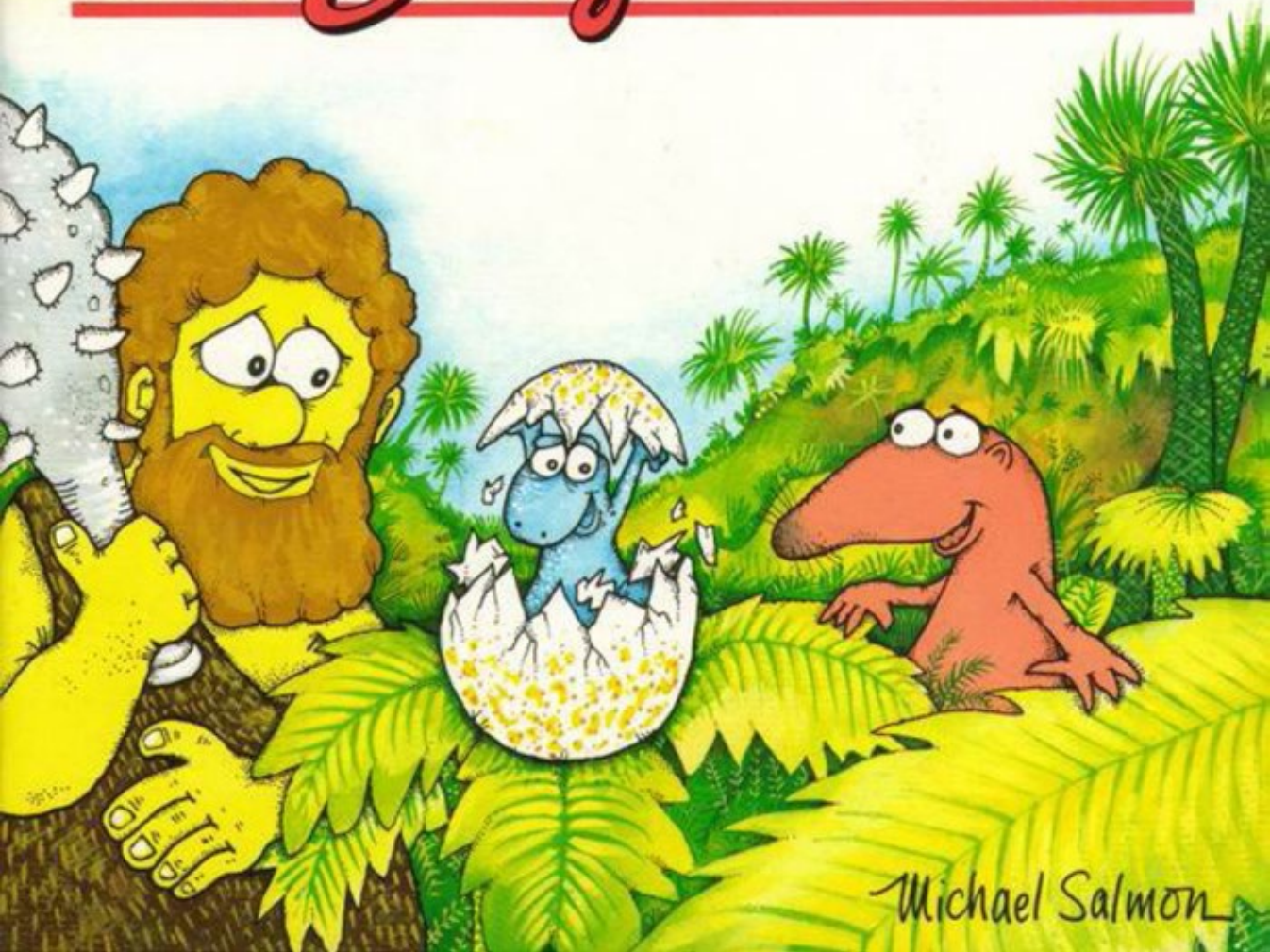




GLUB

The Baby Dinosaur



Michael Salmon

DINOSAUR SWAMP

THE SEA

THE ICE CAVE

THE FROZEN RIVER

THE RIVER

THE VOLCANOES

THE OLD VOLCANO

THE VEGETABLE GARDEN

THE SWAMP

THE LAKE

THE CAVE

THE HOT SPRINGS

THE JUNGLE



GLUB

The Baby Dinosaur

Written and illustrated
by
Michael Salmon



A note to readers: The animals in this story are based on prehistoric animals of the same names. In reality, however, they did not (necessarily) all live on Earth at the same time.

• **PARENTS / CHILDREN:** NO CHARGE to download / print out books.

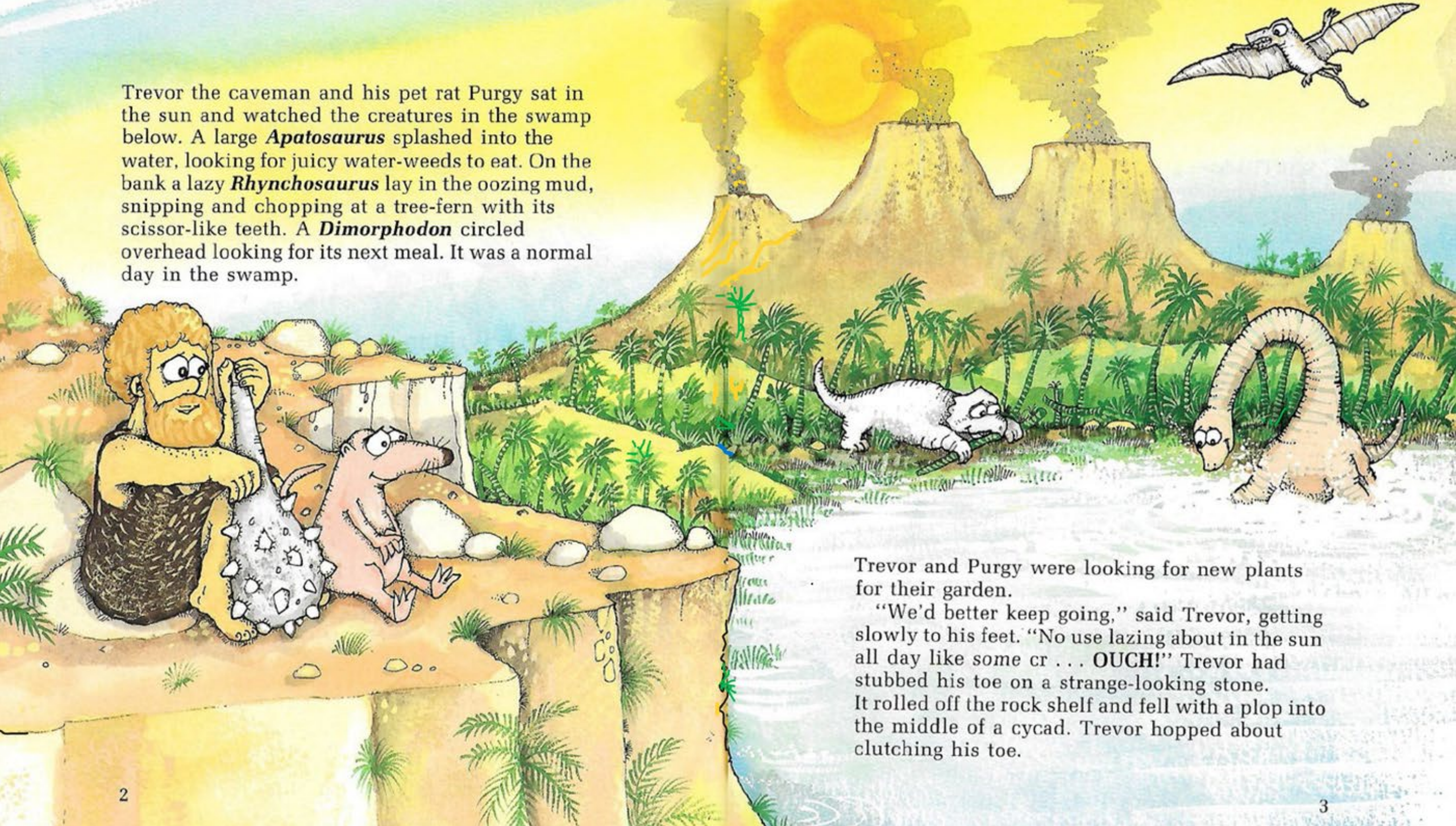
• **SCHOOLS / STAFF / LIBRARY / EDUCATIONAL FACILITY:** NO CHARGE to download / print out books.

