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see how we live

T.Rex

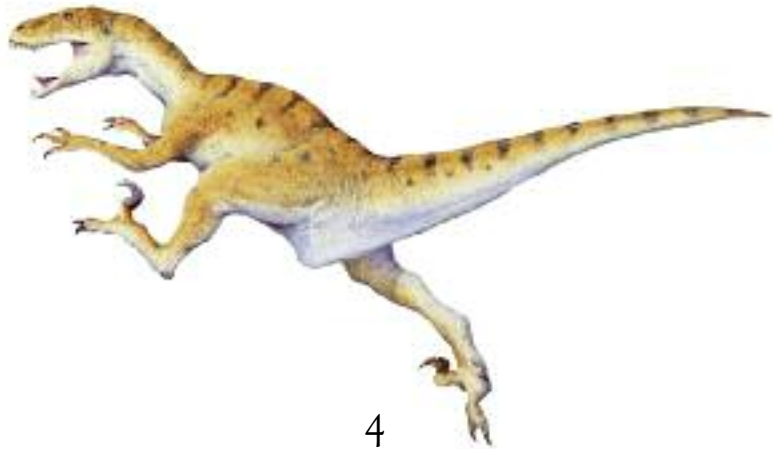
and other flesh-eaters



 Orpheus

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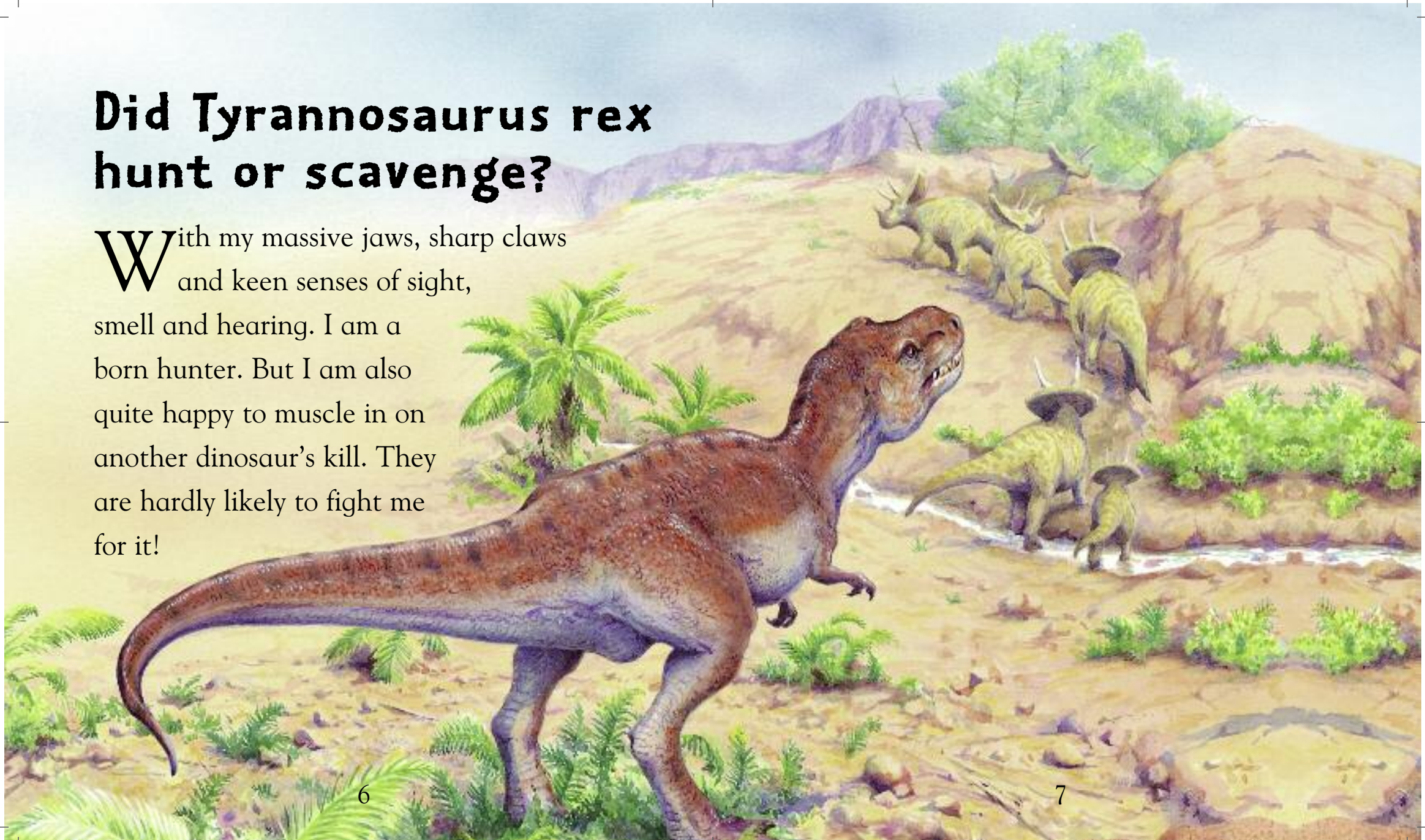


The flesh-eaters

Fancy a chat with me, a Tyrannosaurus rex, one of the most powerful killing machines that ever walked the Earth? I could tell you how I hunt, why my arms are so puny, how great my sense of smell is, and so on. And some of my flesh-eating friends, both big and small, have stories just as fascinating to tell ...

