

My Allosaur Has Lost His Roar

In the middle of a quiet forest, a triceratops holds its ground against a ferocious T. rex. Who will come out on top? As the T. rex draws closer, the triceratops flashes its wide frill and three sharp horns. Victory! The triceratops had many predators. It used its tough body to scare off enemies. This fascinating text dives deep into the world of the triceratops, exploring how it survived, what it ate, and how it went extinct. Special features, including maps, a pronunciation guide, a diet graphic, and a two-page profile, will give readers even more information about the powerful triceratops!

Welcome to the Big Empty, the world after the Flashback ... a world in which most the population has vanished and where dinosaurs roam freely. You can survive here, if you're lucky, and if you're not in the wrong place at the wrong time--which is everywhere and all the time. But what you'll never do is remain the same--for this is a world whose very purpose is to change you: for better or for worse. So take a deep dive into these loosely connected tales of the Dinosaur Apocalypse (each of which can be read individually or as a part of the greater saga): tales of wonder and terror, death and survival, blood ... and beauty. Do it today ... before the apocalypse comes. * * * "You're a fool, Nick Callahan. A fool. But I suppose you already knew that." I allowed my hand to drop before plunking down in the fir needles and just staring into space. "There was nothing. I saw nothing. It—it was like he didn't even exist." She sat down next to me and exhaled, tiredly. "He's an

animal—what did you expect?” She picked up my glove and offered it to me, but I didn’t take it. “You said it yourself; it’s like they see memories. The eyes. I don’t imagine a dog has a particularly long one. Do you?” I sighed. All I knew for certain was that I felt numb and more than a little tired. “I don’t know. I don’t know what I expected. Or what I was looking for. An incident, maybe. Some kind of clue.” She laid her head on my shoulder and stared at nothing, same as me. “What kind? A clue to what?” “That’s just it—I don’t know. A clue to what might wake him up, I guess. Something I could say. Something that was important to him.” “His butt was important to him,” she said. “A source of endless fascination.” I had to smile. That’s when it happened. That’s when he yelped, ever so slightly, and his paw twitched. I looked at Lisa and she looked back. And then my hand was on him and we were running—Puck and I—down cobblestone lanes lined with streetlamps and through pools of foggy light; through tides of rusted Maple leaves, which leapt and swirled as we passed. “What is it?” I heard Lisa say, her voice growing smaller, more distant. “What do you see?” I turned to look at Puck as we ran and saw his tongue loll and his eyes shift—as though he wanted to look behind himself—behind us—but didn’t dare. “Fear,” I said. “Confusion.” An image entered my mind of a dug passage beneath the rear wall of the T.J. Maxx; of the turkey-like thing crawling through it with Puck hot on its heels. “He escaped from beneath the wall and now he’s lost somewhere in the fog. And he’s terrified ... but of what I don’t know. It’s almost like—wait a minute. Wait a

minute.” I looked behind him—having heard something huffing and snorting—and saw a fully-grown theropod dinosaur (colored orange and black, like a Gila monster) bounding after us in the dark, gaining rapidly. “There’s something coming—some kind of predator. An allosaur, I think. Whatever it is, it’s closing, and I mean fast.”

We think of dinosaurs as big and ferocious. Yet the name *Compsognathus* means 'pretty jaw!' Learn about this strange little dinosaur, from its life in the Jurassic period millions of years ago to the first discovery of its delicate fossil in Germany.

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others after, to be recorded. Welcome to the Lost Country. From “The Devil’s Triangle”: There were six of them, as I said—all of whom rushed us the instant our feet touched the ground. All of whom snarled and charged us like wolverines as we raised our weapons and fired—the flare gun cracking and hissing, blanching the scarlet haze (for the sun had painted everything red and gold), its projectile punching through one of the raptors’ chests and lighting it up so that its ribs were backlit briefly and I could see, if only for an instant, its burning, beating heart. Yet still they came, another one leaping at me even as I dropped the gun—which clattered against the planks—as I dropped it and grabbed the thing by its neck—then brought the knife down with my other hand and stabbed it between the eyes. “Run!” I shouted, even as Amanda shot another—her second—and then bolted toward the shore, drawing the others so that I was able to snatch up the flare gun and quickly reload it; so that I was able to pursue them and to shoot one in the back—while Amanda turned and took out the last of them (shooting it in the head so that the back of its skull exploded like a spaghetti dinner thrown against the wall; so that it collapsed, writhing, about 10 feet in front of her—whereupon she quickly approached it and shot it again, just to be sure). And then she looked at me (as the dead and dying animals lay all around us) and I looked back: our chests heaving; our faces covered in sweat, our worn clothes bloody and disheveled, and I knew that she knew—which was that today we were the predators, the thing needing to be feared—the killers. And that neither of us needed to worry; not about food or

