

The world was just sublime. The plants were delicious and days were warm. The Triceratops knew himself by no name, but recognized his name when one of keeps called out to him. He was called George, and the life in these fields was as wonderful as he could imagine.

A short creature came up to the edge of the field, and grasped at air with its little feet. It was harmless and some even brought some tasty treats. The appearance of these strange animals varied in everything from coloration to kind. This peach-skinned animal's body was different in coloration from the rest of its body. They never seemed to intrude on his home though. The world was just sublime.

The tiny creature continued to make those odd motions. George curiously lumbered toward the tiny creature and let out a grunt. The creature retreated with a high-pitched squeal. *A child*. He understood the creature had seen little of the world. Probably even less than he had. Which was so sad, as there was just his home, and the fields surrounding. There was also the ocean, but that was no place for a fledgling.

He was content to merely graze in his field. Another creature, this one's skin a bright yellow, with brown markings walked up beside the others. It had two horns of some sort coming from its head. *Friend*. He knew this one. This creature had been around when he had first been hatched. He was very old and very wise having lived so long. That creature also knew that George liked to be scratched just behind his head. Its vocalizations were always pleasant.

Suddenly, he heard a very loud roar from somewhere beyond his field. The three creatures turned, and like a flash of lightning, another odd creature ran up and jumped the larger of the peach-headed creatures. *A predator*. The smaller one let out a screech of terror, and ran behind the yellow-headed one. His horns flopped a little as his yellow friend stepped back. There was a flash of light, and something bright came from its claws. It jumped toward his friend, and it fell as quickly. *Protector*. He gave a grunt and failed to see what was happening before a sharp teeth pierced his thick skin.

*Pain*. His body twisted in protest. *Away*. His turning and tossing did nothing. The creature just dug in and kept ripping away flesh with its teeth. Even as he gave out a large groan of pain and shook his head and body the little carnivore did not relent. *It eats. It kills*.

His strength was failing him as he began to grow cold. *Weak*. As this sunk in another of the creatures jumped onto his back and began tearing. His strength was spent, and they were eating him as though he were a nice tuft of grass. *Alone*. It would be a short period for George though. The predators would make sure of that.