaur Cove?’

Tom’s face broke into a huge
smile. ‘Hearing the dawn
chorus in Dino World.
Awesome!’

Jamie and Tom had a
fantastic secret. Deep in
the cliffs of Smuggler’s



Point they'd discovered the entrance into a wonderful world of living dinosaurs.

'We'll be back before Dad and Grandad are even awake,' said Jamie, slinging his backpack over his shoulder.

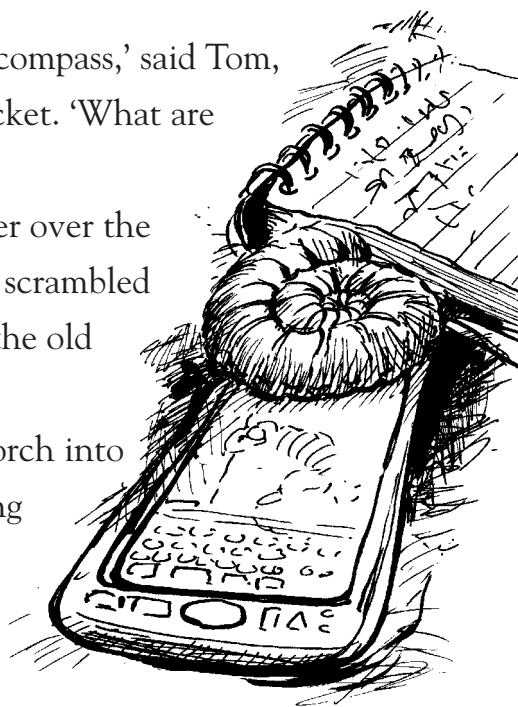
'Wait,' said Tom. 'We need an ammonite from your dad's museum or the magic won't work to let us into Dino World.'

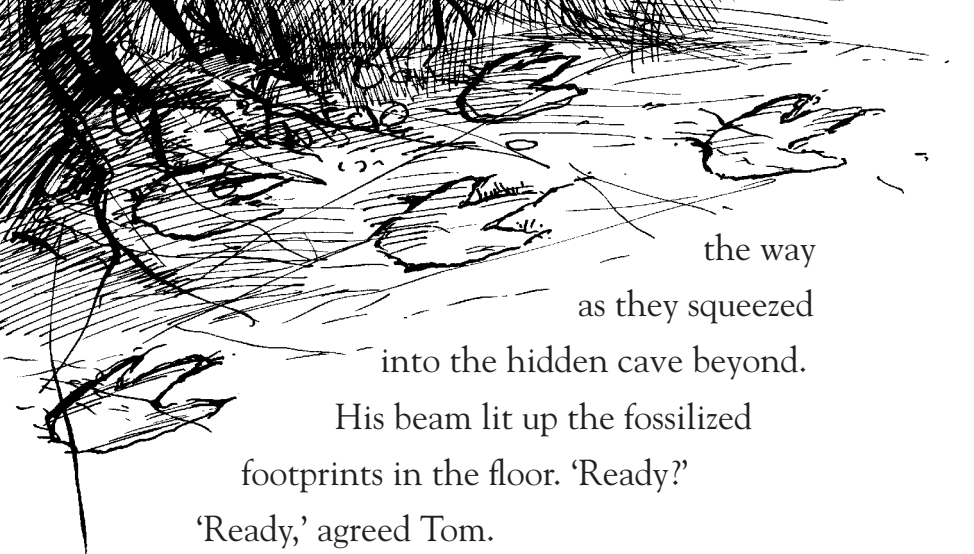
Jamie checked his backpack. 'I've got everything in here. Triassic ammonite, Fossil Finder, notebook.'

'And I've got my compass,' said Tom, patting his shorts pocket. 'What are we waiting for?'

The sky was lighter over the headland as the boys scrambled up the rocky cliff to the old smugglers' cave.