other predators or mysterious lights in the sky or anything. Because we were the masters of our fate, we and no one else, not even God. And we were the master of the world's fate, too. At which she ran to me and we collided and I held her fast, there on the long jetty in the Atlantic Ocean (in the Bermuda Triangle), there beneath a day moon and the blood-red sky, in an instant in which it was good, so very good, not to be afraid, not to be alone. And as to what may or may not have happened in those breaths, those pulse points between that moment and the next—the next day, the next search, the next milestone; as to that, I offer only a quote from Gandhi: “Speak only if it improves upon the silence.”

A young dinosaur shows how to stay friends even after having a terrible fight with his very best friend.

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Flashback—which was brief but had aftershocks, like an earthquake—to change the face of the earth. Nor for the stories, some long and others short, some from before the maelstrom (and resulting societal collapse) and others after, to be recorded. Welcome to the Lost Country. Welcome to the land of the once and future kings. From *The Once and Future Kings*: And then we waited, watching the trucks with their billowing flags slowly move along the ridge, watching them go. Last night I saw Lester Maddox on a TV show / With some smart-ass New York Jew / The Jew laughed at Lester Maddox / And the audience laughed at Lester Maddox too ... I heard gunshots—nothing major, just some idiot in the Tucker train shooting at the sky. So I went to the park and I took some paper along / And that's where I made this song ... And then it started, the Apache firing two Hellfire missiles which hit a group of pickups at the start of the train and instantly blew them to pieces, glass and shrapnel flying, a body tumbling in the air. We talk real funny down here / We drink too much, we laugh too loud / We're too dumb to make it in no northern town ... Two more missiles fired, this time at the other end of the train, blowing pickups and blue flags into the air, sending a cab higher than anything else—like the turrets of those Iraqi tanks in the first Gulf War—hurling a Rugged Terrain tire along the ridge, which eventually rolled down the hill. We're keeping the niggers down ... More missiles, like scaled-up bottle rockets: hitting the column like hammers, making fireballs of King Cabs and beds of people; spitting from the chopper's hardpoints like fireworks, like flairs, incinerating skin and catching hair

on fire, I knew, and didn't care, obliterating pennants and banners. We're rednecks, we're rednecks / We don't know our ass from a hole in the ground ... Until he'd finally fired everything: Hellfires and Hydras, Stingers and Spikes, all of them hissing and screaming, finding their targets; all of them lighting the ridge up like the Fourth of July, or maybe the volcano at The Mirage, in Las Vegas, each making our world safer and saner and more secure—more righteous, more lost. Each bringing smoke and silence and peace—like the lights in the sky themselves—to the war-torn hills of Earth. A dinosaur with an armored back chomps on plants. It swings its tail at a hungry meat eater. Was that a Stegosaurus? Or was it an Ankylosaurus? These dinosaurs looked similar, but they were very different. Read this book to become an expert at telling these look-alikes apart!

"Dino" Don Lessem brings readers face-to-face with various dinosaur species, detailing their habitats, way of life and how they became extinct. An acclaimed dinosaur expert, Don Lessem has written more than 30 children's books, writes a popular dinosaur column in Highlights magazine, and was an adviser for Jurassic Park. Take a trip through dinosaur time to meet these armored dinosaurs face-to-face: The thick body armor of Ankylosaurus was stronger than the teeth of Tyrannosaurus rex! Gastonia had eyelids covered with bone! Euoplocephalus could swing its tail club like a weapon! Plus, you'll get to know Edmontonia, Huayangosaurus, Minmi, Pinacosaurus, and Stegosaurus!

The next book in the innovative adventure series. Imagine a world where dinosaurs never died out . . . the world of Supersaurs. After leaving the rainforests of Indonesia, and outwitting the terrible Christian Hayter, Bunty Brownlee takes her grandchildren Bea and Carter, and Carter's newly domesticated Black Dwarf Tyrant, to a safari reserve in Kenya, built to protect the endangered White Titan Tyrants. But soon the children are caught up in a sinister plot involving poaching and diamond-mining. The young heroes require the aid of the Steggi, a nomadic tribe who live in harmony with their prized Stegosaurus... Packed with revelations, and with more clues to uncover via the Augmented Reality app, this thrilling African safari adventure takes the reader deeper into the wonderful world of Supersaurs.

