

THE LAND BEFORE TIME XV: THE SHARP BEAK PRINCE (January 20th, 2018) (DVD/Blue Ray)

CHARACTERS



Figure 1: Littlefoot



Figure 2: Cera



Figure 3: Ducky



Figure 4: Petrie



Figure 5: Spike



Figure 6: Mama Flyer/Phyra



Figure 7: Pterano



Figure 8: Ichy



Figure 9: Grandpa and Grandma Longneck



Figure 10: Mama Swimmer/Saru



Figure 11: Topps/Cera's Father



Figure 12: Tria/Cera's Stepmother



Figure 13: Ptero



Figure 14: Agatha

Ptero (OC¹) Male Pterodactylus kochi/Pteranodon Hybrid (Flyer + Sharp Beak /Sharptooth + Flattooth) Alignment: Undecided

Agatha (OC) Female Pterodactylus kochi (Sharp Beak/Sharptooth) Alignment: Bad

Sydo (OC) Male Pteranodon (Flyer/Flattooth) Alignment: Good

Don (OC/Petrie's father) Male Pteranodon (Flyer/Flattooth) Alignment: Good

Pip (One of Petrie's brothers) Male Pteranodon (Flyer/Flattooth) Alignment: Good

Littlefoot Male Apatosaurus (Longneck/Flattooth) Alignment: Good

Cera Female Triceratops (Threehorn/Flattooth) Alignment: Good

Ducky Female Saurolophus (Swimmer/ Big Mouth / Flattooth) Alignment: Good

Petrie Male Pteranodon (Flyer/Flattooth) Alignment: Good

¹ Stands for Original Character

Spike Male Stegosaurus (Spiketail/Flattooth) Alignment: Good

Mama Flyer/Phyra Female Pteranodon (Flyer/Flattooth) Alignment: Good

**Leslie (Ducky's Aunt) Female Saurolophus (Swimmer/ Big Mouth / Flattooth)
Alignment: Good but a big yacker**

Grandpa Longneck Male Apatosaurus (Longneck/Flattooth) Alignment: Good

**Grandma Longneck Female Apatosaurus (Longneck/Flattooth) Alignment:
Good**

Topps Male Triceratops (Threehorn/Flattooth) Alignment: Good

Pterano Male Pteranodon (Flyer/Flattooth) Alignment: Good

**Large Flyer Bullies (OCs) Mixed Quetzalcoatlus (Large Flyer/Flattooth)
Alignment: Bad**

**Agatha's Sharp Beak Pack (OCs) Mixed Ichthyornis , Pterodactylus, and
Ludodactylus (Sharp Beak/Sharptooth) Alignment: Good**

Albert (OC) Male Albertosaurus (Sharptooth) Alignment: Bad

**Fast Biter Couple (OCs) Male and Female Utahraptor (Fast Biter/Sharptooth)
Alignment: Bad**

**Swimming Sharptooth (OC) Female Hydrotherosaurus (Swimming
Sharptooth/Sharptooth) Alignment: Bad**

**Note: This film comes after the long awaited The Land Before Time XIV:
Journey of the Brave (February 2nd, 2016) and after TV Series Season 2 and 3.**

Here is a dino term dictionary for those who don't know LBT Speak. (It contains stuff for future creatures that I've made too.)

Longneck – a type of Leaf Eater dinosaur with a long neck. Used to refer to Apatosaurus, Brachiosaurus, Antarctosaurus, Diplodocus, and other types. Littlefoot, his parents, his grandparents, Ali, Rhett, Shorty, Dayo, Doc, Dara, Saro, Sue, Pat, the Old One, Ali's Mother, and others are in this group.

Threehorn- Triceratops. Cera, Topps, Tria, Dana, Dinah, Tricia, Alfred, Angus, Banger, Prong, and Tryus, and others are in this group.

Cold time – refers to winter, though, as there is only one winter per year, the term could also refer to a year.

Sky Puffies - Clouds

Shell – clam

Stinging Buzzer Juice – Honey

Warm Bubbly Water – Hot Water Springs

Earthshake - earthquake

Hoppers – frogs

Two Claw- Tyrannosaurus Rex/Tarborsaurus

Three Claw – Giganotosaurus

Flathead – a possible dino racial slur toward Longnecks.

Large Flyer - Quetzylcoatylus, among others

Beak Brain – an insult toward Flyers

Ground Sparkle Rolling – avalanche

Sinking Sands – Quicksand

White ground sparkles – snow

Great Day of the Flyers – Flyer aptitude test to see if Flyers are able to fly like the adults

Time of Changing Tree Stars – fall

Time of Great Growing – the teenage years for dinosaurs. Dinosaurs in this age period tend to think they know everything and can be bratty.

Time of Choosing – when dinosaurs pick mates.

Tickly Fuzzy – Mammal. Most are herbivorous though Smilodons are the exception.

Great Earthshake - horrible event in dino history where the continental plates met, causing a catastrophic earthquake.

Sharptooth Tickly Fuzzy – Smilodons.

Bright Circle- Sun

Night Circle - Moon

Flyer – any type of flying herbivore. Petrie, Pterano, Mama Flyer, Perrin, and others are in this category. Rinkus and Sierra are also in this category.

Tree Star – a type of green leaf that Flatteeth, Bothteeth, and perhaps Strut, eat. It is shaped like a star or is kinda star shaped. Sharpteeth generally cannot stand their taste. (Not that poor Chomper didn't try them a few times!)

Biting Buzzers – mosquitoes

Stinging Buzzers – bees

Sharptooth – a carnivorous dinosaur or other thing that only eats meat. Most of this category is hostile toward the main characters, with notable exceptions like Chomper. Notable hostile members include Sharptooth (Dark Claw). Red Claw, Plated Sharptooth, and Agatha.

Glider – Microraptor gui. Guido and his girlfriend are in this category.

Flattooth – herbivore. Practically all the main characters are in this category.

Bothtooth- omnivore. There are two main types: nice Bothtooth and Fanged Flattooth. The former is good while the latter is hostile. Ruby is in the former category while the main antagonist of the Greatest Adventure Trilogy is in the latter.

Domehead- a type of Fanged Flattooth. They are so named because of the domed shaped of their heads. Parchysalpalous (or something like that) and Stegoceras are in this category.

Fanged Flattooth – an evil category of omnivore. They plot world domination in the Greatest Adventure trilogy. Littlefoot's archenemy is in this category.

Sharptooth Flyer – a synonym for Sharp Beak.

Sharp Beak – a flying Sharptooth. Ichthyornis, Ludodactylus, and Pterodactylus kochi are in this category. Ichy and Agatha are in this category. Ptero is partially in this category.

Spiketail – Stegosaurus and Hespersaurus, among others are in this category. Spike and Tippy are notable members.

Bigmouthed Belly Dragger – Dienesuchus or something like that. This is a Sharptooth category that is a subclass of Belly Dragger. Dil is in this category.

Belly Dragger – A Sharptooth that goes about on its belly and looks like a gator. Dil, the Belly Dragger in the 10th film, and the ones in the TV series go into this category.

Egg Stealer – refers to dinos that steal and eat eggs. Struthiomimus and Ornithomimus are in this category. Notable members are Ozzy, Strut, and Orni.

Fast Biter – a subclass of Sharptooth that is noted for how fast it can bite (or something like that). Velociraptors and Utahraptors are in this category. Screech, Thud, Velo, Thorn, Lorenzo, Edna, Darrien, Farrell, and Regulus, among others, are in this category.

Club Tail – Ankylosaurus, among others, are in this category. Leafie and Mr. Clubtail are in this category. Rooter might be as well. Apparently, a herd of them can smell really bad for some odd reason, particularly on a hot day. J

Swimming Sharptooth- a subclass of Sharptooth. Lieopodon and Megalodon, among others, are in this category.

Large Claw – Deinonychus. A type of Sharptooth that has a large claw.

Sky Twirly – Tornado.

Big White Ground Sparkle Blow – Whiteout

Sky Water – Rain

Sky Fire – Lightning

Sky Rumble – Thunder

Dark Water – deep water. Too deep for non-Swimmers or other dinosaurs that know how to swim to go into.

Sky Color Stones – rainbow colored stones. Dinosaurs call rainbows sky colors and, indeed, there is a multicolored faced type of dinosaur called a Rainbow Face.

Sleep Rumbles – snoring

Sleep Story – dream

Swimmer – a swimming dinosaur such as Saurolophus. Ducky is in this category. Mo is as well.

Bigmouth- a nickname for Saurolophus. Ducky is in this category, as is her aunt (in her aunt's case, it's in more ways than one.)

Fast Runner – Oviraptor. Ruby is in this category, as is Oviro.

Hidden Runner – Troodon. Trodo and the character Hidden Runner from the TV Series are in this category.

Rainbow Face – Gallimimus. The two in the seventh movie are in this category, though those might have just been aliens disguised as dinosaurs. (There were Rainbow Faces in future movies though.)

Tinysaurus/Tiny Longneck – Mossaurus. So called because of their small size and their appearance of a longneck.

Mysterious Beyond – area outside the Great Valley. So called by the residents as many don't know, or have forgotten (even though they lived there once!) and hence are afraid of it. Typically younger dinosaurs aren't supposed to go out there unaccompanied, but Littlefoot & co always manage, usually, to get away with it.

Great Valley – place that the main characters look for in the first movie and live in, well mostly, for the rest of the series. It is a dino paradise that has lots of green food and no, for a good while, Sharpteeth. Originally, it was inhabited by Sharpteeth until Longnecks drove them out. Since then, Sharpteeth were banned (minus Tiny Sharpteeth, as they were so small), until Chomper came, being the first lift on the ban. The Great Valley avoids most natural disasters, including the infamous Leaf Famines and the Great Earthshakes. Nonetheless, it can get drought, pestilence (swarm leaf gobblers), blizzards, and sometime bad Sharpteeth sneak in. The place was taken over from the inside by an evil villain during the Greatest Adventure Trilogy, though it was liberated by Littlefoot and his friends, who exposed the villain and saved the day. It is noted for being a place without herd segregation. The dinosaur world's first Combined Herd was created here. The government is more republican, unlike Sharptooth packs

and Flattooth herds of the Mysterious Beyond, which are more dictatorial. It might be the dino world equivalent of the USA. J

Flowing Fire – lava

Gurgly Pit – Volcano crater in the center.

Cave Teeth- the type of thing that goes on the roof of a cave. (It was either stalagmite or stalagtitie.)

Scaredy Egg – a nickname for dinosaurs that are afraid. Like Scaredy Cat.

Egg – when not referring to an actual egg, it refers to a young dinosaur or child and is sometimes insulting.

The Stone of Cold Fire- supposedly a rock that gives one powers. Luckily, the one that Rinkus, Sierra, and Pterano found was just a comet and not one. Indeed, such a thing might not even exist.

Land of Mists – a place that used to kind of be like the Great Valley, and it had a lot of rain. After becoming a marshland, getting misty, and being invaded by mammals and Sharpteeth, the Longneck inhabitants had fled. It became home for years for Dil and Ichy.

Big Water – Ocean/sea.

Fast Water – a fast moving river or stream perhaps.

Dark Water – water too deep for non-Swimmers to go into.

Swarm Leaf Gobblers – Locusts

Hard Water - ice

Tree Sweets – could be a special kind of sweet-tasting tree plant, though it could refer to pears, lemons, and things like that too. Some of these make Sharpteeth kinda sick if they are near them.

Pack –a type of group of carnivorous dinosaurs. Usually they hunt together.

Herd – a type of group of herbivorous dinosaurs.

Far Walkers – usually refers to travelling dinosaurs who come to the Great Valley but do not live there.

Great Wall – the wall around the Great Valley. Keeps out most Sharpteeth.

Smoking Mountains – Mountain range of volcanoes on the edge of the Great Valley

Tush – the Land Before Time word for butt or hind end.

Yellow Belly- Bipedalosaurus. Noted for their yellow colored bellies. The ones shown in the 13th movie are really goofy. They like berries. They are noted for moving up their tush and trying to disguise themselves as bushes, dancing and even defeating hungry Sharpteeth with dancing on one occasion, and being the first characters to toot in the Land Before Time franchise.

Stop the Seed- a game of tossing a seed. The rules aren't explained, but it might be like football or something. It is a game that can be played by both two-footers and four-footers.

Sail-backed Sharptooth- Spinosaurus

Sweet Bubbles – grapes

Meadow of Jumping Water – a place with a bunch of geysers

Big Longneck Test - A test that longnecks must take to prove if they're right to be a leader of a herd.

Bright Circle Celebration - A special celebration that some of the Great Valley dinosaurs observe. They gather to say what they have learned since the last Bright Circle Celebration and to share in tasty food that has been gathered for the celebration. It believed by some that if the celebration is done well, it will make the Bright Circle happy and the Warm Times will come again. However if the celebration is done poorly the Cold Time will be longer.

OPENING

Sydo was a Pteranodon with light grey colored wings and olive colored eyes. He had an orange body. He flew through the forest with his friends. They had many interests in common. However, he had one interest that was vastly different than the others.

It was a Flyer that he'd seen a few weeks earlier. He'd seen her dive after a fish, making a dive he didn't think he could ever have pulled off. She flew so gracefully. He greatly admired her.

Sydo also loved the appearance of her. She was gorgeous, he admitted that. He loved her black wings and brown body. He even thought her red eyes were cute, albeit a tiny bit creepy. She flew well and could make sharper turns than him with little effort and change course rapidly. She was a better flyer by far than any in his herd.

He'd wanted to get a good look at her and had spied on her over the last few days. What he really wanted to do, though, was talk to her. However, it took a long time for him to work up the nerve to approach her. This wasn't just because he was shy to approach a female that he liked, but because she was a *Pterodactylus kochi*. She wasn't in a herd but a pack. She was a Sharptooth, the dreaded type of dinosaur that hunted their fellow dinosaurs.

They were both Flyers. He ate Tree Stars. She, on the other hand, was a Sharp Beak. He dreaded to think what she might eat. His friends had told him that it was risky and that he was nuts for even thinking about it. However, he decided to risk it one day.

He decided to go at night. If worst came to worst, he could still get away. It was raining, which, he hoped, would hide his scent in case anyone tried to sniff him out. He landed on a rocky hill, with many ledges jutting out. It was at least 100 feet in the air, out of reach of the ground. He was sure they did this to keep out of reach of larger predators, like Two Claws or Fast Biters. Indeed, even the Sailbacks, the biggest of the Sharpteeth, couldn't reach up that far.

The place had bones lying around in some places. What they might have been when they were alive, he didn't want to think. The whole atmosphere was unnerving. He knew what could happen to him by coming here. Unfriendly Sharp Beaks could be hiding behind rocks, spying on him. But he was so eager to see her that he was willing to risk it. He waited, watching her, his heart pounding. Finally, he decided that now was as good a time as any.

Who is there? she said in the Sharptooth language². He was nervous as she turned her gaze his way and turned to hide, moving behind vegetation.

I can see you. I have great eyesight. I don't like to be spied upon. she said again in Sharptooth. He didn't reply, still feeling nervous. **If you don't come out of there, I am going back there.** she said in Sharptooth.

He didn't understand a word she said, but as he saw her approaching, figured he'd better come out as she'd get him anyway if he tried to take off.

He had no choice now. He came forward, trembling. She stared at him, baffled. **What are you doing here?** she asked in Sharptooth, her eyebrows raised. He took it as a good sign that she hadn't swooped down upon him and sank her fangs into him already. He decided to be honest. He came out, still trembling. "I wanted to talk to you. I.....er..." he said nervously.

Her red eyes turned to stare into his olive colored ones. She couldn't understand him. She, however, had decided to let him be, for she realized that he was a Flattooth, and a brave one. She thought him handsome. He tried to talk to her, and she tried to get it. After a long while, she finally understood enough Leaf Eater to say "Hello, my name is Agatha."

"Hello, I am Sydo." he replied. He was glad that she was starting to understand Leaf Eater. Little did he realize the course of events this would affect in dinosaur history.

CHAPTER ONE: SYDO AND AGATHA

The two continued to meet. Sydo hadn't told his friends about their meeting yet, as he wasn't sure what to make of her. She had finally learned enough Leaf Eater to talk to him properly. "Hello, back from leading your pack of Sharp Beaks? It must be tough being a Queen." he said.

"It is. I have no heir and everyone expects me to have one." she replied.

² Chomper is the only bilingual Sharptooth in the films (though Ptero and Agatha will join him in that ability in this one) and TV show, as he is able to speak his own native language, and that of the herbivorous dinosaurs. The language of Sharpteeth appears to be made up of roars, growls and snarls. These are deep, loud, sometimes high-pitched and thunderous. While the language of the herbivores, as they are the protagonistic creatures in the series, is heard as English to the audience, the Sharptooth language has never been directly translated, although sometimes a caption translating their dialect is shown at the bottom of the screen. The only instances to date in which this has been done are The Land Before Time V: The Mysterious Island, in which throughout the film, the conversations between Chomper and his parents are captioned, and in the television episode "Escape From the Mysterious Beyond", in which the conversation between Chomper and Thud, the Fast Biter, is captioned.

"What took you so long? You've been gone a while and I've waited and waited for you." he asked.

"Hunting. That little Swimmer didn't know what hit her." replied Agatha.

Sydo wanted to take off upon hearing this. "The poor dear!" said Sydo automatically. "You don't think I should eat?" inquired Agatha, her eyebrows raised. "I....er...." said Sydo. He thought it over. While he'd never had to take a life, he admitted that Agatha wouldn't have had that luxury as a Sharp Beak. "I'd prefer that you not eat children. Give them a chance at life." said Sydo. "It's much harder to get an adult Swimmer by yourself than a kid. I'd need the whole pack to get an adult." said Agatha.

As sad as it sounded, he admitted that she might have a point. Adult Swimmers were quite big. He decided to change the subject. "Well, I think you are pretty and fly really well." said Sydo. "Thank you dear." said Agatha. He talked with her for a long while and finally went home.

"Sydo, where were you?" his friends asked him. "With her." said Sydo. "You actually went to see her?" asked a friend of his. "And she didn't eat you?" asked another. "Nope. She seems to like me." said Sydo.

"I'm sure she would. Sydo sish-ka-bob is probably what she has in mind." said one of his Flyer friends. "You're wrong. I've been with her many times." said Sydo.

"And you never told us?" asked another friend of his.

"I was under the impression that I'd come through the Time of Great Growing and am now able to make my own decisions." Sydo replied wryly.

Sydo returned to Agatha the next night. He decided to go at night again as usual. He hoped that most of her Sharp Beak friends would be asleep then, as they might not be as nice as she. He came with a present for her. She smiled at him. He was more used to those pointy teeth this time.

"Oh Sydo, thank you." she said. It was a fish. She hungrily ate it. He turned away, for this carnivorous behavior unnerved him still. He heard flapping. He realized with horror that her pack was there. He almost turned to take off, but soon realized that they weren't coming after him. "Yes, they follow my orders. You are safe here my friend." said Agatha.

As time went on, Sydo and Agatha continued to meet more and more. She made good on her promise that he would be safe with her too. One night, two Sharp Beaks had

come after him and he had tried to flee. They would have gotten him and he expected to die, but then they yelped in pain. Agatha had grabbed them both and pulled them away from him.

Do not touch Sydo! Do you hear me? If you harm him, you will have to answer to me! said Agatha. They backed off, frightened. A grateful Sydo had thanked her for saving his life.

He felt in love with her and she seemed to be awfully fond of him. His friends were wary of being around him anymore as he spent so much time with a Sharp Beak. "Sydo, this isn't right! You know what she is!" said a friend of his. "I know that she fancies me." said Sydo. "As the main course!" said his friend loudly in exasperation. "No, she'd never do that!" countered Sydo. "You must have hit your head really hard that time when you fell when first learning to fly. Women are dangerous enough without having sharp fangs!" said his friend in annoyance.

Eventually, he decided that he was going to hedge all bets and propose to her. He got many fish for her. He ate Tree Stars himself, but he knew that Agatha couldn't stand them, for he had offered them to her once before.

As he approached her nest, doubts began to nag him. He was going to marry a Sharptooth. He was a Leaf Eater. He could only eat plants and she only meat. Was there a Flyer of his own kind out there for him that he hadn't bothered to look for?

Agatha was with her pack on a hunting mission. She had spotted a Tickly Fuzzy below. Sydo saw the creature too.

Agatha smirked, a look of triumph on her face. She swooped downward, gathering speed. He admired her abilities of flying, which, he thought, rivaled, if not surpassed, his own. He turned away as he saw her talons sink at the creature. The creature let out a death yell. Sydo trembled, but, resolved, continued forward toward Agatha.

"Agatha, it is me." said Sydo. Agatha stood over the dead creature. She was sharpening her talons on a rock next to her. "Hello my dear." she said. "I brought you these." he said, giving her the fish. "Oh dessert, thank you Sydo." she said, smiling at him kindly.

Sydo proposed to her. She accepted. He had watched as she ate the poor creature. It was alarming, yet, this was his mate now. He'd have to get used to it.

Sydo returned to his friends and told them that he had proposed to Agatha. What came next broke his heart. “Get lost Sydo! We’re kicking you out of the herd for marrying a Sharptooth!” cried one of them in anger.

“Wh—what? ” sobbed Sydo.

“You’ve chosen our enemies! Go be with them!” snapped another. And Sydo was shown the door, so to speak, and could never go back.

He returned to his mate, very sad. “Sydo, they are jerks. If you like, I can deal with them.” she said.

The idea was tempting, upset as he was. “No, let them be. I have you and that is enough.” he replied. She smiled and nodded, putting her wings around him to comfort him. She at least cared for him. If this was how Leaf Eaters would treat him for being in love with someone different, then he’d take Sharpteeth.

The two had a union ceremony the next morning. The Sharp Beaks of her pack were all there. They looked at him with the utmost respect. "To long life together." said Agatha, kissing her new mate.

"Yes, I love you dear." he said. The two got along well. He even went with her hunting pack, but, of course, he didn't partake in the hunt. He always felt guilty when the Leaf Eaters looked at him, expecting him to help them, but he only just stayed there, for he knew that Sharp Beaks needed to eat too.

After some time, Agatha became pregnant. "Sydo, you're going to be a father." she said, beaming. Sydo felt elated. He wondered what the children would be like. Would they be like her or him? He would accept them either way, as he had accepted Agatha.

Agatha had a single egg, a speckled silver one. Sydo and Agatha thought that the egg was beautiful. They both took turns warming it. Eventually, the egg hatched.

The shell broke around the lower half first, and talons came out. Sydo saw that they were sharper than his. Next, the middle broke. The creature tried to flap its wing and fell over. The top half of the egg shattered. The child was a boy. He looked kind of like Sydo, but he had red eyes like that of his wife. He had an orange body and black wings. He had long talons though not quite as long as Agatha's. He had Sharp Beak abilities but would pass for a Pteranodon to anyone who didn't know him. He smiled at the two innocently. He had both sharp and flat teeth. His fangs were further back in his mouth.

"What shall we call him?" his mate asked him. "Ptero." said Sydo. They both admired Ptero. Ptero was their pride and joy.

Meanwhile, further out in the Mysterious Beyond, a young Flyer couple watched their eggs hatch. They had a couple of kids. One by one the group hatched. The last to break out of his green egg was a black eyed, brown crested, gold necked, orange bodied one. "What shall we call him?" Phyra asked her mate Don. "Petrie." replied Don.

"Looks just like you Don." said Don's brother-in-law Pterano. They were so proud of Petrie. The two very different Flyer families never guessed that their children would someday meet.

CHAPTER TWO: THE DIFFERENT FLYERS

Sometime later, young Ptero was with his family. "Father, when can I learn to fly?" Ptero asked Sydo. "Soon enough dear." said Agatha. "You don't seem quite ready yet. You nearly fell last time." said Sydo. "Yes, but I caught you." said Agatha.

Don't worry kid, you'll do it someday. said an Ichthyornis. "I can't wait." said Ptero. Sydo brought him some Tree Stars, which he ate happily. He really liked those. Agatha gave her son a mammal to eat, which he also ate. Sydo was so used to this behavior by now that it didn't bother him one bit.

Ptero liked the Tree Stars better, in part because there wasn't blood, and, because, having asked his mother why the mammal looked different from the Tree Stars, had finally been told that it had once been a live creature.

Ptero had freaked out at first upon hearing this. "Ptero, dear, you need to eat too. There are plenty of other Tickly Fuzzies out there." Agatha had said. Ptero still felt sad. He made sure to eat every bite, knowing what it had cost the creature to be his meal.

Agatha had thought of feeding her son a Leaf Eater, but Sydo put his foot down. "No, I will not have you doing that. He's part Leaf Eater himself." Sydo had told her one night after Ptero was asleep. "But he's a hunter too." countered Agatha. They moved out of the nest, so as not to wake their son, and continued arguing outside.

"He may be a hunter if he so chooses. But it's up to him. Let the boy decide." said Sydo. Agatha had agreed to this.

Ptero kept trying to fly. He loved the breeze on his wings. However, flying wasn't as easy as it looked. He had learned to climb things in the meantime. He saw a pretty butterfly. He went toward it, examining it. However, he was saddened when a Pterodactylus came and grabbed it and ate it. **Delicious, isn't it?** the creature remarked to Ptero. Ptero was saddened by what Sharpteeth had to do to get food.

Ptero climbed and jumped from tree to tree. He was doing quite well, though both Sydo and Agatha, and sometimes the other Sharp Beaks, had to save his life when he missed. Ptero enjoyed it, though hated when he fell.

Ptero had no idea what he was yet. He knew that he could eat Tree Stars and meat. He also noticed that he lived with Sharp Beaks, and so was disposed to think of himself more as the latter. However, he was glad that he could eat Tree Stars, as it meant he wouldn't always have to take a life whenever he wanted a meal when he got older.