Jamie shone his torch into the dark cave, lighting

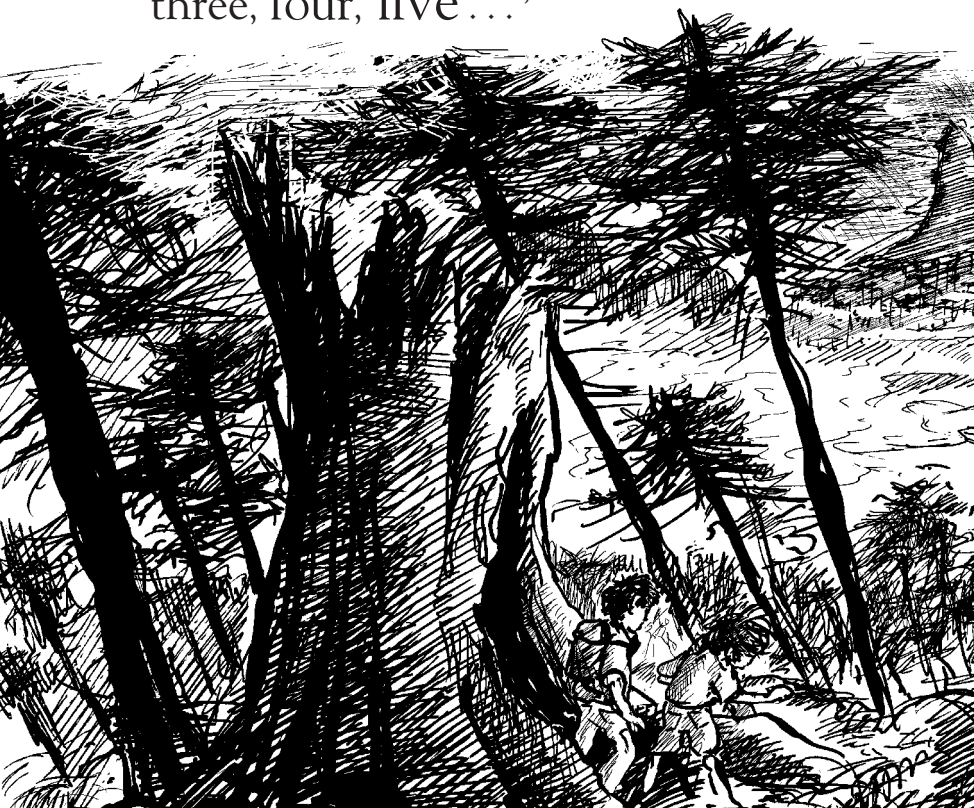




the way
as they squeezed
into the hidden cave beyond.

His beam lit up the fossilized
footprints in the floor. 'Ready?'
'Ready,' agreed Tom.

Jamie counted as they followed the
footprints to the solid cave wall. 'One, two,
three, four, five . . .'