Please record/register any copies you download/print out with CAL (Copyright Agency) or for ELR/PLR purposes.

© Michael Salmon, Monster Promotions P/L 2026. Thank You.

ISBN ISBN 0 670 90612 3

Trevor the caveman and his pet rat Purgy sat in the sun and watched the creatures in the swamp below. A large *Apatosaurus* splashed into the water, looking for juicy water-weeds to eat. On the bank a lazy *Rhynchosaurus* lay in the oozing mud, snipping and chopping at a tree-fern with its scissor-like teeth. A *Dimorphodon* circled overhead looking for its next meal. It was a normal day in the swamp.



Trevor and Purgy were looking for new plants for their garden.

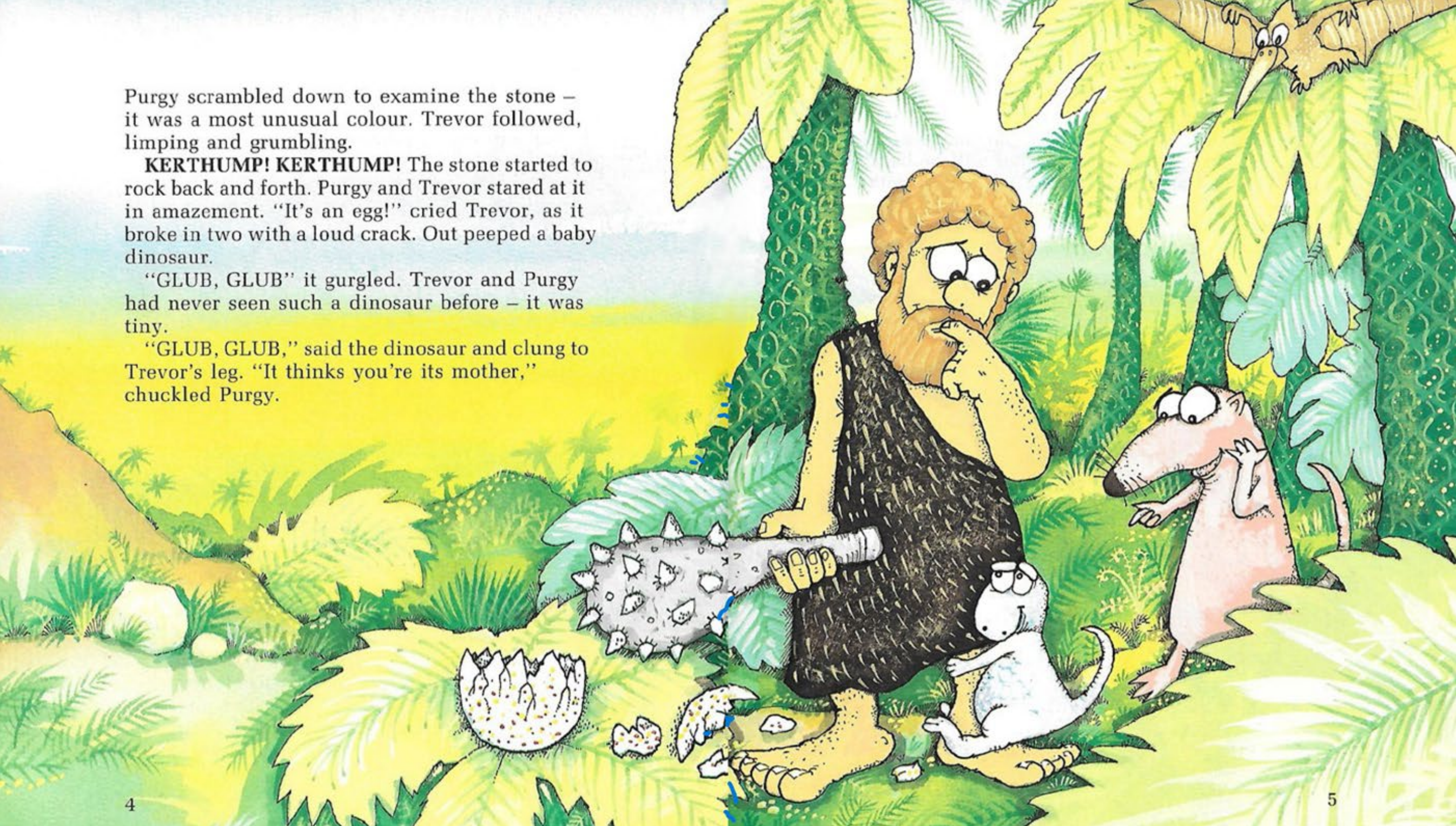
“We’d better keep going,” said Trevor, getting slowly to his feet. “No use lazing about in the sun all day like some cr . . . OUCH!” Trevor had stubbed his toe on a strange-looking stone. It rolled off the rock shelf and fell with a plop into the middle of a cycad. Trevor hopped about clutching his toe.

Purgy scrambled down to examine the stone – it was a most unusual colour. Trevor followed, limping and grumbling.