Ptero saw that his life was happy enough and that he had both his mother and his father. He assumed that things would always go on the way they'd always been.

Petrie, meanwhile, was with Don and Pterano. He was trying to fly. "Me got this. Me going to do it today!" yelled the Flyer proudly. SPLAT! Petrie fell, again, and landed in mud.

"Oh dear, another wipeout!" moaned Pterano.

"Not to worry Petrie boy, you will get it." said Don.

"Me hope so." replied Petrie, not so sure.

Petrie tried again. "Me think that me can...." he said, starting to get into the air. However, he noticed that he was standing on nothing, lost his nerve, and fell two feet to the ground, landing on top of an angry Clubtail.

"Watch it bub!" snapped the Clubtail.

"Sorry, Flyer learning how to fly." said Pterano.

"Go fly somewhere else then. Stupid Flyers!" grumbled the Clubtail.

"Perhaps we can rest for a bit. Looks like you need a break Petrie." said Don.

Don, Pterano, and Petrie headed back toward the nest. The two were carrying Petrie. The two suddenly moved into a tree.

“What matter Dad?” asked Petrie.

“Sharp Beaks.” whispered Don.

“What they?” asked Petrie.

“Sharp teeth that can fly. Let’s just stay here till they’re gone.” whispered Pterano.

When the Sharp teeth were gone, Pterano and Don came out, carrying Petrie with them back to the nest.

“Me love you Dad.” said Petrie.

“I love you too Petrie.” said Don.

Both Petrie and Ptero were happy with their fathers. However, the good times were not to last.

CHAPTER THREE: AGATHA'S BETRAYAL

Ptero began spending more time with Sydo than Agatha. Agatha was quick to notice this. She didn't say anything, but Sydo noticed a change in her.

She also seemed to take criticism very poorly and was very cross when anyone dared challenge her. She thought very highly of herself. Sydo soon realized with shock that she was an extreme narcissist. She started trying to get Ptero to hunt more too and he realized that she was trying to force the boy to be like her.

"Agatha, stop it! We agreed to let the boy choose!" said Sydo. "I need a pack leader after me! Ptero will have to take that role!" said Agatha. "If he doesn't want it, then somebody else will have to take that role!" said Sydo. "No, I want somebody in my family!" snapped Agatha.

Sydo wondered where the woman he'd married had gone to. Agatha was showing a whole new side to her, a side he didn't like. And Sydo no longer had his friends to go to anymore, for they no longer would speak to him, believing him to have committed treachery against his kind for having married a Sharptooth.

He felt most foolish now. He'd judged her by her appearance and her flying abilities. He should have known better about her. There were so many warning signs he should have heeded, including her lack of pity for her prey and her obvious desire for control. Indeed, he now knew why he hadn't been eaten by her pack before their marriage. It

wasn't because they had respected her that they hadn't tried to eat him after she'd told off the two who had tried to eat him, it was that they feared her.

Agatha's pack liked him, but, since she was the leader, Agatha's pack backed her up, so he wasn't likely to get them to make her see reason either. Ptero seemed to be all that he had left that he could feel happy around. Ptero loved his father and soon it was obvious that he favored Sydo over Agatha. Agatha said nothing about this, but sulked, eyeing them both threateningly.

As time went by, tensions got worse and worse. The boy didn't know how bad they were getting, for Agatha still had the decency not to bring the boy around when they were arguing. Sydo considered leaving. Agatha said that she wanted her son as she had laid his egg.

"Ptero dear, there is something I am going to tell you. I will tell you something in the morning," said Sydo to his son.

"Why Dad?" asked Ptero in concern, for he didn't understand what was going on.

"I will tell you tomorrow, not now. Come with me at dawn," said Sydo. Ptero had never seen his father this nervous. Sydo had seen Ptero's flying skills and knew he was close enough to go, certainly with assistance, on his own the next day. The two would take off at dawn.

"What is wrong with Daddy? He seems worried about something. He wants to meet with me at dawn. Why didn't he mention you?" Ptero asked his mother sometime later that day.

"I am not sure," Agatha lied. She now guessed that Sydo was going to betray her, though she didn't let it on to Ptero. "Good boy for telling me. I will try and make sure that daddy is better."

"Thank you Mommy," said Ptero, who went off trying to fly. He almost was ready. He went off hopping from branch to branch really fast.

Agatha grinned. "No, thank you Ptero. Thank you very much," she said.

Agatha didn't say anything about her feelings about Sydo's plot to leave her, which, though she hadn't acted as if she knew, she did know. She settled on a plan. She got Sydo to come with her that night after Ptero was settled down to rest. She took him away from the nest, for it wouldn't do at all for the boy to be around. Indeed, she didn't want her pack to know either.

"Agatha, you wanted to see me?" asked Sydo. "Any reason why we're meeting here?"

"Yes, I want this meeting private." replied Agatha.

"What is this about?" asked Sydo, who didn't realize he had walked into a trap. The two went into a cave.

"Ptero. He is spending a lot of time with you. More than with me." answered Agatha.

"Well, you certainly devote a lot of attention to yourself! I doubt you need worry about him!" said Sydo coldly. Agatha, meanwhile, sharpened her talons on a rock. Sydo knew she only did this before she went hunting. Some poor critter was going to get it. He sighed. Agatha seemed to have less pity on her prey than even the regular Sharpteeth. When he left with Ptero in a few hours, he'd never have to put up with that again, watching the helpless Leaf Eaters die.

"Ah, but I do dear. I do." said Agatha, and she grinned nastily. For the first time in a long time, Sydo felt afraid around her. The red in her eyes seemed to glint. "You were planning on leaving me, weren't you Sydo? Leaving tomorrow?" asked Agatha, mock sweetness in her voice, though Sydo knew that her tone was dangerous.

"Yes, you seem to love yourself the most. It's clear that you're not who I thought you were. I can see why you had a hard time finding a mate. I'm going to take the boy and go away for good as soon as he's ready to fly, which should be likely by tomorrow, he's gotten on so well." said Sydo.

"Sydo, I don't believe in divorce, I believe in murder!" she said, grinning at him with malice.

"Pardon?" said Sydo, not sure if he'd heard her right.

Agatha moved her talons away from the rock. She glared at him, a look of evil in her eyes. "Yes, you will be going away for good. However, the boy is mine! I have my heir now!" said Agatha. He tried to move, but she was too quick for him. She struck him to the ground. She grabbed him with her left leg and raised her right talon over him.

He knew what Agatha was going to do. "Traitor!" he shouted. As Agatha swung her claw downward, his last thoughts were of his son, who would now be trapped with Agatha, and he yelled "Ptero! Ptero! My boy! I love you! Ptero!". Agatha hit him in

the chest and he died. She quickly ate the body, for it wouldn't do to have him around anymore. Ptero was now hers.

Ptero had heard his father cry out. Someone was attacking his father! He had almost fallen asleep. Though very uneasy, he took off from the nest, flapping his wings and overcoming his fear, so desperate was he to get to his father, whom he loved so dearly. He did it! He could fly! He moved through the air quickly, the breeze moving around his wings. He found that he was good at it. He would have been thrilled at this normally, having finally gotten it down, and well too, but he was so eager to get to his father, that he didn't stop to think about it at the moment. Ptero got there soon after Agatha had finished off his father.

Agatha had heard him coming. She needed a story or this would be really bad for her. She formed a nasty plan. She recalled how Sydo's friends had left him when he had married her. She knew that Leaf Eaters mistrusted Sharpteeth. She quickly came up with a lie that would sound very believable, both to her pack and to her gullible young son. This would bend the boy to her will. He would never be like Sydo. Indeed, he would hate Sydo's kind forever.

"Ptero, how did you get here?" she asked in shock. She hadn't expected him to show up.

"Where is Daddy? He's in danger! Someone was after him. Is he all right?" he asked. He was right outside the cave.

She started to cry. Ptero came into the cave. "They killed him. I couldn't save him." said Agatha, crying.

Ptero felt as though he'd received a talon right to the heart. His father was dead. It couldn't be true! "What happened? Who killed him?" Ptero asked, tears streaming from his eyes.

"He was with Flatteeth. They didn't like that he was a Sharptooth, so they killed him. They took the body. Daddy guessed they were after him. He knew they were going to hurt you next, so he wanted to protect you and warned you this morning. He died so bravely. I came along before they could sneak after you. I thought they might try this. I was able to save you, for they would have killed you too." lied Agatha, still crying.

Ptero cried for many hours. Finally, he calmed down. "I guess it's just you and me now." he said. His mind immediately turned to thoughts of avenging Sydo.

"Did you get the Flatteeth? I want them punished!" asked Ptero, anger mounting inside of him. "No, they got away. I tried son, but I couldn't save him." said Agatha.

"I'm hungry. I haven't eaten since this morning. And I know just what I want to eat." said Ptero, feeling an urge to get vengeance. "I want to eat a Flattooth. I hate them for what they did to my Father!" said Ptero passionately.

"I'll be sure to get one." said Agatha, grinning.

"Get me two Mother, I have a big appetite." said Ptero, feeling a huge urge for revenge. Ptero hated the death of other creatures, but he felt that Flatteeth weren't dinosaurs but monsters.

"Certainly boy." said Agatha smugly.

Ptero was young enough that he didn't know that Sydo had been a Leaf Eater, and Agatha had never bothered to inform him of this and Sydo had always thought that their kinds didn't matter and so hadn't bothered to highlight their differences either. Thus, Ptero fell for his mother's lie that Sydo had been a Sharptooth and that he'd been murdered by Leaf Eaters.

As Agatha went off, alone, once out of sight and earshot of her pack, she began to laugh. "The boy will be the Sharp Beak King now! He won't be a Flattooth!"

Agatha brought Ptero two Leaf Eaters that she'd killed. The boy ate them hungrily. "Two less Flatteeth in the world. I can't wait to go hunting with the pack when I'm older. Then Flatteeth will rue the day they messed with me!" said Ptero after he'd finished his dinner. Agatha smirked.

"Time for bed Ptero. I have some business involving some nasty Flatteeth I've got to attend to." said Agatha.

"Make them pay Mommy! I want them to be sorry they ever messed with Daddy!" Ptero said.

"Don't worry Ptero, they will. Trust me." said Agatha, smiling. She left the nest as Ptero went to bed. She came to her pack.

Agatha, where is Sydo? asked a Ludodactylus. He was shocked by Agatha's sad demeanor.

I'm afraid he won't be coming back Ludo. At least I have my son Ptero. To be widowed at my time of life wasn't what I was counting on. said Agatha, feigning sadness.

What happened? asked Ludo.

His old herd decided to pay him back for being my mate. said Agatha.

I'm so sorry Queen Agatha. If there's anything I could do, let me know. said Ludo consolingly.

I want the whole pack here. We're going to avenge my dear Sydo! said Agatha.

I'll get them at once! Those Flatteeth are going to really pay for killing your mate! said Ludo, flying off to get the others.

Agatha's pack went and attacked all of Sydo's kind. The pack gleefully killed Sydo's former friends. They showed no mercy on any of them, so angry were they about Sydo's death, for they considered him one of their own.

"Irony isn't it, that Sydo, in death, gets his revenge on you?" laughed Agatha to one of Sydo's former friends before killing him a few seconds later. Sydo's old herd was decimated. They got some for their meals and the rest fled in fright. Agatha couldn't let them hang around. If Ptero came across them and found out the truth, she would be toast. "Glad you chased off the wicked Flatteeth Mommy." said young Ptero, whom she'd woken up. Ptero was very smug about the whole ordeal.

Agatha grinned. The boy was going to be a Sharptooth. He'd make a great pack leader someday. She would ensure that he never left the nest though without her being there, at least for a long time. If Ptero got around live Leaf Eaters for too long, he might realize that he was one. That would wreck all! He might decide not to be the Sharp Beak King if he thought he had another choice in life other than to be a Sharptooth.

Thus, she always made sure never to let him out of her sight as the cold times went by. Not until she was sure he'd stay a hunter for good and thus would never find out the truth. Then her secret would be safe forever.

CHAPTER FOUR: TRAGEDY FOR THE FLYERS

Meanwhile, in the Mysterious Beyond, a few hours later, Petrie was with his father. "Dad, me want to try flying today. Me think me could do it soon." said Petrie.

Don got up and stretched, yawning. "It's not even dawn yet. Eager boy, aren't you?" Don remarked, patting his son on the head. "You seem to like climbing better than flying."

"Yeah, me no fall as much when me climb." Petrie replied.

"Don't be afraid of failure son. Falling is just a part of life." Don reassured him, patting him on the head.

The two went out to go fly. They moved out toward the edge. Petrie was on the edge. "Come on boy! I'll be there to get you if you don't make it." Don reassured him. Petrie moved to go and fly, spreading his wings, a look of bravery on his face.

Petrie tried but became nervous. He fell but his father Don caught him. "Me fall again!" Petrie moaned, hanging his head in shame.

"It's ok Petrie." his father said gently.

"Me brother Pip can fly and me now the last one that can't." Petrie said sadly.

"Petrie, it took me a while to learn it too." said Don. Petrie went out on a branch to go try again.

That's when the unthinkable happened. The earth shook hard. Big cracks began appearing in the earth. The branch Petrie was on snapped.

"NO, PETRIE!" yelled Don in horror.

Don moved to get Petrie, but another branch came loose, whacking him. He was able to regain balance, but Petrie had disappeared. Dust had come up everywhere. And the earth kept moving. Don knew his son may well have perished, but, as much as it pained him, he had to save his wife and kids first before going to look for him.

"Phyra, Pterano! Get up! Help with the kids!" he yelled. They were able to get the kids out. The nest collapsed right after they left. Eventually, the earth stopped shaking. Many dinosaurs had perished.

Don saw with horror that the spot where Petrie had fallen now had a deep chasm. He clutched the stick that his son had held, believing it to be all that was left of his son.

"Don, where is Petrie? Why are you holding that branch?" Phyra asked.

“He’s gone. He fell. There is no way he could have survived. The branch broke. This is all we have left of him.” sobbed Don.

Sometime later, they were with other dinosaurs. Several had lost their kids for certain. Some still held out hope. As it was, some had gone off with Pterano, who had promised an easier way.

“Pterano, I don’t know about this.” said Phyra.

“Phyra, I’ll go with him. He’ll come to no harm with me there. Don’t worry.” replied Don. When he left with Pterano for a bit, as he thought, he gave the stick he’d kept, his, as he thought, last remnant of Petrie to remember Petrie by.

But Don was wrong. Petrie had landed in water, weak, but alive. He had come out of the Dark Underground and met Littlefoot, Ducky, and Cera. However, Don was the one who ended up being a casualty of the trip to the Great Valley.

When Petrie got to the Great Valley, he had heard that his father had perished soon afterward with a group that had been onset by Sharpteeth, which wasn’t Pterano’s fault, as Sharpteeth had even attacked Phyra’s herd. Petrie would never see his father alive again.

Phyra had been pregnant at the time of her mate’s death. She had her second batch of eggs in the Great Valley, where she had hoped to raise them with Don. Instead, she had to raise her 2nd batch of kids as well as her original batch as a single mother (she didn’t even have her brother Pterano to help as he had been banished from the Great Valley and remained banished for years.)

As the years went by, both Petrie and Ptero didn’t like to talk about the deaths of their fathers. That they could be friends ever was an idea that would never have occurred to either of them.

CHAPTER FIVE: SHARP BEAKS NEAR THE GREAT VALLEY

While Ptero and Petrie had had tragedy in their childhood, they weren’t the only ones. Littlefoot the Apatosaurus had lost his mother at a young age, lost her to a Sharptooth on the day of the Great Earthshake. Yet he’d befriended a Sharptooth by the name of Chomper not long afterward. Many years had gone by since the tragedy of that day for Petrie, Ptero, and Littlefoot.

Littlefoot went to go see his friends Cera, Ducky, Petrie, and Spike. They were his best friends. His grandma and grandpa said to him "What are you going to do today Littlefoot?" Littlefoot lived with his Grandma and Grandpa. His father Bron was still alive and they'd gone after Bron when he'd gotten into some trouble. His friends Cera, Ducky, Petrie, Spike, Etta, Wild Arms, Chomper, and Ruby helped him rescue Bron. They'd rescued him from the Fire Mountain. Littlefoot was glad that his father was still alive. However, Littlefoot had agreed to stay with his Grandparents so that he could be with his friends in the Great Valley. Bron often came and visited.

Littlefoot turned and saw a Sharp Beak fly near the Great Wall. "Sharp Beak!" he cried. "It's ok, they won't come in here." said Grandpa Longneck. Littlefoot went to go see his friends. He saw the Sharp Beak fly away. Littlefoot remembered his last encounter with one. It had been only a while ago. The Sharp Beak Ichy, whom he'd had the misfortune of meeting in the Land of Mists, had come back with his Bigmouthed Belly Dragger friend Dil and also had come with Pterano's former henchmen, Rinkus and Sierra. Luckily, their plot had been foiled.

He came to Ducky first. "That thing was creepy. It was. It was." she said. "On the Island where we met Chomper, one got me. It tried to feed me to its babies." said Ducky.

Ducky had never told them this before. "We'd wondered where you went." said Littlefoot. "I fell and it caught me. I thought it was coming to save me, but it was not. Oh, no, no, no." she said.

"How did you ever get away?" asked Littlefoot.

"I moved and the babies bit me instead. I fell and landed on you." replied Ducky.

They went to go see the others. They played Stop the Seed. Littlefoot's team won. They were still missing having Chomper and Ruby around.

The Great Valley was a happy place without evil. The kids lived here without pain or sorrow.

They continued to play for the rest of the day. They were all tired by nightfall.

"I still miss them. It's been only 14 rising and settings of the Bright Circle since they left." said Littlefoot. The defeat of Red Claw and his minions had prompted Chomper and Ruby to return back to their families. However, that meant two less playmates.

As night fell, they heard another Sharp Beak cry. It was just one lone Sharp Beak. However, Petrie hid behind a rock, cowering. "Oh, me can't look!" he whimpered.

"Grow up, it's just one and it's not in here!" scolded Cera, trying to sound braver than she actually was.

"We have had Sharp Beaks near the Great Valley before. We have. We have. There is nothing to worry about. Oh no, no, no, there is not." Ducky tried to reassure them, though she too was afraid. They were all on edge after Ichy had come to the Great Valley not too long ago. Finally, the Sharp Beak left. They were all relieved.

Littlefoot went to bed. He thought that the Sharp Beaks would never again come here to the Great Valley. He was wrong.

CHAPTER SIX: PETRIE AND LITTLEFOOT

Petrie was with Littlefoot the next morning. Both were again thinking about Chomper. "You don't think he'll become like the ones we normally come across in the Mysterious Beyond, do you?" Littlefoot asked.

"Me no sure. Me warn you that that possible. Me fear odds not in his favor." replied Petrie.

"We've done a lot of things where the odds weren't in our favor, Petrie. You have to be a chain breaker sometimes." commented Littlefoot.

"I know him. I spent a lot of time with him. More than the rest of you have with him. I trust him." Littlefoot said.

"Me no have Sharptooth close friend." replied Petrie.

"If you had a Sharptooth Flyer friend, then perhaps you'd see Sharpteeth in a better light." replied Littlefoot.

"Me not sure about that. Sharptooth Flyers really nasty." replied Petrie skeptically.

"Maybe you could find a nice one." said Littlefoot hopefully.

"Me doubt that." said Petrie skeptically.

"Never say never Petrie." said Littlefoot.

"Me lose me Father to Sharpteeth. You still have you dad. We rescue him." said Petrie.

"You still have your mom yet I lost my Mother! Yet I gave Chomper a chance and it looks like he's done well." said Littlefoot.

"Nice Sharptooth Flyer? Me believe it when me see it." scoffed Petrie.

They saw two Sharp Beaks fly near the Great Wall. They went and hid until they were gone. "See, they no play nice." Petrie said.

"Hey guys, are we going to go to the Sheltering Grass or not?" asked Cera, who had been waiting on the two to finish talking.

"Coming Cera." replied Littlefoot. The two went off after her.

CHAPTER SEVEN: PTERO AND AGATHA

Meanwhile, at the home of the Sharp Beaks, Ptero wasn't having anywhere near as much fun. "Mother, can I please leave the nest and go exploring?" Ptero asked. It had been many cold times since his father's murder. "No dear. You know that I don't want anything to happen to you." answered Agatha. "But Mom, nothing at all will happen to me if I always stay...." protested Ptero. "Be quiet!" she said, interrupting him.

"Mom, I just want to explore and make some friends." he said. "You are staying here. You have all of the friends you need." said his mother. "I am not allowed to even play with the other children!" Ptero protested. It was true. "Yes, you are the future leader. You can't be with commoners or they will bring you down." said Agatha. This was a lie on her part. The real reason was that she didn't want one of the Sharp Beak children letting slip that Sydo was a Flattooth. She didn't even want him to hear the story she'd told her pack, that Sydo's Flattooth friends had done it, for she wanted nothing to come Ptero's way that would even cause him to suspect that he was part Flattooth.

If he had looked more like a Sharptooth, then he'd be rejected on sight by the Flatteeth and would never have suspected that he was part Flattooth himself and thus she wouldn't have had to worry. As it was, Ptero looked more like Sydo than her. Hence, there was a risk that Flatteeth, especially Flyers, for Agatha knew that most Flatteeth were segregated by kind and hence she feared him being around Flyers the

most, might spend time with him and he'd realize that he was a Flattooth. If he found that out, he might refuse to be the Sharp Beak King. She couldn't have that.

"I need other friends besides you. I just want...." said Ptero.

"I don't want to hear it!" said Agatha.

"Oh, it's times like these that make me wish that I had died instead of Dad!" whined Ptero.

"Knock it off!" snapped Agatha back. The pack shook their heads. Ptero and Agatha seemed to be arguing a lot lately. They wondered how this would play out, for few dared challenge her and all that did regretted it.

The two flew next to each other and their red eyes glared at each other. Ptero stared her down. **He's definitely got courage to stare her down like that. I think he'd make a great leader.** whispered a Sharp Beak to another.

Poor boy. He has to deal with her the most. I'd hate to be in his shoes. whispered the second Sharp Beak to the first.

"So, what are we going to do today?" Ptero grumbled, frowning at her with a "I hate my life" look.

"Hunting." replied Agatha.

"I'm not very fond of...." complained Ptero, for he didn't like hunting.

"Cut it out! I won't have you questioning my will! Your father wanted you to be the best and that's what I'm going to make you!" snapped the Sharp Beak Queen at him. Agatha wanted him hunting so much that she could push the Flattooth out of him and make him into a full Sharptooth. She wanted to get rid of every last bit of Sydo in him and make him like her.

"Sor-ry!" Ptero snapped.

"Ptero, someday you will be leader of the pack. I cannot lose you." his mother said. "Some leader I'm going to be if I never get to go out." said Ptero dryly. "I find this very annoying Mother. I..." "I don't care! You'll understand what I'm doing someday." said Agatha the Sharp Beak Queen.

"I wish that I weren't going to be the Sharp Beak King. Then I could live a normal life!" lamented Ptero.

"That's enough!" snapped Agatha at Ptero.

"Mother please!" begged Ptero.

"Hush!" said Agatha. Ptero wanted to cry. Agatha saw this. She came to Ptero.

"Ptero my boy, there are things you don't understand yet. You're so young," said Agatha.

"I grew up really fast the day Dad died." replied Ptero.

"You want to be the best hunter out there? You want to make the Flatteeth sorry about Daddy?" Agatha asked. Ptero nodded fiercely. "Then do as I say. Your father would have hated to have you become soft. He wanted me to raise you to be great. I can't take that from him." said Agatha, patting him on the back.

Ptero really didn't like hunting. There was something in him that made him dislike taking lives. He carried some Tree Stars that he'd found and set them down.

He went out of sight, or so he thought. "What has he got there?" Agatha asked herself quietly, noticing the green that Ptero had. Ptero, meanwhile, started to eat them. Suddenly, the leaves were snatched away from him, causing him to bite thin air.

"What?" said Ptero in shock. He turned around. Agatha glared at him.

"What were you doing with those things?" she demanded. "Eating lunch." he said innocently. "A Sharptooth eats meat, not this yucky green stuff!" said Agatha contemptuously. "I remember having them when I was younger. I always liked them. They don't have a pulse. Can I please have them back? I love them!" Ptero pleaded.

Agatha tore them into shreds and threw the shreds into the wind, where they blew away from Ptero. Ptero sighed. "No. You have always had that weak habit of wanting green food. You need to overcome it. Meat is what you're meant to have." said Agatha.

"I do eat meat! But can't I eat plants too?" begged Ptero.

"Absolutely not! I forbid it! You will be a greater hunter if you only get meat!" said Agatha.

"I already can hunt pretty well!" said Ptero.

"Can you hunt so well that you can get a meal before your dinner sees you and tries to run? The less effort you need to get your meal, the more strength you will have to do other things." said Agatha.

"I spend a lot of time hunting. I can get many things before they can even see me. Not everything yet." said Ptero.

"Well, you will soon my boy. We just have to keep you honing your skills." Agatha replied.

"Can I hunt a Flattooth? I'd love to hunt one of those?" asked Ptero, a hungry look in his eyes. Agatha wanted Ptero to get to this stage, but he wasn't ready yet. If Ptero realized what he was, it would be over for her. Hence, he had to be ready to get the Flatteeth by surprise. Once he was adapt enough at getting them, he'd never befriend them and hence would never be like Sydo.

"You are not ready yet son." replied Agatha gently.

"I can't wait!" said Ptero enthusiastically.

"You will need a lot of training before then. You know how dangerous Flatteeth can be. You have no time for playing with others." said Agatha.

