

Zack the Weasel
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AAH!” Zack screamed in terror as the dinosaur thundered towards him, crashing through the trees. The earth beneath Zack rumbled and began to give way, sounding like thousands of very large boulders grinding together. Then he slipped and fell out of the tree then the dino...

A story like this is best told from the beginning. The very beginning how it all started, what happened, and how our hero died but also lived! So get in your favorite chair, sit back, and get ready for a hair raising story!

Chapter 1: How heros are made

“Would you like chicken or rats for dinner?” asked my mom.

“What?” asked my brother in utter confusion.

“Uuuuuhhhh” I said in annoyance.

“Rats!” said my Dad as though the answer was completely obvious.

“Chicken!” said my my brother finally realizing the question.

“What about you Zack?” asked my mom.

“Ummmm.....” I looked back and forth between my brother and my dad. My dad was shaking his head mouthing the words *rat* I watched amazed as his golden brown fur started turning white he then stood as still as a rock.

“ZAC-” CRRRRRRRRRRKKKK! He was cut off short.

I watched in horror as the ground beneath my mom started to crack. We all froze in terror thinking that she was about to fall to her death.

“Ohhhh its just a small crack. Like a little noodle,” said Mom, trying to calm us down.

“It couldn't do any real harm.” she reassured us. Then the strangest thing happened.

The ground under our feet started shooting up. **WOOSH!** My brother was the first to go. “JOHN!!!” I

screamed hoping my brother was still alive.

“ZACK!!” he screamed back. Then my dad went flying and it was just me and my mom were left. Scared out of my mind I went running to my mom.

“MOM!!!” I screamed trying to get my frightened mothers attention. She just stood there frozen in fear.

CCCCRRRRRR!!! the ground beneath my mom looked as if it had got hit by thirty cars falling from the sky. I went back to the trees to see if I could get a vine to pull her to safety. I hurried as fast as I could the wind blowing in my golden brown fur, but I wasn't fast enough. If only I had been faster maybe maybe...

But then before I could react the ground gave way and instead of flying up I was flying down.

Chapter 2: Deep in the prehistoric jungle.

TO BE CONTINUED.