Did Tyrannosaurus rex hunt or scavenge?

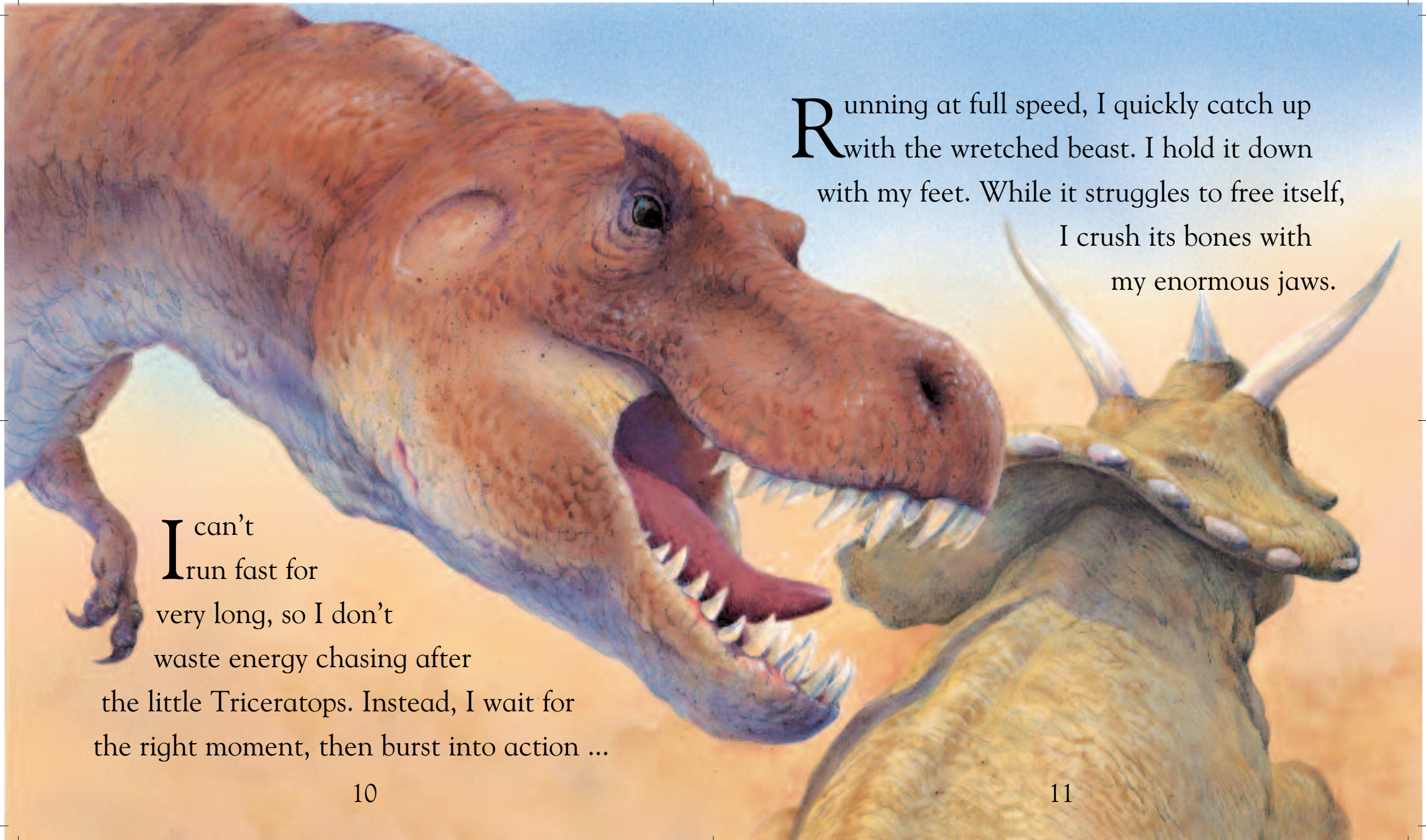
With my massive jaws, sharp claws and keen senses of sight, smell and hearing. I am a born hunter. But I am also quite happy to muscle in on another dinosaur's kill. They are hardly likely to fight me for it!



My eyes are quite small—compared to the rest of me, that is! They face forward, which means that, like you, I see the world in 3D. It's a feature that very few of my victims have and I use it to maximum advantage.