"I wish I could just be me. It's what Dad would have wanted!" said Ptero. "Well young man, what would Daddy say if he saw how you are acting? He knew that if anything ever happened to him, that I could take care of you. He'd have wanted me in charge. Now listen to your mother!" said Agatha. Ptero frowned at her.

♪ Ptero my boy! You whine about everything! You forget that I am raising you to be the Sharp Beak King. You have no father, sister, or brother. All you have is me so listen to your mother! ♪ sang Agatha. ♪Mother, goodness, can't I have a life? The way you control me, I'll never have time to even find a wife! ♪ sang Ptero. ♪Ptero dear yes I'll let you when it comes the time! I want you to be such a pack leader that they'll think of you as divine! ♪ sang Agatha.

♪Oh mother, why can't you see? I'll be the best leader if I get to be me! ♪ sang Ptero. ♪One complaint after another! Stop questioning me boy and listen to your mother! ♪ sang Agatha. ♪You will be the one issuing orders when you rise as our leader someday. But right now I'm in charge so do what I say! ♪ she continued to sing.

♪Oh mother, I'd give that all away if I could get the chance to have some fun and play!
♪ sang Ptero. ♪No boy, I don't want the leadership going to another. You must do as
Daddy wanted and listen to your mother! ♪ sang Agatha.

♪Mother, I don't think it would cause you woe. Please just give me a chance to go. ♪
sang Ptero. ♪My answer is: no, no, no! You must listen to me because I say so! ♪ she
sang. ♪I wish you'd stop being a smother! I don't know how much longer I can keep
listening to Mother! ♪ sang Ptero under his breath, finishing the song.

Ptero went back to their nest. He sighed. It looked like he was going to be trapped
here forever. His mother loved him, no doubt, but she kept projecting her will onto
him. He really missed his father.

He looked through the branches that the nest was made out of. He could see a river
below from the nest, which was high up in a tree on a mountainside. The Sharp Beaks
liked living up here as they could spot the poor creatures that they hunted below well
before the creatures could spot them. Several Sharp Beaks had gone after something
below. He saw them zoom past. Ptero sighed. Though used to this, something about
it still made him sad. He heard a voice calling him.

"Get back here Ptero!" snapped Agatha. "It's time to go hunting!" she said.

"Please Mother. Can't I have a break from hunting?" he implored, hoping to get out
of it this time.

"NOW!" she yelled.

"Please, can't I rest? I've already gone hunting last night." he inquired.

"No, it's time to go!" she replied.

"Yes, Your Highness." he said snarkily.

"You need to learn some manners Ptero. Your father would be most unhappy with
you if he saw you now." She grabbed him. Though quite good at catching prey, Ptero
hated hunting. But Agatha wouldn't be turned down. She moved him out of the nest
by force. He tried to pull away, but her grip was too strong. He thought longingly of
his father, wondering why he had to die and wishing that he too were dead.

CHAPTER EIGHT: BORED LITTLEFOOT

“That Earthshake has damaged a lot of Flyer homes.” Cera remarked, looking at the damage.

“Me going to help. Petrie’s home no damaged but many others are.” said Petrie, flying off to go join his family, who were helping the others.

“I bet I can smash those rocks.” said Cera, looking at several huge boulders.

“I wouldn’t try it Cera. Those look too big even for you.” Littlefoot cautioned her.

“Nonsense! I’m a Threehorn! I can handle anything!” Cera bragged. She charged at a huge silver boulder. WHAM! She had loosened several other boulders in addition to putting a crack in the one that she had hit. Some conked her on the head. Others knocked over several other boulders, making the mess **worse** than before Cera had tried to help. “OW! I have a headache!” Cera moaned.

Sometime later, Topps and Tria came to look at Cera. “She’ll be ok. She just had a slight head injury. I don’t recommend that you kids try and mess with this. Tria and I will handle it.” Topps said to Littlefoot.

Littlefoot went to see Ducky and Spike. “I’m sorry, they both have a cold.” said Ducky’s father, Rolphus. The two were sneezing a lot and Littlefoot didn’t want to get sick too.

Littlefoot was very bored. He recalled how, last time he had been like this, he had met Mo and made a new friend. But Mo was in the Big Water right now and couldn’t play with him.

Littlefoot was bored all of that day. He wandered the Great Valley alone. He didn’t have Chomper and Ruby either, as they had left. The next day, Ducky and Spike were still sick, Cera was still too sore to play, and Petrie was still busy helping with the Flyers.

"I'm bored. All my friends are busy." said Littlefoot to his grandparents. He couldn't help with the Flyers as most of the problem areas were too high up. The ones that weren't were now inaccessible to all but Flyers due to Cera having knocked over many rocks, blocking the path to the area. Topps and Tria were helping, as they could handle the rocks.

"There is a whole wide world out there Littlefoot. You can find more friends." said Grandma Longneck.

"I can't find any at the moment." said Littlefoot.

"Don't get too down." said Grandpa Longneck.

"Oh, I've got to be the most bored dinosaur in the world!" Littlefoot moaned. However, he was not. Ptero was fast losing his patience at never being able to leave home without his mother.

CHAPTER NINE: PTERO'S GETAWAY

At night, as usual, Ptero was bored. He'd come back from hunting. He was getting better at it. Ptero had a great sense of humor. He snuck undetected behind an elderly silver Pterodactylus. "PHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHBTTTTT!" Ptero went. He then quickly flew off before the poor Sharptooth could spot him.

Goodness, that Longneck hatchling must really have upset my stomach. the elderly Sharp Beak commented, shaking his head. Ptero had a hard time not laughing.

Ptero next grabbed some ferns. He tickled a female Sharp Beak, then moved away in time. The female turned to glare at a nearby male. **What did you do that for?** she snapped.

I didn't. replied the male.

SMACK! The female hit him. **Can't keep your claws to yourself, can you?** she grumbled.

Ptero was giggling now some distance away. He suddenly felt talons grab his shoulders.

Enough Ptero! You will not make a good Sharp Beak King acting like this! snapped Agatha. Ptero was annoyed. His mother wouldn't even let him play practical jokes.

Please Mother, it was just some jokes! You don't seem like you can take a joke! Ptero replied.

Agatha wasn't amused by Ptero's smart-aleck remark. **Stop your snotty mouthing Ptero! You can go to bed now for being so rude! Let that be a lesson to you!** Agatha snapped.

This was the last straw. He made up his mind to take off early the next morning. He wanted to be free for a while from his mother's heavy hand.

He woke up as the Bright Circle broke the horizon. He crept swiftly and silently, using all of his hunting training, not to sneak up on prey, but to escape the pack's territory without being detected. *Father, forgive me. I just need a break. I hope you can understand.* he thought as he snuck off. He wanted to go exploring. It couldn't hurt after all. Agatha soon woke and saw that her son was gone. Dread filled her. She had the same look on her face as Petrie's mother had had some years ago when Petrie had ran off with Littlefoot to avoid the herds breaking up.

Where is Ptero? Where is he? she asked. Her pack couldn't find him either. **He must have left. I want him found! Anybody caught goofing off will wish they had met a hungry Sharptooth instead when I'm done with them!** she said warningly. They took off after her.

Ptero heard the pack coming. He sighed. His mother wouldn't give him a single break. He turned and hid in a tree. It was a tree that had many ferns. These tickled him but he kept still, as annoying as it was, as he wanted a chance to explore the world.

Agatha was frightened. If she lost her son then she would have no heir to take over the pack after her. Also, if Ptero found out he was a leaf eater, she would be in big trouble. He might even find out the truth of what had happened to Sydo. **I want that boy found!** said Agatha.

Ptero waited till they had passed and then went the opposite way. He might have gotten away unnoticed had not an Ichthyornis spotted him. **There he is!** she yelled, pointing toward him. Ptero took off.

After him! I want my boy back! shouted Agatha the Sharp Beak Queen to her pack.

Littlefoot, and his friends, meanwhile, kept hearing the cries of Sharp Beaks throughout the day. "There are so many of them." cried Littlefoot in alarm.

"Not to worry, they aren't in here." Grandma Longneck reassured him.

"I have never hearded so many before." remarked Ducky.

"It like they looking for something." Petrie said.

"Whatever it is, it's really unlucky." Cera remarked.

Spike was sticking his head into water to eat green food. He came out with a mouthful of green food, which he chewed on and then swallowed. "What do you think about the Sharp Beaks, Spike? Are you afraid?" asked Ducky.

ERRRRP! Spike belched, and, unfortunately, as Ducky was right next to his mouth, she got hit with the brunt of it.

"Ew! Spike! That was gross! It was! It was!" Ducky complained, waving her hands in the air.

"Oops!" said Spike, embarrassed.

"Perhaps you kids should go play further away from the Great Wall if the Sharp Beaks are scaring you." suggested Grandpa Longneck.

"Good idea." said Littlefoot. He took off. The others followed him. Cera was at the back of the group.

"Hey! Wait for me!" she yelled, running after them.

Ptero, meanwhile, spent a lot of that day dodging his pack. Eventually, around nightfall, he'd finally given them the slip in the dark. He rested, for he thought that Agatha and her pack couldn't find him. He knew what good eyesight Sharp Beaks had, being part one himself. Thus, he hid among leaves. He saw the pack go overhead. They went right past him. He stayed quiet till they were gone.

Agatha ordered her pack to keep going. Some whined, but she said that any that didn't like it could leave and never come back. Thus, they continued searching, elsewhere, for the rest of the night.

Ptero, meanwhile, snuggled in the leaves. He found that it sure was cold out there away from the nest. "It sure is cold out here. This wasn't what I had in mind when I wanted to go explore the world." he said, shivering. He was about asleep when he heard a noise. His eyes flew open and he looked up!

A huge shadow appeared, moving nearer and nearer. Ptero stepped back from it, nervous. A huge dinosaur came into sight. It was a Two Footer and was green and blue and had red eyes. It was an Albertosaurus.

He quickly realized that it was a Sharptooth from the claws and fangs it had. He falsely assumed that one Sharptooth wouldn't hurt another.

Ptero knew the Sharptooth language. **Hello there, my name is Ptero.** he said.

Hello Ptero, my name is Albert. replied the Albertosaurus.

So, what brings you here? Ptero asked.

Looking for a meal. Albert replied.

A meal. That didn't sound like a bad idea. **Yeah, I'm hungry too. Perhaps we can catch something. It's nice to have a new friend. I've been with Mother all this time. I never got to get out much.** said Ptero. **Well, I already found a meal.** replied the Albertosaurus.

Ptero, who didn't realize the danger he was in, said **Great. What is it? I love Stinging Buzzers. Also, I love hoppers. I like Tickly Fuzzies. And,** he said, licking his lips **I'd love Flatteeth. I'd love to hunt one of those.**

You look filling enough for a snack. I don't need to go hunt any of those other things. said Albert.

Ptero was panicky now. **No, you misunderstood me. I'm a Sharptooth like you! I'm just a kid! You wouldn't eat me!** he cried. The Sharptooth licked his lips. **Yes I would!** he replied. He moved forward and snapped at Ptero, who only just moved away in time.

I taste like crap. You don't want to eat me. replied Ptero, sweating nervously. The Sharptooth snapped at him again, and again he barely got away.

Ptero was terrified. "Noooo! Mother! Mother! Help me! " he cried. The Sharptooth went to strike him with his claws. Ptero moved aside and, feeling that he had no choice, sank his teeth into one of the claws. Albert cried out in pain. Ptero used the opportunity to fly away. The Albertosaurus sulked off, having lost his meal. Ptero breathed a sigh of relief. That had been really close!

CHAPTER TEN: PTERO'S HUNT

The Bright Circle had gone down in the Great Valley. It got dark and Littlefoot was watching the Night Circle rise. He was about to head off to go to bed when he heard Sharp Beaks. He had been on the Great Wall, looking out into the Mysterious Beyond at the sunset.

He saw them coming and started to run. Two came near him. He was afraid. He hid behind some dark grey rocks, moving in between a crevice. They sniffed for him. They were getting near him and Littlefoot wondered if he was about to die. They started pulling at the rocks with their talons.

"NO!" yelled Littlefoot.

Hey look, dinner! grinned one.

Young Longneck. Haven't had that in a while. Should be enough to fill the both of us. commented the other.

"NO, PLEASE!" begged Littlefoot, fear in his voice. They knocked the rocks loose. Littlefoot shut his eyes. He found it ironic that though his mother had led him here to the Great Valley, he was going to die here, being eaten by Sharpteeth, anyway. He whimpered and shook like the time he had been cornered by Chomper years earlier.

Hey you, we're supposed to be looking for Ptero! came Agatha's voice.

But we found dinner! the two protested.

No dinner until we find Ptero! Agatha shouted firmly. The two left, annoyed, and went after Agatha. Littlefoot hadn't understood a word they had said as it had all been in Sharptooth. He stayed hidden for a while, wondering why they were delaying. Eventually, he opened his eyes and moved out of his hiding spot, figuring that, if they were still there, they'd eventually get him anyway, and decided to risk it to check. He was glad when he realized that they were gone.

He went to his grandparents. "Sharp Beaks nearly got me." he said. The two gasped. "They were near the Great Wall."

"Yes, that is the downside to the Great Wall. It doesn't work on Sharptooth Flyers." said Grandma Longneck.

"At least you are safe. Go to bed Littlefoot." said Grandpa Longneck. Littlefoot and his grandparents went to sleep. Littlefoot moved near his grandparents, fearful of Sharpteeth.

Ptero, meanwhile, was still awake. He landed, having made sure to put as much distance as he could between himself and that predator, and, much like Littlefoot, was glad to still be alive. "PHEW! That was close!" said Ptero. He was glad to be away

from the Sharptooth. He realized that not all Sharpteeth were good. His mother had neglected to tell him that interesting tidbit. He was glad not to be a meal.

And speaking of meals, he realized that he hadn't eaten all day. There were no Tree Stars around. His stomach rumbled. This could be resolved only one way. Ptero sighed. A poor creature was going to be his guest of honor for dinner tonight.

Below him, he saw a cute Megazostrodon move. An idea occurred to him. It was an idea though, that would not bode well for the furry critter below. *Oh what did this creature do to me that I would do that to him?* Ptero thought.

Still, what else would he be able to do to fill his stomach at this time of night? But, he had just been hunted himself and knew how it felt now to be the one hunted. He was quite jaded with it too. His mother pushed him so hard to be the Sharp Beak King. Also, to be quite frank, he found this whole hunting thing, especially what came at the end, to be quite messy, not to mention sad, indeed. Yet, he reasoned, the world was sad and awful like that. It wasn't fair, as he well knew, and as the Tickly Fuzzy below him was soon to find out. He would go hunting.

He took to the air, stalking his dinner. He began to sing. The tone of his song was rather gloomy and fatalistic and sounded a tiny bit like "Rhythm of Life", except that it was darker.

♪It's a hard and cruel world out there!

In this world there is many a scare!

Having just been hunted myself it seems so strange

That the position would now rearrange. ♪

The animal moved, trying to shake the hunter. However, Ptero had been trained well by Agatha. The animal moved left and he followed it. It moved right, but it could not lose him.

Ptero continued to sing. ♪ But then again, this world is sad.

Just think of what happened to my dad." He moved lower, his claws outstretched, ready to strike. "They killed him when I was but a small lad.

I'm doing this because I'm hungry, not because I'm bad!

I assure you that this in no way makes me glad. ♪ sang Ptero, hoping that the creature would forgive him. He swooped down and missed. He moved after the critter, for if it got away, he would go to bed hungry.

♪ I certainly don't like to kill.

It definitely gives me no thrill.

I know that this business isn't neat

But hey I've got to eat!

When I'm not hunting, you'll find I'm really sweet.

It's a hard and cruel world out there.

And I have no close friends with which to share.

Hunting and following her is all my Mother will let me know.

And it has caused me great woe. ♪ sang Ptero. He once more went toward his prey.

♪ It's a hard and cruel world out there.

One can win only if one dares to dare.

It seems as if nobody could care.

You've got to try as hard as you can try

Or else you will certainly die.

And that's the truth, I'm not going to lie. ♪ Ptero continued to sing. He moved lower, his talons outstretched.

He sang to his prey, for he felt sorry for the poor critter. ♪ I've got nothing against you.

This is something that I just must do.

It's a hard and cruel world out there.

As you are no doubt surely aware.

It's not that I see you as only meat.

But I trust you know what we Sharp Beaks eat! ♪ He swooped and missed again. However, he didn't give up. He was determined to get a meal before he went to sleep.

♪ I hope you can forgive

A guy who is forced to hunt to live.

Some may consider this to be rude

But I've got no Tree Stars for food!

I'd really like to be friends instead.

But the sad part of hunting is that something ends up dead.

Understand that it's the only way that I'm going to be fed.

Believe me I really do have a heart.

Hunting is an activity I wish that I didn't have to take part. ♪ he sang.

They both turned a corner. There was a canyon wall in front of the creature below. The animal had reached a dead end. Ptero soared downward, elated. He would soon be having his dinner. The animal turned and began to run the other way. It moved underneath Ptero. Ptero rapidly changed course and zoomed in its way, his talons reaching out to grab it. In order to avoid being grabbed, it had to jump back toward the wall, which was what Ptero wanted. He now had it trapped.

The animal turned to look at him. Ptero could see his reflection in the creature's frightened eyes. He wanted to look away, as the look made him have such pity that he didn't think he could go through with what he needed to do if he kept staring.

If I don't get a grip on myself, I'm never going to be able to lead the pack. Mother will be so disappointed and I'll have let Dad down. Ptero thought. The Tickly Fuzzy tried to move through a small crevice. It might have gotten away, had Ptero not been so young. As it was, he had smaller hands and could reach in and grab. He paused for a second, thinking of just letting the creature go, but, then again, that wasn't what a future Sharp Beak King ought to do, especially one who hadn't eaten since the night before and was worn out. With great regret, he reached into the crevice and yanked the creature out, flinging it away from the crevice.

The animal tried to turn back the other way. However, Ptero realized this and pushed down some rocks, blocking the path. He then landed in the way of the crevice, ensuring that the creature couldn't go that route.

The creature now had nowhere to go. In vain it tried to jump and climb over the rocks.

Ptero recalled how he himself had felt when chased by the Albertosaurus earlier that night and knew the same thoughts had to be going through the poor critter's mind. Ptero continued to sing, his tone getting darker, yet with a hint of remorse.

♪ I don't like the way things tend

But this is how it's going to end.

What nature makes me do is awful, I know.

But that's the way things go.

It's a hard and cruel world out there.

And despite all you've seen, continuing to live without hope is something for which one cannot prepare. ♪ sang Ptero.

He moved nearer to the trapped animal, making sure to keep a slight distance from it. His mother had said not to go too near your prey unless you are strong enough to take it without getting hurt. She had shown him the scars Sharp Beaks had gotten from prey that fought back. She had told him of how Sharp Beaks had even been killed by prey that fought too hard. Hence, he had to act with intimidation. That was the clever move. Get your prey to feel so hopeless that it would willingly surrender, accepting your victory as inevitable.

He could sense the dread in the poor creature and hated that he was the one causing it. Agatha might love the feeling of terror that her prey had in their final moments, but Ptero certainly didn't. He sighed. It would come to this again. What he hated most about being a Sharptooth. Something had to die so he could have a meal.

The animal stared right into his red eyes. It expressed shock, no doubt, as it was expecting to see hunger and violence in them, but it saw pity and remorse instead. However, it did see one thing that it dreaded: death. *Why? Why this?* Ptero thought miserably.

His stomach growled again. The efforts of the day had really made him hungry. Ptero licked his lips. The instinct he'd gotten from his mother made him want to act now. However, the kind nature of his father held him back, making sure he did this properly and with as much kindness as possible. He began to sharpen his talons on a rock. The creature just stared at him. Ptero knew that if it could talk, it would be pleading.

The poor Tickly Fuzzy eyed him. He didn't see hatred in the creature's eyes, and for that he was glad. The animal moved and tried to run for its very life. Ptero swung his wings at the animal and knocked it back into rocks. It was getting weaker from its efforts. He used the opportunity to move even nearer to the creature, again, keeping out of range of any possible move to defend itself. Indeed, it did try and hit him, but he snapped his fangs at the creature, not meaning to really bite, but it did the trick as the creature moved away from him.

Ptero sighed. He was only a kid yet he already knew the sad truth about being a Sharptooth. If you showed any pity when you got a meal, then you wouldn't get a meal. While the only place the animal would be going would be the inside of his stomach, he'd at least show the creature the pity he felt that it deserved.

♪ Trust me, I don't find this fun.

I'll concede you had a good run.

And if I weren't so hungry, I'd have hoped that you'd won.

It's a hard and cruel world out there.

And there is nobody that it will spare.

One has trouble not falling into despair. ♪ sang Ptero.

He had his talons ready now to do the messy, yet necessary, task. He moved toward the doomed animal. It tried to flee but he blocked it again with his wings. His shadow spread on the canyon wall, making him appear to be a huge Sharp Beak. He could tell that the poor Tickly Fuzzy was fast losing hope.

♪ It's a hard and cruel world out there. Trust me, doing this is very hard for me to bear. I'd love to just let you go. But I'm afraid it can't be so. ♪ sang Ptero. Ptero did a quick scan of his surroundings. The canyon had no edible plants, he was getting tired, and his stomach was growling very hungrily. He truly had no choice if he wanted a meal tonight. He sighed. Ptero eyed the mammal. *You're out of luck buddy. I need*

something to eat before I go to sleep and unfortunately that something is going to be you. he thought.

♪ It's a hard and cruel world out there. It seems like one big nightmare! I know, it's just not fair. ♪ sang Ptero, finishing his song. The animal moved against the rock wall, shuddering as if it was having a seizure. A tear fell from Ptero's eye. He couldn't bear to see the poor critter suffer in dread a moment longer. *Ok Ptero. Time to do what you came here for.* he thought grimly.

He let out a Pterodactylus hunting cry. KAW-TAW-RAHHH-RANNNH-RARRRR! The doomed animal shut its eyes, knowing what was about to happen. He flew at the animal, his talons outstretched, aiming for the vital organs to get it over with quickly. He moved so fast that it couldn't react in time. He struck the creature and it fell over, dead. He landed on top of it, holding the body with his talons. Ptero sighed. Another poor beautiful critter had left the world so that he could remain on it. He shook his head at the brutality of it all.

He looked down, feeling bad about what he'd done. True, he needed to eat, but he really wished he hadn't done this. He'd done it before with his mother, who always prompted him to do it. However, he felt guilty, having done it all of his own volition this time. "I'm sorry this had to happen. You are gone, just like Father. But, I promise that I'll always be kind and not cruel like wicked Flatteeth." Ptero vowed.

He grabbed the corpse and took flight with it. He landed on a rock. He should be safe from both predators and food stealers here. He licked his lips, staring at what, a moment before, had been a live animal, and now was going to be his dinner. Right before he took the first bite, he thought of his father. Having seen death again, his father came to his mind. "Dad, wherever you are, I hope I'm making you proud." he said.

CHAPTER ELEVEN: PTERO COMES TO THE GREAT VALLEY

In the Great Valley, meanwhile, Petrie the Flyer had woken up, hearing Ptero's victory cry. "What that?" asked Petrie, frightened.

"That, my dear nephew, is a Sharptooth Flyer." replied his uncle Pterano, grimacing. "Sounds like he's gotten something. That was a hunting cry. I've heard it before. Ugghgh!"

Pterano had been separated from Petrie for years, due to getting banished for a careless act that had cost him his herd and not owning up to it. After a reduced banishment that Pterano had gotten for saving Ducky, though arguably, she wouldn't have needed saving had not Pterano kidnapped her, he'd come back after the five year banishment had been up, just in time to save Littlefoot and his friends from Dil, Ichy, Rinkus, and Sierra.

Petrie shook his head. "Poor thing," he said. "Will it get Petrie?" he asked nervously.

"I don't think so. Sharptooth Flyers can be pretty dangerous. They are very good flyers. They fly better than us. It's because they hunt and can move very quickly. A young Flyer like yourself wouldn't stand a chance against them." said Pterano.

Petrie recalled how Ichy had gotten him so easily. "Me scared!" he said.

"You don't need to worry. They don't come to the Great Valley," replied Pterano.

"One did. You remember him?" Petrie asked.

"Yes I most certainly do. However, your mother and I are here and they aren't getting here without getting through us. Go back to bed Petrie." said Pterano.

Petrie went back to bed, clutching his snuggling stick. "Oh, the memories of the Mysterious Beyond! Glad I'm back here now and the banishment is over." said Pterano, shuddering. He went back to sleep too.

Petrie and Pterano didn't know what it was like to have to do what Ptero did. Petrie had lived a relatively sheltered life. Pterano had seen his whole herd die before him and so knew pain and loss better than Petrie.

