

Astrosauurs VS COWS IN ACTION

THE DINOSAUR MOO-TANTS



Steve Cole

Illustrated by Woody Fox

RED FOX

EXTRA CONTENT

Prologue

MAYHEM AT THE MEAT-MEET

From all across space they came – the meat-munching rulers of the toughest, dirtiest planets in the Jurassic Quadrant.

Their destination was the world of Bloodsnarl Two. It hung to the west of the Carnivore Sector. Deep red oceans roared over its storm-swept surface. It was a desolate, deserted place, avoided by all space-dinosaurs.

Or so it seemed.

At the planet's north pole, a craggy rock called Muckspit Point rose up from the raging seas like a giant fang. One by one, warcraft landed there in clouds of stinking smoke: a T. rex Blood-

Thruster... an Allosaurus Doomship...
the Kill-Wheel of the Spinax Council...

As each 'Very Important Dinosaur' arrived, they entered a cave built into the side of the dark cliffs. The cave turned into a passage that wound through the rock and finally opened out into a massive, underground arena. The regal reptiles took their places in huge stone thrones and munched on the piles of raw meat stacked up beside them.

When all the carnivores were seated and the food greedily scooped, the lights dimmed. A grisly grey velociraptor scuttled into the middle of the arena.

He wore a blood-stained cloak and a towering crown made from the bones of his slain enemies.

"I am the
Raptor Royal,"



rasped the figure, “Warrior King of the ten Terror Worlds. Welcome to the ‘Meat-Meet’ – the annual meeting of the League of Galactic Carnivores! I trust you all had a good journey?”

The gathered dinosaurs clapped and stomped and burped approvingly – except for King Groosum the T. rex who stood up and shook his head. “Me had terrible time,” he growled. “Pilot got lost. Me had to punish him – so me ate him.”

The Raptor Royal shrugged. “What’s so terrible about that?”

“Me forgot to bring tomato sauce!” King Groosum grinned.

The arena echoed with the sound of nasty laughter.

“Now, to business!” cried the Raptor Royal. “Every year we meet to discuss important things that affect us meat-eaters. Like...”

“What shall we do about them stinking, stick-munching, good-for-

nothing, plant-eater
stink-bags?” roared King
Groosum.



Baron Barren, ruler of
the savage allosaurs, nodded.
“They already own more
planets in the Jurassic Quadrant
than us meat-eaters.”

“I propose we discuss how to attack
the plant-eaters and beat them all,”
boomed Lord Snax, a gigantosaurus.
“Beat them and eat them.”

The gathered carnivores roared and
growled their approval of the plan.

But the Raptor Royal shook his head.
“There are just too many plant-eaters,
and the Dinosaur Space Service defends
their planets too well.”

King Groosum nodded sadly. “Them
astrosaurs have thwarted our plans for
conquest, many times. Us never beat
ALL them veggie-plops in one go...”

“WHAT A BUNCH OF

WEAKLINGS!” the harsh voice boomed out around the arena.

The startled audience gasped and spluttered. The Raptor Royal got such a surprise he jumped in the air, lost his bony crown and landed on top of it.

“Ow!” he squawked. “Who said that?”

“I did,” came the voice.

A large beast with horns like handlebars strolled into the arena. His hide was dark brown with green splotches, his eyes were wide and black, and a silver nose-ring shone in his fat snout.



It was a big, burly buffalo!

“My name is Toro,” said the buffalo.

“How do you moo?”

“An intruder!” roared the Raptor Royal. “Guards – eat him!”

A pack of rough, tough carnotaurs charged towards the buffalo.

Toro pulled out a strange looking gun. “Try a taste of my butter bazooka for starters!”

With that he squirted boiling yellow goo over the rocky floor. The carnotaurs skidded and smashed into each other, thrashing about in a helpless heap.

“Your guards seem to have slipped up, R. R.!” said Toro.

“Insolent fool!” hissed the Raptor Royal. “You dare interrupt a meeting of the League of Galactic Carnivores? You stand alone before one hundred of the most fearsome reptile-rulers in space!”

“True. But they’re a lot *less* fearsome since I sneaked sleeping powder in all that raw meat you gave them.” Toro smiled. “They’ll be snoring for hours, now!”

The Raptor Royal frowned to find his fellow meat-guzzlers yawning and snoozing and falling over, all around the

arena. “Fool! I will eat you myself...”

Toro pressed a button on his butter bazooka. “Back off, Raptor – unless you want to sizzle in a blaze of white-hot dairy destruction!”

The Raptor Royal licked his yucky lips. Secretly, he was impressed by the buffalo’s boldness. “I want to question you first, in any case. Who are you, Toro? How did you get here?”

“I am the Chief of a powerful group called the Fed-Up Bull Institute,” said Toro. “We live on Planet Earth.”

The Raptor Royal frowned. “Our long-abandoned homeworld?”

“I used a time machine and a special super-spaceship to reach the Jurassic Quadrant,” Toro went on. “Then I spied on you carnivores, found out about this meeting, and smuggled myself here in the meat delivery.”

“Time machines? Super-spaceships? Planet Earth...?” The Raptor Royal

looked at Toro thoughtfully. “Your story is so fantastic I almost believe it.”

“It’s the truth,” swore Toro. “I came here to do a deal with the toughest meat-eater ruler I could find.”

“What deal?” hissed the Raptor Royal.

Toro smiled. “I have a plan that will let you get rid of the plant-eating dinosaurs once and for all. A plan that cannot fail!”

“Really? And why would you want to help us?”

“Because I need your help in return to get rid of my enemies,” said Toro simply. “If we work together, T. rexes and raptors alone will rule the Jurassic Quadrant – and cattle shall inherit the Earth!”