KERTHUMP! KERTHUMP! The stone started to rock back and forth. Purgy and Trevor stared at it in amazement. “It’s an egg!” cried Trevor, as it broke in two with a loud crack. Out peeped a baby dinosaur.

“GLUB, GLUB” it gurgled. Trevor and Purgy had never seen such a dinosaur before – it was tiny.

“GLUB, GLUB,” said the dinosaur and clung to Trevor’s leg. “It thinks you’re its mother,” chuckled Purgy.

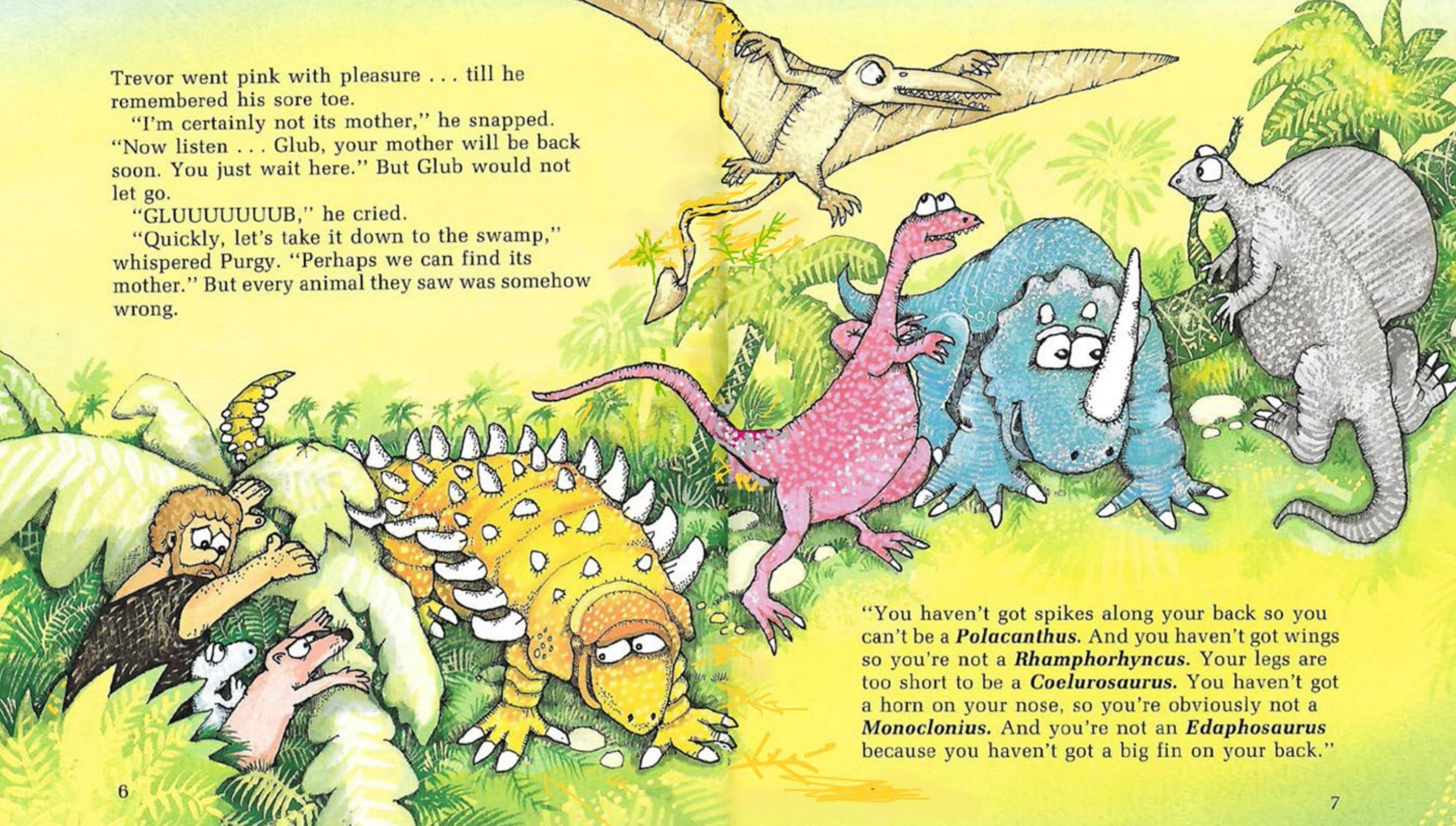


Trevor went pink with pleasure . . . till he remembered his sore toe.

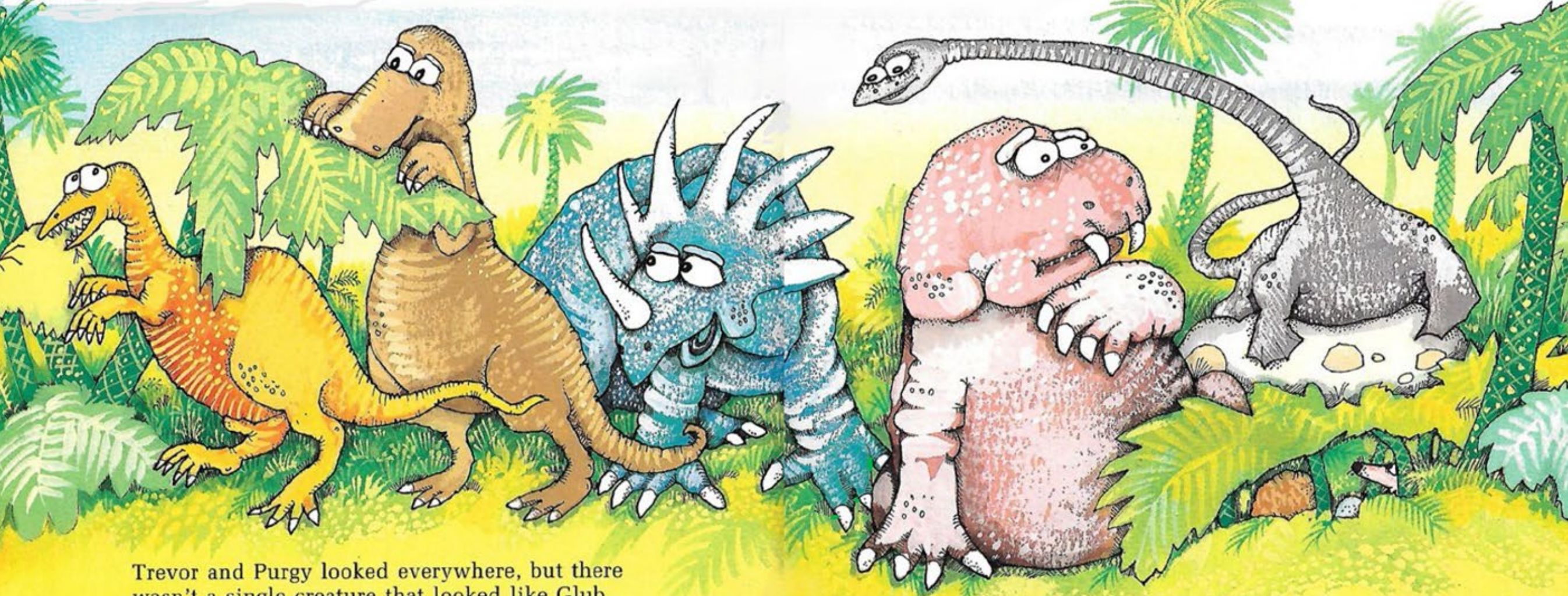
"I'm certainly not its mother," he snapped. "Now listen . . . Glub, your mother will be back soon. You just wait here." But Glub would not let go.