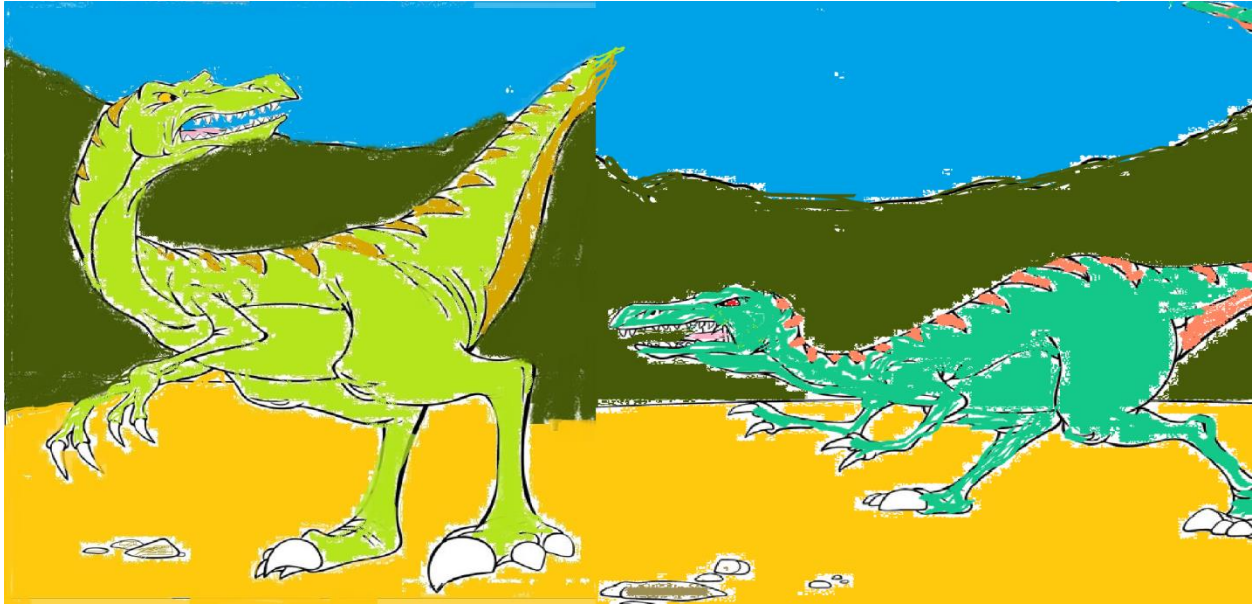
Meanwhile, in the Mysterious Beyond, Ptero had finished his dinner, having made sure to eat every last bite out of respect to the poor critter that had had the bad luck to cross paths with him when he was hungry and had paid for it with its life. He was feeling sleepy after having a full meal. He took a drink, for he hated the taste of blood. Though most Sharpteeth wouldn't care, Ptero didn't like the blood stains on his talons and went to wash them off. He found a stick and used it to pick his teeth clean. He now needed a place to rest. One where he wouldn't become dinner for someone else.

"That was pretty good. Still, I prefer Tree Stars. You don't feel sorry for those." said Ptero. This was his first hunt all by himself. His mother would be so pleased, though she was no doubt furious at his disappearing act. He planned to come back, eventually.

A Baryonyx came by and nearly stepped on him by accident. **Hey, watch it!** Ptero yelled angrily at the Sharptooth. The creature snarled at him. He knew that she probably didn't have good intentions for him and took off in flight.

He landed some distance away. He decided to sleep in some green bushes. He thought it should hide him from view. He saw two Fast Biters approaching. The male was light green and brown and had orange eyes and the female was greenish blue and orange and had red eyes. They appeared to be a couple. They smelled him

and began sniffing to find him. He realized that they didn't have good intentions for him and began to try to get away, though the ferns on the bushes were slowing him down.



Hey look dear, some dessert. That will go nicely with the Fast Runner that we got for dinner. You never get me much. Can I please have this weird-looking thing? asked the female in a whining wife voice.

All right. I'll get this weird-looking Flyer and then we can go to bed and you can shut up. groaned her mate.

My name is Ptero and I am not weird-looking! shouted Ptero angrily.

Get him! shouted the female Fast Biter.

Don't eat me, I taste like tar! pleaded Ptero.

We'll see about that. muttered the male Utahraptor.

What's this we stuff? asked Ptero, moving out of the bushes in a panic.

The male jumped at him. He moved aside. He tried to fly away. The female snapped at him. Ptero moved the other way. The male swung his claws at him. Ptero turned the other way and barely dodged the female's claws. They were getting closer. The male came at him. He had his claws raised. He swung them at Ptero. Ptero bit him in the hand, causing him to cry out in pain.

Man, that bites, doesn't it! Ptero smarted off.

Get off your tush and help me! shouted the male to his wife. She moved toward Ptero, swinging her claws. He dodged her and she barely missed him.

Hey, I've had enough close shaves already tonight! Ptero shouted at her.

The male went at him now. Ptero just barely got away, flying straight up. The male cut the female with his claws, missing Ptero. She slapped him. **Idiot. You cannot do anything right! I don't know why I chose you! You never get me anything I want!** she whined.

But dear, I tried! I don't know why I chose such a whiner as you! protested the male.

Ptero, meanwhile, was in flight. "Those two need counseling." he commented. He rested a while later. He was near some water.

"That was close!" said Ptero. A Swimming Sharptooth came out of the water and nearly got him. He took off into the sky, his eyes widening in fright. Even if he was a Sharptooth, if he stayed out here in the middle of the night, it could well be his last night on earth!

He took off over a rocky wall. He landed in some trees. This place seemed peaceful. He had come to the Great Valley, though he didn't know it yet. "I'll stay here. I hope it's safe." said Ptero. He grabbed some branches and bent them into a nest. Deciding that it would be best to stay hidden, in case his mother, or worse, came along, he threw leaves over himself. He'd had enough dicey³ situations for the night already and didn't want to risk having any more.

He was so tired that he didn't even bother to check for hostiles. He closed his eyes and soon fell asleep from exhaustion. He slept peacefully.

CHAPTER TWELVE: DUCKY'S BAD SLEEP STORY

Ducky, meanwhile, tossed and turned in her sleep. She had heard the Sharp Beak cry of Ptero in her sleep. She had been dreaming about going through The Meadow of Jumping Waters with Spike. Suddenly, she heard the cry.

³ unpredictable and potentially dangerous.

"Spike! We must run! We must! We must!" she cried in alarm. The cry went out again in her nightmare. Ichy went at her, his talons outstretched. "You're mine my little diet delight!" he laughed.

"Do not hurt me!" Ducky cried. She dove aside as he flew past, narrowly missing her.

"Think you can get away Flattooth? I've got great eyes! I can see much better than you can!" laughed the Ichthyornis. He dove again. Ducky jumped. She avoided him but went off a cliff. He dove after her. Luckily, she landed in a small cavern that he couldn't fit through.

"Nah nah. You cannot get through!" she laughed. But then, she heard more cries. Sharp Beaks! They were looking for something. She realized with horror that they were looking for her.

"Spike? Are you there?"" she cried. But Spike was nowhere to be found. Had Ichy gotten him?

She suddenly saw the Sharp Beak she'd seen from the Island. The mother went after her and grabbed her. "Help me!" Ducky cried.

Ducky was carried to the Sharp Beak nest. She had tried to struggle and break free, but the Mama Sharp Beak's grip was too strong. Much to her horror, she saw Ichy again. "Save me a bit, won't you?" he said to the Sharp Beak mother. The mother nodded.

"Please do not do this! I am too young to die! I am! I am!" Ducky pleaded frantically.

She dropped Ducky down to her hungry babies. She fell helplessly. She was going to die! Their fangs snapped at her!

She jumped out of her sleep and screamed! "Ducky, what is it?" came her mother's voice.

"Bad Sleep Story Mama." answered Ducky.

"It's ok dear." her mother reassured her.

Ducky went back to sleep. However, she still thought she could hear Sharp Beaks. It was Agatha's pack, looking for Ptero, though she didn't know it yet. Her mother had

gone back to sleep and so hadn't heard the cries. Ducky moved close to her mother, hoping her nightmare wouldn't come true. She soon fell asleep again.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN: THE BLABBING SWIMMER

Littlefoot awoke a bit before dawn. He heard them again. The Sharp Beaks were flying past. He went and hid. They went past. He came out. He went and drank water. He then went and prodded Ducky awake for he needed to ask his friends's input. There were too many Sharp Beaks around to just be coincidence. "What is it Littlefoot?" Ducky asked sleepily, yawning and stretching.

"Sharp Beaks." he replied.

"Here? In the Great Valley? That is not good! Oh no, no, no!" she said in alarm.

"Nope, they flew past. I've seen them sometimes, but never so many." he whispered, for everyone else in the Great Valley was still asleep. They went and got the others awake.

"Sharp Beaks again?" asked Cera, looking irritated at being woken up before the crack of dawn.

"I hearded some last night." replied Ducky. Spike nodded. "Spike too." Ducky added.

"Two nearly got me on the Great Wall last night before I went to bed." he said. The others gasped.

"Me and Pterano hear one last night." said Petrie.

"Well, they didn't bother *me*. Nothing to worry about." said Cera arrogantly, though it was clear, though she tried not to show it, that she didn't really believe what she was saying.

"Should we get a grown-up? I mean, what if they do come in here?" asked Littlefoot.

"They'd never come in here." laughed Cera, again trying to sound unafraid.

"One came last time. You remember him. He was from the Land of Mists." Littlefoot reminded them. Spike nodded.

"Well, what are the grown-ups gonna do, lecture them away?" asked Cera skeptically.

"At least they will see that they keep coming around. Then we can be sure that nobody will get hurt." replied Littlefoot.

"Sound like plan to me." said Petrie.

"How about my Aunt Leslie? She can help us. She can. She can." suggested Ducky.

"The one that sleep swim?" asked Petrie.

"Yep, yep, yep." answered Ducky.

They went and woke up Ducky's aunt. "What is it kids?" she asked.

They explained about the Sharp Beaks. Ducky's aunt smiled. "Oh yes, I remember when I first saw a Sharp Beak." she said. She began a long tale about her encounter with a Sharp Beak. The kids listened interestedly. After a few sentences, however, Littlefoot interrupted.

"Uh, Leslie, that sounds interesting and all, but what about the ones going around *now*?" he asked.

"Now Littlefoot, let me finish my story first." Leslie chided, waving her hands in impatience.

"Sorry." Littlefoot apologized. He decided to wait for her to finish. However, as time wore on, she began to talk about other things, things less interesting.

"And my Mother used to say, don't go near water that moves too fast. You'll get swept away by the current. Mother has funny sayings like that. Why I can recall that she..." rambled Ducky's aunt.

The kids were starting to get bored by her long-winded vapid⁴ rant. "When we asked to talk to your aunt, we didn't realize that she wouldn't **stop** talking." grumbled Littlefoot quietly to Ducky.

"I forgetted to mention that. I did. I did." whispered Ducky back. They all groaned.

"Oh great, a Big Mouth that really lives up to the name!" Cera whined.

"What was that?" asked Leslie, who luckily hadn't heard Cera properly.

⁴ not lively or interesting : dull or boring.

"I, er, said, 'That sounds like a very fun game.'" Cera lied quickly, sounding nervous.

"Yes, it was. However, my cousin cheated, rascal that he was. I tried to expose him, but...." Leslie continued to ramble, continuing to go down memory lane. The kids groaned, louder this time.

"...the plan backfired and Father got covered in mud. I was grounded for two whole days." Leslie continued a few seconds before and after they groaned.

Ducky's aunt, who didn't realize they were getting fed up with her, and instead thought they were replying to what she had said, remarked "Yes, I know, it did seem too harsh, but Father was very stern on issues like that. Why I can recall when my brother and I..."

"Me can't take it. Too much yack." whispered Petrie in irritation, wringing his hands in frustration. They tried walking away. However, much to their annoyance, Ducky's aunt followed them.

"And so we were grounded for a whole week and could only stay with the grownups. Most unjust if you ask me." Leslie continued rambling.

"How are we going to get away? I'd rather be eaten by a Sharp Beak than keep listening to her." Cera grumbled softly.

"Of course my mate Phoebus is also strict, why I can recall that..." Leslie kept yapping.

"Me have plan. We have some talk to her while rest of us slip away. Then last one slip away. Knowing her, she keep talking and not know we gone." whispered Petrie.

"Great plan!" Cera replied softly. The others nodded.

"Oh that is wonderful. It is. It is." said Ducky to her aunt. Her aunt focused on her and Petrie was able to slip away.

"Really Ducky. I found it rather boring. However, if you really like it then I'll continue talking about all the effort it took to build my first nest." said her aunt.

"*She* finds it boring?!" Cera grumbled angrily softly.

"Yes, please do." said Littlefoot. She focused on him. While she did so, Cera was able to slip away.

"Well Littlefoot, I had to get all kinds of water plants. And they were hard to find ones too. And, as if that weren't enough, Sky Water was falling really hard at the time too. But my mate wanted me to do it anyway, he's a real pain at times I tell you. Anyway, I got the plants and headed back. I slipped in the mud and fell. All of my plants went blowing away. I had to go after them." continued Ducky's aunt.

"But you got that back, didn't you?" asked Littlefoot. While she talked to Littlefoot, Spike was able to slip away.

She continued to yack. Soon, she was talking about the first time she went swimming in dark water. Littlefoot was so bored that he was worried he'd die of boredom and be reunited prematurely with his mother. Luckily, Ducky noticed this and distracted her aunt. "And, how did it go with your second cousins?" Ducky asked her aunt. Her aunt focused on her and Littlefoot was able to slip away.

Ducky continued to talk to her aunt. Her aunt kept yacking. "Yes, I agree. I do. I do." said Ducky, having no idea what her aunt had just said.

"I'm glad you do. I had thought it was a pretty hard decision and I'm glad that you agree with it." said her aunt, not noticing that Ducky was moving further and further away.

"You know best." said Ducky, moving out of sight.

"Thank you dear. Anyway, after that, we went to the Big Water and we..." continued her aunt, talking still and not realizing that she was now talking to herself.

Ducky caught up with the others. "Me have headache." said Petrie, holding his head.

"Well, she was a waste of time. The only good she'd do would be to talk them to death." said Cera in annoyance. The group laughed.

"Yeah, me rather encounter Sharp Beak than encounter her again today." said Petrie. They kept moving, in case Ducky's aunt was trying to follow them. Petrie would get his wish.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN: PTERO MEETS LITTLEFOOT

Ptero woke up. It had been quite a night. Still, he had slept well here. It was more peaceful here than in the Mysterious Beyond. That was for sure! The leaves fell off of him as he moved. He wondered where he was for a few seconds before realizing that

he'd ran away from home. The events of the previous night still troubled him. Those Sharptooth encounters had been really close.

He stretched and yawned. He felt thirsty. After making sure that there were no hostiles in the vicinity, he spread his wings and flew to a nearby stream. The stream went down a waterfall into the Great Valley, making mist rise up at the bottom. He landed on a rock, part of the way up and drank from the waterfall. He was blocked from view from below due to the mist. After getting a drink, he heard voices below.

He looked down and saw five young Leaf Eaters. It was Littlefoot and the others. Ptero was livid. Leaf Eaters had killed his father. Though he had pity on mammals and fish, he would have no pity on a Leaf Eater. He really disliked when his mother had given him hatchlings of other kinds, as he felt that the kids should be left alone. However, he felt no pity for the hatchlings of Leaf Eaters. They had shown no mercy on his father and he would treat them the same way.

"Flatteeth! Evil creatures!" he whispered. He focused on Ducky. His stomach growled. "Time to make Mother proud!" Ptero went to a nearby rock and started sharpening his talons on it, ready to use them to slay Ducky. Littlefoot and his friends didn't see Ptero.

Below him, Petrie said to Ducky "We sure glad to get away from your aunt!" Ducky replied to him "She sure does talk a lot. Yep, yep, yep she does." Ptero surmised that they were alone, unguarded, perfect prey for him.

He moved his talons away from the rock. He didn't have them as sharp as he did last night. He didn't want his prey to die right away this time. His visceral⁵ hatred of Flatteeth kept him from having any qualms⁶ that Littlefoot and his friends could be anything other than malicious⁷ dinosaurs.

"Say bye bye Flattooth! Time for some breakfast!" whispered Ptero savagely. He licked his lips. He liked the taste of Swimmer. His mother often gave him Swimmer hatchlings to eat. Agatha had inculcated⁸ in his mind that the only good Flatteeth were to him was as a food source.

⁵ coming from strong emotions and not from logic or reason.

⁶ an uneasy feeling of doubt, worry, or fear, especially about one's own conduct; a misgiving.

⁷ intending or intended to do harm.

⁸ instill (an attitude, idea, or habit) by persistent instruction. teach (someone) an attitude, idea, or habit by persistent instruction.

Littlefoot and his friends spotted the same stream that Ptero was beside, heading further downhill. They decided to use it to go downhill like a water slide rather than walking back. "Let's go!" he said. They dove into it.

"Oh, think you can get away Flatteeth? I am quite a good flyer." snarled Ptero quietly, ready to attack.

He flew out at Ducky, his talons outstretched, aiming to kill. His red eyes glared at her with hatred. The others didn't notice him, as they were ahead of Ducky. Ducky was moved under by the current, luckily for her, and Ptero missed her. *Clever Flattooth.* Ptero thought. She soon came back up. *You should have stayed under there.* Ptero thought, moving to turn around and attack her. However, as Ptero turned to correct his course, he flew into a rock. "Oooooof!" said Ptero as he hit the rock. Littlefoot and the others, meanwhile, had gotten out of the stream at the bottom of the hill. Ptero tumbled through the air, dazed, and hit the ground, landing in mud, splattering it all over himself.

Though the others hadn't spotted Ptero before, they heard him hit the rock.

"What that?" Petrie asked.

"Let's go find out." Littlefoot replied. They ran closer and saw him sprawled on the ground. "Are you ok?" he asked Ptero.

Ptero was still dazed. "What?" he asked, seeing stars.

"I said, are you ok?" Littlefoot said again. Ptero looked up to see Littlefoot and realized that he was talking to him. His wing felt sore. He couldn't fly away from them!

Littlefoot thought Ptero was a strange-looking Flyer. However, Littlefoot was not one to judge by appearance. He was concerned about Ptero. Ptero was all covered in mud and was stirring feebly. Littlefoot prodded him. Ptero jumped up, still slightly dazed.

Ptero began to shake with fright. Surely this would be the end for him. He would die without mercy. His mother would never even be able to find his body. He trembled, pleading, hoping against hope to be able to appeal to their better natures. "Please don't hurt me! I'm just a kid!" he pleaded. He didn't think that he could take all five of them at once. He cowered and shielded himself with his wings.

"Talk about paranoid!" said Cera, shaking her head.

"We are not going to hurt you. Oh no, no, no we are not." said Ducky. *I just tried to kill you and you aren't going to hurt me?!* Ptero thought in shock.

"So, who are you?" Cera asked.

"Ptero." responded Ptero.

"I don't recall seeing you around here before Ptero." said Littlefoot.

"I'm from out there." said Ptero timidly, pointing into the Mysterious Beyond. He figured that the longer he talked, the longer they might let him live.

"You live in the Mysterious Beyond?" asked Ducky.

"What is the Mysterious Beyond?" asked the half Sharp Beak.

"It the land outside of the Great Valley." said Petrie.

"The Great Valley?" Ptero asked.

"It is where we are silly!" answered Ducky.

"So, who lives in this Great Valley?" Ptero asked.

"Just Leaf Eaters like us." replied Cera.

Ptero was confused as to why they thought that he was a Leaf Eater. But he wasn't going to bother to enlighten them. That seemed as dumb as poking a sleeping Sail-backed Sharptooth in the eye. Ptero found that they weren't trying to kill him. Maybe they were too young to know better as to what he was. Maybe he had a hope of living through today.

"Can I ask who you are?" said Ptero. He wanted to know more about these five Flatteeth.

"I am Littlefoot." said Littlefoot.

"I am Cera. I'm really strong and you shouldn't mess with me!" said Cera.

We'll see about that, Cera! Ptero thought.

"Me Petrie." said Petrie. Ptero noticed that Petrie was a Flyer like himself. Ptero saw that Petrie, for some odd reason, referred to himself in third person.

"I am Ducky." said Ducky. Ptero thought that she seemed really sweet and felt a tinge of guilt for wanting to kill her. "And this is Spike. He doesn't talk much." said Ducky, indicating Spike. Spike smiled at Ptero.

"Hello guys, glad to meet you." lied Ptero.

RURRRRG! Ptero's stomach growled.

"Your tummy is making rumbling sounds." said Ducky.

"Yes, well, I lost my breakfast. It got away!" said Ptero. He groaned. That was a dumb thing to say! What if they guessed what he had tried to do? They might not know yet. But if they did, he'd probably be ripped to shreds by them. "Yes, my Tree Stars blew away in the wind." he lied quickly.

"We have many Tree Stars in the Great Valley." said Littlefoot.

"You do?" said Ptero in shock.

"Yes. All over the place." said Cera.

"And can I please have some? I promise I won't take too many." said Ptero. He hoped to get them. He really hated having to hunt. Tree Stars didn't have a pulse after all. They didn't look you in the eyes with a "Don't kill me!" look that made you feel like an evil monster.

"Well, maybe a few. You can't have too many or else there won't be enough for me." said Cera.

"Cera!" Littlefoot rebuked her. "You can have as much as you like." said Littlefoot to Ptero.

"I don't know where they are." said Ptero.

"Follow me." said Littlefoot.

Ptero followed the Longneck. He had a desire to try and throttle one of these Leaf Eaters when they weren't looking. After all, Leaf Eaters had stolen his beloved father from him, and that seemed unforgivable. Yet, these ones didn't seem very wicked. Maybe it was because they were young. An idea came to him. Maybe he could teach them to not be savages and so could save other Sharpteeth like his father from dying. He agreed to spare these Flatteeth...for now.

The others were talking, but Ptero was silent. He didn't know what to say to Flatteeth. As far as he was concerned, they were his enemies. The others noticed his silence.

"You sure are quiet Ptero." Littlefoot commented. Ptero didn't reply.

"Maybe he shy." suggested Petrie.

Ptero, meanwhile, was starved. He saw the Tree Stars. There were more than he'd ever seen in his life!

"Oh boy, look at them all!" he said excitedly. Since his wing had finally healed, he quickly flew up to them, grabbed them, and hungrily started to eat them. "You sure are hungry!" remarked Littlefoot.

"Yeah, I could eat a whole duckbill!" he replied without thinking. *Oops.* Ptero thought. "That was a joke." Ptero lied quickly. The others laughed.

ERRRRRRRP! Ptero let out a loud belch.

"Ecccch! You are nasty! Didn't your parents teach you table manners?" asked Cera in disgust.

"Well, I was raised by Sharpteeth." Ptero retorted. Ptero instantly felt dumb for saying this. What if they guessed what he was?

The others started laughing hard. "That's pretty funny Ptero." laughed Littlefoot.

"You have great sense of humor." laughed Petrie. Ptero sighed in relief that they hadn't realized what he was after his faux pas.

"Yes, I actually do have a great sense of humor. Glad somebody appreciates it." said Ptero quickly.

Ducky's aunt came across them. "There you are. You had me worried sick. Why I searched by the Thundering Falls and you were not there. I feared that you might have fallen into the Sinking Sands, but luckily you hadn't. I checked near the Smoking Mountains and you weren't there. I checked..." she chided, rambling.

"Well, you find us now. You did. You did. We are safe now." said Ducky, trying to act innocent so that she and the others wouldn't get punished for sneaking off to avoid her rambling.

"Don't wander off again." chided Ducky's aunt.

"Sorry." said the kids.

"Who's that?" she asked, eyeing Ptero, whom she had just noticed at that moment.

Ptero felt nervous. A full-grown Flattooth. He was safe in the trees. Could he get away in time if they came after him?

"His name is Ptero. He appears to be some sort of Flyer. He's from the Mysterious Beyond." said Littlefoot.

"Hello Ptero. How do you like the Great Valley? I tend to find that it is the best place for a gal to live. Why, when I first came here, I found it much better than the Mysterious Beyond." said Ducky's aunt.

"How long have you been here?" asked Ptero. He was curious to know more about these Flatteeth and about this mysterious Great Valley.

"Oh, about six cold times. Not quite six yet. We came after a horrible Earthshake. We thought we'd lost poor Ducky. But she made it. Goodness, she went across the Mysterious Beyond, chased by a hungry Sharptooth." said Ducky's aunt.

"Yes, Sharpteeth are dangerous. Learned that last night." said Ptero.

Ducky's aunt gasped. "Goodness boy! You only learned that now?! We have known that since we were very small." she said.

"So, how are Sharpteeth kept out of here?" asked Ptero.

"The Great Wall. Works like a charm. Only been breached a few times. But we chased the brutes out. They didn't stand a chance. Why I can recall the first time it happened. It was about..." began Ducky's aunt.

"Aunt Leslie, I do not know if Ptero wants to know all of that." interrupted Ducky, who didn't want her blabbering aunt to irk her new friend Ptero.

"No, er, actually, I'd like to know more." said Ptero. However, before Leslie could talk again, Mama Flyer arrived.

"Glad you found them Leslie!" Mama Flyer said to Ducky's aunt.

"Don't worry Phyra, I searched high and low and I found them. I was in the middle of a very remarkable tale when they left. I don't know what got into them. I was talking about how I nearly fell into Flowing Fire when I realized that they weren't there. I thought that they...." rambled Leslie.

"Petrie! Petrie! You had us worried." scolded Mama Flyer. She approached her son. She noticed Ptero. She stared at the young half-Sharp Beak. "Who is your Flyer friend?" she asked Petrie. She came up to Ptero in the trees. Ptero shuddered. "His name Ptero. He friendly and shy." said Petrie.

I'm not friendly. I'm a Sharptooth for goodness sake! thought Ptero. But he had to play along with Petrie. If he told them what he was, he'd be killed faster than Yellow Bellies going through a berry bush.

"And so I had to go looking for them. They gave me quite a scare. I'm so glad that I found them. They mentioned something about Sharp Beaks. I forgot what." Leslie continued on, unaware that nobody was paying attention to her.

"I'm Ptero. I'm a Flyer. I'm like you." Ptero lied to Phyra.

"Hello Ptero. We'd all like to meet you. We don't get visitors every day." said Mama Flyer. Ptero made a face like Chomper had had when his parents had told him that they viewed any friends of his as dessert. *Now what?* Ptero thought.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN: AGATHA'S ANGER

Agatha returned to their home, angered and empty-handed. She glared at her pack, as though all of this were somehow their fault. An Ichthyornis said to her **This must be tough Agatha, losing your mate to Flatteeth and then your boy's disappearance. We are truly sorry and will do what we can to help.**

I wish to be alone for a while. replied Agatha. The others assumed that she was grieving and so didn't dare to challenge her. Anyway, she was the pack leader and those who questioned her always regretted it.