Oh no! A fly is caught in a spider's web. But the very hungry spider refuses to eat yucky flies!!? Are you kidding??? The flies are stuck, but moved to outrage -- flies taste just as good as any other insects! Can they convince spider before she starves? And, if they do succeed...A fun and quirky picture book for kids and adults to read aloud and laugh together. With a bouncing fun rhyme and silly but wonderful illustrations, *The Very Hungry Spider* is sure to delight children and adults again and again and probably again some more. The perfect read aloud book. Pick this book up, put on your silliest accent and you'll have kids giggling and everyone in a good mood!Part of the Silly Wood Tales series.

Naming letters and boosting vocabulary can be so much fun. Alphabet A1 leads the way to academic success at an early age with this board book that includes several

colorful images for each letter. Rhymes promote early literacy. Children enjoy tracing each letter with their fingers and naming or pointing to each letter and picture. Goes right along with Rock N Learn Alphabet video or can be used independently. Preschool level. 30 pages Explores what scientists have uncovered about Archaeopteryx. Colorful photos and illustrations help bring each dinosaur to life as easy-to-read text guides readers through important discoveries about its appearance, diet, and habitat.

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Flashback, a world in which man's cities have become overgrown jungles and extinct animals wander the ruins. You can survive here, if you're lucky, and if you're not in the wrong place at the wrong time--which is everywhere, all the time. But what you'll never do is remain the same, for this is a world whose very purpose is to challenge you, for better or for worse. In short, it is a world where anything can and will happen. So take a deep dive into these loosely connected tales of the Dinosaur Apocalypse (each of which can be read individually or as a part of the greater saga): tales of wonder and terror, death and survival, blood and beauty. Do it today, before the apocalypse comes. From *The Wine Dark Earth*: What is it? I sign, gripping the M14's handguard (which has become slick with sweat); locking eyes with Beth. Will thinks he heard something; something in one of the shops. Something big—heavy. He says to check our flanks. I just stare at her, bewildered. But I don't want to check my flank, I think. Because if I do, I might see something; something I won't be able to unsee. Something I'll have to react to. And I'm not ready for that. But then, of course, I do—check my flank, that is. Then I look into the dusty, broken window of Swanberg's and, seeing only handcrafts and crystals and strings of fine beads, begin to exhale—deeply; wondering what it was I was so afraid of (for it is only the dogs, I am certain; the stringy, pitiable creatures we saw in the street; the slim, spare scavengers whom, having now inherited the earth, have simply followed us up from the pier). Then I just stare at the crystals; the prisms—the lovely, pure, many-faceted gems—which manage to

glimmer even though there is so very little light. At which, strangely, something seems almost to blink—to shutter and reopen. At which something does blink; just as surely as I am standing there. Something blue; ovoid, which glitters like a gem. Something which is encompassed by dark, tapered brow ridges and cruelly-curved hornlets; and bright-yellow markings—like a witch-doctor or a cannibal. Something I glimpse only briefly, fleetingly, in semi-profile—before it flits back into darkness and is gone.

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Country. From “The Primeval World”: I stood abruptly and raised the back of my hand—but was restrained by Linda, who had inserted herself between us. “That’s enough! Please—Chris. Enough. She’s not going to tell us.” She backed me away from the girl. “But I have an idea ... if you want to hear it.” I yanked away from her and began pacing, furious at the stranger but really angry with myself—for losing my cool in front of my crush, whom I’d liked since the moment we’d met (at the Coke machine in the Community Room, about a month before the Flashback). And for sending them—Penny and Fred—to the food mart in the first place, ostensibly to save time but really just so I could be with Linda. “I—I’m sorry. Jesus. It’s just that—” She came to me and put a finger to my lips. “Shhh. Forget it. All right?” I tried to look away but she forced me to look at her. “All right? Listen. We know which direction they went. So ... why don’t we just—take Valerie here—and go looking for them?” She turned to face the young woman. “She’ll point us in the right direction—won’t you, Little Miss Sunshine?” She glared at her menacingly. “If she ever wants to see home again.” And she was right, of course; I knew it and the girl knew it. And so I reconfigured her bonds so she could travel and we doused ourselves in rex urine—including Valerie (for who knew how far we’d have to go or how long we’d be exposed to potential predators), and we headed out; walking up South Union Avenue toward the capitol even as Compies watched from the undergrowth and I thought I saw a face: simian yet strangely human, animal, and yet somehow not—peeking at us briefly from between two fronds.