"GLUUUUUUUB," he cried.

"Quickly, let's take it down to the swamp," whispered Purgy. "Perhaps we can find its mother." But every animal they saw was somehow wrong.



"You haven't got spikes along your back so you can't be a *Polacanthus*. And you haven't got wings so you're not a *Rhamphorhynchus*. Your legs are too short to be a *Coelurosaurus*. You haven't got a horn on your nose, so you're obviously not a *Monoclonius*. And you're not an *Edaphosaurus* because you haven't got a big fin on your back."



Trevor and Purgy looked everywhere, but there wasn't a single creature that looked like Glub.

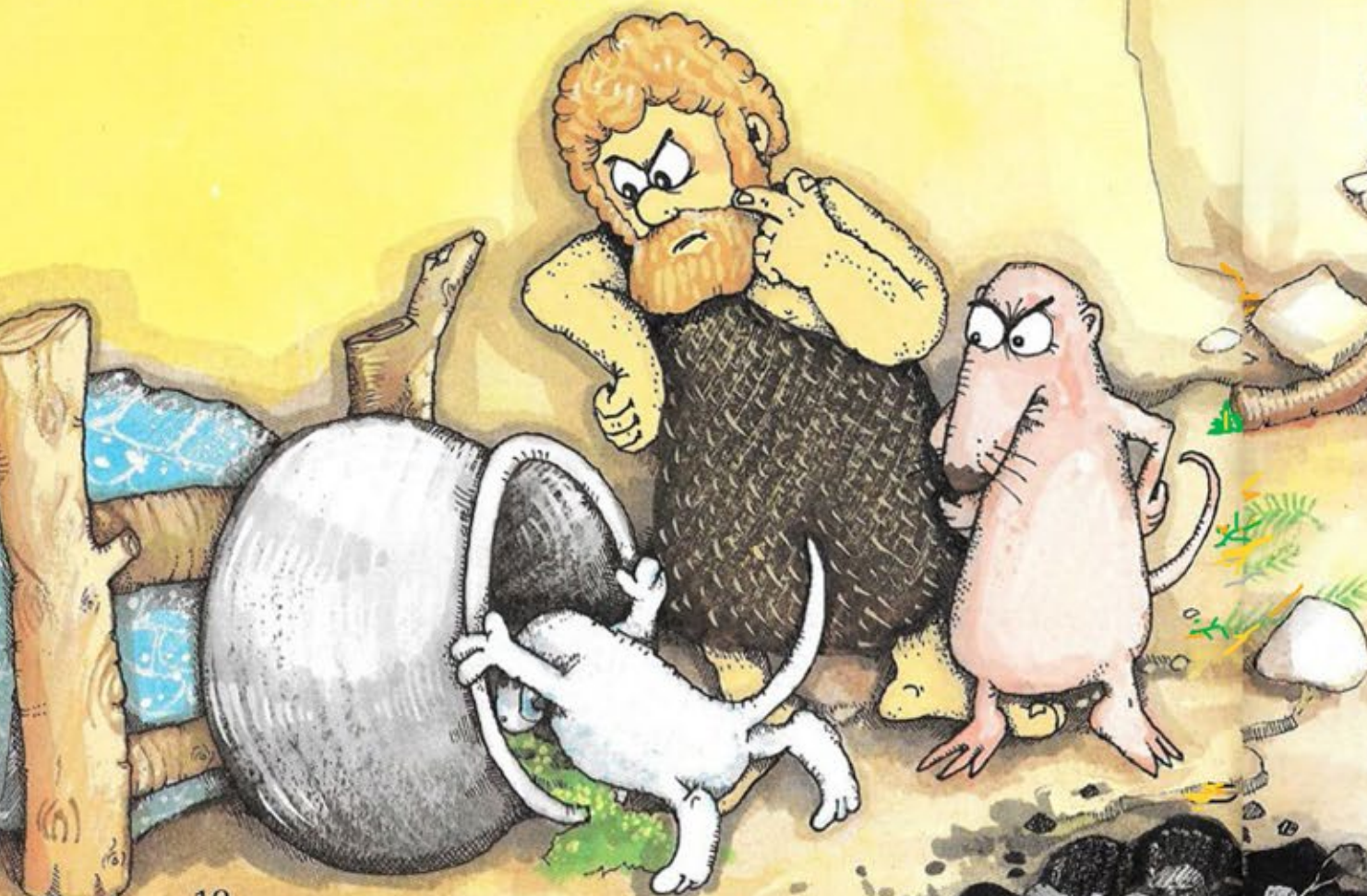
"You haven't got sharp enough teeth to be an *Ornitholestes*. Or a duck bill like the *Anatosaurus*. Or a frilly collar with long, pointed spikes like the *Styracosaurus*. Your tummy isn't fat enough for a *Lystrosaurus*. And you don't have an extra long neck like a *Tanystropheus*!" But Glub didn't mind – he was happy with Trevor and Purgy.

"You'll have to take it home," said Purgy. "You can't leave the poor little thing alone all night." Trevor glared at Glub. Dinosaurs always meant trouble. Glub grinned up at him.

"Oh, all right then," said Trevor. "It can stay in the cave tonight, but that's all!".

The moment they reached the cave, Glub rushed over to Purgy's vegetable stew and gobbled up the lot. "GLUBBA GLUBBA GLUBBA," sighed the happy little dinosaur, licking his lips. He had been starving!

Trevor was furious. "You . . . you . . ." Glub rubbed his tummy and settled down to sleep on Trevor's bed with a contented "GLUMMMMB".



"You sleep over there, you greedy little dinosaur!" roared Trevor. "I've been looking forward to that stew all day."

"You can use those leaves," said Purgy, pointing to a pile of fern leaves near the entrance to the cave.