She flew off away from the others. She went, ironically enough, to the place where she had killed Sydo. She went in. She scowled. "I suppose this is your doing Sydo. Even death couldn't stop you from trying to mess with my plans." she said. She recalled what Sydo had said a few days before his death: "That boy has a mind of his own. I've gotten to know him enough to realize that. If he doesn't want to be a pack leader, you can't make him."

Yes, Ptero was strong-willed. She had gotten him to change from what Sydo would have wanted, yet she was alarmed at how much pity he took on those he hunted. While not all Sharpteeth were as indifferent to the suffering of those they hunted as her, indeed many felt it was a sad but necessary part of the Circle of Life, Ptero was too soft. She'd actually observed him talking to a non-saurian bird that he'd cornered about how sorry he was that he was going to have to kill him. The talk had lasted several minutes. Agatha, finally having had enough, went in and killed the creature herself.

To try and make the boy see reason, she had not let him eat the creature. Ptero had angrily protested that he had chased the creature and spent all of that energy for nothing. Agatha had said that Sharpteeth that showed too much pity to their meals didn't get meals. As expected, her hungry son had gone and killed another creature, this time barely taking a minute to apologize to the creature. "Good boy dear. See, only by doing what must be done are you able to feed yourself." Agatha had said.

As for Sydo, she had truly loved him and indeed thought him handsome. She had been so fond of him in fact that she was willing to break the rules and marry a Flattooth, something practically unheard. Had she not been a pack leader, she might have been banished over it. But, as it was, she was the Sharp Beak Queen and could do whatever she wanted. However, she admitted, murder, no, it wasn't murder, at least in her eyes, it was a justified act to ensure that the pack could flourish best by having the leadership it needed most, someone in her family, would not thrill her pack if they found out. After all, they had kind of liked Sydo. He was good with Ptero and had been as good a mate as any. However, his habit of giving him Tree Stars had made the boy soft. If Sydo had let her turn Ptero into a hunter and shape him the way she wanted, he'd still be alive and would be very dear to her.

She resumed her conversation with Sydo. "I can make the boy go to my will. I can apply pressure. I haven't yet, but I will not let him become a disappointment to me." she said. She flew out of the cave and took a nap for a few hours. Around noon, she came to her pack. **Ok, break's over. Let's start looking for him again!** she commanded. The hunt for Ptero had resumed.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN: LIVING WITH THE FLYERS

Littlefoot walked next to Ptero, who was flying. Littlefoot thought that the kid seemed to have something troubling him. "Anything bothering you?" Littlefoot asked him.

Yeah, you're still breathing. Ptero thought coldly. He hated Leaf Eaters. However, he had to admit that these ones didn't appear to be too wicked. "Have you ever killed anyone?" Ptero asked. Littlefoot raised his eyebrows.

"Er, thrice." said Littlefoot, thinking this a very odd question. "A Sharptooth was after us. He'd killed my Mom. We wanted him to stop following us and he was really set on getting us. We ended up knocking him into water and he drowned. I didn't get any pleasure from his death."

Ptero gasped. Littlefoot had lost his mother yet hadn't wanted revenge. "But he took your mother. Surely you wanted revenge, didn't you?" asked Ptero in befuddlement.

"I hated him, yes. I was really angry. Yes, he was a monster. However, I wasn't going to let my hatred of him turn me into a monster too." answered Littlefoot.

Ptero said nothing. If Littlefoot was telling the truth, than he was a better dinosaur than himself. Ptero wasn't so sure anymore if Flatteeth were evil. After all, a Sharptooth had taken a family member from Littlefoot. Yet he seemed to have had no joy in his enemy's death. Ptero knew that if he ever caught his father's killers, not only would he kill them, he'd eat them alive and make them feel it.

"In addition, there was this pack of Sharpteeth after us and some Yellow Belly friends. We danced and caused the Sharpteeth to fall off a cliff. They would have eaten us if we hadn't. Also, another Sharptooth named Red Claw was trying to kill us and we tripped him he and fell to his death." continued Littlefoot. "Have *you* ever killed anyone?" asked Littlefoot, deciding to ask Ptero his own odd question.

No duh, I'm a Sharptooth! Ptero thought. "No, I haven't." Ptero lied.

Ptero came across Topps. "Who's the new kid here?" Topps asked. Ptero was nervous at Topps's gruff appearance.

"Dad, this is Ptero." said Cera.

"That's your dad?" said Ptero nervously. Cera nodded. Ptero gulped.

"Hello, I'm new here, don't mind me." said Ptero, trying to sound innocent. Topps eyed Ptero suspiciously.

"Weird looking Flyer." commented Topps.

"Yeah, well, not everyone is pretty." retorted Ptero quickly. Topps seemed to believe him to be a regular, albeit weird-looking, Flyer and said nothing more.

Ptero came across Grandpa and Grandma Longneck. "Who is your friend Littlefoot?" asked Grandma Longneck.

"His name is Ptero." replied Littlefoot.

"I'm new here. Don't mind me." said Ptero to them, trying not to look suspicious.

"Where is your family Ptero?" inquired Grandpa Longneck.

"Lost them while flying." Ptero lied.

"You poor dear! You can stay here as long as you'd like." said Grandma Longneck gently.

"As long as I like? But I'm a stranger here!" gasped Ptero in shock.

"Everyone is welcome here." said Littlefoot.

"Except Sharpteeth it seems." said Ptero, who recalled what Leslie had said. The Leaf Eaters around all laughed at this.

"Of course Sharpteeth aren't welcome around here. We'd get eaten." Cera said.

Ptero wandered around the Great Valley for the rest of the day. There sure were many good items of green food to eat. And they all didn't have a pulse. And Agatha wasn't here to take them all away from him. Eventually, night fell. Ptero took off. "Where is he going, Petrie?" asked Mama Flyer.

"Me no sure, Mom." replied Petrie. Phyra took off after Ptero. She wondered where he was going. He returned to the tree he had rested in the night before.

"Oh, don't go back into the Mysterious Beyond at night, dear. It's dangerous out there for one as young as yourself." Phyra called to him.

I know that. thought Ptero. "No, I am staying in this tree. It's where I was last night." Ptero replied to her.

"You can come with us for the night. Don't stay out there all by yourself." said Mama Flyer.

"Is something troubling you?" she asked him.

You touched me. Your evil Flattoothness touched me. thought Ptero. Finally, Ptero decided to mention some of the truth to them.

"I miss my Father. He died some cold times ago. I never really got over it." he said.

"Oh, poor dear. Petrie lost his father too." said Mama Flyer.

Ptero stared at Petrie. Though he hated Flatteeth with an everlasting vengeance, Petrie seemed to be a sweet kid and didn't deserve to lose his dad at so young an age. For the first time in his life, he felt sorry for a Flattooth.

"Did you know your father well?" asked Mama Flyer.

"I kind of remember him. He had olive colored eyes and was nice. Nicer than my Mother." said Ptero.

"Do you not get along with your mother?" asked Mama Flyer.

"We butt heads a lot. Petrie is lucky to have a mother like you." said Ptero. And, strangely, he meant it. This Flyer family didn't seem evil.

Mama Flyer said nothing. It seemed so sad that Ptero didn't have a father and that he didn't get along with his mother. She actually shed a tear, feeling sorry for the poor boy. Finally, she said "As much as you may argue with your mother, I'm sure she's missing you by now. I can try and get you back to her." she offered.

That's not a good idea. Then again, what do I care if she gets you? You're a Flattooth. Ptero thought.

"I went to go explore the world. She always kept me cooped up." said Ptero.

"The Mysterious Beyond is a dangerous place. One as young as yourself shouldn't wander it alone." said Mama Flyer.

"I know that much. Five Sharpteeth in one night. Goodness!" said Ptero.

"Oh, you poor dear!" said Mama Flyer, feeling very sorry for him. "My brother and I can bring you back to your mother." she said.

"I haven't been allowed to go around since I was really small. Ever since Dad died." said Ptero.

Oh, the poor dear. His mother has been overprotective of him after that. I can see why she'd do that, but I let Petrie wander around with Littlefoot, not that I always like what they get up to. thought Mama Flyer.

"I can see that your mother is overprotective." mused Phyra.

You have no idea! thought Ptero.

"Thus, I can see that perhaps a few days here while you try and calm down over whatever upset you couldn't hurt. I'll just explain to your mother later what happened. I'm sure she'll just be glad you're all right." said Mama Flyer.

"Er, can I go explore the Great Valley some more?" Ptero asked.

"Certainly." replied Mama Flyer.

Ptero was free to go where he wanted. It sure was better than what his mother would let him do. He thought of his mother and how irked she'd be at him leaving. An idea crossed his mind, though he'd have to be careful to pull it off. This would help him prove he was worthy to lead the pack and hopefully get his mother to give him some slack. He planned to do what he'd waited many cold times to do: kill a Leaf Eater.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN: PTERO PLOTS REVENGE

Ptero snuck around, trying not to attract attention. He noticed a few Iguanodon children wandering around. Ptero hid behind a large reddish orange boulder that blocked him completely from sight, but, due to the angle he was at, allowed him to spy on them perfectly. He sharpened his talons on the boulder.

"Let's go to the Thundering Falls." said one of them.

"Ok. Let's race." said the younger one to his older sister.

"Last one there is a rotten egg!" said the older sister, taking off. The younger brother followed. The older sister was able to get ahead. The boy tried to move faster. Ptero silently followed, his red eyes glaring with anger, planning to extract revenge personally, which he felt was long overdue, for his father's death.

The young boy tripped. "Ouch!" said the boy. He had hurt himself.

"Well, well. A little Flattooth all alone. So delicious!" said Ptero.

The Iguanodon looked around. Ptero, who recalled his mother's advice that it was best to not let your meal see you, and, being known to the Great Valley residents, this was an especially good idea, snuck away in time. The young Leaf Eater looked around in a panic.

Ptero didn't want to make a scene, and knew that attacking the kid outright would likely draw attention to himself, especially if he could be seen. If he stayed out of sight, he could always take off out of the Great Valley if the grownups showed up.

He decided to scare the kid. He would use fear to weaken the kid's defenses so that the kid wouldn't fight back and would surrender, just like he'd done with the Tickly Fuzzy. Then he'd have his first ever Flattooth meal that he got for himself.

Ptero let out a Sharp Beak hunting cry, still hidden. KAW-TAW-RAHHH-RANNNH-RARRRR! "Sharp Beak, I'm going to die!" yelled the Leaf Eater in a fright. He took off like a Chicago career politician being confronted with the truth.

"Hmmm, breakfast to go. I didn't order that." commented Ptero, taking to the air after the kid, planning to kill.

Meanwhile, Littlefoot and his friends were standing on each other's shoulders trying to get a bunch of Tree Sweets in a tree. Spike, who was at the bottom, noticed a yummy green plant growing on the ground and moved toward it to go eat it. The others started to wobble.

"Spike no!" yelled Cera.

Spike kept moving toward it. The others were really teetering.

"Spike, that's really not a good idea. Wait till we are..." said Littlefoot nervously.

Spike went to the food and started eating it. The others toppled. Ducky and Petrie went flying and crashed into a hive of Stinging Buzzers, sending it flying through the air and out of sight.

Ducky landed next to Spike. She whacked him. "Spike, you thinkded with your stomach again! You did! You did!" she snapped. Spike smiled, trying to act innocent.

Ptero, meanwhile, was near the poor Flattooth, who still didn't know Ptero was near, for Ptero kept moving to avoid being seen. Suddenly, the hive of Stinging Buzzers went flying at Ptero. Ptero moved aside as they charged at him. He killed some, got

stung by a few, and was able to kick the hive flying away from him and out of sight. "Mmmm, Stinging Buzzers. Spicy!" Ptero commented, eating some of them.

Meanwhile, Topps was talking to Tria. "Lovely day, isn't it dear?" he asked.

"Yes, Topsy, I think..." she replied pleasantly. She saw the hive coming "Oh no!" she cried.

"What, did something happ..." asked Topps in concern. SMACK! The hive hit him and he got stung many times. "Yow! Yow! Yow! Yow!" he yelled, stomping on the hive. He eventually was able to crush it. He'd gotten honey all over his legs.

"Mmmm, Stinging Buzzer Juice." said Topps, licking the honey off of his feet. Tria shook her head.

Ptero, meanwhile, had lost the Flattooth due to the flying hive incident. He was just about to go and try and look for the Flattooth again. However, before he could, Petrie came by.

"Me hear that there a talking Sharp Beak nearby." said Petrie.

Ptero was really nervous. Had he been found out? "Er, I didn't see one." Ptero lied.

"Perhaps he mistaken." suggested Petrie.

"Yeah, I don't imagine that Talking Sharp Beaks are a regular occurrence around here." replied Ptero, masking his guilt. "Young kids can sometimes have such wild imaginations."

Ptero went back with Petrie, for it was clear that his plans had failed. Perhaps he'd try again later.

"Do nests of Stinging Buzzers normally come sailing through the air around here, or just every once in a while?" Ptero asked.

Petrie turned red. "Me sorry about that. We try to get Tree Sweets and we have little accident." said Petrie.

"No big deal." said Ptero calmly. He and Petrie returned to Petrie's nest.

Ptero noticed Petrie's snuggling stick. "What is that for?" he asked.

"That belong to me Father. He give it to me Mom but he never make it back." said Petrie. Petrie shed a tear.

"I wish my Father had given me something to remember him by." commented Ptero sadly.

"Me Father never get to see me fly." said Petrie sadly.

"Mine didn't either." said Ptero.

The two were silent for a while. Finally, Ptero said "Petrie, Mother never really let me out much before. I've never gotten to have friends before. I see we have a lot in common. Er, could we be friends?" asked Ptero nervously.

"Me'd like that." said Petrie, smiling. Ptero smiled too. His first friend ever was a Flattooth, yet, he liked this one.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN: SHARP BEAKS IN THE GREAT VALLEY

Luckily, nobody seemed to think much of the story of the talking Sharp Beak in the Great Valley. The kid had, apparently, told some fibs before. Ptero was relieved about this.

Ptero was with Petrie and the others in his family the next morning. They were in his nest. He was about to ask Pterano about himself when they heard somebody coming.

Petrie's sibling Pip came flying to them. "What matter Pip?" Petrie asked.

"Petrie, there are Sharp Beaks flying around again!" said Pip in alarm.

"Oh, those accursed things. Guess we'll have to call a meeting." said Mama Flyer.

Ptero trembled. "What's a matter?" asked Mama Flyer.

"I don't want them to find me." he said nervously.

"Don't worry dear, you'll be safe with us." said Pterano.

"They chased me two days ago. All day." said Ptero.

"Poor dear!" said Phyra in alarm.

"Don't worry, we safe together." said Petrie.

Ptero came out nervously. However, he decided that he needed a disguise. So he went and put a red Tree Star and a regular Tree Star on as a sort of cape. He then went to the meeting.

"Why you wear weird disguise?" asked Petrie.

"To hide from the Sharp Beaks." replied Ptero.

"Sharp Beaks have good eyes. One find me even though me hide in trees. You need better disguise than that if they after you." said Petrie.

Ptero was still nervous. If Agatha's pack spotted him, they'd take him away, and he'd not get a Tree Star again. His stomach growled. He wanted to eat the Tree Stars that he was wearing, but he needed them.

He halted, letting Petrie fly past him. He went and jumped into mud. He attached more Tree Stars to it, which stuck to the mud. He now was behind Cera, though she was too busy focusing on other things to notice him too much.

He spotted some Ground Crawlers, picked them up, and put them in his mouth and hungrily ate them. He went behind Cera. He still felt a bit hungry. Perhaps it was something he had inherited from his mother that made him do it, but...SNAP! He bit her on the tail.

Cera turned around to glare. He had moved away many feet luckily. "What was that?!" she said angrily.

"Biting Buzzers." replied Ptero innocently.

"Stupid things!" Cera grumbled.

Cera appeared to have fallen for his lie. Ptero felt relieved. That was too close.

He arrived at the meeting. "I think there is no huge cause for alarm." said Grandpa Longneck.

"But the kids! What if one of those things gets near them?" asked Mama Swimmer.

"Not to worry Saru, we will watch them. No kid will be unattended until the danger is passed." answered Grandma Longneck.

The adults eventually agreed on this move. Ptero sighed. It meant that all the kids, including himself, would be watched closely until the Sharp Beaks left.

"I wish we could play, but the grownups are keeping such an eye on us, that it seems hard." grumbled Littlefoot.

Ptero wanted to play with the Flatteeth. He wanted to see what they were really like. If they were bad...then, he'd be alone and could deal with them.

Ptero snuck away from the others. He went into a tree. He let out a Sharp Beak growl.

"Sharp Beak!" yelled Mama Flyer. She and Pterano went toward the tree. Ptero, alarmed, moved away. He lost his balance, tumbled downward headfirst, falling out of the tree. He was falling, spinning. He stopped.

Mama Flyer had caught him. "Ptero, where is it?" asked Mama Flyer.

Ptero said nothing. The Flattooth had saved his life. "You saved me." he finally said.

"I wasn't going to let you become splattered on the ground." said Mama Flyer.

"Now, where is the Sharp Beak? Surely you saw it." asked Pterano.

"That way." lied Ptero, pointing away to the south. Pterano and Mama Flyer, followed by Mama and Papa Swimmer, went off after the fake Sharp Beak.

Grandpa and Grandma Longneck were still with them. Littlefoot was still bored. Ptero decided to have another go. He started to move away.

"Where are you going small one?" asked Grandpa Longneck.

"I...er...hafta wee wee." lied Ptero, hopping up and down. Grandpa Longneck nodded. Ptero went off into the bushes. Once deep enough in, he let out another Sharp Beak sound.

"Where is it?" asked Grandpa Longneck.

"That way." lied Ptero, pointing to the west. Grandpa Longneck left. Grandma Longneck wanted to follow.

"We'll be fine. We're not little after all." said Ptero.

"Well, I guess so. Just call if you need us." said Grandma Longneck. She too left.

"Wow, we can play now. Those pesky Sharp Beaks sure were handy." said Littlefoot. "I hope they're gone though."

"They are. They were fakes." laughed Ptero.

"Fakes?" said Cera.

Ptero let out a Sharp Beak sound. "Good, eh?" he said.

"That sounded like a real Sharp Beak. It did! It did!" said Ducky, giggling.

"You good faker." said Petrie.

"Come on, let's play!" said Littlefoot.

They played Stop the Seed. Ptero was glad that he could have fun in his life for the first time since he was a small boy. He found it ironic that he was having fun, not with Sharpteeth, but with the evil Flatteeth. But were they evil? His views on Flatteeth were starting to seem anecdotal.¹⁰

Ptero's team won. They all went to bed exhausted. The Sharp Beaks had left. Ptero feared they might come back. But they had left for now. Agatha must have gone elsewhere to look for him.

Ptero went to bed with the Leaf Eaters. Mama Flyer had saved him. He found that he couldn't hate her. She had saved him when he would have watched her die without batting an eyelash had he met her only a day or two earlier. He felt guilt for his hatred of Leaf Eaters. They couldn't all be bad.

But there were bad ones out there. Maybe these just happened to be nice ones. He wasn't sure what to think anymore. He knew, though, that Mama Flyer seemed a far better mother than his own and wished that, Flattooth though she was, that she was his mother instead. He went to sleep, eager to play with his new friends again the next day.

CHAPTER NINETEEN: LITTLEFOOT'S NEW FRIEND

Littlefoot had a new friend. He was always glad to make new friends. That was just who he was. He went to go explore the Great Valley with Ptero, who wanted to look around more. Ptero loved playing around in the Thundering Falls. Littlefoot sensed that something was troubling Ptero. "What's bothering you my friend?" Littlefoot asked.

¹⁰ (of an account) not necessarily true or reliable, because based on personal accounts rather than facts or research.

"My Father." said Ptero.

"You miss him, don't you?" said Littlefoot.

Ptero nodded. He started to cry. He didn't want to get emotional around a Flattooth.

"Did you see it happen?" Littlefoot asked.

Ptero shook his head. "Didn't see it happen. Mom did though." said Ptero.

"I saw my Mother die. I couldn't save her. It still bothers me, even now." said Littlefoot sadly.

"She wasn't murdered was she?" asked Ptero.

"No." answered Littlefoot.

Ptero, after a long pause, said "My Dad was."

Littlefoot gasped. "What happened?" Littlefoot asked.

"I don't want to talk about it." replied Ptero. *Epecially with a Flattooth.* he thought.

Littlefoot felt sorry for poor Ptero. He couldn't blame him for not wanting to bring it up. He himself barely brought up his own mother's death because of how sad it made him.

"He loved you, though, didn't he?" Littlefoot asked.

"He loved me very much. His last words were about me." said Ptero.

"That is odd." said Ptero.

"What is odd?" asked Littlefoot.

"He was murdered, yet he mentioned me last. You'd think he'd have shouted out the name of his attackers." said Ptero.

"Maybe he wanted you to help." said Littlefoot.

"I don't see how I could have helped. I don't know whoever killed him." said Ptero.

"Did you ever catch them?" asked Littlefoot.

No, but if I ever do, they are going to wish they'd never been born! Ptero thought angrily.

"Unlike your mother's killer, my Dad's killers are still free, off to do more wicked things." said Ptero.

"When did it happen?" Littlefoot asked.

"When I was really young. I went to go try and save him. It was when I first learned to fly." said Ptero. "In fact, my coming to him was the REASON I got flying down finally." said Ptero.

"Ptero, if there is anything I can do to make you feel better, please let me know." said Littlefoot.

"No, that's ok. I don't see how you could." said Ptero. "And Littlefoot..." Ptero added.

"Yes Ptero." replied Littlefoot.

"Please don't mention this to the others. I don't want it brought up and everyone asking me about Dad's death." said Ptero.

"But the others could help you. Some of them have lost..." said Littlefoot.

"I want your promise Littlefoot." Ptero interrupted.

"I promise." said Littlefoot. It was a promise he planned to keep.

Littlefoot and Ptero came to Petrie. He was with his siblings. They were going up, trying to fly through the clouds. Petrie didn't like going through the Sky Puffies, as he sometimes got wet. However, they were practicing flying. They had completed the Great Day of the Flyers, but there were still other things that one had to do, especially if one wanted to be a Flyer leader. Petrie hoped to get that spot. However, his panickyness didn't help matters.

The wind picked up. Petrie was nervous. "Me no sure about this." said Petrie.

"I'm going to help him." said Ptero to Littlefoot.

Ptero took off toward Petrie. "Petrie, come with me." said Ptero.

"Me nervous. Me no like going through Sky Puffies." said Petrie.

"You need to face your fears. I'll go with you." said Ptero.

"Me no sure about this." said Petrie.

The wind continued to pick up. Petrie was even more nervous. "Just give it heart. That's all you can do. My Father taught me that." said Ptero.

Incredibly, Petrie agreed to go with Ptero. The wind was blowing quite hard now. However, Petrie kept going, though very nervous. Ptero, however, was fearless.

"Come on Petrie. Just follow me." said Ptero reassuringly. Petrie flapped after him. Petrie seemed likely to get off course. Ptero dove, making some incredible flips midair. He'd had plenty of practice changing course rapidly while hunting. This was easy for him. He caught Petrie. He moved him up. "You need to finish what you started." said Ptero.

Petrie flew through the Sky Puffies, following Ptero. They both went through. They landed, wet, but glad. "Told you that you could do it." said Ptero. Petrie's siblings cheered him on.

"You're quite an impressive Flyer." said a voice. It was Cera.

"I learned from my Mother and my Father." said Ptero.

"That was incredible. It was. It was. You were a big help to Petrie. Yep, yep, yep, you were." said Ducky.

Spike nodded and then reached out and hugged Ptero. Ptero felt glad to have friends. He'd never enjoyed life like this since before Sydo had died. However, he was starting to feel hungry. And not for green. What his mother had filled his head with hadn't gone away so easily. He still wondered if the Flatteeth could be trusted. They might be nasty liars. He had to check the Great Valley. Littlefoot and his friends might be good, but there could easily be wicked Leaf Eaters, including, for all he knew, his father's killers, residing here.

Right now though, Ptero needed meat, for he craved it. "I...er...need to pee." lied Ptero. He took off. He went to a secluded spot near water, dove into the river, pulled out a fish, and hungrily ate it. He didn't like this, but Agatha had started to put it into him. He just hoped that he didn't snap one day and hurt Littlefoot.

Ptero came back. "Sorry, had to answer the call of nature." Ptero lied. "I'm back now." he said. He played for the rest of the day. He was enjoying being liked. The pack liked

him, to be sure, but Agatha wanted them to fear him more than she wanted them to just like him. He had never liked that. This kind of being liked here, he liked better. He went to sleep with the Flyers. He felt more at home here than he had at home since he was a boy.

CHAPTER TWENTY: PETRIE DISCOVERS PTERO'S SECRET

Petrie woke up in the middle of the night that night. He thought he heard someone crying. He went to go investigate. Much to his shock, it was Ptero. More to his shock, Ptero was eating something he hadn't thought a Leaf Eater could, Ground Crawlers. Petrie blinked. It couldn't be! "Ptero a Sharptooth!" he gasped before he could stop himself. Ptero heard this. Suddenly, he saw Ptero's red eyes turn his direction. He wondered if he should flee back to his nest, which, unfortunately, was some distance away. Could he make it?

He tried to flap away, but Ptero moved at him, zooming very fast. Petrie took off in fright, his heart pounding. He had a head start but Ptero was gaining on him. Petrie headed away from Ptero, not noticing in his panic that he was heading into the Mysterious Beyond. "Please no eat Petrie!" he begged.

