

## **Into the Age of the Dinosaurs - Alan, Year 5, NSW**

A miniature time machine quickly popped into existence and shuddered to a heavy stop.

Bruised and battered from the horrendous ride, Ezra, a lanky, tall 15-year-old, thrust open the door of the time machine and leapt out, closely trailed by Levi, also 15 and of similar complexion, who was mirroring his face of discomfort which was suddenly replaced by a splash of horror mixed with something else: amazement.

“Um, Ezra? You might need to turn around!”

This was enough to persuade Ezra to do what Levi had told him to do, and his jaw thudded to the ground.

An evening sun shone onto his eyes, but what he saw, around 100 meters away, were millions upon millions of dinosaurs.

Thousands of velociraptors roamed the land, hunting tirelessly in their fast search for food. Triceratops called loudly and tore into their meal, tons of herbs, shadowed by the Branchthesaurus, stretching hungrily into the highest trees and the lushest leaves, complimentary reward of their tall necks, which were close to the pterodactyls, who were flying tirelessly, swiftly, and sometimes aimlessly. Their arrival at landing spots was often introduced by the beat of their steady wings, always like a rhythm.

But out of all these magnificent beasts, one is the top of the triangle, the most striking, the grandest, the most ferocious, the Tyrannosaurus Rex.

Ezra could spot at least a dozen milling around, some of them out hunting, baring their glinting teeth, some with fresh prey dangling helplessly like a mouse in a cat's jaw. And a few of them were training their young to hunt, although most were too full of energy and too excited, causing them to snap a twig or something of the sort, causing the 'prey' they were hunting to run away.

As though to top this, the glistening evening sun shone over the landscape, bouncing onto the dinosaur's magnificent scales, creating a beautiful halo that none other dinosaur could match. All this was depicting dinosaurs in their full glory and power, showing nature at its highest.

After intaking this marvelous world that they were standing on, Ezra shook himself back to reality, realizing something.

They were all in very grave danger.

After Ezra spotted the rest of the time traveling group, George and Alex, who were red haired twins of 14, finish gaping at the dinosaurs, he called a meeting.

“Alex? You are the creator of this thing, so could we head back to Earth now?”

Alex was a human supercomputer and a technological nerd. Grimacing, Alex said, “Well, the machine’s engine has been overloaded by the power used to warp through time, and we probably will need to wait another two days.”

A groan sounded from everybody, except for Alex, who seemed ok. George, noticing, stared at Alex in confusion.

“Um Alex?” asked George. “Why are you grinning?”

“Because I’ve wanted to see a real dinosaur forever!” answered Alex, a huge smile on his face.

“Ok, now we need to talk about survival,” stated Ezra. “We must survive two days in this wilderness! I think we should focus on food first, as we would go hungry without it.”

George, who had been Ezra’s enemy for as long as he could remember, stepped forward and proclaimed, “Ezra is incorrect, the dinosaurs are currently roaming around in full steam, and it would be downright stupid to go foraging now!”

Ezra felt the heat rising to his face, and he let the hold of anger grasp him.

“If you think I am foolish, I would like to see you present an idea!”

“We have countless good ideas!” said George. “Anything but yours!”

And so, it continued, a row that showed no sign of abating. Alex and Levi’s heads kept swiveling to each boy as they spoke, like they were watching a tennis match. As the loudness of the argument reached a peak, Ezra drew back a fist, ready to strike at George, who did the same. Both Levi and Alex jumped forward, grasping each of George and Ezra’s hands with their own.

“Calm down you two!” laughed Alex “We need to focus on the bigger picture here. Ezra, would it really be wise to go looking for food now?”

As Ezra’s rage subsided, he reached a grudging admittance that his idea wasn’t as smart as he thought at first. He conceded with the slightest of nods.

“Well then, let’s think about something else to do, like building a shelter for ourselves!” said Alex.

And without further ado, they began to work. First, they noted that the time machine had luckily landed in a thicket of brush, concealing them from the dinosaurs. They began to find

fern leaves and stack them, creating a rough imitation of a hut. The only problem was that they started to find less and less leaves, and the group had to walk further and further away to obtain the required brush.

Suddenly, Alex gave a yell. Concerned, Ezra and the others rushed over to help, and glimpsed Alex staring in horror at what seemed to be a small, white stone. On second inspection he realized that it wasn't a stone, it was in fact an egg!

Alex gave a quick warning, but the others rushed closer, letting their curiosity rule them.

“No!” yelled Alex. “It’s a T-Rex egg!”

But before the others could heed his warning, an ominous growl emanated from behind them. Simultaneously, everybody’s heads snapped around, bringing them to stare into the ominous yellow eyes of a Tyrannosaurus Rex.

What happened after they saw the T-rex, Ezra could tell little. Everything was a blur of motion, as he ran pell-mell away from the colossal dinosaur. A gigantic roar emanated from the T-rex’s maw, blasting Ezra and everybody else with a warm, moist breath smelling of raw meat. He remembered yelling at everybody else to climb a huge Magnolia tree that was close to their camp. The tree must have been at least 100,000 years old, and Ezra could see a note of admiration cross Alex’s face as he climbed on it. He also remembered climbing up the huge Magnolia, scaling it like a monkey, something he would have never been able to do under normal circumstances.

Ezra ignored the pain that burned into his hands, caused by splinters embedding themselves deep into his flesh. After climbing and climbing, Ezra found the others, sitting in a small nook in the tree, waving frantically at him. As he reached them, Levi helped him in, and they all watched in horror as the T-rex snapped at their ankles, which were luckily just out of reach.

After some more unsuccessful attempts, the furious dinosaur wheeled around, and lumbered away to its egg. Slowly, the shocked group recovered from the terror that had besieged them.

“Wow, that was too close!” exclaimed Alex. “I told you guys to stay away!”

The others looked abashed, still in shock at their near-death experience.

The next day passed without much news. Everybody collaborated, and spent the day improving the shelter, and Levi discovered some bird eggs, which they reluctantly ate, but nobody could resist the urge to gag. That night they sat around a dying campfire, talking about the bewildering things that had occurred the past day before the grip of sleep overcame them.

As Ezra blearily woke, he was alarmed to hear a faint but audible whistling sound which seemed to be coming from above him. Quickly, his sleepiness was vanquished, and he stared in horror at the colossal rock hurtling towards their camp at a supersonic speed, an enormous, fiery ball of solid stone flying in a direct path to their camp. He turned, as Alex shouted his name.

“Ezra! The time machine is ready!”

Ezra spotted Alex standing next to his prized machine, which was once again blinking with flashing lights, which were dull and colorless before. As Alex awoke George and Levi, Ezra kept close watch of the meteor, the meteor that would incinerate them if they were not quick enough. Ezra could already feel the temperature grow hotter and hotter around them, and it seemed that the dinosaurs shared his concern, as they were lowing loudly.

“Hurry Alex, hurry!” yelled George as he reached the others. Alex had rivers of sweat cascading down his face, and Ezra thought it was not entirely made from concentration and pressure.

“I can’t get it to turn on!” shouted Alex, as the soft whistling of the meteor grew stronger and stronger. He was struggling with a piece of metal that that served what purpose he did not know.

Soon, Ezra felt minuscule pieces of ash floating around him, tiny but deadly. As the meteor was only one kilometer away, a beep sounded from the machine, and Alex shouted “done!”

Everybody shouted, and rushed towards the machine. As George closed the door of the time travelling machine, a colossal BOOM was all Ezra heard, and after that, all was black.