

EPISODE 27: RETURN TO THE VALLEY



Figure 1: Etta and Wild Arms



Figure 2: Featherhead Sharp teeth



Figure 3: Horned Sharptooth



Figure 4: Diggers

CHARACTERS

Littlefoot

Cera

Ducky

Petrie

Spike

Chomper

Ruby

Bron

Topps

Diggers

Wild Arms

Etta

Shorty

Grandma Longneck

Red Claw

Screech

Thud

Featherhead Sharpteeth

Horned Sharptooth

SONGS

Remembering

Good Times, Good Friends

“I’d like to thank you guys for rescuing me.” said Bron to Littlefoot, Cera, Ducky, Petrie, Spike, and Etta.

"No problem." replied Etta.

"I helped too." piped in Wild Arms.

"Sure you did!" scoffed Etta, wrinkling her eyebrows.

"We can finally go back home and be together." Littlefoot said excitedly to Bron.

Meanwhile, nearer to the Great Valley, the Sharptooth Red Claw and his two Fast Biter minions, Screech and Thud, sniffed the air. They were looking for Chomper and Ruby. While the kids usually stayed in the Great Valley, occasionally they left. Based on what they could smell, Chomper and Ruby had done just that. Their scent was leading toward the Land of the Featherhead Sharpteeth.

Why would the Little Biter go there? Red Claw wondered. *It doesn't matter. When I'm done with him, he'll never be going anywhere ever again.* he thought. He, Screech, and Thud took off after Chomper and Ruby's scents.

Meanwhile, back closer to the Fire Mountain, the kids heard a roaring. "Keep down." said Bron.

"Oh no! A Sharptooth!" gasped Wild Arms, who promptly fainted.

It was the Horned Sharptooth. "Hide, I'll distract him." whispered Chomper to them.

He approached the Horned Sharptooth. **Were you looking for a bunch of Flatteeth?** asked Chomper in Sharptooth.

Yes, I was, Little Biter. Did you see them? he asked.

Yes, they went that way. lied Chomper, pointing toward the Fire Mountain. **I'd have gone after them myself but they were kind of big.**

Thanks. Wonder why they'd head toward the Fire Mountain. It looks like there is Flowing Fire all around there said the Horned Sharptooth.

You know Flatteeth aren't very smart said Chomper. The Horned Sharptooth nodded before leaving.

The others, minus Ruby, who understood what the two had said, had only heard roaring and grunting. "What did you say?" asked Littlefoot.

"I sent him toward the Fire Mountain. We should be long gone before he figures out that I tricked him." Chomper said.

"You carry him this time." said Topps to Grandpa Longneck, indicating the unconscious Wild Arms.

They continued on for a while. Cera knew Ruby could understand Sharptooth and had asked her what Chomper had said.

At one point, Cera stopped walking. "What do you mean Flatteeth aren't very smart?!" snapped Cera at Chomper, upon hearing from Ruby the translation of the conversation.

(Theme song: All I see is the day in front of us. All I see is the day in front of us.
Burning bright with a new-born sun. Burning bright with a new-born sun. Come
follow me

Hills to climb and valleys to roam
Oh, streams to follow all the way home
To the Land Before Time
Before time

)

Meanwhile, in the Great Valley, hiding under a fernwood tree, Shorty was crying. He was in Fernwood Forest, a part of the Great Valley that had lots of fern trees. He had seen the incident where Bron had been stranded. Neither Wild Arms nor the others in Bron's herd had volunteered to help rescue Bron. He, unlike Littlefoot, had assumed that it was hopeless and that Bron wouldn't be rescued in time.

Grandma Longneck came near him. "What are you doing in Fernwood Forest all by yourself small one?" she asked. She saw the tears, which Shorty quickly tried to hide.

"Nothing." Shorty lied.

"You've been crying." she said.

"No I haven't." Shorty lied again.

"It's ok Shorty. I'm sad too about Bron. We can only hope they got to him in time." said Grandma Longneck.