Ptero moved faster, his claws stretched out. He thought of aiming to kill, but decided against it. If he happened to be spotted right now and had killed Petrie, the Great Valley would kill him. If, on the other hand, he kept Petrie, he'd have a hostage to ensure that he got away alive.

Petrie dripped sweat. The Sharp Beak was gaining on him, moving closer. Petrie had come a long way from the Flyer who could only climb to where he was at now. However, try as he might, he couldn't outrace Ptero, who had been spent an inordinate¹¹ amount of time training to fly well and to hunt.

Ptero grabbed him, held his mouth shut, for he didn't want Petrie getting the others, and took off with him. Petrie's heart pounded. Ptero was a Sharptooth. He'd trusted him. He felt so betrayed. It seemed that Ptero was going to finish him in secret so that he couldn't tell.

Ptero was wondering what to do with Petrie now that he had him prisoner. Petrie was his friend, but, on the other hand, if Petrie blabbed, he'd have to leave, and he kind of liked the Great Valley. However, if he killed Petrie now, and got back unnoticed, he could pretend that Petrie went off and fell victim to the Sharp Beaks in his pack. There were enough around that the theory sounded plausible.

But, on the other hand, he had few friends in the world. Could he kill Petrie just for the sake of keeping him quiet? But then again, Petrie was a Flattooth. He had always hated Flatteeth and knew that, prior to coming to the Great Valley, he'd never have hesitated to kill one before, even a child. Now was his chance to do what he'd waited many cold times to do! If he killed Petrie, he could bring the body to his pack and his mother would be so pleased. Now she couldn't say that he couldn't handle it anymore. She'd have to admit that he could handle himself. This could mean more freedom.

¹¹ unusually or disproportionately large; excessive.

But, on the other hand, he liked Petrie's mom. She'd already lost her mate. To act now would be taking her son too. He'd be breaking her heart. And she had saved his life too. He would be dead now had it not been for her. He decided to think it over.

Ptero landed on one of the Smoking Mountains. He moved to the other side of the mountain that he had landed on, making sure to stay out of sight of the Great Valley. Now, he could deal with Petrie and nobody would be the wiser.

Petrie, meanwhile, continued to shake. He wondered if he would soon be seeing his father Don again. Don would have wanted his son to live past the Time of Great Growing and to have a family of his own. Did Ptero care? "Let Petrie go!" whined Petrie, squirming. "Why you kidnap Petrie?"

"I think you know the answer to that, Flattooth." Ptero replied calmly yet dangerously.

Ptero held Petrie down. Petrie squirmed, but Ptero was too strong for him. Ptero's red eyes stared into Petrie's black ones.

"You no plan to eat Petrie, do you?" Petrie asked, trembling.

Ptero thought it over. Petrie was a liability. He raised his talons, preparing to silence the Flyer. "Me no taste good!" Petrie moaned.

"I'll be the decider of that." Ptero replied.

Petrie whimpered and shut his eyes. "Oh, me done for!" he cried in despair. Ptero paused. Yes, Petrie could blab, but, Petrie was his friend. He really hadn't had friends until lately. His mother had seen to that.

Ptero might have done it, as his hatred for Flatteeth and fear of Petrie blabbing were stronger than his friendship with Petrie. However, right before he struck Petrie, he recalled what Littlefoot had said about the death of the Sharptooth who had killed his mother. *Yes, he was a monster. However, I wasn't going to let my hatred of him turn me into a monster too.* Ptero didn't want to become what he despised in the Flatteeth that had killed his father. He couldn't kill his friend Petrie just because Petrie knew that he was a Sharptooth and because Petrie was a Flattooth.

"No." Ptero finally replied, moving his talons away from Petrie. Petrie sighed in relief and opened his eyes. "But we need to talk. You know I'm a Sharp Beak."

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE: THE FLYER AND THE SHARP BEAK

"What you want talk about? Why you come to Great Valley? Did you plan to eat us?" Petrie asked, still skeptical of Ptero. Now that he could see Ptero's eyes in the moonlight, he could see the unmistakable look of a predator in them. He'd been around Chomper long enough to see it at times when Chomper was after something. Ptero may have been able to hide it from him and the others before but he had clearly let his guard down tonight. What would a predator want to come to the Great Valley for except

to attack the residents to get food? Perhaps Ptero, like Chomper, had troubles with another Sharptooth and had had to flee his home and had been on the run.

"No, I left my Mother. She kept making me hunt things. I'm not fond of that." Ptero replied. Petrie was confused about this. This wasn't what he had expected to hear. Why would Ptero be so bothered by hunting? Wouldn't he be used to it by now? Ptero was, after all, presumably the same age as himself.

"Mother never lets me be me. She always runs my life. I had to get away." Ptero continued. "I'm never good enough. I've always got to improve. I never got to play with the other children."

"That why you cry?" asked Petrie. Ptero nodded.

"You saw that, didn't you?"

"Me no know that Sharpteeth could cry." Petrie said.

"Yes, we most certainly can."

"That pack looking for you?" Petrie asked. Ptero again nodded.

"Yes, Mother is extremely protective of me. She is the leader of that pack and expects me to be the new leader after her. My Dad was killed by Flatteeth because he was a Sharptooth. Mother says that I must be a great Sharp Beak King or I'll let Dad down." Ptero answered.

So, Ptero didn't seem to be a hungry Sharptooth out for blood but, rather, one that was weary of being groomed to be the pack leader and wanted a break. He couldn't blame Ptero for wanting a break. He couldn't imagine being able to put up with never being able to see the other Flyer children or Littlefoot, Cera, Ducky, and Spike because he was always busy training. "That awful. Me know what it like to lose a dad." Petrie said.

"I just want to be Ptero, but my mother wants me to be the Sharp Beak King. Every time I question her, it's 'Listen to mother!' and 'Don't let your dad down!'. I never got to have fun." Ptero lamented.

"Me here if you need to talk." said Petrie.

"Thanks." said Ptero.

♪ Sometimes you no know what to do.

You know that you just want to be you.

To yourself you want to be true. ♪ sang Petrie.

♪ I just want to be me.

What that is I don't quite know exactly.

I wish Mother could see.

I wish she'd stop trying to control my destiny. ♪ sang Ptero.

♪When all you do is not enough.

When they make your life rough.

You realize that in end.

You are you own greatest friend. ♪ sang Petrie.

♪Oh wonderful horizons could spread out in front of me.

If only myself I were allowed to be.

I just want to be happy.

I just want to be free. ♪ sang Ptero.

♪Every expectation set before you feel like a pain.

All they expect of you is like big heavy chain. ♪ sang Petrie.

♪I just want to be me.

I just want to be free. ♪ sang Ptero.

♪You just need to be you. ♪ they both sang, finishing the song.

A short time after they finished singing, they heard a noise. "What that?" asked Petrie.

Ptero looked. With his great eyesight, he could see a bunch of flying figures getting nearer and nearer.

He realized with horror that it was his pack. Ptero grabbed Petrie and pulled him into a small hole in the side of the mountain.

"What you....?" asked Petrie in alarm, who didn't yet realize the danger. Ptero grabbed Petrie's mouth and held it shut.

"It's my pack. Put this on us! Quick!" said Ptero. He grabbed leaves, which had been nearby, and threw them over himself and Petrie.

Agatha came nearby with her pack. "Who that?" Petrie whispered.

"My mother." Ptero whispered.

I thought I heard something. said Agatha to her second-in-command, Phil, a grey Ichthyornis with yellow eyes.

I don't see anything. Perhaps it was just the wind. Phil replied.

It might be Ptero. We still haven't found him. said Agatha.

The two searched, and Ptero and Petrie were nervous, hoping that they wouldn't be found.

There's nothing here. said Phil, looking into the crevice and spotting the leaves, not realizing that Petrie and Ptero were behind them. The two Sharp Beaks left.

"That close!" said Petrie, wiping sweat from his forehead in relief.

"I'll say." said Ptero, who also felt relieved.

The two decided that they could trust each other. Petrie thought that Ptero didn't seem like an evil Sharp Beak and Ptero decided that Petrie didn't seem like an evil Flattooth. "I'm going to go back with you Petrie, that is, if you still want me." said Ptero. Petrie nodded.

"Me'd like to get back to bed." commented Petrie.

"Petrie, could you please not tell anyone what I am?" Ptero asked.

"But me think they love you." countered Petrie.

"They love Ptero the Flattooth, **not** Ptero the Sharptooth." replied Ptero.

"You no hurt Petrie. Me think that be good enough for them." countered Petrie.

"Petrie, please!" begged Ptero.

"All right. Me no tell." promised Petrie.

"Good man." said Ptero.

The two went back to the Great Valley and silently crept back into the nest and went to sleep. It had been an eventful night for both of them.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO: DUCKY AND THE SWIMMING SHARPTOOTH

"Do you want to play tag?" Ducky asked Ptero the next day. They were with Spike. Ptero nodded. They went off while Ptero closed his eyes to give them a head start. He could still smell them, though they didn't know this.

Ducky found what she thought was a good hiding place. She had hidden in green plants that matched her skin color. She put berries over herself. She just hoped that

silly Spike wouldn't come and eat the berries and accidentally take her with it. Spike didn't always think before he acted.

Ptero took off into the air. He went and soon found Spike, who had been hiding behind a boulder that wasn't quite big enough to hide him. He then took off back into the air. He spotted Ducky and went after her. She ran. He turned different directions, following after her. He'd stalked prey this way before and it felt good not to be hunting this time.

Ducky was able to dodge him. Had he actually been hunting a Swimmer like her, he'd have had to really work to get a meal. Ducky wasn't paying attention to where she was going and ended up in the Mysterious Beyond. She looked frightened. She rested beside a pool of water. The water looked calm. However, Ptero recognized the place and knew that there was a Swimming Sharptooth in there.

"Ducky, look out. There's a Sharptooth in there!" yelled Ptero.

"Nice try Ptero. You do not fool me. Oh no, no, no." laughed Ducky, thinking it was a ploy to allow him to get her.

SPLASSSSH! A Swimming Sharptooth came out of the water. Ducky dodged her just in time.

"You were right Ptero. You were. You were." she cried in alarm.

SNAP! The creature snapped at her and just barely missed. SNAP! It snapped again. Ducky was terrified.

Ptero dove and aimed at Ducky. Ducky was cornered and it looked like she was going to be candy for the Swimming Sharptooth.

Ptero grabbed her just in time and pulled her away. SNAP! The creature snapped at thin air, just barely missing both of them.

He carried her back to the Great Valley. "I came across that pest the night I came here." said Ptero.

"I should have believed you Ptero. You saved me. You did. You did." said Ducky gratefully.

"What are friends for?" said Ptero.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE: PTERO AND CERA

Ptero came with Petrie in the morning to meet with the others. Both were still yawning from having just woken up. They came to Cera first. Petrie was carrying some berries. Cera grabbed three of them.

"Cera, give that back!" Petrie grumbled.

"Why don't you come and get them?" asked Cera smugly.

Petrie tried to grab them. Cera moved them out of the way.

"Hey!" he whined.

"You have to do better than that." taunted Cera.

Petrie tried again but Cera moved it out of the way just like Lucy did with the football and Charlie Brown. Cera did this over and over.

"Come on Petrie, try again." laughed Cera.

"Cera, let him have them back." grumbled Littlefoot, coming upon them and seeing what was going on.

"Can I try?" asked Ptero, who had been with Littlefoot, Spike, and Ducky.

"Sure, go ahead." replied Cera, looking smug.

She hoped to outwit Ptero just like she had done with Petrie. She held the berries out. WHAM! Ptero grabbed them fast. He held them safely in his talons. "Got them." he said, grinning.

"Wow, you are good!" said Cera in amazement.

"You have great reflexes!" said Littlefoot in awe.

"Well, you may have the best reflexes of our gang, but I'm still the strongest." said Cera haughtily. She broke a rock with her head.

"Well, I cannot do that." said Ptero. Cera smirked. "But I can do this." Ptero added. He went and flew at a tree branch. He aimed at it with full force. SMASH! It broke free. It was a big branch too. The branch fell and conked Cera in the head.

"Ow!" moaned Cera. Ducky laughed, Spike chuckled, Littlefoot chortled, and Petrie snickered.

"Sorry, didn't mean to hit you." Ptero apologized.

"That's ok. You are pretty strong, for a non-Threehorn." Cera said.

Ptero sighed. He'd gotten these abilities from his mother's training. She had said it would be useful for taking down Flatteeth. He'd always been so eager to use it for such. But now, as he looked at his friends, for the first time since he was a small boy, he was doubting whether he'd now use those abilities for such if bidden.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR: GAMES WITH FRIENDS

Petrie was with Ptero, Littlefoot, Spike, and Pip, Ducky, Cera, and Ducky's aunt. "Now kids, what game are you going to play today? I can recall that when I was your age, we used to..." said Ducky's aunt, beginning her usual ramble down memory lane.

"How about we play Sharptooth attack?" suggested Petrie's brother Pip.

"Ah yes, loved that one as a kid. We used to play many versions of that. My favorite one was Swimming Sharptooth attack. I was the best one, of course, though my brother, your father Ducky, still won't admit it. Indeed, I was great at many things. I played Stop the Seed, Trapped in the Sinking Sands, Take the Tree Star..." she rambled. The others were bored with her and fell asleep from her mundane yacking, but Ptero listened, as he knew nothing about Flattooth culture. Eventually, she finished yapping. The others woke up. Leslie hadn't even known that they had been asleep.

"How about Ptero be Sharptooth?" suggested Petrie, who knew that, as a real Sharptooth, Ptero would be great. Littlefoot and the others had had the good sense never to ask Chomper to play that game, but the others weren't to know about Ptero, as Petrie had promised not to tell anybody.

"Ptero is a great Flyer." remarked Pip.

I'm not sure how this game goes, but I bet I'm going to be great at it. Ptero thought smugly. "I don't know how this game goes." Ptero said.

"What you need to do Ptero is to try and bring us to the ground. You can just trip some like Littlefoot and Cera. That's what Ducky and Petrie do. It would be just like

if you were a Sharptooth trying to get us." Pip said. *Interesting that Flatteeth pretend to be us as part of their games.* Ptero thought.

"Do I get to eat anyone if I win?" asked Ptero. The group laughed hard.

"Good one Ptero!" laughed Cera, who liked his sense of humor.

"I think I got this." said Ptero. He took to the air. He went flying after Cera first.

"You can't get me!" laughed Cera. Ptero dove right at her. She tried to move aside, but he changed course to follow her. She moved again, but this time, he was ready. He wasn't going to be made a fool of like when he had, for which he now felt glad he had, missed Ducky a while back. He guessed her movements and grabbed her and pushed her to the ground. "Wow, you are strong!" Cera remarked.

The group gasped. Not even Littlefoot could get her down so easily when playing Sharptooth attack.

"Beginner's luck." grumbled Cera.

"No, I think I have a knack for this." said Ptero smugly.

"Try it again." grumbled Cera.

Ptero did. She ran again. He flew after her. This time, she ran underneath the Roaring Falls. Ptero flew right through the deluge, tackled her, and got her down. "Not bad, eh?" he said.

"Beginner's..." grumbled Cera.

"Sure!" said Ptero even more smugly. The others laughed.

Cera, who didn't like being beaten, went "Hmmmmph!", thumbing her nose in the air.

"What's her problem?" asked Ptero.

"You hurt her ego." replied Pip.

Ptero played with all of the others, beating them all.

"Wow, it's good that you're not a real Sharptooth. We'd all be dead meat if you were." remarked Littlefoot.

Oh the irony! thought Ptero. "Yeah, that would, er, be bad." said Ptero nervously, finally heading off to bed with the others.

"How'd you learn to fly so well?" asked Littlefoot.

"My Mother. Trains me like crazy. Wants me to be the best Flyer out there." replied Ptero.

"I think she's succeeded." remarked Cera.

"She doesn't think so." grumbled Ptero.

"She's nuts." said Cera.

Petrie, Ptero, and Pip came to Petrie's nest. "So, how was your day?" asked Mama Flyer.

"Ptero is the best at Sharptooth attack. He even got Cera on the first try." said Pip.

"I must say, you've got some talent Ptero." said Pterano.

"Well, goodnight." said Ptero, snuggling against his wings and falling asleep.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE: AGATHA'S SEARCH

Agatha the Sharp Beak Queen still hadn't found her son. She hoped that nothing had happened to him. She hadn't exactly told him of the dangers of the world, other than Flatteeth. He had no idea, as far as she knew, that there were Sharpteeth that would eat him. **Did you find him , Phil?** she asked Phil.

Negative. His scent trail goes cold near that huge valley. Phil replied, pointing in the direction of the Great Valley.

What is in there? she asked him.

Flatteeth. Loads of them. said Phil. **I hope they haven't gotten him.** Phil added.

Agatha was worried. Not so much that the Flatteeth would get him, for they weren't as dangerous as she had led Ptero and her pack to believe. Her pack had little pity on Flatteeth now after what had happened to Sydo, or, at least what they thought had happened. They had respected him and considered his death an attack against the pack. No, her fear was that Ptero might find out he was part Flattooth. If the boy

questioned her, it might bring trouble. Her pack had strictly been forbidden to tell him that Sydo had been a Flattooth. Agatha had said that the truth that Sydo had been murdered by his own kind for befriending Sharpteeth would freak poor Ptero out, and her pack had accepted that and agreed to spare the boy the horrible news. **Not my boy. He is stronger than that.** Agatha finally said.

I hope so. Ptero is such a sweet kid and I'd hate to see anything happen to him. said Ludo, flying next to Agatha.

The sooner we find him, the better. said Agatha, turning a corner as they approached a large rock.

We will continue the search. said Phil.

Good. I can't have let poor Sydo down. Silly Ptero went and ran off and I must get him back or Sydo would never forgive me. said Agatha.

Meanwhile, Ptero heard his mother's pack. He trembled. "What matter Ptero?" asked Petrie, who woke up too.

"It's my Mom and her pack." Ptero whispered very quietly to him. Petrie shuddered.

Ptero dreaded what would happen if his mom found him now. Would she hurt Petrie and his family? He was glad when he heard the pack heading away.

Continue on. I want that boy found. said Agatha, flying off into the night with her pack.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX: PETRIE AND THE BULLIES

Petrie flew around the Great Valley with his siblings. Ptero followed him. Petrie came across some Large Flyers (Quetzalcoatlus). Not all of them were bad, but these ones were.

"Hello Peewee!" said one of them in a voice that meant that he was up to no good.

"It Petrie actually." said Petrie.

"Whatever Peewee!" said a female Large Flyer. She grabbed some Tree Stars that Petrie had been carrying.

"Hey, those Tree Stars are Petrie's!" complained Petrie.

"Not anymore." she laughed, putting them into her mouth and eating them.

"Hey, you ate Petrie's Tree Stars. Those were not yours. Oh, no, no, no." chided Ducky, wagging her fingers at the bullies.

"Shut up Swimmer!" snapped one of the bullies, knocking Ducky over.

"Don't push Ducky over!" snapped Petrie. The bullies pushed Petrie over too.

"You mean like that?" laughed one of the Large Flyers. Ptero was angry at how the bullies were treating Ducky and Petrie. He decided to confront them.

"Leave them alone!" The others turned to stare at Ptero, who was glaring at them.

"Oh look, Peewee's new friend is sticking up for him because he's too wimpy to stand up for himself!" laughed a Large Flyer.

"It's Petrie, you Beak Brains, not Peewee!" snapped Ptero.

"Who you calling Beak Brain?" said the leader of the Large Flyer bullies menacingly.

"I believe that would be you guys, Beak Brain!" said Ptero smugly.

"Somebody needs to teach you some manners!" said the Large Flyer leader angrily. He went at Ptero. Ptero, however, was far too quick for him. He moved aside and the bully flew into a tree, leaves flying everywhere as he collided with it. The bully angrily turned to stare at Ptero.

"Is that all you got? You call yourself a Flyer? You don't impress me Wngbrain!" Ptero taunted, flexing his muscles.

"Get him!" yelled the Large Flyer leader to his group. They went for Ptero. Petrie swung a branch at two of the Large Flyers, knocking them out of the air. They landed in mud below. They got out, soaked in mud and really angry.

"Get Peewee!" shouted several of the Large Flyers.

"It Petrie, not Peewee! Can't you bullies get it right?" Petrie grumbled.

They went for Petrie, who, being smaller than them, flapped off in fright. Meanwhile, others went for Ptero. They struggled with him. "Strong, aren't you?" said one of them.

Ptero applied extra pressure and threw one of them against a tree. He'd had plenty of practice with Tickly Fuzzies that he'd killed. He'd never killed a Leaf Eater, though he thought of it now. He decided against it. Too many witnesses. Plus, it wouldn't do for Petrie's siblings to find out that he was a Sharp Beak.

"Ow, that guy is strong! Get him!" shouted the Large Flyer, winded from being thrown into a tree by Ptero.

SPLAT! Some Sweet Bubbles splattered on the bullies, leaving purple goo on them. They looked up, glaring, and saw Petrie. "Hey, Beak Brains, come get Petrie!" laughed Petrie, sticking his tongue out. They chased after Petrie. Some caught him and brought him to water. They started to dunk his head. "You going to admit that you're a wimp and that we're better than you?" asked one. Petrie didn't answer. They dunked him again. "We have all day." they said. Petrie kept struggling, but they kept dunking him, laughing. Ptero seethed.

Ptero snuck up behind some of them. He struck one with his talons. It wasn't meant to harm greatly, as he could have greatly injured or even killed had he wanted to. However, it cut open one of the Large Flyers. He took off. Petrie was able to break free. "We'll get you for that. You just wait!" they said.

"Tell you what guys. We'll meet when the Night Circle is highest. No grownups around. Then we'll see who's so tough. Petrie and I will be happy to fight you tonight. Come...if you've got the guts." said Ptero.

The Large Flyers laughed. Petrie started to sweat, staring at Ptero with horror over what he'd just said.

"Ptero, me no sure about..." said Petrie nervously. But it was too late.

"Be there, or you'll regret it!" said the Large Flyer leader dangerously.

Petrie was nervous all day. "Ptero get me into confrontation with bullies tonight." said Petrie.

"Ptero, I don't think that's a good idea." said Littlefoot.

"I think these bullies will freak out when they come across a Sharp Beak. Especially at night." whispered Ptero, winking. Littlefoot smiled and winked back.

At night, after Petrie's family had gone to bed, Petrie and Ptero snuck out. Ptero halted at one point, though Petrie, who was very dreadfully nervous, kept going, not noticing. Petrie came and confronted the Large Flyers.

"Time for some pain!" said the Large Flyers to Petrie.

"Your buddy is gone." they said.

Petrie looked around in a panic, and saw, with horror, that Ptero was gone. "Ptero, where you go?" asked Petrie in alarm.

"All alone Peewee!" they laughed.

They pushed Petrie over. The leader grabbed Petrie and threw him a few feet. "You're gonna come into a world of hurt Peewee!" he laughed.

Suddenly, in the dark, they heard a screech. They all paused. They heard it again, coming closer. They were in a part of the Great Valley that didn't have grownups nearby so they could fight without being told off.

The cry got closer. "What that?" asked Petrie, who didn't know what it was either. He was wondering where Ptero was.

The cry got louder. Suddenly, a Sharp Beak hunting cry went out. KAW-TAW-RAHHH-RANNNH-RARRRR! KAW-TAW-RAHHH-RANNNH-RARRRR! KAW-TAW-RAHHH-RANNNH-RARRRR!

"There's a Sharp Beak in the Great Valley!" cried all the Large Flyers.

"There's no grown-ups around!" moaned the leader of the Large Flyers, realizing how vulnerable they were.

A shadow appeared on the rock walls nearby. It stretched out its talons and moved closer. The Large Flyers were so afraid that they almost wet themselves. "Sharp Beak! Take off!" they cried. They bolted into the air flying off as quickly as Sierra to lose his temper.

Petrie was about to go too, when he was grabbed by some talons. Petrie moaned, expecting to die. "Oh, this the end! Me can't look!" he cried, shutting his eyes and whimpering. When nothing happened, he asked "What you waiting for?"

Ptero certainly had the opportunity, yet Petrie was his friend. Petrie opened his eyes when he heard a familiar voice. "Don't worry Petrie, it's me." Petrie turned and saw Ptero holding him.

"Me glad you not bad Sharp Beak." said Petrie in relief.

"I doubt they'll want to talk about this. You sticking around to be near a Sharp Beak that they were too afraid of should help deal a blow to their ego. They'll leave you alone now, I expect." said Ptero. "At least they left. If they hadn't, I would have had to have eaten them." Ptero joked. The two laughed.

The next day, the bullies were indeed amazed to see Petrie alive. They thought that he might have become dinner for a Sharp Beak, and, not wanting to admit about having snuck out at night, were going to let the grownups find out that Petrie was missing. However, much to their shock, they'd found that Petrie was alive and well. They were too embarrassed to admit that he'd been braver than them. They thought he must be braver than they thought and so never bothered him again.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN: PTERO AND MAMA FLYER

"Why exactly did you run away from home?" Mama Flyer asked Ptero.

"My Mother is so controlling of me. It's always 'listen to mother'. I never get to do what I want. Every time I try, she always brings up Dad, saying that I'm letting him down." lamented Ptero. "She's a vicious Sharptooth!" said Ptero. He again felt foolish for telling the truth. Petrie's siblings laughed. Phyra, however, didn't. However, she didn't suspect Ptero of being a Sharp Beak either.

Phyra shook her head. "That is overbearing, though calling her a vicious Sharptooth is a bit too much." she said. "What of your father? Was he controlling too?" she asked.

"No. He let me be me." replied Ptero.

"I wonder why he'd be disappointed in you then for you being you." Mama Flyer asked.