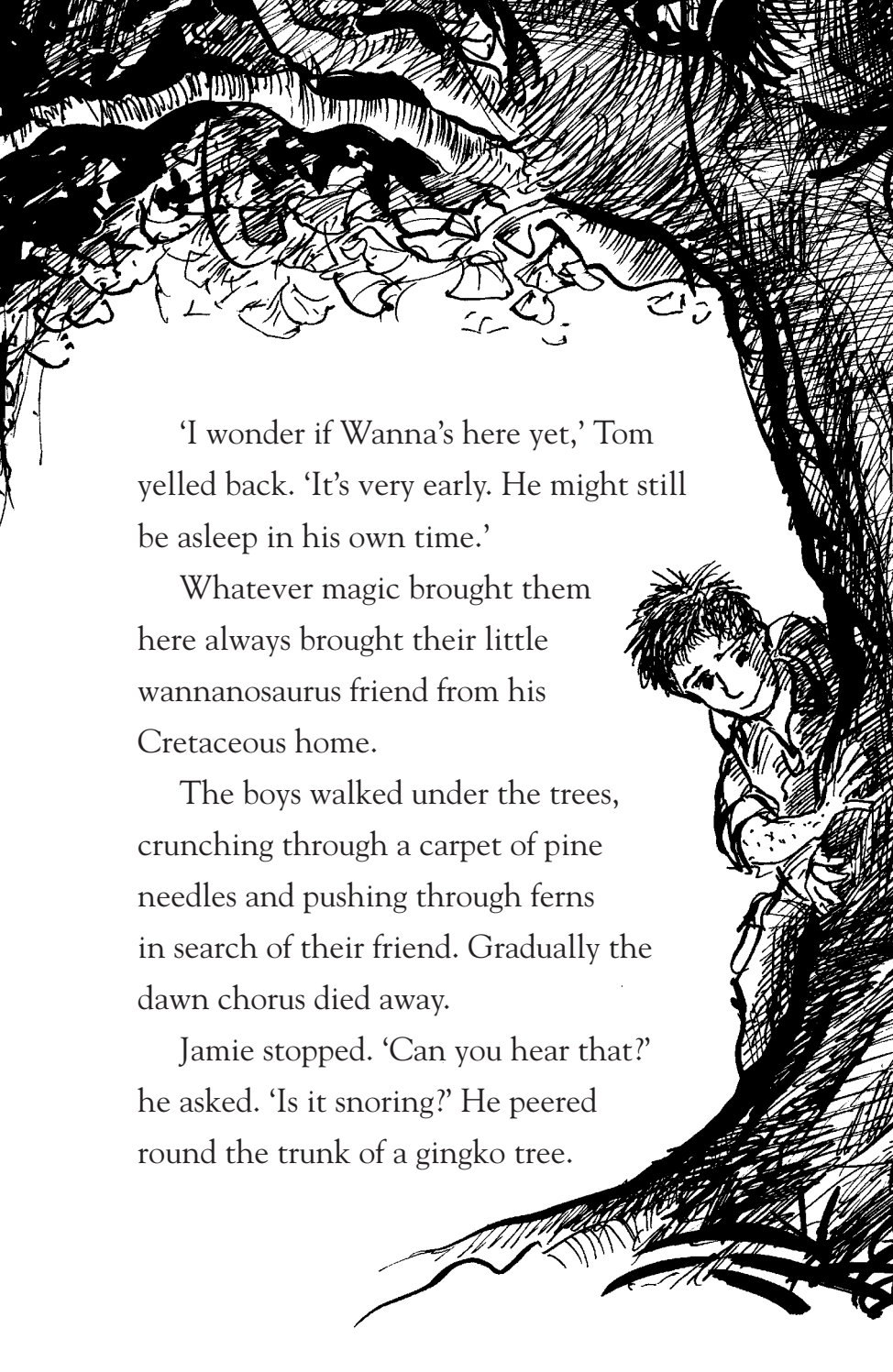


Flash!

The smugglers' cave vanished and they stepped out from the hollow tree trunk into the warmth of the Triassic jungle. Pink dawn light flickered through the sparse trees and deafening screeches and roars filled the air.

'This beats the seagulls' noise!' Jamie yelled over the racket. 'It's like listening to a hundred giants with toothache.'