Meanwhile, in the Mysterious Beyond, the Horned Sharptooth could see that there were no Flatteeth this way. Indeed, he found Flattooth footprints leading *away* from where Chomper had said.

Stinking Little Biter wanted those Flattooth kids for himself. Sent me off as a joke! I'll teach him to trick me like that! the Horned Sharptooth thought angrily. He began sniffing for Chomper. He locked onto his scent and went off after him.

Meanwhile, the kids saw four Featherhead Sharpteeth ahead.

"What are we going to do? If they spot us, then they will chase us and I am too tired to be chased tonight so we need to think of a way so that they will not chase us." said Ruby.

"I'll take them!" said Topps.

"I don't know Dad, there are four of them." said Cera uneasily.

“Mr. Threehorn, she’s right. I don’t want to see you get hurt.” said Grandpa Longneck.

“Then what do you suggest we do?” asked Topps.

“We could go around the Land of the Featherhead Sharpteeth,” suggested Etta.

“Yes, but that way is rocky and there’s no place to rest. I’m tired.” said Bron.

“I have an idea. I’ll distract them just like last time.” suggested Chomper. The group nodded to show they liked the plan. “But they need to smell you. If they don’t, then they won’t believe me.” Chomper added.

“But if they smell us, won’t they get us?” asked Petrie.

“That is why you need to hide. Perhaps in that mud over there.” suggested Chomper, pointing at a bunch of smelly mud.

“I’m not getting in that stuff!” grumbled Topps, wrinkling his nose.

“Well then, I guess you’ll just get eaten.” laughed Etta, heading into the mud. The others went with Etta, leaving Topps alone as Chomper went toward the Featherhead Sharpteeth.

“Oh, all right.” grumbled Topps, heading into the mud as well with the others.

The Featherhead Sharpteeth smelled the Leaf Eaters and before they could begin to tail the group, Chomper came up to them. **I smell the Flatteeth too. They went that way.** Chomper lied, pointing out of the Land of the Featherhead Sharpteeth and away from his friends. The four Featherheads left, taking off after what they thought were the others.

Chomper returned to his Leaf Eater friends. “The mud worked!” said Chomper happily. “And they’re gone.” The mud, though, had woken up Wild Arms.

“PTTTTH! PTTTH! Yuck! Why am I covered in mud?” he whined.

“Quit your bellyaching!” growled Topps.

“I must ask why I am covered in mud. I do not like being covered in mud!” complained Wild Arms.

“Quiet!” snarled Topps, banging his foot on the ground.

They reached the entrance of the Land of the Featherhead Sharpteeth. “Let’s look for a safe place to rest in the there, perhaps on one of those rocky cliffs. We can take turns watching so that we don’t get attacked in our sleep.” suggested Grandpa Longneck.

“I hope we don’t meet any Featherhead Sharpteeth.” Wild Arms said.

“Chomper sent away four of them while you were taking a nap.” said Topps.

"Four? Oh dear! At least they're gone now." said Wild Arms.

"Let's get going before they come back." said Etta.

"We need to find a place to rest for the night soon. I'm worn out." said Grandpa Longneck.

Meanwhile, in the Great Valley, at Fernwood forest, Shorty sat there worried. "They aren't back yet. If they haven't found Bron by now, then he's gone." said Shorty, starting to cry again.

"Well, we still have our memories." replied Grandma Longneck.

"Remembering, remembering

is a kind of a funny thing." sang Grandma Longneck.

"It makes me think of time gone by.

And of those I hoped would never die." sang Shorty.

"And though you never want to say goodbye,

And though sad thought may make you cry,

There is one thing that you cannot deny.

Good, bad, or even sad.

You'll always recall the time you had." sang Grandma Longneck, starting to cry too.

"I'll always have my remembering." sang Shorty.

"My remembering." they both sang, finishing the song.

Shorty went and laid underneath two fern trees. He fell asleep. "Goodnight Shorty." whispered Grandma Longneck, walking away to go to bed.