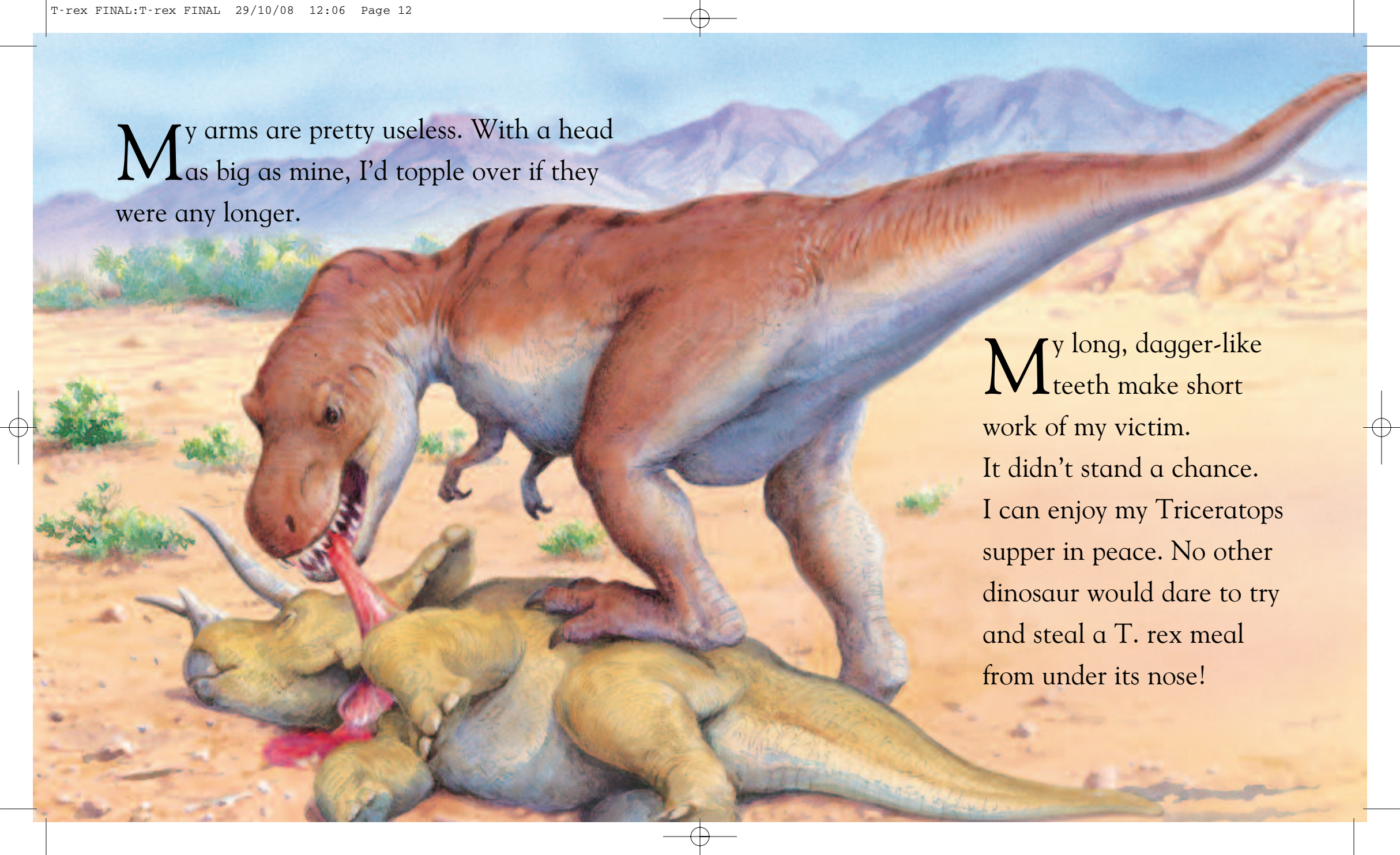
My sense of smell is not bad either. I can pick up the stench of of a rotting carcass from several kilometres away. Today, however, I'm more interested in that young Triceratops I've spotted lagging behind at the back of a herd.





Running at full speed, I quickly catch up with the wretched beast. I hold it down with my feet. While it struggles to free itself, I crush its bones with my enormous jaws.

I can't run fast for very long, so I don't waste energy chasing after the little Triceratops. Instead, I wait for the right moment, then burst into action ...

A detailed illustration of a brown T-Rex with a long tail, standing over a green Triceratops that is lying on its back. The T-Rex has its mouth open, showing its sharp teeth and is eating a piece of red meat from the Triceratops. The background shows a desert landscape with orange-brown hills and a blue sky.

