



Short Story Comp 2023  
Junior category WINNER  
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## Pachy and the Great Stampede

"Timmy, would you like me to get you some leaves?" Pachy asked his pet stick insect. As a three-year-old pachycephalosaur (Cretaceous Period), Pachy's favourite things were eating and playing.

With a jolt, the ground started to rumble and Pachy heard roars and terrified snorts. A stampede of dinosaurs was racing towards him! As quick as he could, he picked up Timmy and ran after his mum, who was already running from the stampede. For about two minutes, Pachy stayed ahead of the stampede, but they soon caught up with him and suddenly he was knocked to the ground, kicked out of the way and then everything went black.

An hour passed. Then two, then three, then finally Pachy woke up. His arm was bleeding and his mouth was dry, he needed water so he went off to look for some. As he stumbled to the river, he realised that his mum wasn't with him.

He stopped and looked around the valley. He could only see ferns and palms. So he gently picked up Timmy with his teeth and they started to walk. They walked for hours, but they couldn't find anything. No sign of struggle, but there were footprints. Pachy's heart skipped two beats, these might be the footprints of his mum! He started following them, but was soon disappointed when the footprints disappeared at a lake.

Pachy broke into tears. Where was his mum? And did she know that he had gotten lost? He cried for what felt like hours and then eventually fell asleep. He woke up to the morning sun shining on his face. His courage lifted. "Let's go Timmy" he said.

After they had walked a short time, Pachy saw an animal in the distance and picked up his pace. It was a triceratops, but it had been badly trampled and Pachy could see that she was dying. "Did you get caught up in the stampede? Do know which direction it went?" he asked softly. "That way small one" replied the weak voice, pointing her leg to ridge to the west. "Thank you so much" said Pachy "I'm hoping I can find..." but the triceratops had laid down her head and died.

Pachy rushed away and up the ridge. At the top, he scanned the valley below and gasped. It was a sight he had not expected. Every type of dinosaur that Pachy had ever come across was there, and standing amongst them was his mum! He plummeted down the steep hill as fast as his two legs could carry him, towards his mum.

She looked up and saw him and the sun broke over her face. He reached her and they banged heads together affectionately, then he nuzzled her legs. He told her everything he'd been through and she told him he was very brave and that she had looked for him everywhere.

Pachy slept peacefully that night, beside his mum, with Timmy nestled behind his ear.