



Challenger waved his hand and Zambo walked on to the stage carrying an enormous square box. He placed the box in front of the professor's chair and then walked off. A hush fell over the audience. The professor removed the lid of the box and clicked his fingers. There was a loud scratching sound and, a moment later, a creature perched itself on the side of the box – it was a pterodactyl!

The audience gasped; someone screamed, and two ladies fainted in their chairs. Challenger threw up his hands to calm the audience, but his movements alarmed the creature. The pterodactyl flew up into the air, flapping its dry, leathery wings. Challenger tried to grab its legs, but missed. The audience began to scream, and the creature flew around the room, beating its wings against the walls and the lights.

'Close the window!' shouted Challenger.

But it was too late; the creature saw the open window and flew out. Challenger fell back in his chair and buried his face in his hands. Suddenly, the crowd jumped up and began cheering and applauding. Professor Challenger had finally given the scientific community the proof they wanted, and we had become heroes.

After that night, the pterodactyl was spotted in various London parks before it finally disappeared somewhere over the Atlantic Ocean. And Gladys! Oh my Gladys! I had sent Gladys many letters during the year that I was away, but she hadn't responded to any of them. The night after the talk, I went to Gladys' house to see her. I knocked on the door, pushed passed the staring maid, and ran into the sitting room where Gladys was reading on the couch. I crossed the room quickly and took her hands in mine.

'Gladys! I cried. 'I have returned!'