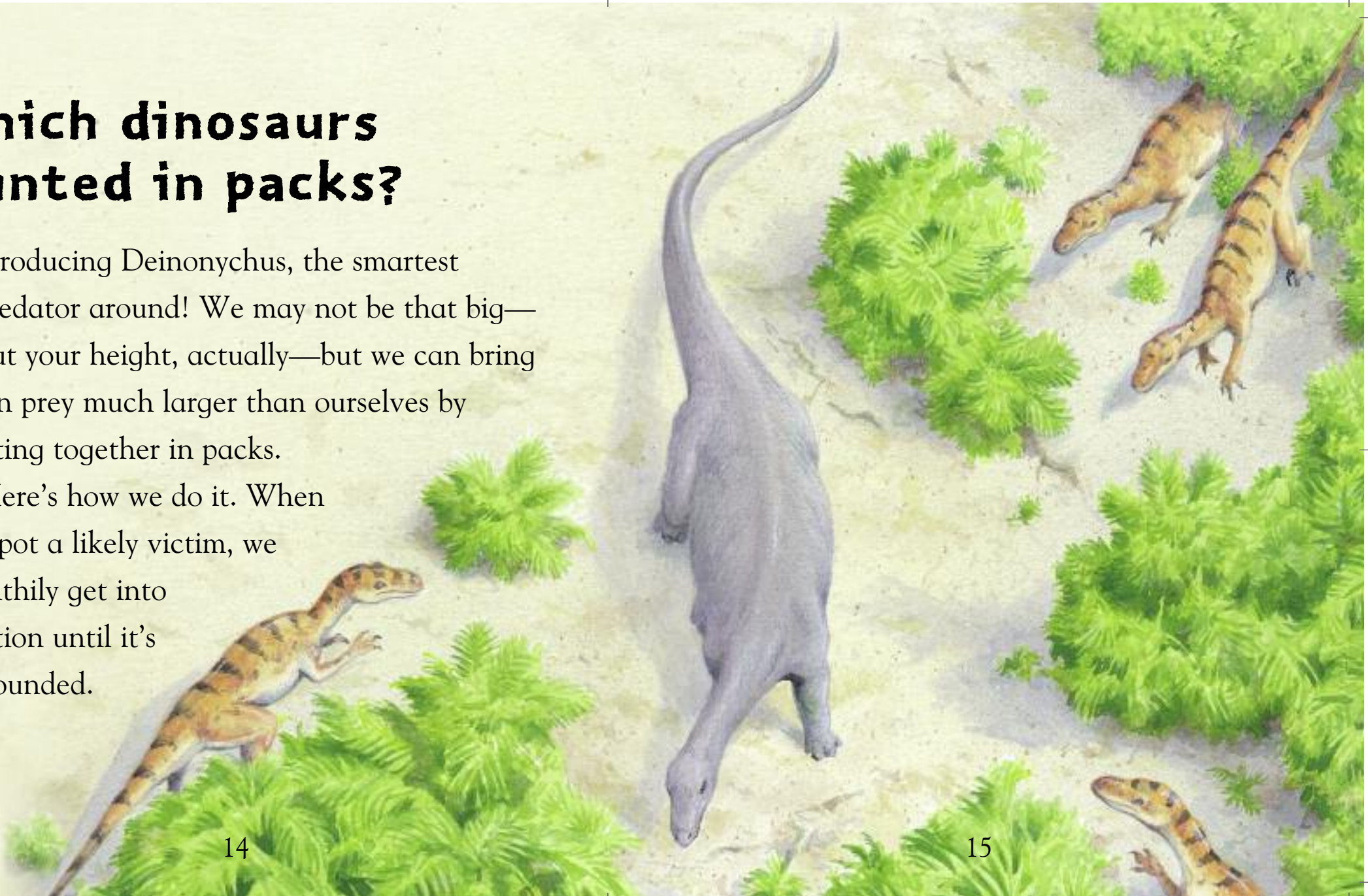
My arms are pretty useless. With a head
as big as mine, I'd topple over if they
were any longer.