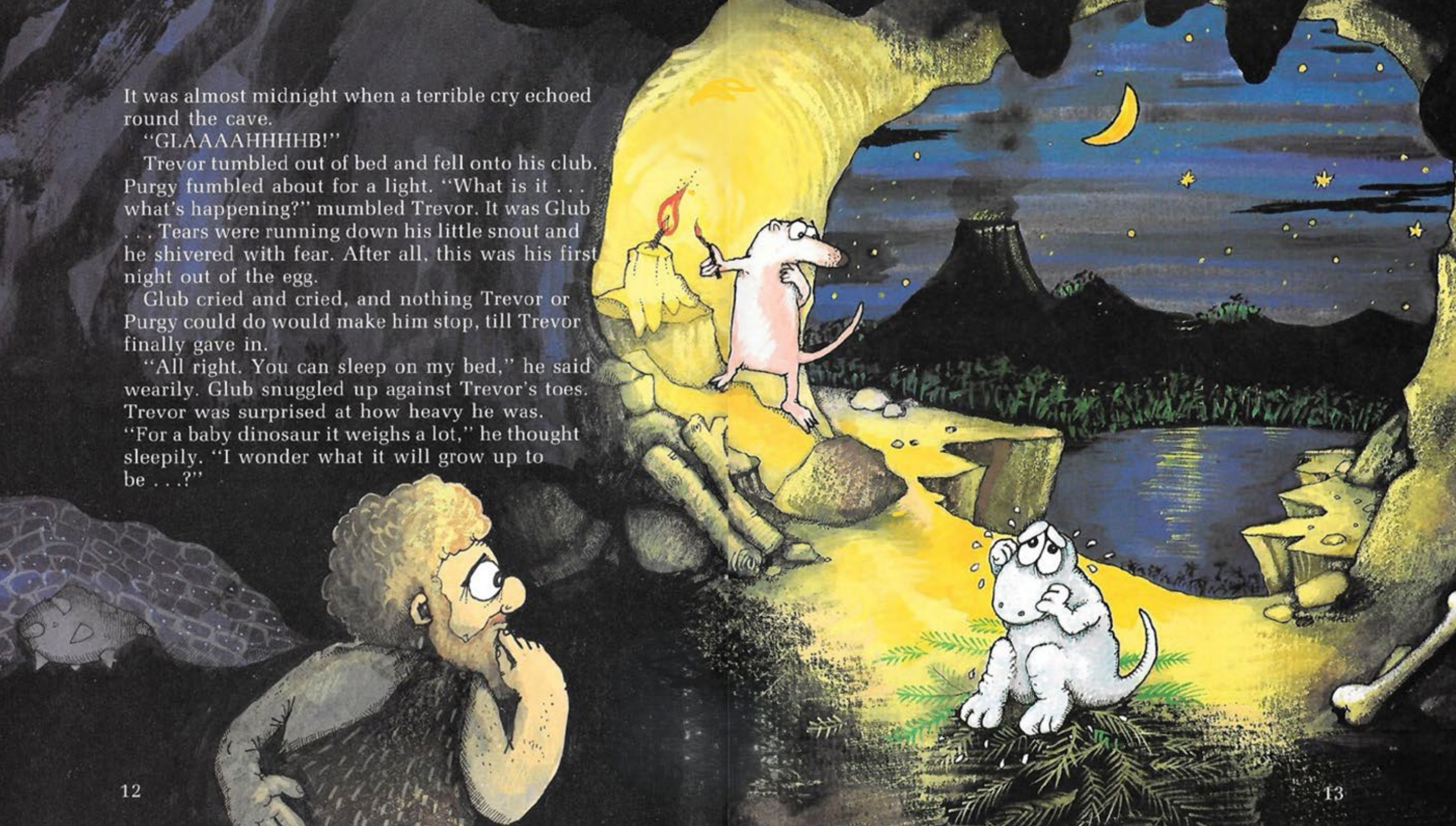
It was almost midnight when a terrible cry echoed round the cave.

“GLAAAAHHHHB!”

Trevor tumbled out of bed and fell onto his club. Purgy fumbled about for a light. “What is it . . . what’s happening?” mumbled Trevor. It was Glub . . . Tears were running down his little snout and he shivered with fear. After all, this was his first night out of the egg.

Glub cried and cried, and nothing Trevor or Purgy could do would make him stop, till Trevor finally gave in.

“All right. You can sleep on my bed,” he said wearily. Glub snuggled up against Trevor’s toes. Trevor was surprised at how heavy he was. “For a baby dinosaur it weighs a lot,” he thought sleepily. “I wonder what it will grow up to be . . .?”

