

have time to do that,' said Challenger.

'But Professor, this wing is proof of your encounter – why won't anyone believe you?' I asked.

Challenger shrugged. 'I don't know,' he said. 'People are either stupid or jealous. Tonight, I'm going to the Zoological Institute to give a talk about my experiences in the Amazon. The talk starts at eight o'clock – you're very welcome to come.'

'Thank you, Professor,' I said. 'I will.'

With that, the interview ended and I quickly made my way back to the office.



CHAPTER 3

WHEN I RETURNED TO THE OFFICE, MCARDLE WAS AT HIS desk. 'Well,' he asked, 'how did it go?'

'Better than I expected,' I said.

McArdle leaned back in his chair. 'So, do you believe the professor's nonsense about discovering dinosaurs?'

'Actually,' I said, 'I think Challenger might be telling the truth about what he saw in South America.'

McArdle's jaw dropped open. 'You can't be serious?' he said. 'Does he have any proof?'

I shook my head. 'His camera and most of his films were destroyed, so he doesn't have much proof. He did, however, show me a wing which he says belonged to a pterodactyl.'

McArdle twisted his moustache thoughtfully. 'Malone, people don't make enormous discoveries and then lose the evidence. I'm convinced he's lying.'

'Well, the professor is going to discuss his findings at the Zoological Institute tonight,' I said. 'He's invited me to go. Perhaps you should come too?'

'All right,' said McArdle, 'I will.'