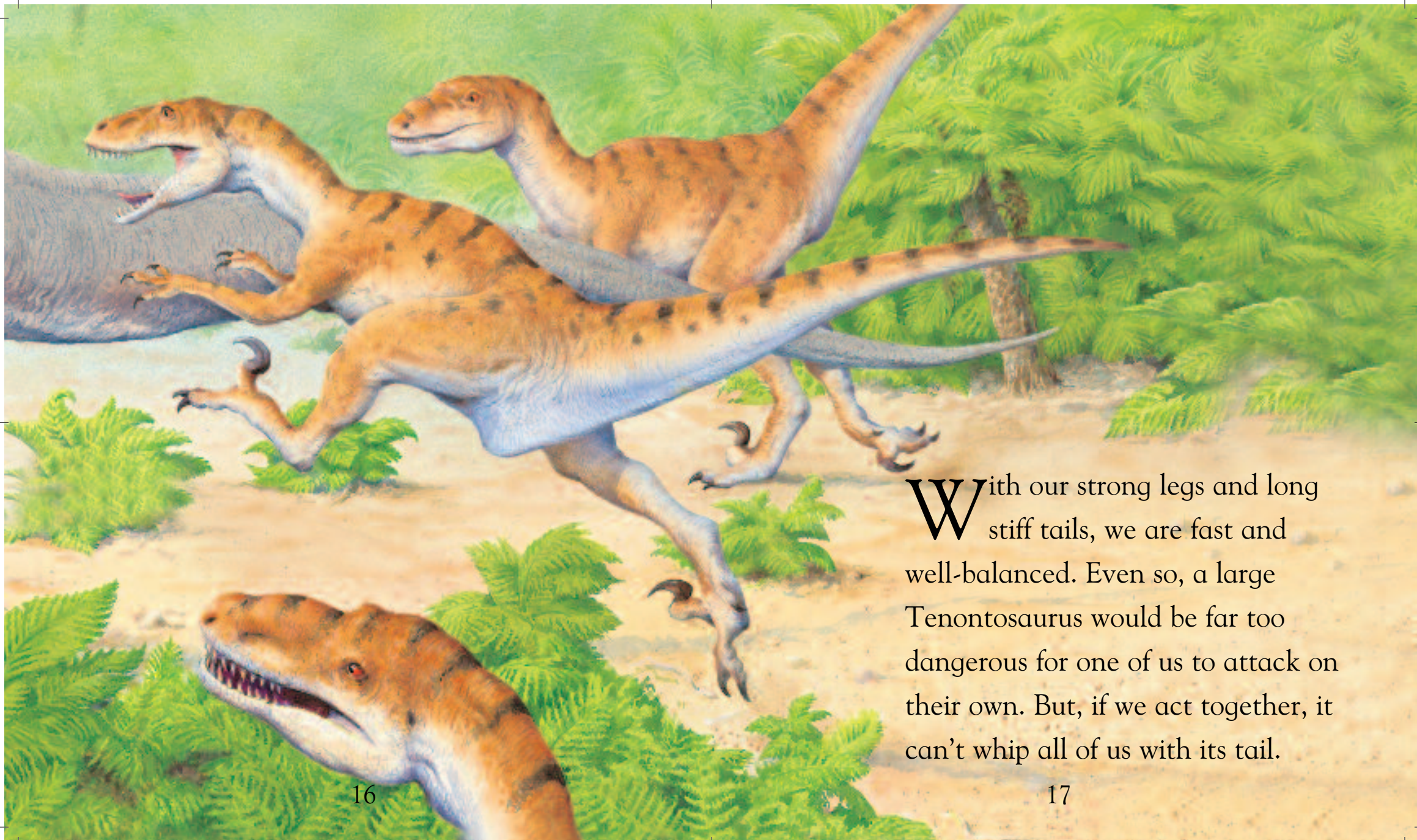
My long, dagger-like
teeth make short
work of my victim.
It didn't stand a chance.
I can enjoy my Triceratops
supper in peace. No other
dinosaur would dare to try
and steal a T. rex meal
from under its nose!

Which dinosaurs hunted in packs?

Introducing Deinonychus, the smartest predator around! We may not be that big—about your height, actually—but we can bring down prey much larger than ourselves by hunting together in packs.

Here's how we do it. When we spot a likely victim, we stealthily get into position until it's surrounded.