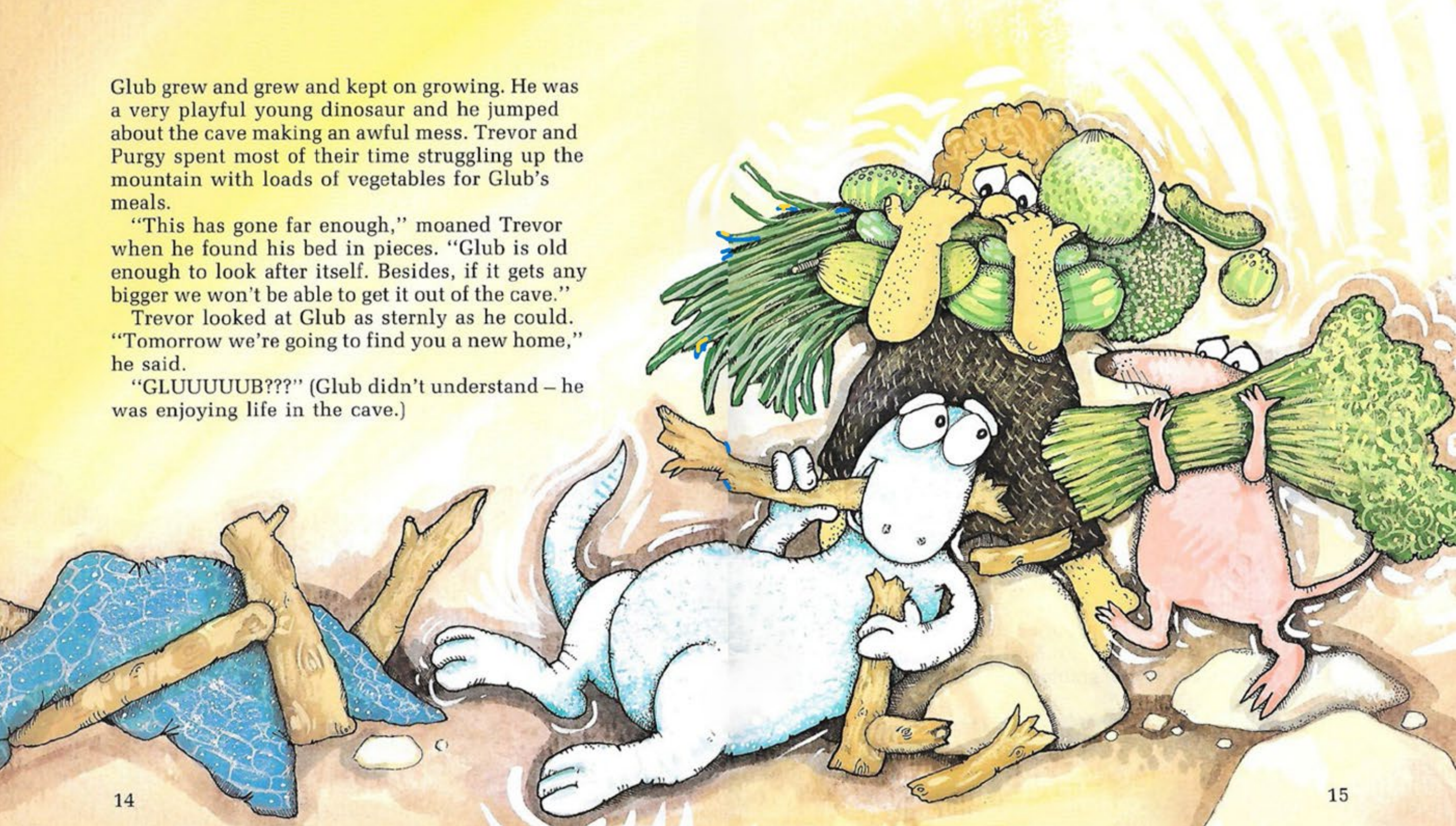


Glub grew and grew and kept on growing. He was a very playful young dinosaur and he jumped about the cave making an awful mess. Trevor and Purgy spent most of their time struggling up the mountain with loads of vegetables for Glub's meals.

"This has gone far enough," moaned Trevor when he found his bed in pieces. "Glub is old enough to look after itself. Besides, if it gets any bigger we won't be able to get it out of the cave."

Trevor looked at Glub as sternly as he could. "Tomorrow we're going to find you a new home," he said.

"GLUUUUUB???" (Glub didn't understand – he was enjoying life in the cave.)



Next day Trevor and Purgy led the young dinosaur down the mountain. Glub was very upset.

“Look,” said Trevor, “you could make yourself a nice home under one of those rock ledges . . . Or how about a nice warm tree-fern nest?” Glub shook his head and stamped his foot.

“GLUUUUNNOB!” He stamped so hard that the earth gave way beneath them, and they began to tumble down the slope, grabbing at ferns as they fell.

SPLOOSH! They landed in thick gooey green slime at the bottom of a ravine.



“GL-GL-GL-GLUUUB.” Glub was frightened. The slime was up to his waist, and the more he struggled the deeper he sank.

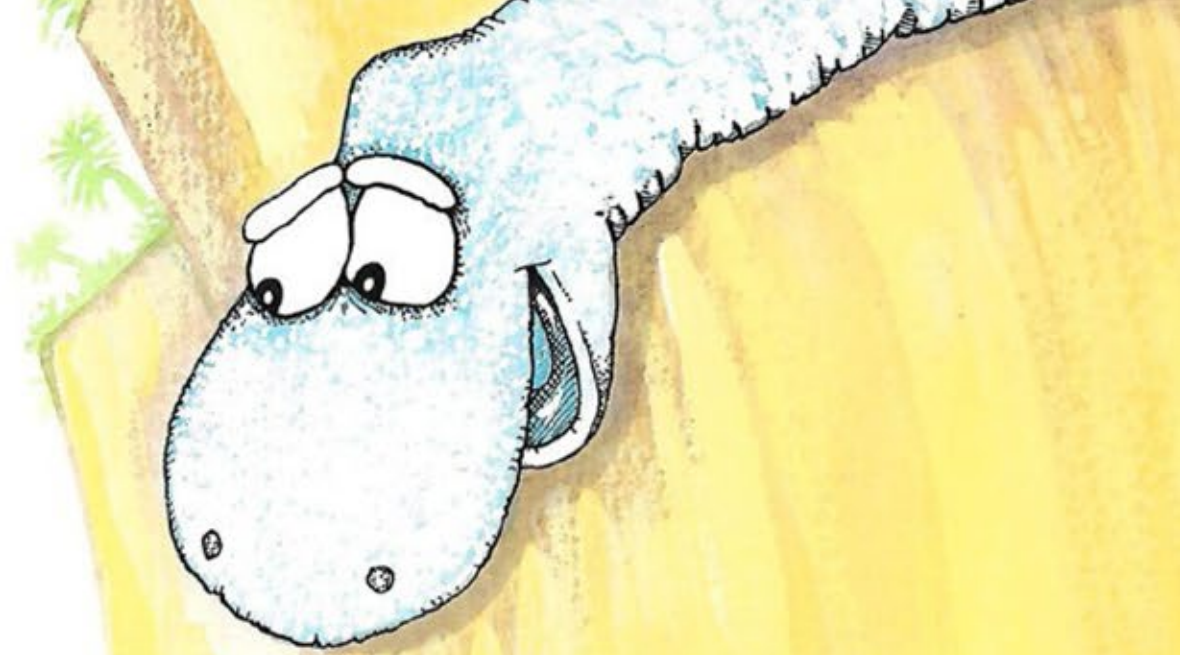
“We’ll never get out of this muck,” wailed Trevor, catching sight of some dinosaur bones. Purgy wiped the slime from his eyes – it was up to his neck!

“GLUUUUB!” cried Glub at the top of his voice. From the top of the cliff came a familiar sound, “GLUB, GLUB”.

“It must be an echo,” said Trevor, looking up. But it wasn’t. A huge dinosaur was looking down at them.