Back in the Land of the Featherhead Sharpteeth, Littlefoot and his friends had found a safe place to rest for the night. They were on the top of a cliff. The only path to them was a steep climb from below. True, this meant that if enemies came that way, they could be trapped up there, but it was better than sleeping in the open on level ground where they could be easy prey.

"You can take the first watch." said Etta to Wild Arms.

"But.....but....Me!" protested Wild Arms.

"Just do it!" Topps bellowed loudly and ferociously.

Wild Arms shuddered. "Ok. Ok." he said nervously.

“Oh, and try not to faint if a Sharptooth shows up.” added Etta. She and the others, minus Wild Arms, lay down and went to sleep. She lay next to Petrie and Spike. Littlefoot, Cera, and Ducky were next to each other. Topps, Bron, and Grandpa Longneck slept next to each other. Chomper and Ruby were also together, with Chomper resting his head on Ruby’s shoulders.

While the others slept, Wild Arms stood guard. “Just my luck.” he grumbled. “Of course I would be the one assigned to watch.” He paced back and forth nervously. The place was pitch black. You could hear yourself breath. Suddenly he spotted a pair of red eyes in the darkness. They seemed to be staring right back at him. “What is that?” he asked himself in alarm. Sweat began to run down his face. His legs began to shake. He was just about to faint until he realized it was just a small lizard that scuttled past. “PHEW!” he sighed in relief. As he continued his watch, pacing back and forth, suddenly he heard a screeching sound. It sounded like there was a Sharptooth Flyer was out there somewhere in the distance. He shuddered. “This is going to be one long night!” he moaned.

Meanwhile, the Featherhead Sharpteeth came across the Horned Sharptooth. **Have you seen a bunch of Flatteeth? A young Two Claw, as he pointed, said they went this way.**

The little brat lied! He sent me off too. I think he wants them all for himself growled the Horned Sharptooth!

We’ll show him then! vowed the four Featherhead Sharpteeth. The five of them went off looking for Chomper.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the Land of the Featherhead Sharpteeth, Red Claw grinned. **I can faintly smell the Little Biter. He’s around here somewhere.** he said to Screech and Thud.

Around two in the morning, Wild Arms, who was about to turn the watch over to Etta, heard growling. “What could that be?” he asked himself aloud. He looked down the steep path they had come up. He didn’t see anything in the immediate vicinity. However, before he could shrug it off, he heard it again. He prodded Etta awake.

“Time already?” she yawned.

“There’s s-s—something down there!” he whimpered.

“I don’t see anything.” said Etta, again failing to suppress a yawn.

“I know, but there is something down there.” Wild Arms replied.

“Let’s go check.” said Etta.

“You go.” said Wild Arms, who didn’t want to risk his neck.

“How about we both go?” suggested Etta.

“Ok. That works.” Wild Arms, who didn’t want to go alone, agreed. They slowly went down the hill. They saw four Featherhead Sharpteeth sniffing around and the Horned Sharptooth was with them!

“Quick, we’ve got to wake the others!” Etta whispered. The two started back up the hill. “How I wish my wing wasn’t hurt and I could fly!” Etta lamented.

Etta shook Ruby awake. “What is it?” Ruby asked sleepily.

“Sharpteeth! They’re coming!” yelled Wild Arms.

The three of them shook the others awake. “What is it?” asked Topps grumpily.

“Sharpteeth. Five of them.” replied Etta.

The group went down the hill very slowly. **I smell them nearby. I’m going to get that little brat for misdirecting me.** came the Horned Sharptooth’s voice.

“Ut oh, he’s after me!” whimpered Chomper softly.

They were able to get down the hill and out of sight just before the bad guys turned the corner. They ran off. The bad guys soon realized where they were and took off after them.

“I hope they do not get us. I do not want to be eaten. Oh no, no, no.” panted Ducky.

After a short while of running, the group spotted some Stinkweed. “I have an idea.” said Littlefoot.

“Oh no, I am **not** wearing....” protested Topps.

A while later, they were all wearing the Stinkweed. The Stinkweed had masked their smells and enabled them to get away. “This stuff is disgusting. I should never have come...” whined Wild Arms.