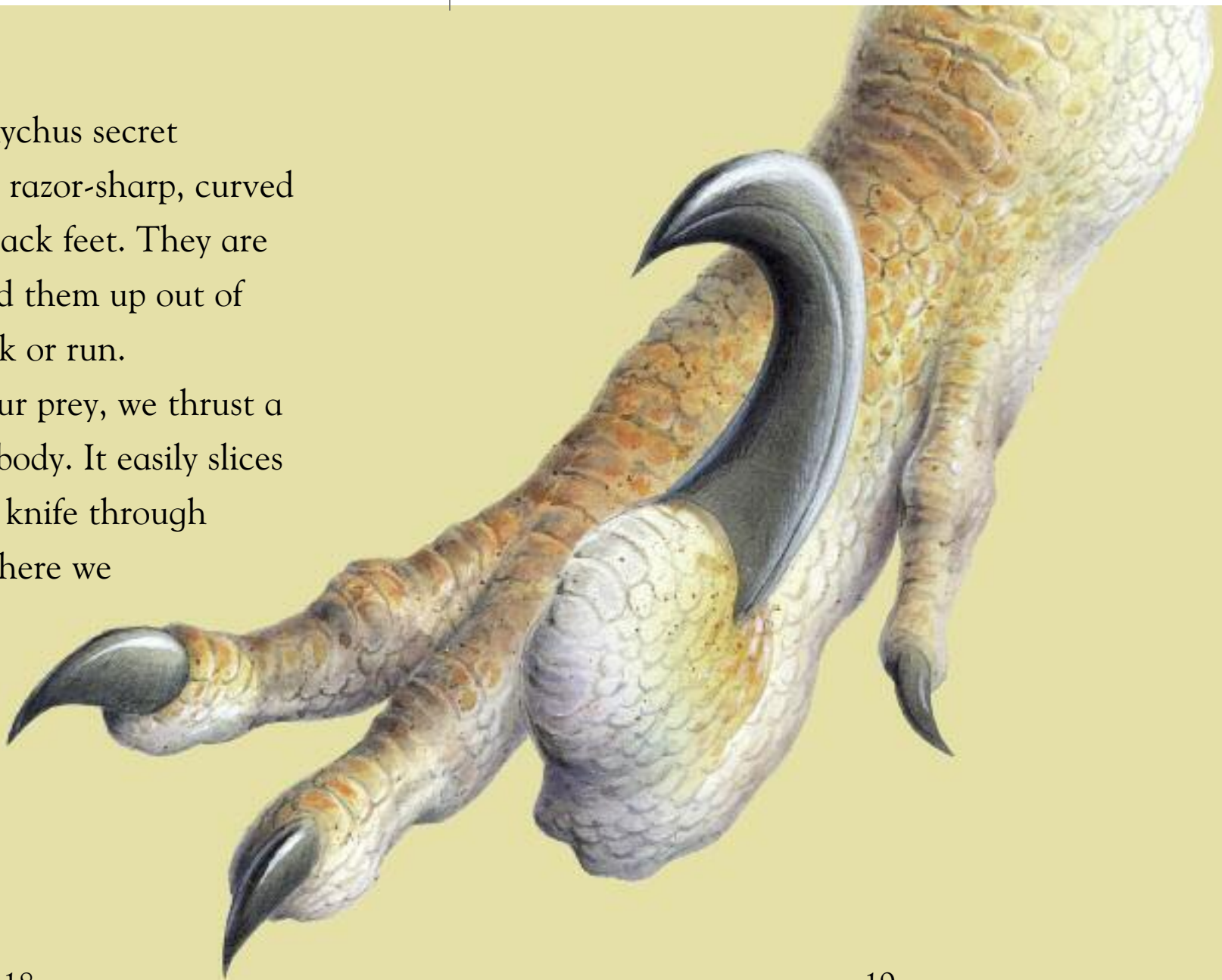




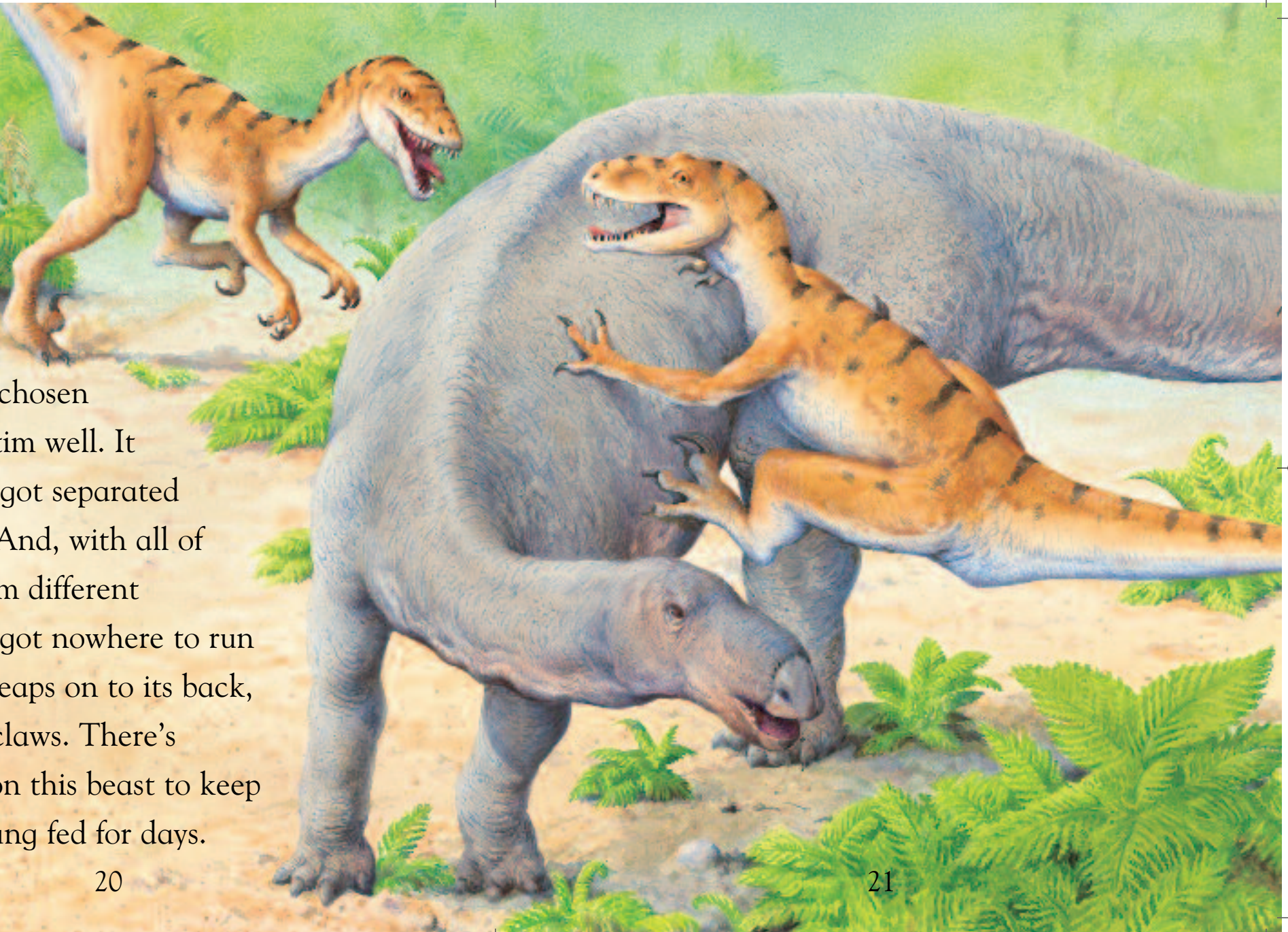
With our strong legs and long stiff tails, we are fast and well-balanced. Even so, a large Tenontosaurus would be far too dangerous for one of us to attack on their own. But, if we act together, it can't whip all of us with its tail.