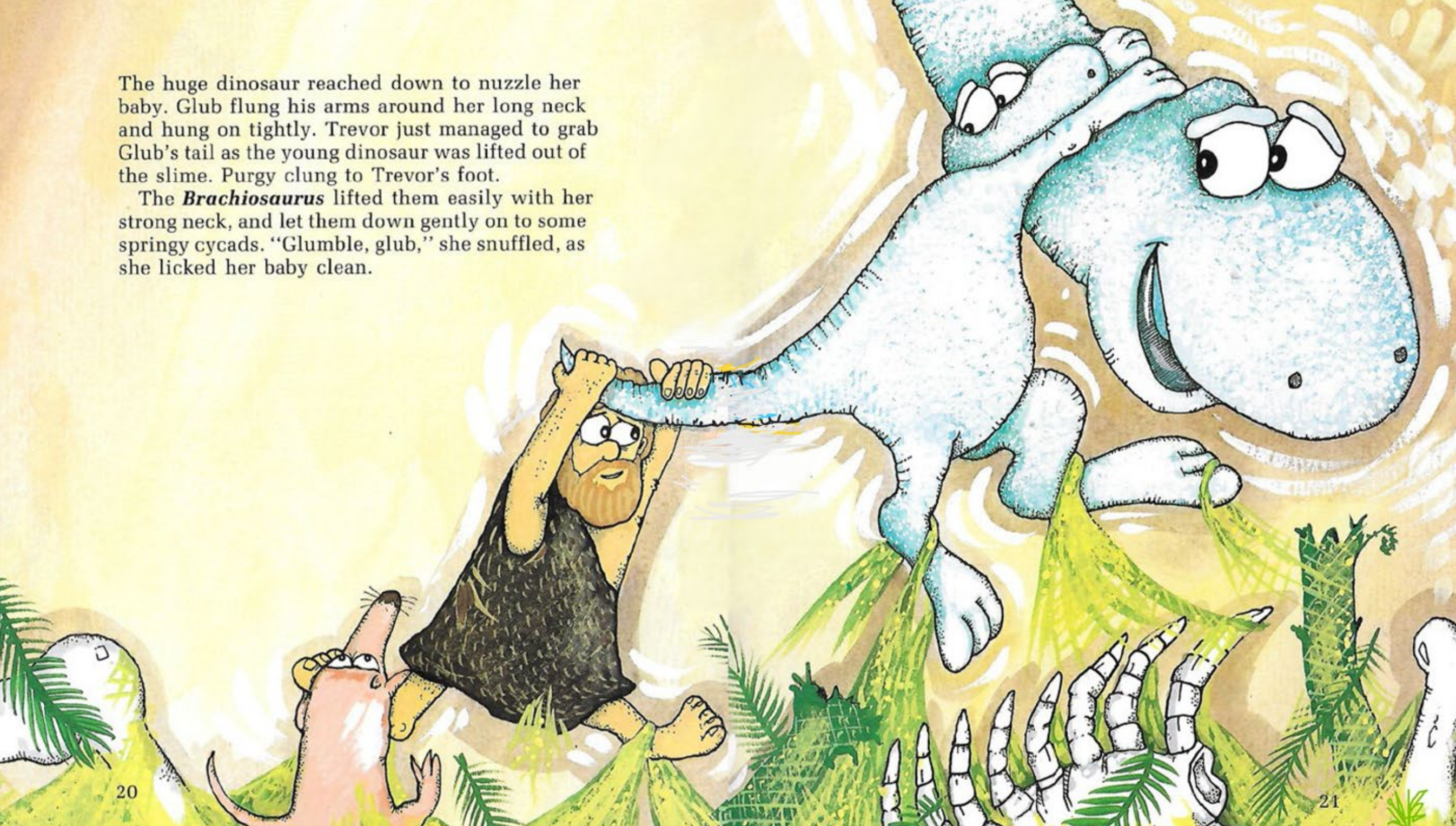
“It’s a *Brachiosaurus!*” whispered Purgy, “one of the biggest dinosaurs around”.

“It’s Glub’s mother,” cried Trevor.



The huge dinosaur reached down to nuzzle her baby. Glub flung his arms around her long neck and hung on tightly. Trevor just managed to grab Glub's tail as the young dinosaur was lifted out of the slime. Purgy clung to Trevor's foot.

The *Brachiosaurus* lifted them easily with her strong neck, and let them down gently on to some springy cycads. "Glumble, glub," she snuffled, as she licked her baby clean.