"Well, er, let's just say that Dad didn't die of natural causes. Mom doesn't want me to end up like him." said Ptero.

Mama Flyer gasped. "Oh, you poor dear! Petrie lost his father to a Sharptooth attack. His father never even got to see Petrie fly." she said sadly.

"My Dad never got to see my fly either. I was close. I flew the very night he died. I tried to save him but I...." and Ptero broke down into sobs "I wasn't fast enough." he said. "I first flew when I went to go save him in fact. If only I'd made it." Ptero lamented.

"Ptero, you poor dear. Whatever happened?" she asked in a concerned tone.

"I don't like to talk about it." Ptero replied.

"I understand." she said. "I let Petrie be himself. I correct him when he gets out of hand, but I'd never live his life for him. Ptero, I'll tell you what, in two days, I'll go with you back to your mother. I'll talk some sense into her." remarked Mama Flyer.

"That won't be necessary; I can go back on my own." Ptero quickly said.

"No, Ptero. I cannot risk you going into the Mysterious Beyond alone. Your mother would never forgive me if I let you go back out there all alone. What if I lost you? No, Pterano and I will go with you." she said.

Ptero was worried now. However, he noticed Littlefoot coming to see him. He decided he wanted to talk to his friends. He'd have to leave soon as he knew his pack would kill Mama Flyer and Pterano the moment they flew into their territory and he couldn't be the cause of that. This would likely be one of the last times he saw Littlefoot. He went out with Littlefoot.

"I want to go talk to you. Er, somewhere private." said Ptero.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT: AGATHA COMES TO THE GREAT VALLEY

"You don't see what happened to your dad?" Littlefoot asked Ptero. Ptero shook his head.

"I didn't see it happen. Mother did." Ptero affirmed.

"I wonder if your dad knew who attacked him." asked Littlefoot.

"I doubt it." said Ptero. "Unless...unless..." he said. He paused, recalling something. He'd forgotten it all of these cold times. Sydo hadn't just yelled for him. He now recalled one word that he'd overlooked all of this time, as his worry over his father and later his grief over his death had made him forget it. "Traitor!" Sydo **had** known who had killed him. "I think he did know who did it. He called them a traitor." said Ptero.

Littlefoot gasped. It seemed awful that poor Ptero's father had been murdered by someone that he had trusted. Ptero felt uneasy. This new revelation about his father had caused his grief, never fully gotten over, to come washing over him again. "I need to be alone for a while." said Ptero. Littlefoot understood and left. Ptero wandered away from the others. He went into a sparsely occupied part of the Great Valley.

Meanwhile, Agatha flew into the Great Valley. Her search had been fruitless. This place kept drawing her eye. She was going to give it a more thorough search. She spotted a young Swimmer boy. He was wandering all alone. Agatha licked her lips. "Lucky for me. Unlucky for this poor sap." she laughed. She moved downward. It looked like a young Swimmer wasn't going to be going back home to his parents.

Ptero saw Agatha coming. He felt slightly conflicted on what to do. However, he soon acted. He dove at the Swimmer himself. He grabbed the creature and took off with him.

Hey, that's mine! she cried angrily.

Agatha was at first annoyed to find that another Sharp Beak had beaten her to it. But then she recognized the Sharp Beak: Ptero. She grinned. Her boy was hunting Flatteeth. That meant that her plans were nearly complete. He wasn't likely to find out what she'd done now. But then she saw something that made her want to yell. Ptero had released the Flattooth some distance away. "You're safe now." said Ptero. The Flattooth thanked Ptero and then went off on his way.

"Glad to have done good. I..." said Ptero. He paused as his mother landed next to him. His whole expression changed on his face and his eyes widened in fright. He began to shake, feeling ashamed at being caught. What would his father think, he wondered.

"Well, well, I'd never thought I'd see this!" said Agatha icily. She was very angry and also very frightened. Did Ptero's new kindness toward Flatteeth mean that he knew the truth about Sydo's species?

"Mother, please..." pleaded Ptero.

"You saved a Flattooth! Did you forget what they did to your father?" she asked, glaring at him.

"But Flatteeth are nice. You were wrong about all of them being evil. I've got Flattooth friends and they are really nice." said Ptero. "I think Dad knew who killed him. He called them a traitor. I suddenly remembered that after all of these cold times." said Ptero.

Agatha was nervous. Ptero seemed to be really close to finding out her dark secret. However, she was wily. "Ptero, oh, this is going to break your heart. You have Flattooth friends? Oh, you poor dear. Poor, poor dear." she said, hugging him.

"What is it Mother?" asked Ptero.

"Your father had Flattooth friends for many cold times. Your father, bless his soul, wanted to be friendly and even learned the Flattooth language so he could talk to them. Your father later taught us it too, which is why we speak it in addition to Sharptooth. Your father was such great friends with them. He got you to learn Flattooth as well as the Flatteeth could speak it. You still like to speak it so that is why you and I speak it so much in addition to your our language. But, alas, for your father, it was all in vain.

Eventually, your father decided to tell them the truth that he was a Sharptooth. He noticed a change in them and eventually realized that he was in danger. They murdered him. I tried to stop them, but they got away. I'd known this all along, but I thought the sad truth would be too much for you at your tender age." lied Agatha, trying to talk in a sweet, but comforting tone to lure the boy to her will.

Ptero felt as though he'd just been dealt a blow to the stomach. Was that what his new friends were going to do to him? "But my friends are nice." said Ptero.

"But they don't know what you are. Your father's friends were once 'nice' too." she replied.

"I have a Flyer friend named Petrie who knows." Ptero countered. Agatha was horrified by this, but, with difficulty, she kept her shock from her son.

"Yes, the Flatteeth, who were Flyers, knew what you father was. They got him to let his guard down." Agatha lied, hoping to get her son to doubt Petrie. "Besides, the others don't know about you." Agatha added.

Meanwhile, Littlefoot was growing worried about Ptero. "He's not back yet." he told the others.

"Where he go?" asked Petrie.

"He's upset about his father's death." said Littlefoot. Spike shook his head.

"What happened to his dad? Did he ever say?" asked Cera.

"He did. But he told me not to tell you." replied Littlefoot.

"Why not?" Cera inquired.

"I promised I wouldn't tell. It's kind of personal. I'm keeping my promise not to tell. If you want to know, you can ask Ptero, and, if he's ready to tell you, then he will." said Littlefoot.

"Poor Ptero. He has no dad and he does not get along with his mother. He just needs friends. He does. He does." said Ducky.

"Yes, and we are his great friends." Littlefoot said.

"Yes, Ptero me best friend!" said Petrie proudly.

Meanwhile, Ptero and Agatha continued to argue about Flatteeth. ♪ Ptero, you have no father, sister or brother. I've always told you to listen to mother. I've told you that Flatteeth are really bad. They went and murdered your dad. I'm not a smother Ptero. I'm your kind loving mother. Flatteeth are evil it's true. I just want what's best for you. ♪ sang Agatha.

♪ It can't be so. These Flatteeth are different I just know. ♪ sang Ptero, hoping that his mother was wrong.

♪ Oh there's only one reason they let you go this far. They don't know what you are. I've lost your father and I won't lose another. Listen to me Ptero. Listen to your mother. ♪ sang Agatha.

♪ I don't know Mother. They seem to be good guys.

All of your claims about Flatteeth seem to have turned out to be lies. ♪ sang Ptero argumentatively.

♪ Very well I guess you'll have to learn.

Tell them the truth and watch how fast they turn.

We hunt them because they are cruel and not nice.

Ptero my son listen to my advice!

Flatteeth are selfish creatures that don't care for any other.

They could never replace your kind adoring, caring, amazing, fantastic, strong, loving mother! ♪ sang Agatha.

"Ptero, here's a test. Tell them what you are. Once they figure it out, I trust they'll turn mean. Then you can fly off. You can get my help if you need it." said Agatha.

"All right." said Ptero. He felt nervous. He'd have to tell his friends. He needed to know.

Agatha smirked as she watched him fly out of sight. Sydo's friends had deserted him when he'd married her. These Flatteeth would do the same. Ptero would be crushed and he'd never question her again. Her secret, so dangerously close to be revealed, would be safe forever. Perhaps all of this would work out for the best for her.

♪ Oh Sydo you're going to lose.

The boy is going to fall for my ruse.

I remember what your so-called friends did to you.

These Flatteeth will do that to Ptero too.

Then this will be the last time he defies me. There will never be another.

He will become just like his mother! ♪ sang Agatha, laughing and grinning.

Ptero, meanwhile, flew up to Littlefoot and his friends. They could all see that he was really nervous, as if something was really troubling him. "What the matter Ptero?" asked Petrie.

"I have something to tell you all." said Ptero.

"What is it?" asked Ducky.

Ptero was nervous. Finally, he said "Remember how I can do a good Sharp Beak impression , can fly really well, have great reflexes, and am so good at Sharptooth Attack?" he said.

"Yeah. That Sharp Beak call was great!" said Cera.

"You're the best at Sharptooth Attack!" said Littlefoot.

"You have really good reflexes. Yep, yep, yep, you sure do." said Ducky.

"Well, there's a reason for all of that." said Ptero very nervously.

"What?" asked Littlefoot.

Ptero trembled. Finally, he said "I **am** a Sharp Beak."

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE: PTERO'S CONFESSION

"Yeah right!" laughed Cera.

"Good one Ptero." giggled Petrie nervously, for he knew the truth about Ptero. Spike was laughing hard.

"But I'm serious. The reason that I can fly so well is that I've always needed to change paths quickly when hunting." said Ptero.

"Real funny Ptero." laughed Littlefoot.

"But my Mother is a Sharp Beak. It's true. I'm a Sharptooth." said Ptero.

"We all feel like our parents are Sharpteeth sometimes." said Cera, still laughing.

"No, my Mother is the leader of the pack that keeps coming here. They're after me. I'm supposed to take over the pack after her. "said Ptero loudly. The others, minus Petrie, just laughed.

"You cannot be a Sharptooth. Oh no, no, no. You do not have sharp teeth." said Ducky.

"Actually I do. Put your hands in my mouth and you will find it to be true." said Ptero.

"All right. I'll play along." said Littlefoot, who was still giggling. He put his right foreleg into Ptero's open mouth. He suddenly bumped against something sharp and withdrew his hand. "Ow, that's sharp!" he said. His eyes widened as realization hit him. "Wait, that's sharp! Sharptooth!" gasped Littlefoot, his eyes widening in fright.

The others gasped too. Their eyes all widened. "You really **are** a Sharptooth!" said Cera.

Ptero went and dove into water, came out with a fish, and ate it. "Yes, I am." he replied.

"Ut oh, secret out now!" moaned Petrie.

"Wait, you knew?" gasped Cera. Petrie nodded.

"Me find out a while back. Me keep Ptero's secret." Petrie replied.

"Why did you keep it a secret? We could have been in danger. We could. We could." asked Ducky.

"Me no think Ptero dangerous." replied Petrie.

"Well, he's a Sharp Beak. What should we do with him? He might be planning to eat us when we turn our backs. Perhaps we should get rid of him. He caused that pack to come near here and we could have gotten hurt. Perhaps he's planning to betray us to them." said Cera.

Ptero began to shake. This was what he had been fearing. Was he about to die like his father, killed by the Flatteeth that he had once counted his friends but that betrayed and murdered him when they found out that he was a Sharptooth? Ptero began pleading "Please, please don't kill me! I'm just a boy! Please! I don't want to die like my Father! He was killed by Flatteeth who had been his friends but turned on him when they found out that he was a Sharptooth!"

"But you said that you didn't know who had killed your father! Were you lying?" asked Littlefoot angrily, wondering if everything Ptero had told him was a lie.

"No, Mother told me today. I hadn't known." Ptero said quickly.

"You met your mother today? Here, in the Great Valley?" asked Littlefoot incredulously. Ptero nodded.

"Is she still here?" asked Littlefoot in alarm.

"I think she's around here somewhere." replied Ptero.

"Is that what really happened, or are you lying? You might be making up loads of stories just to get us to trust you, planning all along to get us alone with you and have us for dinner!" said Cera angrily.

The others just kept staring at him. Ptero spoke up again, still trembling. "Look, I promise I'll go and never come back. Just let me leave. I'm just a boy! Please!" he pleaded, shaking, fear in his eyes.

"Well, you always were a weird looking Flyer. Now I get why." said Cera. "You should know that Sharpteeth aren't allowed in the Great Valley." she added.

"I said I'd leave." said Ptero nervously.

"How do we know you won't come back at night and get us?" asked Cera skeptically.

The others began to whisper to each other. "What should we do?" whispered Littlefoot.

"Perhaps we should turn him in. He might hurt our families." whispered Cera.

"He no hurt us though." said Petrie.

"But he might still. He might. He might." said Ducky.

Spike, as always, remained silent, but he nodded in agreement with Ducky.

"He's just a kid like us though." Littlefoot reminded them.

"Yeah, a kid with fangs!" Cera retorted.

"He is sweet though. He's helped us a lot. He had his chance to eat Petrie." Littlefoot commented.

"Yes, he could have eaten Petrie in me sleep." Petrie added, nodding.

"He saved me from a Swimming Sharptooth. He could have lefted me to die if he was a mean Sharptooth. He could. He could." said Ducky.

"He help me with bullies. If he mean Sharp Beak, he could have eaten Petrie when me all alone with him." Petrie added.

"Yes, but unlike Chomper, he's been keeping quiet what he is and never told us. Petrie had to find out on his own. Why do you suppose that is?" whispered Cera.

"Perhaps he is afraid of Leaf Eaters." suggested Littlefoot quietly. "He thought we were going to attack him when we first met him."

"A Sharptooth afraid of Leaf Eaters? I have never hearded of such a thing. Oh no, no, no." commented Ducky.

"Perhaps he has a goal of wanting to eat Leaf Eaters! Perhaps he's being nice to us so that he can get us all off our guard and get a nice meal!" whispered Cera.

"Maybe he *does* plan to hurt us. But he's just a kid. Would it be right to hurt him?" asked Littlefoot.

"Better him than us." Cera snapped.

"But what should we do with him? If he is a mean Sharptooth, he cannot stay here. Oh, no, no, no, he cannot." said Ducky.

"Me think he nice Sharptooth." Petrie countered.

"How did you found out he was a Sharptooth?" asked Cera.

"Me hear him crying at night. Me see him eat Ground Crawler." Petrie replied.

"And he just let you be?" asked Cera incredulously.

"Well, he...." said Petrie nervously.

"I kidnapped him. I was going to finish him to keep him silent. But I decided not to." Ptero confessed. The group, minus Petrie, gasped.

"Well, there you have it. He's a menace to the Great Valley. I think we should get the grownups!" Cera declared.

Ptero decided that it was time for him to leave. He turned to go, but Petrie grabbed him. His eyes widened in fright. "Please Petrie. I said that I'd leave! Let me live! I'm begging you!" he pleaded, shaking like a child who had been forbidden to have candy and been found with candy wrappers all around him.

"A little late for that, pal! You kidnap a member of the Gang and you pay the price!" Cera snapped.

"Please, I've changed. Don't hurt me!" begged Ptero, shaking from head to foot.

Littlefoot had pity on him. "I think we should give him the same chance we gave Chomper. Let's welcome him into our gang." whispered Littlefoot softly. The others, minus Cera, nodded.

"I think this is a dumb..." Cera whispered. Littlefoot glared at her and she stopped whining. Ptero realized that they had decided what to do with him.

"Wait here." said Littlefoot to Ptero. He and the others, minus Petrie, went off. Ptero was terrified. What would they do with him?

CHAPTER THIRTY: PTERO IS ACCEPTED

Ptero watched in dread as they came back. He wondered if this would be his last moment on earth. His life flashed before his eyes. Especially the little he could recall about his father. He might soon be seeing him again.

"What are you going to do with me? If you're going to kill me, please get it over with. I hate waiting. Suspense kills me." said Ptero. Littlefoot and his group laughed at Ptero's comment.

Littlefoot gave him something. Ptero looked and saw that it was a leaf with some Ground Crawlers on it. "Huh?" said Ptero.

"Enjoy." said Littlefoot.

Ptero ate both of them. When he was done, he wiped his mouth clean. "Thank you. That was delicious!" he said. Then he became more serious. "But what about me? Are you going to kill me? Is this my last meal?" asked Ptero.

"Kill you? What for?" asked Littlefoot.

"What for?!" replied Ptero incredulously. "I guess maybe you are too young or naive to get it, so let me spell it out for you. I'm a Sharptooth. You're a Flattooth. I'm supposed to eat your kind. Your kind and my kind aren't supposed to be friends!" said Ptero in exasperation. "I don't know why I'm here. It's clear that I don't belong here." sighed Ptero. He tried to leave, but Petrie still held onto him.

"Petrie, please!" begged Ptero.

"Me no want you to go!" cried Petrie.

"But I lied to you. I've been tricking you all along as to what I was." said Ptero in amazement.

"Big deal." said Littlefoot.

"Why are you doing this for me?" asked Ptero again, still amazed that they were so nice to him. "No Sharptooth would do this for you!" he added.

"You're not our first Sharptooth friend." said Littlefoot.

"I'm not?!" gasped Ptero.

"No, we have Sharptooth friend named Chomper. He one of our best friends." said Petrie.

Ptero was amazed. "So you don't hate me then?" he said.

"No, I don't." said Littlefoot.

"You are a nice Sharp Beak. You are. You are." said Ducky.

"I don't deserve your kindness. You don't know what I've done. I tried to kill you. I was going to eat you. I thought that all Flatteeth were evil. I missed and flew into that rock. When I had said that I had lost my breakfast that morning, I was referring to you. I added that bit about the Tree Stars so that you wouldn't suspect me." said Ptero, hanging his head in shame for what he had almost done to Ducky. The others gasped. "And I did try and hurt that kid. It was me that did it. And I bit Cera in the tail and blamed it on Biting Buzzers." Ptero added. The group gasped.

"HMMMMMPPPP, some friend you are!" said Cera, thumbing her nose into the air.

"That not very nice." said Petrie to Ptero.

"Well, let's see if we got this straight: you tried to eat Ducky and that kid, you bit me in the tail, you kidnapped Petrie and considering killing him too. Is there anything else you're not telling us?" asked Cera grumpily.

"Truthfully, one of my goals in life was to hunt Flatteeth. I hated them so and wanted to hunt as many as I could. But I've since changed." added Ptero.

"Well, I think with your record, you don't belong in this Gang." Cera said, glaring at Ptero with disgust.

"I agree. I am most ashamed of how I acted. Ducky is so sweet. I feel so sick now for wanting to eat her. I feel bad about that other kid too. And I'm sorry I bit you Cera. I am so sorry for tricking all of you. I'm sorry I kidnapped you Petrie and considering killing you. I see that Flatteeth are nice now. The few that killed my Father must just have been jerks. Oh, I've been such a fool! You guys don't have to let me stay and I can't even see you letting me live, but please forgive me." said Ptero sorrowfully, hanging his head in shame, expecting no mercy.

"A little late for that. Perhaps we should get the grownups before your sweet tooth acts up again." said Cera, glaring at Ptero.

"Whatever you do, don't have me suffer too much." begged Ptero, feeling it would serve him right if they killed him.

"We could always leave him in the Sinking Sands." suggested Cera. Ptero shuddered.

"Please, not that! Can't it at least be a Gurgly Pit (volcano crater) or something so I can get it over with quickly?" Ptero begged.

"Well, that works too." mused Cera. Littlefoot was outraged at Cera's remarks.

"Cera, he was hurting earlier. He's nicer now and he didn't kill anyone here after all. It wouldn't be right to kill him!" snapped Littlefoot. Ptero was shocked that Littlefoot wasn't demanding his head for what he'd done.

"That's just luck! Perhaps he still will!" snapped Cera.

"Cera!" snarled Littlefoot, glaring at her.

"No, Littlefoot, she's right. I tried to hurt Ducky and that kid and kidnapped Petrie and thus deserve no mercy from you. If you'd tried to hurt my kind, we'd never give you mercy." said Ptero.

"I've made it a habit to show mercy to others whether they or their kind show mercy to me or not. I've taken care of Chomper even though his kind killed my Mother." said Littlefoot.

Ptero was totally stunned. "Everything I've believed about Flatteeth was a lie!" he gasped in utter astonishment.

"Yes, we can accept those who are different." said Littlefoot.

♪ Oh we are all different in our way.

But that is still ok. ♪ sang Littlefoot.

♪ I'd never thought Flatteeth like you I'd ever be able to please

But then I never expected to have friends like these. ♪ sang Ptero.

♪ You may be different from me.

But there is more to us than what you see. ♪ sang Ducky.

♪ Ptero you no have to pretend.

Even if you a Sharp Beak, you can still be me friend. ♪ sang Petrie.

♪ Everyone here agrees. ♪ sang Cera.

♪ I'm so glad to have friends like these. ♪ sang Ptero.

♪ Oh I thought Flatteeth were evil and bad.

But friends like you make me so glad. ♪ sang Ptero.

♪ Oh we're so glad to be your friend! ♪ sang the others.

♪ I'm going to be with you guys to the very end. ♪ sang Ptero.

Ptero and Petrie took to the air. ♪ Together we will fly. ♪ sang Petrie and Ptero together.

♪ Petrie is such a swell guy. ♪ sang Ptero.

♪ Ptero such a swell guy. ♪ sang Petrie at the same time as Ptero.

♪ Through mountains, across the skies, and into the trees. ♪ the two sang.

♪ I'm really glad to have friends like these. ♪ sang Ptero.

♪ Me really glad to have friends like these. ♪ sang Petrie at the same time as Ptero.

♪ Oh we are all at ease.

Because we all have friends like these. ♪ all of them sang, finishing the song.

Night soon fell. They were worn out and so went to bed. Ptero was thinking that maybe his mother was wrong after all. Maybe all Flatteeth weren't like the bad ones that had killed his father.

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE: PETRIE AND PTERO

Ptero and Petrie got up the next morning. "Me never had Sharp Beak friend before." Petrie said to Ptero when they were a safe distance away from the nest.

"Well, I never had any friends until lately." said Ptero. "Watch this!" said Ptero. He snuck up behind Topps. "PHHHHHHHHHBBBBBBTTTT!" Ptero went. Topps turned bright red. Ptero had flown off quickly.

"Sorry Tria, yellow flowers go right through me." apologized Topps, red with embarrassment, as Tria and Tricia laughed. Petrie and Ptero laughed some distance away.

"You really funny Ptero!" laughed Petrie.

"Yes, well, I needed some way to keep my sanity while living with my Mother." Ptero replied.

Ptero quickly went and snuck some eggs from a nest, moving them slightly. He replaced the spot where they'd been with Sweet Bubbles. The clueless mother came back and sat on the spot, trying to warm her eggs. She grimaced as the goo splattered her. Ptero and Petrie laughed again. The mother scowled at the two. "Children!" she grumbled.

They went off away from the others, for they didn't want to let Ptero's secret out. "What it like being a Sharptooth?" asked Petrie.

"It's fine. However, I don't like how Sharpteeth have to get food, and neither do most Sharpteeth." replied Ptero. Petrie felt bad, as he had always assumed that Sharpteeth just attacked them out of malice.

"Me feel bad. Me really misjudge Sharpteeth." said Petrie.

"That's ok. I royally misjudged Flatteeth." Ptero responded.

"Me glad you friendly and that you no here to eat Petrie." Petrie said.

“Nah, I was gonna save that for next week.” Ptero replied devilishly. Petrie knew that he was kidding and the two laughed.

Ptero went and got a fish. He dropped it from the air onto Hyp, who was talking to his girlfriend. "I wanted to say that I find you to be really attractive and....FISH!" yelled Hyp. The fish flopped, slapping them both in the head. It flopped its way back to water. Ptero and Petrie laughed hard.

GRRRR RUNNNH! Ptero's stomach growled. "You tummy making rumbley noises." said Petrie.

"Yeah, I haven't had breakfast yet. I'm deciding whether to have Flyer or Swimmer." said Ptero, grinning. Petrie knew he was joking.

The two went to go get breakfast, berries for both of them, though Ptero had some Stinging Buzzers as well. The two were getting along great. Ptero had a best friend. Petrie finally had a Sharptooth close friend.

The two were merrily talking when they both thought they heard Sharp Beaks in the distance. It was then that Ptero suddenly remembered his mother. "I think it's the pack." Ptero said nervously.

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO: PTERO'S INDECISION

Ptero wondered what to do. If he stayed here, his mother would be furious. He didn't think that she'd like to live with Flatteeth. Or, perhaps she would, but only as food. He decided to bring up his fears to the others.

"I'm not sure what to do about my Mother. She seems to not like Flatteeth. She says that there is only one good place for Flatteeth." said Ptero.

"The Great Valley?" asked Cera.

"Our stomachs." answered Ptero grimly.

"Ecccch!" said the others, minus Spike, who just grimaced.

"You don't feel that way, do you Ptero?" asked Littlefoot.

"I used to. I used to cheer every time that Mother brought me a Flattooth to eat, knowing that there was one less Flattooth in the world. I hated them so because they

had taken my Father from me. But you guys are different and taught me how to forgive." replied Ptero.

The others were wondering what to do about Ptero's situation. Cera, meanwhile, was worried. She feared that Ptero could turn on them at any moment. The way he could fly, he could overwhelm them easily. She mistrusted Ptero.

"I still don't trust him." she whispered to Littlefoot.

"I do and he's staying." whispered Littlefoot back, glaring at her.

"I don't know why you're so worried, Ptero. We let Chomper stay here until Red Claw was gone and he could go back home safely. As long as you and your mother don't try and eat anyone, it should be all right." said Littlefoot.

"What it like having to hunt?" Petrie asked Ptero. Ptero found this an odd question, one that he didn't think that a Flattooth would ask.

