

Dolce is the only girl in her family of Pterodactyl dinosaurs who live where food, water and shelter is getting scarcer by the day. Dolce is injured in the flight to a new land. Will they ever find her? She has no choice. She must sing.

O Dolce, The Singing Dinosaur

By Suzanne Pollock

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SUZANNE POLLOCK

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Hi: My name is O Dolce. Since the day I was born my brothers have called me AG. I'm the only girl in the Deeno family of dinosaurs who have lived in Pastorale Valley since the beginning. At one time this valley was shaded by gigantic redwood and fern trees, yucca and swaying grasses. Crystal-clear sweet water used to tumble over rock layers into brisk flowing streams laden with fish. There were beavers, birds, crickets, and frogs everywhere filling the valley with noisy chatter. This Pastorale valley was almost heaven.

However, now food is scarce, the streams have dried up and vegetation is brittle. Few ferns are left to shade patches of grass. It's getting harder for my family to survive.

But no matter the daily challenges the Deeno family face, I find time to sing softly. I know it's hard to imagine that a dinosaur can sing, but this is my story.

Three years ago when I was born, Mama moved deep into the forest holding my yellow speckled egg close to her chest to keep me warm. My oldest brother Ty tried to follow, but



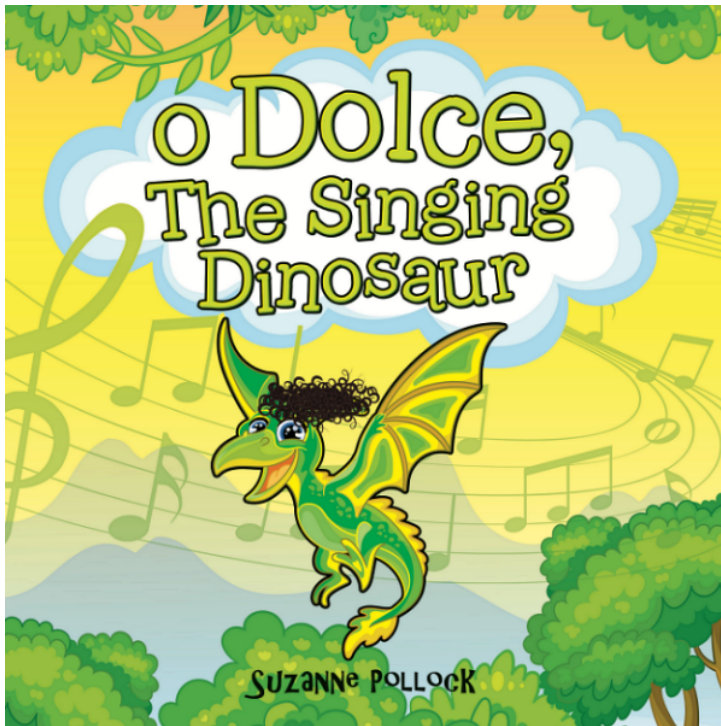


mama shooed him away. Still he questioned her, "Mama, that egg sure is tiny. Are you sure it belongs to our family?"

At that moment, Mama felt my shell quiver and crack, then my jagged sawtooth bored through the shell. I wiggled and squirmed until I looked into the face of the most beautiful creature, my Mama. Ty told me Mama made a funny cooing noise when she held me up in the air to meet my brothers, who gasped and backed away when they saw me. I shook with fright when Ty pointed at me shaking his head, "Mama, look, at his tiny feet. He's really skinny. And, what's that furry stuff on his head and back? How can he have huge wings? They're almost as long as mine. What's wrong with him?"

Mama pulled me close to her body, smiled and motioned for my brothers to come closer. "Boys, I'd like to introduce your new baby sister, O Dolce. Isn't she beautiful?" Mama stroked the hair on top of my head and down my back.

Ty replied, "A girl? What do we do with it? O Dolce is too tiny to fight with us. We'll have to find food for her because



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