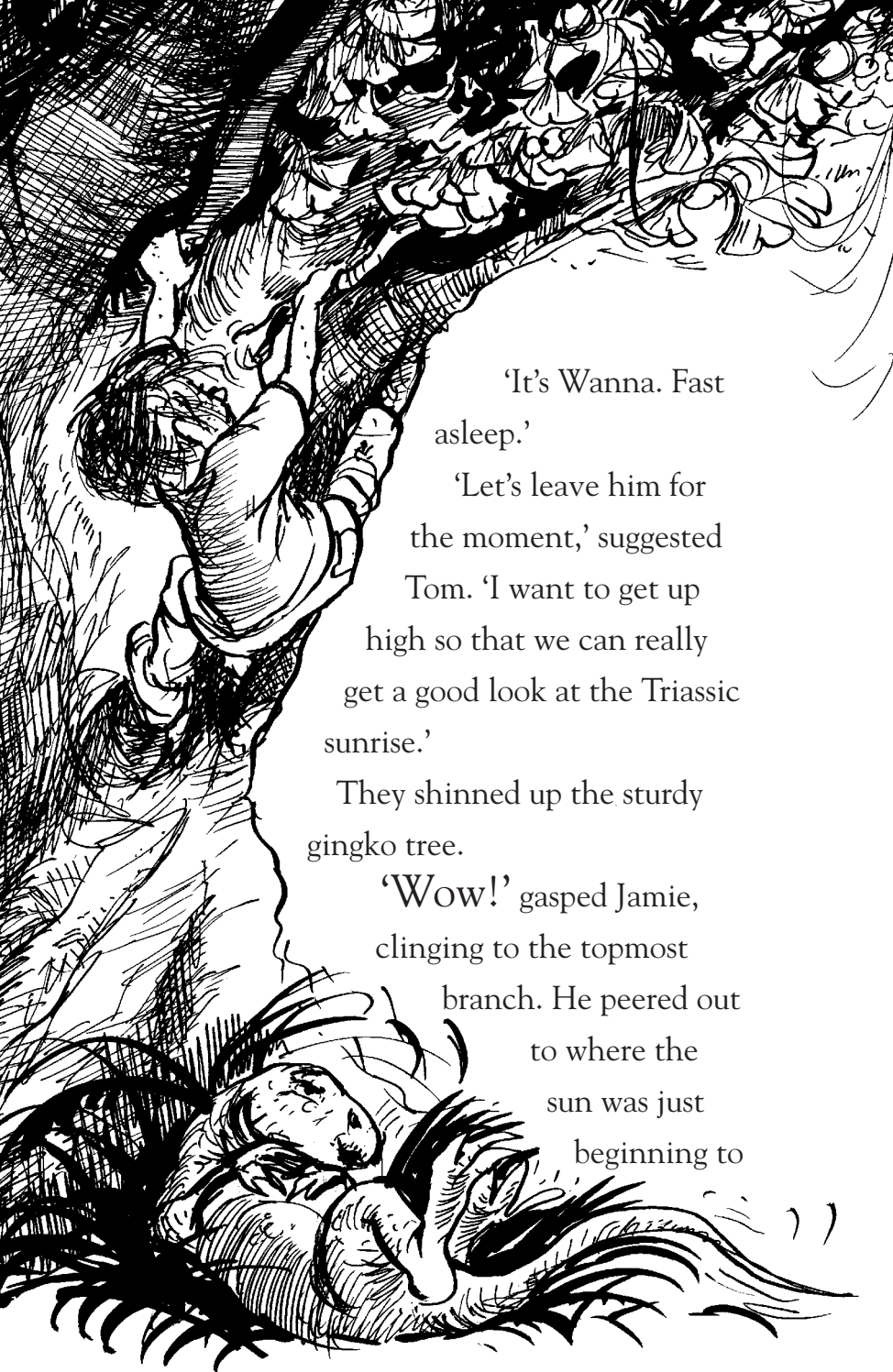


'I wonder if Wanna's here yet,' Tom yelled back. 'It's very early. He might still be asleep in his own time.'

Whatever magic brought them here always brought their little wannanosaurus friend from his Cretaceous home.

The boys walked under the trees, crunching through a carpet of pine needles and pushing through ferns in search of their friend. Gradually the dawn chorus died away.

Jamie stopped. 'Can you hear that?' he asked. 'Is it snoring?' He peered round the trunk of a ginkgo tree.

