

Logan and the Shy Diplodocus



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The Valley of Giants



Once upon a time, there was a curious little boy called **Logan**. He is four years old, he loves animals, swimming and drawing, and he never, ever gives up.

Today, **Logan** is an explorer! With **Mama**, **Daddy** and his little brother **Roman**, he is setting off into a green valley where real dinosaurs live.





Giant Footprints

The valley is sunny and green. Far away, two sleepy volcanoes
puff little white clouds, like teapots.

Suddenly, **Logan** stops. In the soft mud there is a footprint. It is
enormous, as big as a paddling pool!

“Look!” he says. “Here’s another one... and another one!”

Logan jumps from footprint to footprint. Boing! Boing! **Daddy**
holds **Roman**’s hand, and **Roman** stamps into a footprint too.

Splosh!

Mama kneels down and stretches her arms across one. “Whoever
made these must be very, very tall,” she says.

Logan’s eyes sparkle. “Let’s follow them and find out!”

And off the explorers go.







A Very Rumbly Tummy

The footprints lead to a wide meadow full of flowers. Suddenly...

GRRROOOWL! The ground shivers.

“Thunder?” asks **Mama**.

“No,” whispers **Logan**. “It’s a tummy!”

Beside the ferns stands a huge Diplodocus with seafoam-green skin. He is staring up at the tall trees, and he gulps.

“Hello, I’m **Barnaby**,” he says shyly. “I’m so hungry! The sweetest leaves grow at the very top of the Tallest Tree, across the river. They’re every colour of the rainbow. But when I look up high, everything spins.”

Roman points and claps from **Daddy**’s arms. “Dino!”

Logan smiles at his new friend. “Don’t worry, **Barnaby**. We’ll help you!”







Across the River

So the family sets off with **Barnaby**. His feet go BOOM, BOOM,
and his long tail swishes happily behind him.

Soon they reach a river. It is wide but shallow, with big flat
stepping stones. **Logan** loves swimming, and the cool water
sparkles in the sun. Today, though, he hops from stone to stone.

Hop! Hop!

Daddy carries **Roman** on his shoulders. **Mama** holds **Logan's**
hand on the slippery stones.

Barnaby wades along beside them. SPLASH!

A little wave sprinkles everyone. **Roman** giggles.

Mama laughs. "**Barnaby!**" cries **Logan**, dripping. "You're a giant
water fountain!"







Shhh!

On the other side of the river, a big plum-coloured Triceratops is curled up right across the path. Its eyes are shut. Zzzz... Zzzz... it snores.

“Shhh!” whispers Mama. “We mustn’t wake it up.”

Roman puts a tiny finger on his lips. Daddy points to a narrow trail through the tall ferns. “We’ll go round,” he whispers.

Everyone tiptoes. Logan tiptoes. Mama and Daddy tiptoe. Even Barnaby tiptoes, lifting his enormous feet very, very slowly. Tip... tap... tip... tap...

The Triceratops smiles in its sleep and wriggles its tail.

Phew! Past the ferns, the Tallest Tree rises into the sky, with rainbow leaves glowing at the very top.







Too High!

GRRROWL! goes Barnaby's tummy again.

Barnaby plants his four sturdy feet at the bottom of the Tallest Tree. Chin up! Neck up... and up...

But the rainbow leaves are so high! Barnaby's legs start to wobble. Wobble, wobble, wobble.

"Oh no," Barnaby groans, shutting his eyes tight. "It's all spinning!"

Roman hugs Daddy's leg. Mama strokes Barnaby's big knee. "It's all right, Barnaby. You're safe here on the ground."

Logan doesn't give up. He looks up at the tree for a long, long time. Branch after branch after branch... just like the steps of a staircase.

"I've got an idea!" he says.







Logan's Drawing

Next to the Tallest Tree is a little clearing with a mossy log and some young trees, not very tall at all.

Logan picks up a stick. He loves drawing, so he draws a tree in the soft earth, with branches like the steps of a staircase. One, two, three, four...

Mama sits on the log. **Roman** grabs a stick and draws a wiggly line too.

Barnaby lowers his long neck to look. Looking down is easy!

“Here’s the secret,” says **Logan**. “Don’t look at the top. Look at one branch at a time. And at each branch, take a big breath.”

“One branch at a time,” **Barnaby** repeats softly.







The Looking-Up Game

Logan climbs onto the sturdy log. Its top is wide and flat, and
Daddy stands close by.

“Let’s play the looking-up game!” says **Logan**. “Copy me!”

He looks at the lowest branch of a young tree. “One!” Then he
takes a big breath. Whoooosh.

Barnaby looks at the very same branch. “One,” he says.

Whoooosh. His legs stay perfectly still.

Logan points a little higher. “Two!”

“Two,” says **Barnaby**, and he nibbles a juicy green leaf. Munch,
munch.

“It works!” he cries. “Nothing is spinning!”

Roman jumps up and down next to **Daddy**. **Logan** grins from the
top of his log.







Higher and Higher

Now Barnaby tries a bigger tree. Then an even bigger one!

“One,” he says, looking at the first branch. Big breath. “Two.” Big breath. “Three!”

“Free! Free!” shouts Roman from Daddy’s arms. He can’t quite say three yet.

Barnaby’s neck reaches higher than ever before. At every new branch, he munches a mouthful of leaves, and Logan draws a happy little mark in the earth with his stick. Soon there are lots and lots of marks.

Barnaby swishes his tail. “I’m not scared of treetops any more,” he says. Then he looks at the Tallest Tree. “Well... almost.”

Logan nods. “It’s time.”







The Big Stretch

Back at the Tallest Tree, the whole valley goes quiet.

Barnaby looks at the first branch. “One.” Breathe. The next one.
“Two.” Breathe. Up and up he goes, branch by branch, into the
sunny green canopy.

There is only one branch left. Barnaby’s legs give a tiny wobble.

“Big quiet breath,” calls Logan softly.

Barnaby breathes in... and out. Then he stretches the longest
stretch in the whole valley!

His nose pops right into the rainbow leaves at the very top.

Crunch! Munch!

“Mmm!” he hums. “The sweetest leaves ever!”

Down below, Roman claps, Mama and Daddy cheer, and Logan
throws his arms in the air. “You did it!”







A Rainbow Surprise

Barnaby gives the top of the tree a gentle little shake.

Swish, swish... Down float hundreds of leaves: red, orange, yellow, purple and blue! They twirl over the family like rainbow confetti.

Roman spins round and round, trying to catch them. Mama and Daddy laugh. Logan holds out his hands and catches a bright purple leaf.

Then Barnaby lowers his long neck and nuzzles Logan gently on the cheek.

“Thank you, my friend,” he says. “You helped me be brave, one branch at a time.”

Logan hugs his big green nose. “You did it yourself, Barnaby!”







Home Again



As the sun goes down, the family heads home,
waving goodbye to **Barnaby**. Behind them, the
Triceratops is still snoring.

That evening, **Logan** takes out his crayons and
draws his new friend: a tall green dinosaur, smiling
at the top of the Tallest Tree. Beside him, **Logan**
draws a little explorer who never gives up.

Then he sticks the purple leaf in the corner.



