

stood face to face with When the Professor at his home in Enmore Park I could not believe what I saw. He had the most enormous head that I have ever seen, a very big body, and great hairy hands. His face was an angry red colour, and his great beard was blue-black. He enormous very big sat and looked at me with eyes of a very deep grey. beard the hair on a man's face 'Well?' he said, at last. I tried to talk like a scientist, but the Professor did not believe me for a minute. attack to start fighting 'You dirty little reporter! Did you really think that you could be as clever as the great G.E. Challenger?' Challenger jumped to his feet, and I was surprised to see that he was only a short man. Then he attacked me. His great body was on top of me, and then I was on top of him. and my mouth was full of his beard. Our bodies went flying out of the room, and we suddenly found ourselves in the street. A policeman stood beside us, with a little book in his hand. 'What's all this, then?' he asked, looking at the Professor. 'You were in trouble for the same thing last month, weren't you?' He opened his book and started to write notes in it. 'No, please don't,' I said. "This time I began it, I'm afraid. He didn't mean to hurt me." The policeman stopped writing and told the crowd of people in the street to go away. The Professor looked at me, with a small smile in his deep grey eyes. 'Come in! I've not finished with you yet.' A little afraid, I followed him into the house. We went back into his room, where he showed me a comfortable chair. 'Now, listen carefully,' he began. 'I usually have no time for people from the newspapers. But your words to that policeman showed me that you are, perhaps, a little better than the rest of them. That is why I brought you back. 'Now, you know that I made a journey to South America two years ago. Very few white people have visited the small rivers which run into the great Amazon River. 'One night I was in a village deep in the forest. The Indians there took me to see a very ill white man in one of their homes. When I arrived, he was already dead. Beside him lay a bag. When I opened it, I saw the name Maple White, and an address in America. I also found something else. It was this book of his drawings. Look at it closely.' He stopped, took an old, dirty, drawing book from his desk and gave it to me. There were drawings of Indians, and a picture of a white man, with the words Jimmy Colver on the boat below it. The other drawings were of animals and birds. 'I see nothing unusual here, I said, and I turned the pages. The next drawing interested me more. It showed some very high, dark red cliffs. They lay across the page, like a great red wall, with green trees all along the top. One great, tall rock stood alone next to the cliffs. 'Now... look at the last page,' said the Professor, smiling. I turned the page, and nearly screamed. I was looking at a wild, strange animal. It had a small head, short legs, and an enormous blue-grey body, perhaps nine metres long. 'Now look at this,' he said, and he showed me a bone. It was about fifteen centimetres long, with some dry skin at one end. 'I found it in the American's bag. The same bone in a man's body is like this,' he went on, and he showed me a bone about one centimetre long. 'So you can see it came from a very large animal. And the skin on the end tells you that the bone is not very old. Well, what do you think? What is it?' 'I'm afraid that I've no idea,' I replied. "Then I'll tell you, young man. This bone belongs to a dinosaur. The drawing is of a dinosaur too. Scientists think that they all died millions of years ago, but I can tell you that some dinosaurs are still alive today. So, what do you say now?' 'I'm deeply interested,' I said. Next, the Professor showed me a large, very dark photograph. I looked at it closely. I could see an enormous wall of cliffs; beside them stood a tall, single rock, with a great tree on top. 'I think it's the same place as the drawing.' I said. 'It is. I found things from Maple

White's camp there. Now, look at that tree. Can you see something there?' 'A large bird?' I said. 'Not a bird,' replied Challenger. 'Would you like to see a piece of its wing?' The Professor opened a box, and took out a long bone with some grey skin on it. Then he opened a book on his desk, and showed me a picture of a strange flying animal. 'This is a picture of the pterodactyl,' he said, 'and that is a drawing of the bones in a pterodactyl's wing.' I looked at the book, and at the bone. And I was sure it was all true! 'Professor, this is just the biggest thing in the world! You're a great scientist who has found a lost world.'

The Professor sat back in his chair, with a great, warm smile on his face. And did you see any more living things there, sir?' I asked. 'No. I heard many strange sounds from the top of the cliffs, but I could not find a way to climb up there.' 'But how did the animals get there?' 'They have been there for a long time,' replied Challenger. 'The rest of the world changed and all the dinosaurs died. But life on those cliffs has stayed the same for millions of years.' 'Professor, this is wonderful news! You must tell the world about it.' I said. 'I have tried, but nobody believed me. Stupid people!' replied the Professor. 'But tonight I'll try again. At eight-thirty tonight there is a meeting at the Zoological Institute. They have asked me to thank the speaker, Mr Waldron, at the end of the meeting. While I'm doing that, I'll say one or two interesting things, and perhaps people will want to learn more. If I tell my story quietly and carefully, perhaps they'll listen to me. Will you come? I'd like to have somebody in the room who is on my side – even somebody who knows as little as you do.' 'T With a large, kind smile, he gave me a ticket from his desk. 'You will not put a word of this in your newspaper. Do you understand? Now, goodbye. You have already taken too much of my important time today. I'll see you at eight-thirty