Staring at us, passively, almost meditatively, like a great ape behind glass; or a manatee through green, hazy water.

A Hudson Booksellers Staff Pick for the Best Books of 2013 One of Publishers Weekly's Top Ten Spring Science Books A Bookshop Santa Cruz Staff Pick Dinosaurs, with their awe-inspiring size, terrifying claws and teeth, and otherworldly abilities, occupy a sacred place in our childhoods. They loom over museum halls, thunder through movies, and are a fundamental part of our collective imagination. In *My Beloved Brontosaurus*, the dinosaur fanatic Brian Switek enriches the childlike sense of wonder these amazing creatures instill in us. Investigating the latest discoveries in paleontology, he breathes new life into old bones. Switek reunites us with these mysterious creatures as he visits desolate excavation sites and hallowed museum vaults, exploring everything from the sex life of Apatosaurus and T. rex's feather-laden body to just why dinosaurs vanished. (And of course, on his journey, he celebrates the book's titular hero, "Brontosaurus"—who suffered a second extinction when we learned he never existed at all—as a symbol of scientific progress.) With infectious enthusiasm, Switek questions what we've long held to be true about these beasts, weaving in stories from his obsession with dinosaurs, which started when he was just knee-high to a Stegosaurus. Endearing, surprising, and essential to our understanding of our own evolution and our place on Earth, *My Beloved Brontosaurus* is a book that dinosaur fans and anyone interested in scientific progress will cherish for years to come.

My T-Rex has a toothache is a rawtastic dino romp about a boy, his pet T-Rex, and one troublesome tooth. Here comes an allosaurus! The fierce predator races toward its prey. It sinks its sharp teeth into its latest meal! Scenes like this one were common during the Jurassic Period, when the allosaurus walked the earth. In this high-interest text, readers will explore the world of the allosaurus, from how it hunted to where it lived to why it went extinct. Special features include maps, a pronunciation guide, a diet graphic, and a two-page profile that highlights key information about the allosaurus. Readers will love taking a bite out of this ferocious title!

This book is a magical story about a girl Mia who went on a trip to the Magic Forest. Look inside and see what Mia has seen and who she met. This book is full of colorful and gorgeous illustrations to capture your little one's imagination, paired with rhyming, easy to recite and sing prose that will make them spellbound. Magic Forest is an addictive little book for kids that is perfect for bonding with your kids before storing them for the night! ??? The book is a perfect gift for your child.

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beauty. Do it today, before the apocalypse comes. When a mysterious carnival arrives in a small town, three boys discover that a rare miniature dinosaur from the carnival has followed them home. The boys realize the dinosaur might be stolen, and that it has special abilities. When they try to hide it, and keep it as a pet a dangerous one-eyed murderer called the "Pirate" from the carnival comes looking for it. The brothers, their friend, and their sister must find a way to get the dinosaur safely away from the Pirate before they all are hurt or worse.

At night when most kids were dozing so deep, Michael could never quite manage to sleep. His mother would read him one book, or two, His father would sing 'till his face turned blue, All day Michael ran and played and kicked ball, But then he'd just shrug: "I'm not tired at all."

Michael Yu favorite book! Read it FREE as part of your PRIME or Kindle Unlimited membership Drake just wants to play with all the other kids, but he has a bit of a problem: Drake is a dragon. How can he show them that he'd be a good friend? Or maybe he's just too scared to try. Poor Drake. Find out what happens to him in this fun story told in rhyme, accompanied by beautiful illustrations. Teaches your children the lesson on love, forgiveness, kindness and true friendship. If you enjoy this book, please check out How to Catch a Monster.

Melvin likes to throw a tantrum when he does not get

what he wants, but he learns that the classroom rule, "you get what you get and you don't throw a fit" applies at home as well.

Meet Catbug! He likes making friends, playing tag, and eating peanut butter squares (but not until after they cool down!) Find out what over 4 million people who watched the Catbug episode of Bravest Warriors are talking about. This special 3-in-1 edition features lines straight from Bravest Warriors, written by Breehn Burns. Illustrator Sam Ellis gave Catbug a playful new look. Catbug is voiced by beloved Bravest Warriors voice actor, Sam Lavagnino. Everyone loves Catbug! Each of the 10 original books in the series feature hilarious one liners that you can't stop quoting. Collect them all! Frederator Loves You!