This is the Deinonychus secret weapon: a giant, razor-sharp, curved claw on each of the back feet. They are so big we have to hold them up out of our way while we walk or run.

When we attack our prey, we thrust a claw forward into its body. It easily slices into the flesh—like a knife through butter! The neck is where we usually aim for. One stab there and our poor victim has had it.



We have chosen our victim well. It is old and has got separated from its herd. And, with all of us arriving from different directions, it's got nowhere to run to. One of us leaps on to its back, digging in its claws. There's enough flesh on this beast to keep us and our young fed for days.



Who preyed on the sauropods?

Some long-necked dinosaurs are more than 20 metres long, so we flesh-eaters have to be pretty big, too, if we want to take one on.

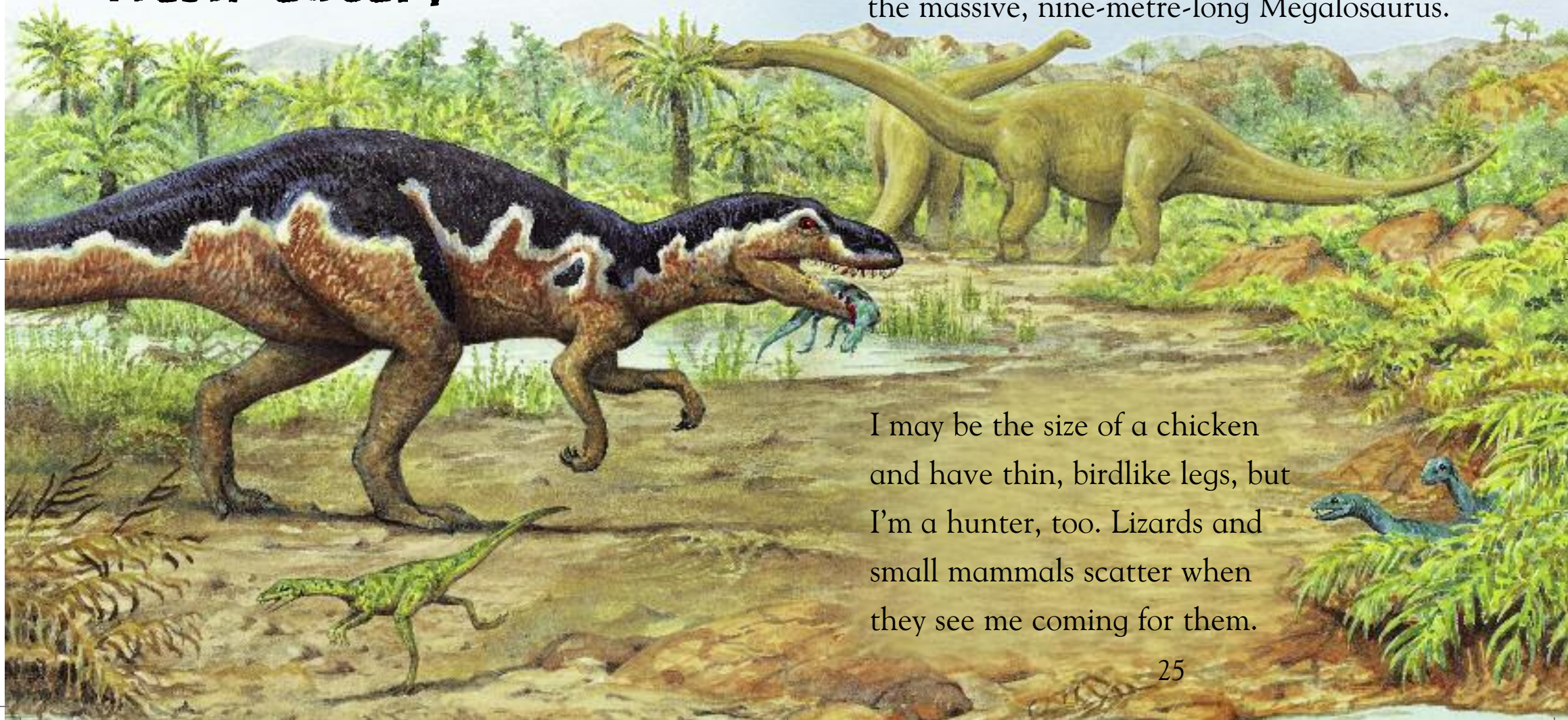
We Yangchuanosaurus fit the bill: we're about 10 metres long. Even so, it takes a gang of us to bring down a long-necker. We've all got saw-like teeth and murderous claws.