“SHUT UP!” bellowed Mr. Threehorn, cutting him off. Wild Arms stopped whining at once.

“We may smell bad, but at least because we smell bad, they cannot smell us, which is good.” said Ruby.

“And we lost them.” said Chomper, who was holding his nose due to the smell of the Stinkweed, happily.

“Ut oh, it appears that in losing them, we also lost ourselves.” exclaimed Ruby, who didn’t know where they were.

“Let’s find out in the morning. I’m very worn out.” whined Wild Arms. “I didn’t want to come spending all day and night with you guys, with hardly any rest. This isn’t what I had in mind when I set out to help with Bron.”

“You’re nothing but a coward Wild Arms. You didn’t even want to come, you griped the whole way to the Fire Mountain, and you faint when Sharpteeth get too close.” Topps derided him.

“But, but....” Wild Arms protested.

“He’s right. All you care about is yourself.” said Littlefoot disdainfully.

Cera looked behind her and groaned. "I think I have some idea where we are." she grumbled.

"Where?" asked Petrie.

"We came out the wrong way. We're headed back toward the Fire Mountain!" Cera grumbled. The group moaned.

"I'm afraid we'll have to wait till tomorrow to set out again." said Grandpa Longneck.

They found a place to rest under some trees. It was the same bunch of fruit trees near where the Diggers lived, though the group didn't know this in the darkness. They all rested. Wild Arms, who felt sad about Topps's and Littlefoot's comments, rested away from the others.

"Me no think me can sleep with this stinky stuff near me." Petrie grumbled.

"You'll get used to it I suppose." yawned Ruby.

Spike came up to Ruby and ate the Stinkweed off of her. "Spike, you no supposed to eat that. Now you going to have bad breath!" Petrie groaned. Spike ate the rest of the Stinkweed that the others, minus Bron, Grandpa Longneck and Topps, who were out of his reach, had. Spike ate the Stinkweed off of Petrie last. "No, Spike! NOOOOOO! That was our stinky smell to hide us from Sharpteeth!" Petrie whined. ERRRRRRRRRRRRRRRP! Spike belched. "Ohhhhh." Petrie moaned, passing out from the smell, which was too odious for him to handle. They were all really tired and soon fell asleep.

Littlefoot was woken up a few minutes before dawn the following morning. "Huh?" He looked around. Something had poked him. "Who's there?" he asked. He moved and accidentally bumped his head on a fruit tree. A few pieces of fruit fell to the ground. "Ow!" he moaned.

"Leader! Leader! Leader!"

Littlefoot yelled in fright. He turned to stare as several happy Diggers came into sight. They all huddled around him. "Leader! Leader! Leader!" they chanted.

Petrie woke up from Littlefoot's yell. "What matter?" Petrie asked in alarm. Petrie saw the Diggers. Petrie laughed in relief. "Oh, they no dangerous."

"What do they want? Why are they crying 'Leader! Leader! Leader!'" Littlefoot asked.

Petrie noticed the fallen fruit. "If you give them fruit, they make you their leader."

Littlefoot pushed on one of the fruit trees, sending fruit plummeting to the ground. "Leader! Leader! Leader!" the Diggers chanted. Many Diggers came and carried Littlefoot.

"Hey, where are you taking me?" he cried at them.

They took him and sat in a small throne-like rock chair. They placed a crown of leaves on his head. "All hail the mighty Leader!" they cried.

The others had woken up too from all the commotion. "What's going on?" Bron asked.

"These Diggers have made me their leader." Littlefoot replied.

"Why would they do that?" asked Wild Arms.

"Because apparently if you get them fruit, they make you their leader." Littlefoot answered.

"Let's get going. I'm glad that it's just these Digger things. I was worried that it was....." said Wild Arms.
ROOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOAR! "Sharpteeth!" cried Wild Arms.

The Horned Sharptooth and the four Featherhead Sharpteeth came into sight. They moved toward Chomper. Grandpa Longneck, Topps, and Bron moved to fight them off.

"Oh, how could this get any worse?" Wild Arms moaned.

ROOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOAR! Red Claw, Screech, and Thud came into sight, coming from the other direction as the Horned Sharptooth and the Featherhead Sharpteeth had come.

"You **had** to ask, didn't you?" Topps grumbled to Wild Arms.

The Horned Sharptooth went to strike at Chomper. However, Red Claw growled at him. **He's mine. Out of the way!** Red Claw snarled.

I'm going to teach him a lesson for misdirecting me like that! snapped the Horned Sharptooth at Red Claw.

I'm going to teach him a lesson for damaging my eye! said Red Claw, indicating the eye of his that was yellow due to injury.

The two got into a tussle over who would finish off Chomper. Red Claw pushed over the Horned Sharptooth, slashing him in the leg. Chomper and Ruby, meanwhile, used the opportunity of the fight to take off. Screech and Thud went toward Grandpa Longneck, Bron, and Topps, who were already struggling to fight off the four Featherhead Sharpteeth. Red Claw chased after Chomper, Ruby, Littlefoot, Cera, Ducky, Petrie and Spike. Horned Sharptooth got up and also chased after them.

Grandpa Longneck, Bron, and Topps seemed to be having trouble with the four Featherhead Sharpteeth. Etta had an idea. Though her wing wasn't fully healed, she decided that she had to act. She took to the air and slapped one of the Featherhead Sharpteeth in the head with her good wing. BLLLLLLULLLLLLLH! Etta stuck her tongue out at the Featherhead Sharpteeth. She moved away from Topps, Grandpa Longneck, and Bron. "I'm over here!" Etta taunted. It did the trick. Two Featherhead Sharpteeth took off after her. Etta kept taunting them. "Over here you big lugs!" They snapped at her but she dodged them. "Did anyone tell you that your breath stinks?" Etta laughed.

Wild Arms, meanwhile, watched the fight with alarm. He was farthest from the group and the Sharpteeth seemed to be preoccupied with the others in the group. He didn't really want to stick

around with this many vicious Sharpteeth here, looking to get a meal. He thought of making a run for it to save his own skin.

Etta lured the two Featherhead Sharpteeth near some trees. She grabbed a branch with her claws. "Hey uglies, I'm over here!" she cried. As expected, one of the Featherhead Sharpteeth snapped at her. WHACK! She released the branch, which smacked the Featherhead Sharptooth right in the face. RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! The Sharptooth cried in pain, falling over.

The other Sharptooth came at her. She decided to try the same trick again. "Want some Flyer munchies? Come and get me!" she taunted. The Featherhead Sharptooth came near her. She released the branch. However, much to her shock, the Featherhead Sharptooth ducked and then snapped at her. She flew out of the way. The Sharptooth, angry at her, grabbed a branch and whacked her with it just like she'd done to his partner. WHACK! Etta was sent sprawling through the air after the branch hit her. She collided with a rocky wall and fell to the ground. "Ohhhhh!" she moaned in pain.

It wasn't going well for the others. Red Claw, Screech, Thud, and Horned Sharptooth had backed Littlefoot, Cera, Ducky, Petrie, and Spike into a corner. One of the Featherhead Sharpteeth rammed Grandpa Longneck with his head, knocking him over, where he fell into Topps, knocking him over as well. Bron wouldn't be able to hold off the Featherhead Sharpteeth for long due to his sore leg. Three of the Featherhead Sharpteeth went after Bron, Grandpa Longneck, and Topps, while the fourth went after the hurt Etta. Wild Arms considered making a run for it. However, he didn't want to spend the rest of his life as a coward, knowing he let all of his friends die to save his own skin. An idea occurred to him.

He ran at a tree, knocking a bunch of fruit to the ground. "Leader! Leader! Leader!" the Diggers chanted. He rammed more trees, knocking more fruit to the ground. "Leader! Leader! Leader!" the Diggers cried ecstatically.

"Leader here wants you to help out. You there," he said pointing at a group of 20 Diggers, "go take out all those Sharpteeth over there." he said, pointing at the Sharpteeth attacking Littlefoot, Cera, Ducky, Petrie, Spike, Chomper and Ruby. The Diggers eagerly obeyed, running to the Sharpteeth, who turned as the Diggers came.