This book is a cute book about dinosaurs. It's a perfect bedtime story that teaches sharing in a fun and non-judgemental way. Willy is excited to share his fifth birthday with friends. His grandma bakes a huge cake: she tells Willy that if you eat this cake, his wishes will come true. What does Willy wish for and will his wish come true?

Have you ever wanted to just get in your car and keep going and never come back? Join two people as they check out of society and travel America in a Volkswagen bus.

Explores what scientists have uncovered about Velociraptor. Colorful photos and illustrations help bring each dinosaur to life as easy-to-read text guides readers through important discoveries about its appearance, diet, and habitat.

Alfred is a dinosaur. He is big and blue and and a little mean as he rules the Jurassic. But he finds himself alone, not

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getting to play with the other dinosaurs. Alfred has no friends and sets off a crazy time traveling adventure to find someone who will play with him. Will Alfred find the friend he is looking for? Will he find the person that can see past his bully tendencies and teach him what it is like to be a real friend? Find out in Book One of the Alfred the Dinosaur Series! Being fearless, Allosaurus never shies away from doing as it pleases. The daring dinosaur feeds itself by scavenging as well as hunting. It often steals meals from other meat-eaters. In this children's book, meet a dinosaur that has built its reputation on bold behavior!

Emotions & Feelings Series Book 2 A little Dinosaur gets annoyed easily, sometimes for no reason at all! This fun picture book opens a lot of opportunities to talk about emotions and feelings. Based on self-regulation theory, this is a story that helps to let their feelings out in a healthy way. Children will learn how to breathe through anger and frustration, to be able to think before acting, to be mindful. It's perfect for preschoolers ages 3 to 5, parents, teachers and anyone who works with kids. *Anger is a normal, healthy emotion. *It's OK to feel angry but it's not OK to hit. *How to control your actions when you feel angry *Talk about ways to resolve conflict peacefully Here's what readers are already saying about this amazing kids book: "This is really helpful for toddler. My 2 year old son is having some real issues with anger. " -- Kate "The dinosaur story is so good. It has a perfect lesson for kids" -- Josh "This is a really sweet childrens book. It's perfect for ages 3 to 5. My kids can really relate to the little dinosaur " -- Amy And *Cute illustrations with nice rhyming story *Not too long, grabs kid's attention GET IT NOW and get the ebook for FREE!! Add this picture book to your cart and ENJOY!

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“Wouldn’t have been a problem, though, even if it were there—there’s a man door in the fence just beyond that breezeway.” I held out my arm as everyone started to move. “I—hold up. I—ah, I don’t like this.” I scanned the overgrown yard and the cosmetically-placed boulders (some of which were the size of moving vans); looking for traps, looking for threats. “It doesn’t feel right.” Lazaro got off his horse and approached the hedgerow—then turned to face us, splaying his arms. “What? You heard Jamaica; dude was all about the visual. Probably figured there was no need—once the road was taken out. For a front fence, I mean.” He let his arms slap to his sides. “Now are we going to go check it out, or what? Or are you all just going to sit there all day?” And there was a growling noise, a deep-throated snarl, which sounded from behind one of the rocks even as a shadow fell across the knee-high grass—at which a great cat padded out which was easily the size of a pickup, and hissed at us: its huge pallet showing pink and pale, its black lips stretching, its whiskers and curved fangs—which were like tusks—gleaming in the sun. “Lazaro, don’t!” But it was too late; he’d already drawn his pistol and squeezed off a few rounds—which went pop, pop, pop in the late afternoon sun and echoed along the hills; which reverberated across the valley like the sound of a car backfiring ...

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tales of the Dinosaur Apocalypse (each of which can be read individually or as a part of the greater saga): tales of wonder and terror, death and survival, blood and beauty. Do it today, before the apocalypse comes. “Jesus. Just—Jesus,” said Amelia, staring at the decomposing body. “How long do you think it’s been here?” I examined it where it was sprawled on the back porch, facing the ocean, its skin blackened and clinging to the bones—like it had been vacuum sealed—its wispy hair fluttering. “Hard to say. Few weeks. Maybe a month.” I batted away the flies. “Long enough for the organs to liquify.” “How—how do you know?” I studied the holes in its head, a smaller one which was about the size of a dime and a larger, more cavernous one—the exit wound. “Because, otherwise, there’d be brains all over.” I stepped over it and picked up the gun, checked its chamber. “There’s still bullets in it.” She stared at me tentatively as I closed the chamber and gripped the weapon in both hands—neither of us saying anything. At last I nodded to the back door—the screen of which banged back and forth in the wind—and tried to brace myself. “You ready?” She shook her head. “Let’s go,” I said. And then she was holding the screen as I inched forward and gripped the knob—turning it slowly, carefully, easing the door open. Stepping into a room which was dark as pitch; which reeked of cat piss and despair.