Who was the tiniest flesh-eater?

Watch out! Here I come, Compsognathus, that tiny green sprinter, on the run from the massive, nine-metre-long Megalosaurus.

I may be the size of a chicken and have thin, birdlike legs, but I'm a hunter, too. Lizards and small mammals scatter when they see me coming for them.

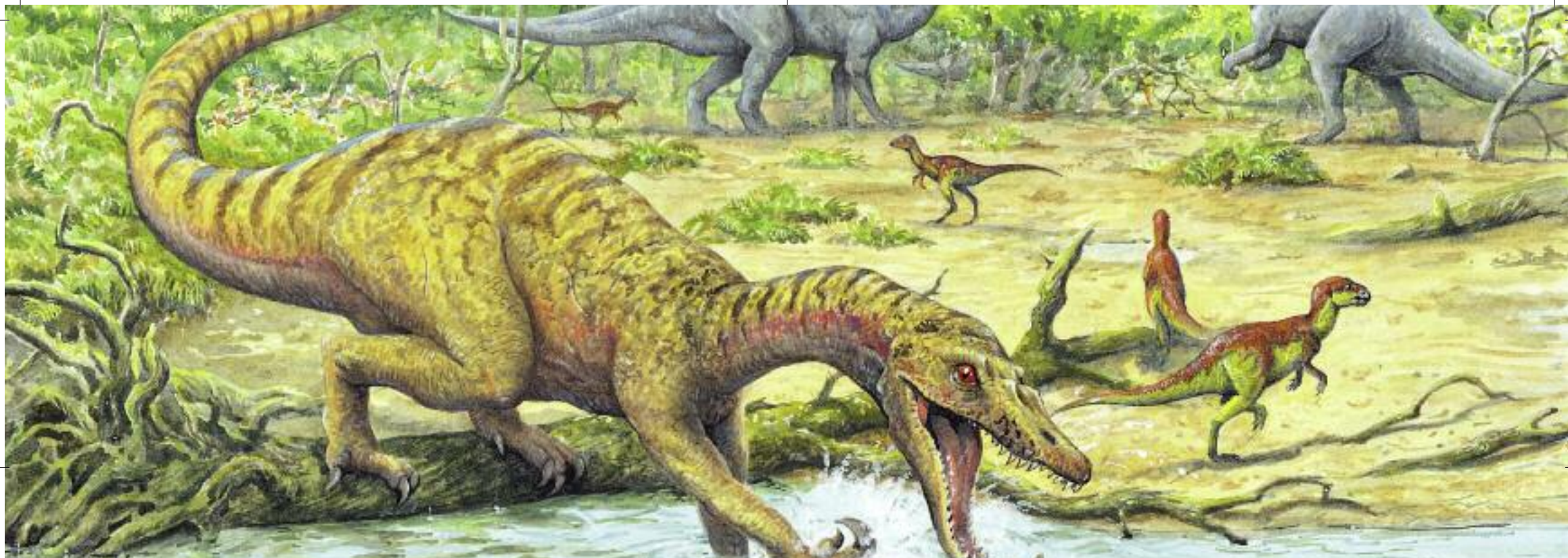




Which flesh-eater had feathers?

I am a Velociraptor, another small, fierce dinosaur. Along with some other dinosaurs that live, like me, in China, our bodies are covered with feathers instead of scales. We are, after all, pretty similar to birds—although the one thing we don't do is fly.

Here I am in a spot of bother with a Protoceratops that I attacked. The vicious brute has got his beak around my arm and won't let go. You'll find out about us millions of years later because we both end up as fossils, frozen in time just like this ...



Which dinosaur caught fish?

We look like crocodiles with long arms and legs. And, like them, we Baryonyx spend all our time lurking by river banks.

We have long snouts with sharp little teeth—perfect for gripping slippery fish. And check out those great, hook-like thumb-claws. Very handy for scooping fish out of the water.