"You, come with me." he said to the other Diggers. He charged at the Three Featherhead Sharpteeth coming at Bron, Grandpa Longneck and Topps, advancing like Han Solo when he single-handedly charged a hallway full of Stormtroopers on the Death Star. "Charge!" yelled Wild Arms. "Charge!" the Diggers echoed him. The Three Featherhead Sharpteeth, snapped at the Diggers and Wild Arms. However, the group was too quick for them. They knocked the three Sharpteeth over. The Diggers jumped on them and started to tickle them. Wild Arms, meanwhile, followed by two Diggers, advanced toward Etta and got there before the fourth Featherhead Sharptooth could. He grabbed her and took off with her in his arms.

"My hero!" said Etta. Wild Arms blushed. The Featherhead Sharptooth was gaining on them. However, before he could get to them, he got distracted as the two Diggers began to pelt him with fruits. He chased after them, allowing Etta and Wild Arms to move further away from him. One of the

Diggers got a fruit in his open mouth. He coughed and winced, for he hated the taste of fruit. Topps, who had gotten up, used the opportunity to ram the Sharptooth over.

The Diggers knocked over Red Claw, Screech, and Thud. They also chased after Chomper. “Hey, leave me alone!” Chomper yelled.

“Oops.” said Wild Arms, who realized he should have been more specific about which Sharpteeth to attack. “Don’t attack him.” Wild Arms told the Diggers, pointing at Chomper. They stopped going after Chomper.

Red Claw, Screech, and Thud got up again. They chased after Chomper and Ruby. **You’re mine Little Biter!** growled Red Claw.

Chomper moved underneath a vine that some Diggers were holding. Ruby hopped over it. **I don’t think so, Stink Breath!** Chomper retorted at his archenemy.

Red Claw moved forward and tripped over the vine. He collided with Screech and Thud. The three of them fell off a cliff and landed in mud below. They were all muddy, but otherwise unarmed. **I’ll get you Little Biter!** Red Claw vowed.

The Diggers, Grandpa Longneck, Bron, and Topps routed the Horned Sharptooth and the four Featherhead Sharpteeth.

“Thank you Wild Arms.” said Bron.

“No problem.” replied Wild Arms, blushing.

They left, waving goodbye to the Diggers, who were disappointed that their “leader”, Wild Arms, was leaving. However, they soon found another “leader”, a Pteranodon who rested on one of the fruit trees, accidentally knocking off some fruit and sending it to the ground, making the Diggers cheer “Leader! Leader! Leader!” and forget all about Wild Arms. Littlefoot and his friends laughed at the silliness of the Diggers, though they were glad that they had helped save them.

In the afternoon, they returned to the Great Valley. Shorty saw Bron. “Bron, you’re alive!” he cried, running up and hugging him. Bron hugged him back.

“Yes, Littlefoot saved me!” replied Bron.

“I should have come too. I’m sorry.” said Shorty, feeling guilty.

“It’s all right Shorty.” replied Bron, hugging him with his neck.

“I’m glad you’re safe Bron.” said Grandma Longneck.

“Good time, good friends!

We made it in time to save my Dad.

Good times, good friends.

We didn't give up even when things were bad." sang Littlefoot.

"I'm so glad that he got saved!" sang Shorty.

"And I found that I could be brave!" sang Wild Arms.

"Think we're having fun?" sang Chomper.

"Say it Ducky." said Littlefoot.

"Yep, yep, yep." said Ducky.

"Good times, good friends.

Glad we all made it back again.

Good times, good friends.

Wish that it would never end." Littlefoot, Cera, Ducky, Petrie, Spike, Chomper, Ruby, Shorty, and Wild Arms sang together, finishing the song.

"You know, I like this place." remarked Etta, looking around. "I think I'll live here."

"Me'd like that." said Petrie.

And so, Bron had made it back alive to the Great Valley and Etta joined the Combined Herd. All was well.