

The night drew by at the campsite. Dillon is a ten-year old boy camping with his father for the night at the national park. He's sitting in the log in front of the fireplace roasting some marshmallows with his dad..

"Thanks for taking me to camping with you dad" said Dillon.

"Your welcome, glad you enjoyed it" said Dillon's father.

"It's fun, I hope we can hike soon " said Dillon.

"But now it is dark right now, maybe tomorrow we can go" said his father.

"Sure thing dad" said Dillon.

"More marshmallows?" his father said.

"Yes please" he said.

Dillon and his dad are roasting marshmallows and after that they both tell stories. Both of them are having a fun time camping together father and son.

"Dillon, I'm going inside the RV, tell me if you need anything"

"Yes dad" said Dillon.

Dillon was roasting a bit more marshmallows. Some of them got burned some are not so much he can eat them. He wouldn't enjoy the burned ones.

"Hmm... kinda bored already... Maybe I should go into the woods." said Dillon.

After a few roasting marshmallows, Dillon got up and went straight to the woods. Dillon wasn't scared when he entered through, he knows how to get back right away if he ever gets lost. He keeps walking through hoping to see some animals, but nothing he saw. As Dillon was walking, he stopped and looked up in the sky and see the stars and the full moon.

"Wow, looks cool" he said as he was amazed by it.

Dillon felt his hand very itchy. He scratch it and he felt it very smooth and rough. He looks into his hand and green scales are growing.

“What is this? Hurk...”

Dillon drop down to the ground feeling something changing and he felt pain. Scales are growing everywhere in his body. His shoes is starting to rip out with claws coming out. His hand is reshaping having three fingers instead of three and nails growing sharp and pointy.

“Argh... What is happening to me...”

Dillon’s shoes are ripped completely his feets is reshaping, and his nails shrew sharper. However, in one toe on each foot grew a claw that looks like a hook. He felt his legs felt bended with a tail grew from his back. His shirt and pants felt very loose dropping both in the ground. His face pushes forward as his nose shrunk having two holes and teeth grew a bit sharp and his hair felt loose and disappeared. He felt clicks and cracks on his bones. The pain is gone and the transformation is done.

Dillon stood up from his feet and opened his eyes.

“Huh... Gah! I’m a dinosaur!”

Dillon looked on every angle, his hands seeing he has tree claw fingers, a hook claw from one on each foot, he sees no hair, and he sees his tail wagging slowly back and forth. He is now a Troodon.

“Cool! ”

Dillon was impressed what dinosaur he has become. He growls and tries to be fierce. He also could see everywhere in the dark. It was very dark once he got into the woods but his eyes has a better view. He went deep into the woods to explore. He’s starting to get used to his new

body when he started to walk and he can run raster with his new legs. Dillon's eyes can tell where the paths and the trees are.

Dillon later sees a stream in the woods. He is getting thirsty from all the walking, so he went near the stream water and drank it with his snout. After he drinks some water, he sees his reflection. He tries to figure out what kind of dinosaur he is. Dillon loves dinosaurs and has a book of it at home.

“Hmm... what dinosaur could have a hook claw and can see in the dark...? A Troodon of course” Dillon said as he figure it out what kind of dinosaur he is.

After a drink from the stream, he went back exploring the woods. Later, he finds himself back at the campsite where his dad is at.

“Hey, I’m back where I entered. Wait... What will my dad see me a dinosaur...? Maybe I shouldn’t go near it” said Dillon.

Dillon took a step back so his dad wouldn’t spot him. It wasn’t a very good idea getting near the place or his dad will think he will eat him, but he wouldn't do that. Dillon went through the woods again, but this time not far from the campsite. He felt very tired from all the exploring and going to places. He laid down aside from the tree very comfortably. He yawn and went to sleep.

The next day, the sun has risen up from the mountains. A man walking through the woods and sees a young boy rested in the tree. He gave a jacket to the young boy and he woke up.

“Did you have fun exploring” he said.

“Yes dad, I did” said Dillon.