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Auszug aus:

Dinosaur Hunting, Niveau: A1 zu A1

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Author's note

Most of the facts about the dinosaur fossils in this book are true, but nobody has found a Giganotosaurus in Australia ... yet.



The private collection

The Collector looked out on Sydney Harbour. It was a warm, sunny spring day. His mansion had the best view in Sydney. The Collector was a billionaire. He owned the newest cars, the fastest boats, a private jet, a huge castle in the Swiss Alps, an island in the Caribbean – the best of everything.

His phone buzzed. He picked it up and listened. Then he said, 'Send him in.'

A tall man with short, silver hair came into the Collector's private room.

'Ah, Mr Lynch,' the Collector said. 'Do you have it?'

Mr Lynch didn't say anything. He just gave the Collector a small box.

The Collector held it for a minute. Then he walked to the window and slowly opened the box. A huge diamond shone in the sunlight. The diamond was unique. It was priceless. And now he owned it. The Collector smiled.

'Well done, Mr Lynch! So, that museum in New York now owns a very large piece of glass. Is that right?'

'Don't ask, sir,' Mr Lynch said, smiling.

The Collector never asked Mr Lynch any questions. When the Collector wanted something, he asked Mr Lynch and then gave him a lot of money. Mr Lynch could find anything, anywhere. Mr Lynch always found the things the Collector wanted for his private collection. In a huge room under the mansion there were lots of unique, priceless items. Most of them came from museums. A few items came from other collectors. The Collector bought some items, but when he couldn't buy an item, he called Mr Lynch. No questions.

'I'll give you your money now,' the Collector said, sitting at his desk. He opened his computer.

Then he saw something and stopped. There was a story on his screen – about something new. This was unique! He wanted it for his private collection. He must own it!

'Mr Lynch, can you find something for me this week?'

'Yes, sir. Where?'

'You like warm weather and lots of sunshine, don't you? This item is in the outback.'

In the small town of Winton, in the Australian outback, sixteen-year-old Jake Wheeler wasn't happy.

'But Dad, I can help you! I'm a good tour guide. I take people to the dinosaur museum all the time!'

'Sorry, Jake,' Tim Wheeler said. 'You can't come with me. I'll be away for a week this time. Your mum needs you here.'

Jake, his father and his little brother Henry were outside the Town and Country Hotel. The Wheelers owned the Town and Country. It was a small pub in the middle of Winton.

'But Dad, I want to learn about being a tour guide on long trips, like you. And I've never been to Birdsville. Please?'

'Maybe next time, Jake,' Tim said. 'This time, you have to help your mother here at the pub. And you have to look after Henry too.'

'Hey! I'm eleven, Dad!' said Jake's brother. 'Nobody has to look after me!' Henry was reading a book, *Australia's Amazing Dinosaurs*.

'I have to go, boys. Look after your mother for me, please.' Tim put on his hat and got into his four-wheel drive car. Three other four-wheel drives were behind Tim's. The people in the cars all smiled at the boys. The tour group drove away – Tim at the front and the other drivers behind.



Just then, a small silver-and-red jet flew low over the pub.

‘Wow!’ shouted Henry. ‘Did you see that?’

‘Yes!’ said Jake. ‘It’s coming in to land here!’

The boys heard the plane landing at the airport.

‘Why is a private jet coming to Winton?’ said Henry.

They went inside, but five minutes later they heard the jet taking off again. They ran outside and watched it fly away.

‘That was a quick visit!’ said Jake.

‘Hmm,’ said Henry. ‘A jet lands here and then leaves very quickly ... Why?’

The visitors

The boys were cleaning tables in the pub. They were still talking about the jet.

‘Who owns it?’ Henry asked his brother.

‘I don’t know.’ Jake said. ‘Nobody around here owns a jet.’

Just then, a man and a woman came into the pub. Their clothes were new – their light brown jackets and pants, their big black boots, their belts, their hats. The woman wore a long green and brown scarf around her neck.

‘Sorry, the pub isn’t open yet,’ Jake told them.

‘Can I get a four-wheel drive here?’ the man said.

‘Oh, sorry,’ said Jake. ‘My father just left with all the four-wheel drives.’

‘Our dad’s a tour guide,’ Henry said. ‘He takes people everywhere! To Birdsville, to the Simpson Desert –’

The man turned to the woman. ‘Come on.’

They turned to walk out of the pub. Jake saw that they both had large hunting knives on their belts. Jake thought, *Who are these people? Everything they’re wearing is new. They have lots of money. And Mum and Dad always say we need money.*

‘Wait,’ said Jake. ‘Where do you want to go? You can get to some places around here without a four-wheel drive. I could be your tour guide.’

The visitors stopped and looked at each other.

The woman said quietly, ‘We’re in a hurry. A guide could be good.’

The man nodded. He said to Jake, ‘We want to go to the dinosaur museum.’



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