

Adventures Of Evan: The Lost Valley of Green Giants

A courage adventure



Evan loved Saturday mornings. He was sprawled on the living room floor, surrounded by his favorite dinosaur figures. The green Brachiosaurus stood tallest, leading the herd across the carpet canyon. "Just a little further," Evan whispered to them, "the Lost Valley is right over this mountain." He moved the long-necked dinosaur forward, imagining what it would be like to discover a place no one had ever seen before.



Outside the window, the big oak tree in the backyard swayed in the breeze. Evan had climbed it a hundred times, but today something looked different. Between the branches, a flash of green light sparkled for just a moment. Evan sat up. Had he imagined it? The light flickered again, like a signal. He grabbed his dinosaur figures, stuffing them in his pockets, and headed outside. Adventure was calling.



Evan climbed the oak tree quickly, his hands and feet finding familiar holds. Higher and higher he went, past the tire swing branch, past the bird's nest level, to the very top where he'd never been brave enough to go before. That's when he saw it: a glowing green archway carved right into the thick trunk. It pulsed with gentle light, and Evan could feel warm air flowing from it. "This wasn't here yesterday," he breathed.



Taking a deep breath, Evan stepped through the archway. The world shimmered and spun, but only for a second. When his vision cleared, he gasped. He was standing on a rocky ledge overlooking the most incredible valley he'd ever seen. Massive ferns stretched as tall as buildings. A waterfall thundered in the distance, creating rainbows in its mist. And everywhere--EVERYWHERE--dinosaurs walked, grazed, and called to each other. Real, living dinosaurs! "The Lost Valley," Evan whispered. "It's real."



Evan carefully climbed down the rocky slope into the valley, using his climbing skills to find the safest path. As he reached the valley floor, a young Stegosaurus trotted up to him, its plates gleaming bright green in the sunlight. It made a friendly chirping sound and nudged Evan's hand with its nose. "Hey there," Evan laughed, pulling out his green Brachiosaurus figure. "Want to meet my friend?" The Stegosaurus sniffed the toy curiously, then nodded as if approving.



The young Stegosaurus--Evan decided to call her Jade because of her beautiful green plates--led him deeper into the valley. They passed a family of Triceratops munching on ferns and a group of Parasaurolophus drinking from a crystal-clear stream. Everything was peaceful and amazing. But then Jade stopped suddenly, her tail drooping. She pointed with her nose toward the far end of the valley, where the biggest tree Evan had ever seen stood alone. Its leaves were turning brown.



As they got closer, Evan understood the problem. The Great Tree--which all the dinosaurs clearly depended on--was sick because its roots were tangled in fallen rocks from a recent rockslide. Water couldn't reach them. "The dinosaurs can't move these rocks," Evan realized, "they don't have hands like we do." He examined the pile carefully. The rocks weren't enormous, but they were wedged tight. This would take clever thinking and careful climbing to solve safely.



Evan started with the smallest rocks, carefully pulling them free and rolling them away. Jade helped by using her tail to push rocks in the direction Evan pointed. "Teamwork!" Evan encouraged her. He climbed up the rock pile, testing each stone before trusting his weight to it. Some were loose and dangerous--those he avoided. Others were key stones that, when removed, made the whole pile shift. Slowly, carefully, working together, they freed the tree's roots one rock at a time.



With a final heave, Evan and Jade rolled the last big boulder aside. The stream rushed forward, sparkling in the sunlight, flowing around the Great Tree's roots. For a moment, nothing happened. Then--a shimmer ran through the tree's trunk. Its branches straightened. Its leaves began to glow, shifting from brown to brilliant, vibrant green. The whole valley seemed to brighten. All the dinosaurs lifted their heads and called out in celebration. Evan felt his heart soar. He'd done it!



The oldest dinosaur in the valley, a wise Brachiosaurus with kind eyes, lowered her long neck down to Evan's level. She made a deep, gentle rumbling sound that Evan somehow understood meant "thank you." She touched her nose to Evan's hand, and in that moment, Evan felt something special--a connection to this ancient world and all its creatures. Jade nuzzled against him, and Evan wrapped his arms around her neck. "I'll remember you," he promised.



Jade led Evan back to the rocky ledge where he'd first arrived. The green archway glowed, ready to take him home. Evan turned one last time to look at the Lost Valley--now saved, thriving, and green as far as he could see. He waved to all his new friends, and they called back to him. Stepping through the archway, Evan felt the familiar shimmer. When he opened his eyes, he was at the top of the oak tree in his own backyard.



Evan climbed down from the oak tree just as the porch light flicked on. When he pulled his green Brachiosaurus figure from his pocket, something was different. Its plastic had a slight shimmer now, like it held a secret. Evan smiled. He knew the Lost Valley was real, and that Jade and all the dinosaurs were there, healthy and happy. He'd helped them. And somehow, he knew this wasn't the end. The oak tree still stood tall, and adventures--real adventures--were waiting. All he had to do was climb.

The End

...but the adventure continues!