Wandering along the cold and lonely mountain ridge, was a dinosaur. No ordinary dinosaur was this. It was a shapeshifter with multiple forms. This shapeshifter was blue and grey, with green stripes either side from eye to tail tip, a big green belly heart and 4 green hearts on his rump. He had a large scar over his blind left eye and a red starry pattern over his right eye. He had a red crest in his default form, which was a Parasaurolophus. And since he was covered in them, his name was Feathers. He was me. I continued to wander along the ridge, until I came to a rocky outcrop, where I lay down tiredly and yawned. I then curled up in the rocks, fluffed myself up, and drifted off into a very uneasy sleep.

Early next morning, I was awoken by a prod of an unfamiliar snoot of a dinosaur. Fearing it was a predator, I whipped around and snapped my beak defensively. I then heard a soothing voice. “Easy there, fluffy one. I’m no threat, Sweetheart.”

I looked up at the stranger, who was a female. “Who are you?” I asked, nervously. I was scared and shy after the recent loss of my herd and family. “Someone who will take care of you, dear. My name is Chompless,” replied the stranger. She smiled and beckoned for me to come out, her black snoot backing up a bit to let me out. I nervously nodded and eased myself out slowly. As I emerged from the hidey hole, I gasped when I saw her. She was beautiful from head to tail. She had red hearts around her amber eyes, as well as one on her forehead and even one on her soft tongue. She was black all over, except for a yellow stripe going down each side of her and the red hearts on her tail, belly, and forearms. She smiled at me again and licked me softly. “What’s your name, dear?” She asked, lying down next to me. “F-Feathercrest,” I replied, shyly sitting down too. She giggled a bit and said, “Well Feathercrest, that’s a lovely name. It suits you very well. But I’m going to call you Feathers. Why were you walking alone on these mountains, Sweetheart?”

I looked at her sadly and told her the story of the loss of my herd and family and how I lost my left eye. And then I told her about the loss of my second herd. She looked at me in shock and immediately hugged me tight, much to my surprise. Nobody had ever hugged me outside of my family before. “Oh dear. Sweetie, that’s awful. I’m so sorry to hear that. Here, I have an offer for you.”

“What’s that, Miss Chompless?”  
“I will be your new Mama if you would like to, Sweetie? I have many children already and love them all. I can look after you as well and put you in a new family. What do you say?”  
I looked up at her and managed to smile a bit, before suddenly licking her on the cheek. “Would you really do that for me? Oh, thank you, Mama!” She chuckled and licked me again, before changing into her Parasaurolophus form herself. “Oooh you’re a shapeshifter like me!”  
“Hehehe! Yes, I am, sweetie! Now, I’m going to take you to introduce you to the family, but I can’t carry you, and you look worn out. So, what I’m going to do is carry you either in my tummy or on my thighs. But you can choose which.” She looked at me caringly and genuinely concerned. I looked at her, rather taken aback. “Uh Mama? You’re saying you’re gonna eat me? I... uh...okay Mama. I uh I trust you. I’m guessing you’ve done it before?”

“Yes, dear, I have. You’ll be nice and warm. Either way it will not hurt. Plus, you get to see inside a herbivore! Hehehehe!” She giggled and opened her beak in front of me. I was nervous, but cautiously climbed inside onto that slimy, warm tongue. I then turned around to look outside, only to see the outside world disappear beyond her closing jaws, before the tongue came up and a loud GLK was heard. At the same time. I was pulled backwards and downwards, into her waiting throat. I was being swallowed. Deep down into the depths of the herbivorous dinosaur’s body I went, hearing her purr soothingly and hearing the tummy grumble in a friendly way below, until I landed inside with a plop. I then heard her voice muffled above me. “You okay in there, sweet Feathers?” I responded with a nervous “Yeah. Warm in here. Thank you, Mama.” She smiled and nuzzled her tummy with me curled up inside. “I won’t digest you this time around, Sweetie. Maybe when you get used to being in there, we will discuss it, my dear. But for now, get some rest.” I smiled and tucked my head in my fluffy side and fell asleep, quietly purring and snoring peacefully deep down inside my new mother. To be continued……