

'Challenger asked me to capture a young pterodactyl,' he answered. 'He wants to take one back to England.'

'That's madness!' I exclaimed. 'You're going to get yourself killed!' Lord John smiled. 'Don't worry about me, I'll be fine.' I shook my head and continued on my journey.

One evening, the young chief came to our camp to visit us. He had taken pity on us and had decided to help us leave. He walked up to me, gave me a small roll of bark, pointed at the row of caves above him, and put his finger to his lips as a sign of secrecy. Then, he returned to his people. I examined the bark in the firelight and saw that it was a map of the caves. One of the caves was marked with an 'X'. I showed the map to my companions.

'But what does the X mean?' asked Summerlee.

'It must be a cave that goes through the mountain – a tunnel!' I cried.

'You could be right,' said Challenger. 'And if that cave does go through the mountain, we'll only be a hundred feet from the ground.'

'Our rope is longer than a hundred feet,' I said, 'we'll definitely be able to get down.'

'What about the Indians in the caves?' asked Summerlee.

'There are no Indians in those caves,' I said. 'They use those caves to store food.'

'We'll leave tonight,' said Challenger.

That night, we collected our belongings, lit our torches and made our way to the cave. The walls of the cave were smooth and grey and covered in Indian symbols. After what seemed like a very long walk, we reached the end of the tunnel. We climbed through a hole no larger than a window, and lowered the rope to the ground. Two hours later, we were at the foot of the cliff.

We made our way to Zambo's camp and found that a rescue party consisting of twenty Indians had arrived. We had seen great wonders in the lost world, but I couldn't wait to go home.