For fans of Gary Schmidt and Joan Bauer, a laugh-out-loud intergenerational road trip story from acclaimed author Paul Acanpora! Since the death of his grandfather, Leo's number one chore has been to chase after his grandmother who seems to wander away from home every few days. Now, Gram's decided to roam farther than ever. And despite his misgivings, Leo's going along for the ride. With his

seventeen-year-old cousin, Abbey, and an old, gassy dog named Kermit, Leo joins Gram in a big, old Buick to leave their Pennsylvania home for a cross-country road trip filled with foldout maps, family secrets, new friends, and dinosaur bones. *How to Avoid Extinction* is a middle-grade comedy about death and food and family and fossils. It's about running away from home and coming back again. For Leo, it's about asking hard questions and hopefully finding some sensible answers. As if good sense has anything to do with it. Against a backdrop of America's stunning size and beauty, it's also about growing up, getting old, dreaming about immortality, and figuring out all the things we can -- and can't -- leave behind.

First came the time-storm, which erased half the population. Then came the dinosaur apocalypse. How did it all begin? That depends on where you were and who you ask. In some places it started with the weather—which quickly became unstable and began behaving in impossible ways. In still others it started with the lights in the sky, which shifted and pulsed and could not be explained. Elsewhere it started with the disappearances: one here, a few there, but increasing in occurrence until fully three quarters of the population had vanished. Either way, there is one thing on which everyone agrees—it didn't take long for the prehistoric flora and fauna to start showing up (often appearing right where

someone was standing, in which case the two were fused, spliced, amalgamated). It didn't take long for the great Time-displacement called the Flashback—which was brief but had aftershocks, like an earthquake—to change the face of the earth. Nor for the stories, some long and others short, some from before the maelstrom (and resulting societal collapse) and others after, to be recorded. Welcome to the world of the Flashback, a world in which man's cities have become overgrown jungles and extinct animals wander the ruins. You can survive here, if you're lucky, and if you're not in the wrong place at the wrong time--which is everywhere, all the time. But what you'll never do is remain the same, for this is a world whose very purpose is to challenge you, for better or for worse. It is a world where frightened commuters will do battle with murderous bikers even as primordial monsters close in, and others will take refuge in an underground theme park only to find their worst enemy is themselves. Where ordinary people—ne'er-do-wells on a cross-country motorcycle trip, a woman on a redeye flight to Hell, a sensitive boy stricken with visions of what's to come--will find themselves in extraordinary situations, and a gunslinger and his telekinetic ankylosaurus will embark on a dangerous quest. A world where travelers will be trapped with an unravelling President of the United States and a band of survivors will face roving packs of monsters

and men in post-apocalyptic Seattle; where rioting teenagers will face deadly predators (as well as their own demons) while ransacking the nation's capital; where a Native-American warrior will seek to bury his past--and offer an elegy for all the Earth--in what remains of Las Vegas. In short, it is a world where anything can and will happen. So take a deep dive into these loosely connected tales of the Dinosaur Apocalypse (each of which can be read individually or as a part of the greater saga): tales of wonder and terror, death and survival, blood and beauty. Do it today, before the apocalypse comes.

Have You Ever Seen? is a perfect read right before sleep, as you lighten the mood with Auntie Lily's silly rhymes and thus guarantee bedtime with a smile:) Silly Auntie Lily Who's tall and also small Imagines silly things That make no sense at all She tells us silly stories And does so all in rhyme 'Cause silly Auntie Lily Is silly all the time Have fun and help your child develop with Have You Ever Seen? - the hilarious first in the READY TO READ children's books series about funny, silly, and nonsensical situations that will have you and your kids rolling with laughter.

"Hi little bird," said Bruce the moose with a smile, Now Bo had an idea: she could travel in style! "I'd like to use your antlers to build a nest with a view, A mobile home for me and good company for you." Zoologist Dr Brendan Merlie has wasted his best