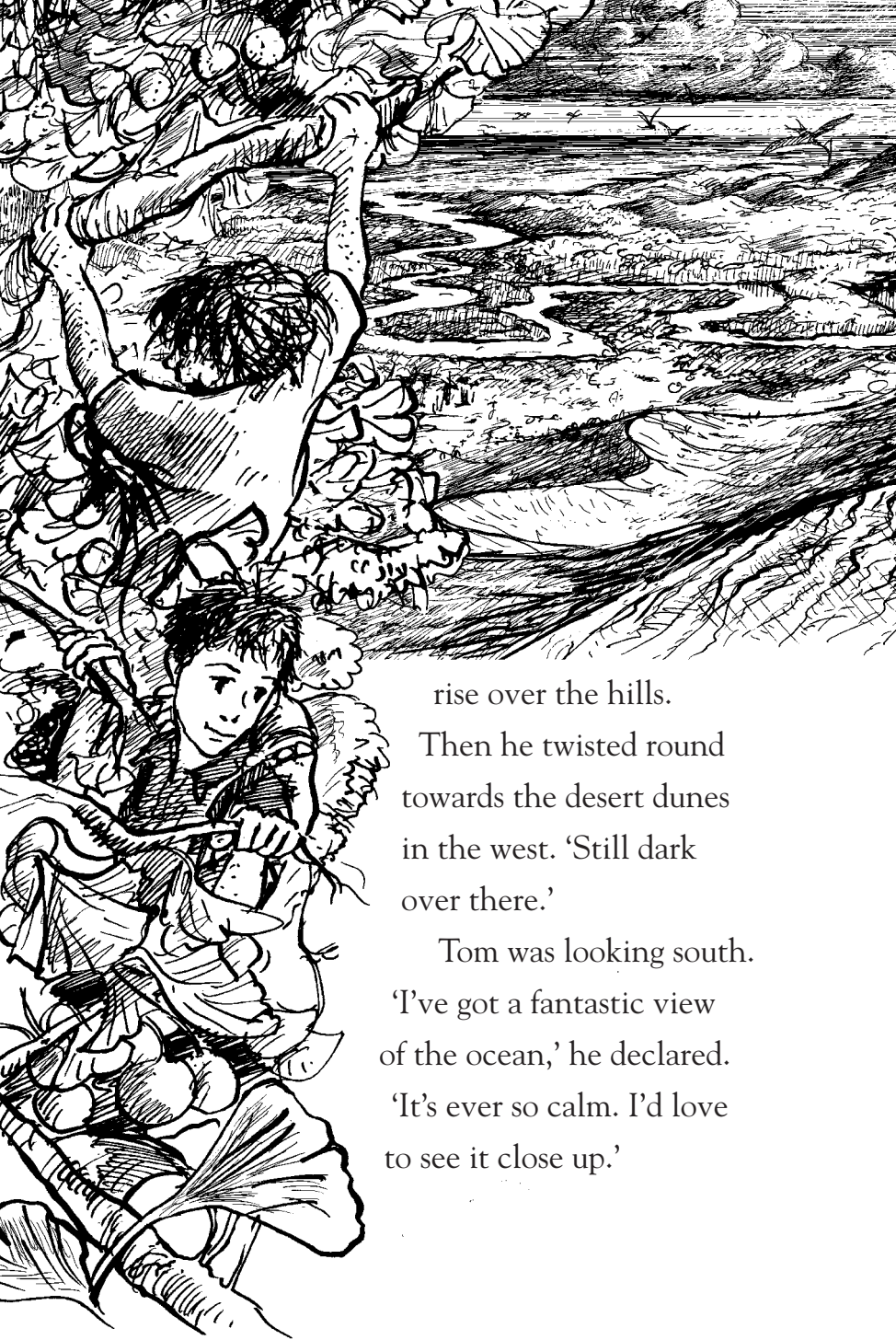


‘It’s Wanna. Fast asleep.’

‘Let’s leave him for the moment,’ suggested Tom. ‘I want to get up high so that we can really get a good look at the Triassic sunrise.’

They shinned up the sturdy gingko tree.

‘Wow!’ gasped Jamie, clinging to the topmost branch. He peered out to where the sun was just beginning to



rise over the hills.

Then he twisted round towards the desert dunes in the west. 'Still dark over there.'

Tom was looking south. 'I've got a fantastic view of the ocean,' he declared. 'It's ever so calm. I'd love to see it close up.'

‘We could do that today,’ suggested Jamie.
‘But we can’t go without Wanna.’

‘He’s still asleep,’ said Tom. ‘Let’s wake him up and surprise him.’ He picked a handful of gingkoes from the tree, filling his pockets with the bright orange fruit. ‘Can’t greet him without his favourite stinky snack.’

They climbed down and crept across to their little friend, taking care not to crunch the pine needles beneath their feet. Tom was just reaching out with the gingko when Jamie noticed that Wanna had one eye open and was watching them.

‘Look out!’ he cried.

It was too late. The little wannanosaurus jumped to his feet and knocked them flying.

