

'Good evening, Mr McArdle,' I said, knocking on the door.  
'Hello, Mr Malone,' replied McArdle. 'I must say, I really enjoyed your latest article; you've done some excellent work for us.'

'Why, thank you,' I said.

'What did you want to see me about?'

'I'd like you to send me on a mission for the paper.'

'What sort of mission did you have in mind, Mr Malone?'

'An adventure,' I replied. 'A dangerous adventure!'

McArdle raised an eyebrow. 'You seem very eager to lose your life,' he said.

'I need to do something heroic,' I explained, 'My future depends on it.'

McArdle looked at me curiously. 'I'm afraid we only send very experienced journalists on important missions,' he said. 'Wait a minute, I have an idea – would you be interested in interviewing Professor George Challenger?'

'Professor Challenger?' I repeated. 'The famous zoologist? Didn't he punch a journalist from *The Telegraph* the other day?'

McArdle nodded. 'Two years ago, Professor Challenger went on an expedition to South America. When he came back last year, he told everyone that he'd seen dinosaurs and other strange beasts. Most people think he's lying about what he saw. The journalist from *The Telegraph* called him a liar too – that's why he punched him. After that encounter, Challenger stopped doing interviews. Perhaps you can convince him to do one last interview; I'm sure our readers would be interested to find out more about his adventures.'

McArdle handed me a thick file. 'Here's some information on the professor; you might need it.'

I took the file and looked through the notes. 'Do you think he's telling the truth?' I asked.

McArdle shook his head. 'I doubt it very much,' he said.

'All right,' I said. 'I'll pay professor Challenger a visit.'

I returned to my office and wrote a letter to the Professor asking him to meet me the following Wednesday. Then, I spent the rest of my shift reading through McArdle's notes. I had no idea then that my interview with Professor Challenger was about to change my life forever.