"It's very sad. Knowing that in order for you to live, something has to die. I've cried many times doing it. I wish I didn't have to anymore. But Mom says that I must do it to please Dad and that I'm supposed to lead the pack. My whole life has been planned by my Mother." said Ptero.

"And I thought I had it bad!" said Cera, feeling sorry for Ptero.

"The look that creatures give you, knowing you're about to get them, it haunts you." Ptero continued.

Littlefoot said nothing. He could get leaves and things like that. He'd never had to go through something like that and never would. He wondered if that was how Chomper felt. He resolved to treat Sharpteeth better in the future. He'd only heard the Leaf Eater side all his life. Now he knew how the other half lived.

Ptero decided that it would be a good idea to go see his mother. Perhaps he could talk her into living here. It seemed that maybe now his life could be better here. The whole pack might be able to come, as long as they ate fish and mammals and didn't try and eat the Combined Herd. Indeed, he could still lead the pack and could eat green when he got sick of hunting and needed a break.

"I'm going to go talk to my Mother. I'm going to try and convince her to let me stay." said Ptero.

"How do we know you aren't planning to lead her here and get us eaten?" asked Cera.

Littlefoot glared angrily at her. "Cera!" he snapped.

"No, I don't want to hurt you. Had it been when I first met you, I would have led you into an ambush. But now, I don't want you to get hurt. Petrie, your mother, who is such a wonderful dinosaur, and I wish she were my mother, is going to go tomorrow to my Mother. Mother and the pack will eat her and Pterano if she goes. I'm going tonight to Mother. I'm going to try and get her to stay here and be a nice Sharptooth." said Ptero.

"Hope it goes well. We'd love to have you here." said Littlefoot. Ptero left to go see Agatha.

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE: PTERO RETURNS TO AGATHA

Ptero went looking for his mother. He was soon able to find her. She turned to stare at him.

"Ahhh, Ptero. How did it go?" she asked sweetly.

"They like me. They are good after all. You were wrong." said Ptero.

"What?!" said Agatha in shock.

"You were wrong. They are nice Flatteeth!" said Ptero excitedly.

"There are no nice Flatteeth! It's time to come home Ptero!" said Agatha.

"But....." protested Ptero.

"Listen to mother!" snapped Agatha.

The pack looked at poor Ptero. They felt sorry for him. **The boy really looks dejected. All he wanted to do was make friends.** said a Sharp Beak, shaking his head.

He'd make a better leader than Agatha. whispered another.

I wanted him to be happy. He's not happy with his life. I'd hoped that he'd find happiness away from her. whispered yet another.

Meanwhile, Littlefoot and the others were wondering about Ptero. "Perhaps we should go and see him." suggested Petrie.

"But what about his mother? You heard what Ptero says she thinks of Leaf Eaters." said Cera skeptically. They nodded.

"Well.....we can go to her and show that there are nice Leaf Eaters. Then maybe she will have a change of heart." suggested Littlefoot.

"Or a nice big meal!" Cera countered.

"We will have to risk it." said Littlefoot.

"If we encounter his mother, we might come across the whole pack. Great way to die young." Cera countered.

The group shuddered. "I hadn't thought of that. But Ptero needs us." said Littlefoot.

"What do you think Spike?" Cera asked. Spike shrugged. He found some Tree Stars and started eating them. "Spike, we're having a discussion! You should pay attention!" Cera snapped angrily. Spike stuck his tongue out at her. There was some chewed up food on his tongue. "Gross!" said Cera in disgust.

"We need to find Ptero." said Littlefoot. They set out looking for him.

Meanwhile, Ptero and the others started to move. They headed toward the Great Wall. Ptero moved slowly, for he didn't want to leave the Great Valley. It still felt like home. He had so many Tree Stars and other nice things to eat. He was getting over his urge to eat meat too. But now it seemed impossible.

"Now Ptero, I'm going to train you to be as great as me. You'll be able to bring down prey without them seeing. You'll be a better hunter than me by the time it's time for you to take over the pack I believe." said Agatha, smiling.

"Yes Mother." said Ptero. He didn't want to hunt, but it seemed his life now. He was a Sharptooth after all. He'd seen the world.

"Mom, I want to stay!" he pleaded.

"No, your father would be very disappointed in your behavior Ptero. Come with me and come back to what we wanted for you." said Agatha.

"Did he want that or is it just you?" asked Ptero angrily.

"Silence boy! Listen to your mother! Don't make me have to apply force!" she snapped.

They climbed up the Great Wall. They approached the top of the Great Wall. Ptero looked back. He wanted one last look at the Great Valley. "Come on Ptero." said Agatha. She was furious at how close the Flatteeth had come to ruining her plans of dominating Ptero's life and keeping up her dynasty. She wanted Ptero out of there as quickly as politicians to waste money.

Ptero was about to take flight. However, he heard voices calling to him. "Ptero, don't go. Please!" Ptero turned. Littlefoot and his friends called out to him. Ptero hung back. Agatha stared at the Flatteeth. Her anger was rising. Not now. Not that she was so close to victory.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR: AGATHA EXPOSED

"Who are they Ptero?" asked Agatha.

"My Flattooth friends. I want to stay with them." said Ptero.

"She can talk?" whispered Cera to Littlefoot.

"Come Ptero!" said Agatha firmly.

"But they are my friends!" protested Ptero. "I want to stay."

"Flatteeth don't have friends." replied Agatha coldly.

The kids looked at Agatha and her pack. Their eyes widened. They noticed with horror that her pack was looking at them and some were licking their lips.

"I do not want to be eaten. Oh no, no, no." said Ducky nervously to Ptero.

"Mother, please tell the pack not to hurt them!" Ptero begged. Agatha smirked and held up a hand. Her pack backed off. She would be nice to the Flatteeth...for now.

"Hello children. Yes, I'm Ptero's mother. I'll be taking him away so he won't be bothering you anymore." she said kindly.

"He's no trouble. We're glad to like him and hope he'll stay." said Littlefoot. Agatha's scary claws and fangs unnerved him, but, remembering that Chomper's

parents were scarier, he composed himself and kept calm despite his fear of Agatha and her pack.

"Silly Longneck! Don't you realize what Sharp Beaks eat? He's best going with us." said Agatha.

"Me want him to stay!" begged Petrie.

"No, I'm his mother and he's going with me. We cannot stay here! I cannot lose another family member to Flatteeth." said Agatha the Sharp Beak Queen.

"But he me friend!" protested Petrie.

"You can stay here if you want and eat fish. You don't have to go. You can all stay. We won't kill you." said Littlefoot to the Sharp Beak Queen.

"No, we're going. Sharpteeth can only eat meat. Your kind would never want us around. I must confess, I don't have much love for Flatteeth after what they did to my poor Sydo." said Agatha.

Ptero, meanwhile, found some Tree Stars that had blown from a tree. He worried that, if Agatha took him back with her to their nest, he'd never get them again.

"Don't blame all of us for what a few bad ones did!" snapped Cera. Agatha snarled at Cera, who backed away in fright.

"I have a right to my opinions! Ptero will not be associating with your group anymore." said Agatha.

"What?!" said Ptero angrily.

"Silence boy! Listen to mother!" shouted Agatha at him. "Our kind only eat meat and yours only plants. We'd never work out together." she said to the kids. **Now, get our wayward boy and let's go back home and get this mess finally over with.** Agatha commanded her pack. She spotted the Tree Stars, which Ptero was about to take a bite out of. She knocked them away from them. "Sharpteeth don't eat Tree Stars. You're a Sharptooth, now act like one!" snapped Agatha at Ptero.

"But Ptero eat Tree Stars. Our friend Chomper never could eat Tree Stars. How that possible?" Petrie asked.

Ptero gasped too. It had never occurred to him. He knew that Agatha and her pack couldn't stand green food. How could he?

"Mother, how can I eat Tree Stars if I'm a Sharptooth? You've always said 'Sharpteeth eat meat, not this yucky green stuff.' Why do I eat green? How can I eat green but none of you can stand it?" Ptero asked.

Agatha was really nervous now and glared angrily at Petrie. "Ptero, dear, it's a really dumb habit of yours. You'll outgrow it." said Agatha gently but nervously.

"No, I don't think so. Dad ate Tree Stars too. I remember. Also, now that I think of it, Dad didn't look like you guys. He looked more like..." said Ptero. He stared at Petrie. He'd caught images of his own reflection before. He knew that he looked differently from the other Sharp Beaks. He actually looked closer to Petrie's appearance. But then...

"I'm part Flattooth! I'm a Flyer!" Ptero gasped. "Dad was a Flattooth! That's why he gave me Tree Stars! That's why I can stand them and the rest of you can't! That's why I hate hunting!" he said, excitement flowing through him. Littlefoot and the other Leaf Eaters cheered. Ptero turned to Agatha and her pack, aghast at their deception. **Why didn't any of you guys tell me?** he demanded.

Queen Agatha forbade us. said a Sharp Beak. Agatha glared at her. However, the damage was done.

"Why were you keeping this from me?" asked Ptero.

"Because I didn't want you to know that Sydo had been killed by his own kind as I thought it would shock you. Sydo was one of the few good ones. The rest are bad." Agatha told Ptero.

"Well, I can see that these Flatteeth are good, just like Dad. I think we should stay here." Ptero argued.

"No! You are coming with!" snapped Agatha, reaching out to grab Ptero. Ptero moved aside. "How dare you defy me you little brat!" she snapped.

"Leave him alone!" shouted Cera.

"Be quiet Threehorn!" shouted Agatha. ♪Ptero my boy, listen to your mother. Your father was a special Flattooth, that's why I married him. The chance of finding other nice Flatteeth is very slim. Come be the Sharp Beak King. It's your destiny. It's what your father wanted. You weren't meant to have another. Now come boy, leave these silly Flatteeth and come with your mother!" ♪ she sang.

♪Know I know the truth. I am part Flattooth. Know I know the truth at last. The truth about my past. ♪ Ptero sang.

♪ Oh Ptero, it doesn't really matter. Ignore these Flatteeth, for all they do is flatter. ♪ Agatha sang.

♪ Now I think I see, what Dad wanted for me. When he wanted to take me away, it was so you wouldn't control me another day. You think I'll be the Sharp Beak King now just because you say so? Well here is my answer: no! ♪ Ptero sang defiantly.

"What?! Ptero, you come with your mother this instant!" Agatha shrieked in anger.

"Not this time. I'm not listening to mother this time! I'm not going back to be the pack leader. I'm going to live as a Flattooth. You won't bully me again! I now know that you've been lying to me all these cold times to get me to be the Sharp Beak King because you feared that I wouldn't if I realized that I wasn't a full Sharptooth! Well now I'm not going to be the Sharp Beak King! I won't be hunting again!" shouted Ptero defiantly.

Agatha seethed. She had hoped not to have to apply pressure to Ptero. However, he'd crossed the line. Nobody defied her. Not even him.

She moved her wing and pointed at Littlefoot and his friends. Too late, they realized what was going on. They were soon surrounded. They looked at the Sharp Beaks, fear in their eyes.

Petrie tried to fly off, but he was knocked back down by two Sharp Beaks. "I am afraid Littlefoot. I am. I am." said Ducky in fright.

"What are you doing?!" said Ptero in horror to his mother.

"Oh, I think you'll be going with me Ptero. They are in my way of you leading the pack, just like your father was. He wanted to take you away from me. I did what I had to." said Agatha.

"What did you do to him?" said Ptero angrily.

"I well, I unrestrained my nature." she said, snapping her beak and grinning evilly. All of the Leaf Eaters plus Ptero gasped.

She killed my Father! It was her! yelled Ptero to the pack. They gasped at this revelation.

Agatha, how could you?! gasped several in her pack.

I'm the Queen! I'm in charge here! The leadership of the pack will stay in my family! Sydo forced my hand! shouted Agatha, glaring at them.

"Murderer! I'll never go with you now! Somebody else can lead your pack! You killed my Father! You've really hurt me all of these cold times and lied to me!" said Ptero angrily, his eyes glaring angrily at Agatha.

He moved toward her, his talons stretched out. He felt an urge for revenge. He wanted to get the vengeance he'd waited many cold times for.

"Ah, Ptero, going to kill me now?" asked Agatha.

"Yes! I will!" Ptero said. He moved closer, ready to kill her. He swung his talons at her many times, Agatha jumping away from him each time. He had decided to unleash the Sharptooth side of his personality against her. He hit her and knocked her over. "Now I will have my revenge!" Ptero said gleefully.

"Yes, Ptero, do it. Become the new leader. Give in to your nature. You will make a great Sharptooth. I got what I wanted!" laughed Agatha. Ptero changed his mind.

"I'd like to kill you. But I've learned mercy from Littlefoot. I won't let you turn me into a monster too. And I won't kill family. Go and don't come back Mother!" said Ptero, lowering his talons away from her. **I will let her go, but I'm going to banish her from the pack.** Ptero proclaimed. The pack was astonished by the mercy of Ptero.

Agatha got back up. She was furious at Ptero's actions. "This is all your fault Sydo! You turned him against me!" she shouted.

"No, you did that on your own!" shouted Ptero, his red eyes glaring into hers.

"Silly boy, I'm still the Queen. You cannot banish me!" she laughed coldly. She turned angrily to Ptero. "I think you will come with me." she said smugly. "I might not be able to make you come back. But I can hurt your Flattooth friends here and send them off to go join daddy!" said Agatha. "Let's see, which one of these five Flatteeth should we eat first? How about the Swimmer girl?" said Agatha, a look of glee on her face. Ducky turned pale white. "How about the Flyer boy? I think he'd taste great." said Agatha. Petrie shook in fright. "How about the Threehorn? She looks tasty." said Agatha. Cera's eyes widened in fright. "How about the Spiketail? There's enough meat on him to last quite a while." said Agatha. Spike shook now and buried his head in the ground, too nervous to look. "Or perhaps the Longneck. He will feed the pack quite well." said Agatha. Littlefoot shook in fright now.

"No, wait. Don't. Leave them alone and I'll come quietly." said Ptero in resignation.

"Very well Ptero. I'll leave these five stupid Flatteeth alone and you'll come with me." said Agatha smugly.

"They're not stupid! They're very nice!" shouted Ptero.

"Whatever!" said Agatha in annoyance. "So, will you come with me and then I'll leave the Flatteeth alone?" asked Agatha.

"Yes Mother." said Ptero glumly.

"Ptero no!" his four new friends all cried.

"If I don't go, you'll die." he said.

"Me'd rather die than leave you miserable." said Petrie.

Ptero was warmed by the kindness the Leaf Eaters, Leaf Eaters like himself, had shown him. However, he was willing to go with his wicked mother so that they could live.

Meanwhile, the Bright Circle went down. "Where could they be?" asked Grandpa Longneck.

"No idea. Haven't seen them in hours." said Topps.

"I'm getting worried." said Papa Swimmer.

"Look, Sharp Beaks on the Great Wall! And our kids are there too!" said Mama Flyer.

"We must go and save them!" said Pterano. They all took off toward the Great Wall.

Meanwhile, Ptero was about to leave. Suddenly, Littlefoot, who felt that he had to act for the best, threw himself at Agatha, knocking her over. "Go! Run guys! Go! Save yourselves!" he cried. The others all moved away.

Agatha broke free. She glared angrily at Littlefoot. "You'll die first!" she said. She summoned her pack. Though mad at her for committing murder, she was still their queen. They moved down toward Littlefoot.

Littlefoot turned to run, though he knew that he was outnumbered. Agatha knocked him over with her wings. She held him down with a talon.

"My late husband got in the way of my plans, Longneck. He's no longer around. You're going to join him! Say bye bye Flattooth!" laughed Agatha. She began to sharpen her other talon on a rock. It sure looked bad!

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE: SHOWDOWN

"Littlefoot!" cried Littlefoot's friends. They all rushed at the Sharp Beaks to try and save Littlefoot. Ptero flew at the Sharp Beaks, pushing them back.

"I haven't had Longneck in a while." said Agatha, licking her lips. She opened her beak, her teeth bared, ready to strike. She moved at Littlefoot. She suddenly halted. "What in the world?" said Agatha angrily. She turned and saw that Petrie had grabbed onto her. "Aha, you. Ptero's little Flyer friend." she said. She swung her wings and sent Petrie flying through the air. He landed against a rock. Petrie moaned, winded. "You should have known better than to cross a Sharp Beak boy!" laughed Agatha.

"You hurt Petrie!" yelled Ptero. He grabbed a rock and hurled it at Agatha. It missed her, but conked another Sharp Beak in the head, knocking him out of the air. Agatha turned to glare angrily at Ptero.

"Just like your father!" she said angrily.

"Glad to hear it!" retorted Ptero proudly.

The pack was taking aim at Ducky. "Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh!" Ducky screamed in a high pitched voice. She ran. A Sharp Beak flew past, his talons outstretched. She jumped aside as two more came at her. The two missed and collided. However, more were coming. She was terrified.

Agatha turned back toward Littlefoot. "Ah yes, dinner!" she laughed.

"Mother stop!" shouted Ptero.

"Ptero, now you will see what happens when I am crossed. If you'd stayed home like I'd told you, he'd be fine." she laughed. Littlefoot shut his eyes. It looked like it was going to be the end of him!

Suddenly, rocks went sailing through the air. Some went at Agatha and she jumped aside, allowing Littlefoot to move away from her. "Get away from them!" The kids all

turned and saw Grandpa Longneck coming. He had struck a rock at the Sharp Beaks with his tail. The other grownups came into sight.

Topps charged at the Sharp Beaks. "Get away from my daughter!" he bellowed. The Sharp Beaks scattered.

"Ptero! Petrie! Are you two all right?" asked Mama Flyer.

Spike whacked a Sharp Beak with his tail. She went sailing into the air, hitting another Sharp Beak and knocking him out of the air as well. The two landed on the ground.

Agatha snuck toward Ptero in the confusion. Ptero moved away just in time. "Get away from Ptero!" shouted Mama Flyer.

"Ah, dear, didn't Ptero tell you? I'm his mother." said Agatha. Mama Flyer gasped. "Yes, he's been lying to you no doubt. Let me have the boy." said Agatha, sneering.

"Ptero, you're a Sharp Beak?" gasped Mama Flyer. Ptero nodded.

"You see, he could never be at home with you. Let him come back with me." said Agatha.

"She killed my Father! She's been lying to me all these cold times! She tried to kill my friends!" shouted Ptero.

"Leave the boy alone!" said Mama Flyer, her anger rising. Ptero might be a Sharp Beak, but he didn't deserve to be sent back with his mother after she had killed his father and lied to him like that.

Papa and Mama Swimmer were aiming kicks at the Sharp Beaks. Pterano was pummeling his way through a crowd of them. Tria charged at many, causing them to scatter. Grandma and Grandpa Longneck were swinging their tails at the Sharp Beaks. Ducky's aunt had joined in too. Agatha saw that they had the advantage on the ground, so she decided to take the fight to the air, where only Mama Flyer, Petrie, and Pterano could follow her.

She grabbed Petrie. She took to the air. She shouted at Mama Flyer "Give me my son Ptero or else the boy dies!"

"Petrie!" shouted Mama Flyer in horror.

"Get me my son!" said Agatha, indicating Ptero with a claw. Mama Flyer didn't want to send Ptero back with his wicked mother, but she couldn't bear to lose her Petrie. She'd already lost her mate and wasn't going to lose her son too.

"I'm sorry Ptero." said Mama Flyer, a tear in her eye.

Ptero had a plan. As Mama Flyer moved to hand him over to Agatha, he broke loose. He went and bit Agatha in the leg. "OUCH!" she cried. She dropped Petrie. Ptero dove and caught Petrie.

"Ha!" laughed Mama Flyer. However, she had to move aside as Agatha flew at her, her sharp talons outstretched. Pterano came to join his sister. Agatha swung her talons at Mama Flyer again, and again Mama Flyer dodged her. Mama Flyer struck Agatha with her wings. Agatha was amazed that a Flattooth could be so strong. She struck Mama Flyer back. Mama Flyer stayed in the air, despite being sore from the blow. Pterano flew at Agatha and hit her. Agatha still stayed in the air. The others below watched the fight going on in the air.

Hey, are you going to just stand there or are you going to help out? Agatha shouted angrily at her pack. They came up to help. Mama Flyer and Pterano put up a courageous fight. However, they were eventually overwhelmed and pinned down. Agatha had Mama Flyer pinned down personally. She stared at Mama Flyer, evil glinting in her eyes. "Ah, you're the mother of Ptero's little Flyer friend. You Flatteeth have interfered in my affairs for the last time. I haven't eaten Flyer in a long while. This should be a real treat!" laughed Agatha, opening her beak.

"NO!" yelled Petrie. Sharp Beaks were on his tail. He moved toward his mother, hoping to save her. However, he was soon caught too.

Ptero moved at Agatha. He struck her with his talons. She let out a howl of pain. She let go of Mama Flyer. Mama Flyer broke free, charged at the Sharp Beaks who were holding Pterano, and was able to free him too and the two of them quickly freed Petrie.

Get him! shouted Agatha, indicating her son. Her pack went to go seize Ptero. Ptero, however, grabbed a tree branch and swung it at them. They were all knocked out of the air. Luckily for the pack, they landed in some trees.

"YOU!" shouted Agatha angrily. She went at Ptero herself. The two moved to the top of the Great Wall. They were now over tar pits in the Mysterious Beyond. She lunged at Ptero and pinned him against the Great Wall. She glared angrily at Ptero.

"You're coming with me!" she snapped.

"I'm not going back with you! Never! You killed my Father! I'm staying with my friends!" shouted Ptero, trying to break free.

"Come back now Ptero! Come back with mother!" demanded Agatha.

"Petrie's mother is my mother!" said Ptero defiantly. This remark of his pushed Agatha past the breaking point. She gave him a death glare.

"Very well then. If you won't let the pack stay in my family and keep defying me, then I have no more use for you! I should have known all along that there was too much of Sydo in you! I'm going to send you back to your father! You've been such a disappointment to me Ptero! Goodbye!" she shouted angrily at him. She raised her claws, ready to kill Ptero just as she'd killed Sydo.

AGATHA STOP! shouted Phil. Agatha ignored him. She moved to strike Ptero.

"OH NO YOU DON'T!" shouted Mama Flyer. She swung a tree branch at Agatha. Agatha didn't have time to react. She was dazed by the blow and fell, unconscious. Her pack could have saved her, but they didn't, angry at her murder of Sydo and attempted murder of Ptero. She landed in the tar pits below and perished. Ptero, worn out, started to fall too, but Mama Flyer and Phil caught him. Ptero did feel a bit sorry for his mother, but she had killed his father and had tried to kill him too. Now he was an orphan. He wondered what would become of him now.

Agatha's pack, now leaderless, moved at the Flyers. Pterano, Petrie, and Mama Flyer were terrified. **Stop!** yelled Ptero. The pack halted. He was technically their new leader now. But would he go with them as the new Sharp Beak King or would he stay in the Great Valley?

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX: PTERO IS ADOPTED

Ptero wasn't sure what to do. He stared at the Leaf Eaters. "I should have told you. I'm a Sharp Beak. Or part one anyway. My Dad was a Flattooth. I was afraid to tell because I thought that you'd not want me here anymore. If you don't, I can go be with the pack as their new leader." said Ptero.

"You are welcome here Ptero. We can see that you are a good kid and wouldn't hurt us." said Mama Flyer. Pterano nodded.

Ptero looked at the pack. **I'm rather fond of you guys, I'll admit it. However, my heart leads me to stay here.** said Ptero.

The choice is yours kid. said Phil.

I guess this is farewell. said Ptero to the pack.

Good luck in your life kiddo. said another Sharp Beak.

You'd have made a great leader of the pack. said another Sharp Beak.

You are always welcome with us. said another Sharp Beak.

Ptero waved goodbye to the pack. He was fond of them. However, his destiny was to be in the Great Valley. The pack flew off.

"Where will I live now? I have no family left." said Ptero.

"You can stay here with us. In our family." said Mama Flyer. Ptero hugged her, Pterano, and Petrie.

"Your father would have been proud of your bravery today Ptero." said Pterano.

"Yes, I think this is what he would have wanted for me." said Ptero.

"Me glad that you part of me family now!" said Petrie.

"Me too Petrie. Me too." said Ptero, smiling.

♪ I finally get to be me.

I finally get to be in charge of my destiny.

Wonderful horizons have spread out in front of me.

Myself I am finally allowed to be.

I can be happy and I can be free. ♪ sang Ptero.

♪ It so wonderful that being you is enough.

You no longer have life that rough. ♪ sang Petrie.

♪ It's so great to yourself be true.

It's so great to live your life as you. ♪ sang Petrie and Ptero, finishing the song.

"I'm glad that everyone is all right." said Papa Swimmer.

"Yes, we've had quite a lot of excitement today." said Grandpa Longneck.

"Yes, this reminds of the time that..." began Ducky's aunt, starting to ramble. The others, minus Ptero, who didn't yet realize how annoying she was, groaned. It was lucky that it was getting close to bedtime as she was putting them to sleep.

"Goodbye." said Cera, leaving with her father and stepmother.

"See you tomorrow." said Ducky. She and Spike left with Mama and Papa Swimmer.

"See you tomorrow guys. I'm glad Ptero is staying. We're going to have so much fun together." said Littlefoot. He left with Grandma and Grandpa Longneck.

Ptero and Petrie returned to the nest. "Petrie, tomorrow I can teach you all the flying secrets that I've learned from the Sharp Beaks. You might be as good as me. Well, close." smiled Ptero.

Petrie grinned. "Me'd like that." he said.

"And if those Large Flyers decide to bother you again, they'll have me to deal with." said Ptero. Petrie smiled.

The two went to bed, exhausted. Ptero had found his true family at last.

As for Ptero himself, the others would have many adventures with him. But those are other stories...