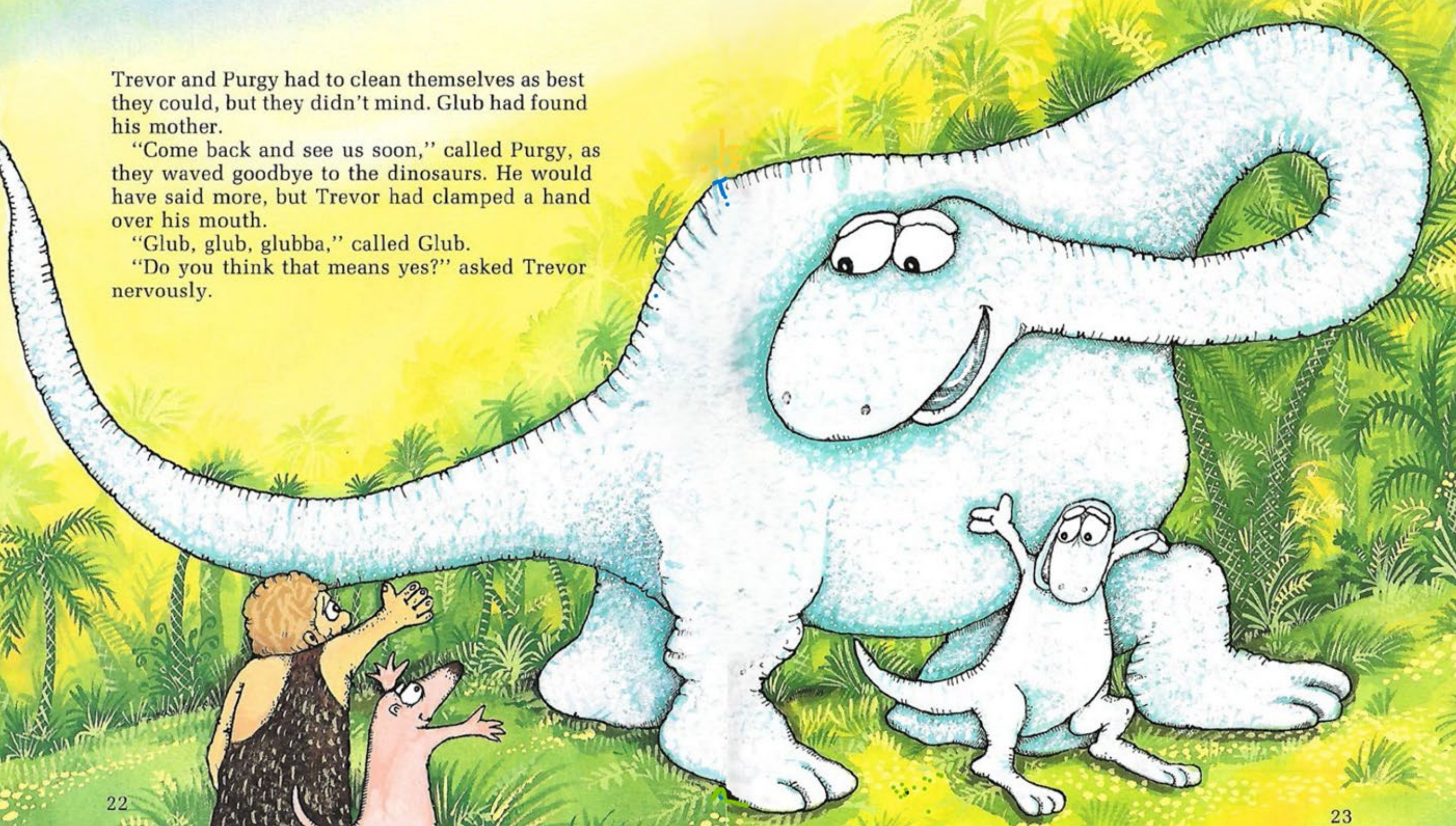


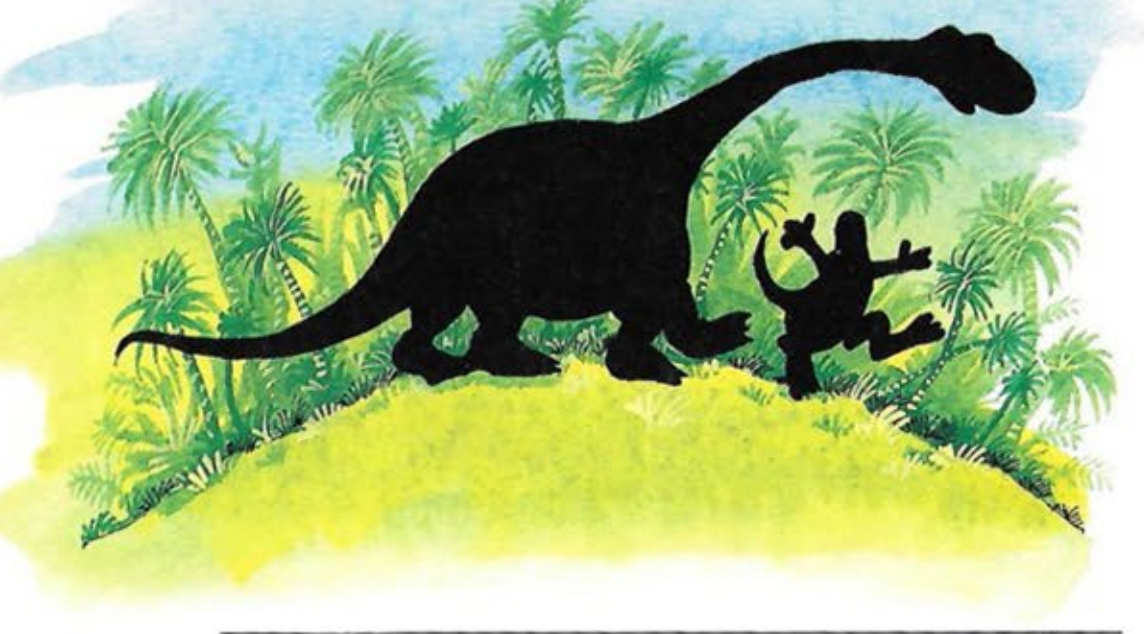
Trevor and Purgy had to clean themselves as best they could, but they didn't mind. Glub had found his mother.

"Come back and see us soon," called Purgy, as they waved goodbye to the dinosaurs. He would have said more, but Trevor had clamped a hand over his mouth.

"Glub, glub, glubba," called Glub.

"Do you think that means yes?" asked Trevor nervously.





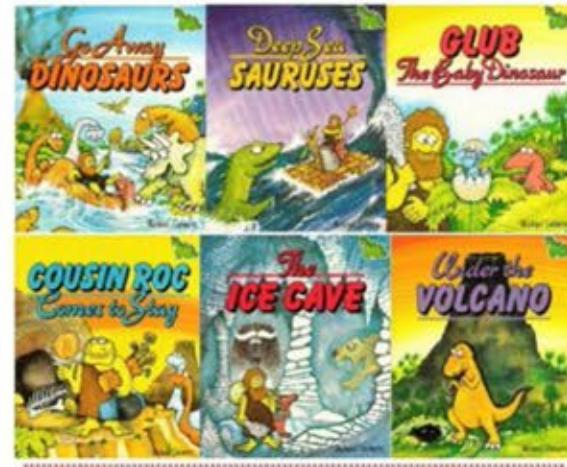
Pronunciation guide

| | |
|------------------------|----------------------|
| <i>Anatosaurus</i> | an-at-oh-SAWR-us |
| <i>Apatosaurus</i> | ay-pat-oh-SAWR-us |
| <i>Brachiosaurus</i> | brack-ee-oh-SAWR-us |
| <i>Coelurosaurus</i> | see-lure-oh-SAWR-us |
| <i>Dimorphodon</i> | die-MORE-foe-don |
| <i>Edaphosaurus</i> | ee-daf-oh-SAWR-us |
| <i>Lystrosaurus</i> | liss-troh-SAWR-us |
| <i>Monoclonius</i> | mon-oh-KLONE-ee-us |
| <i>Ornitholestes</i> | or-nith-oh-LESS-teez |
| <i>Polacanthus</i> | poll-ah-CAN-thus |
| <i>Rhamphorhynchus</i> | ram-foe-RIN-kus |
| <i>Rhynchosaurus</i> | rin-cho-SAWR-us |
| <i>Styracosaurus</i> | sty-RAK-oh-sawr-us |
| <i>Tanystropheus</i> | tan-ee-STROH-fee-us |

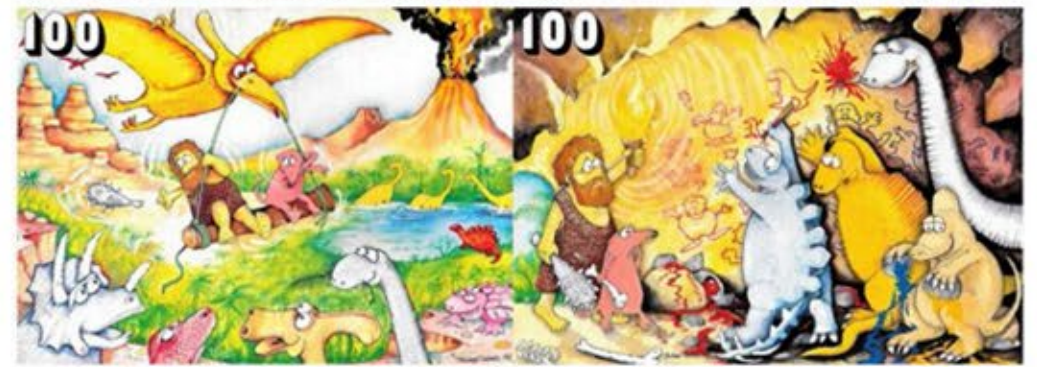
'DINOSAUR SWAMP'

The DINOSAUR SWAMP BOOKS

Written and illustrated by MICHAEL SALMON
24 pages, six stories



4 Award Winners
for award winning sales.



The adventures of Trevor the Caveman and his pet, prehistoric, rat, Purgy

