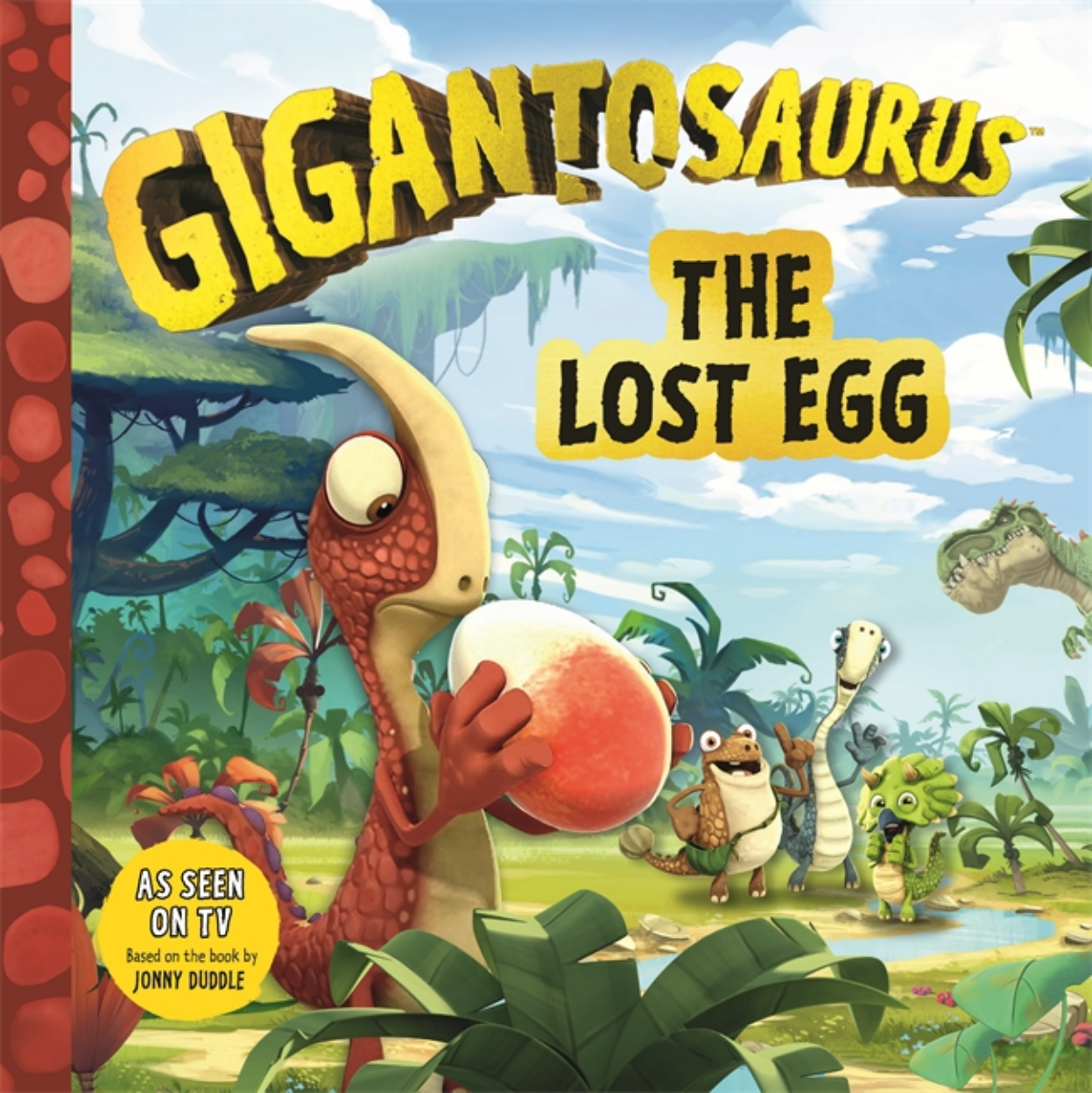


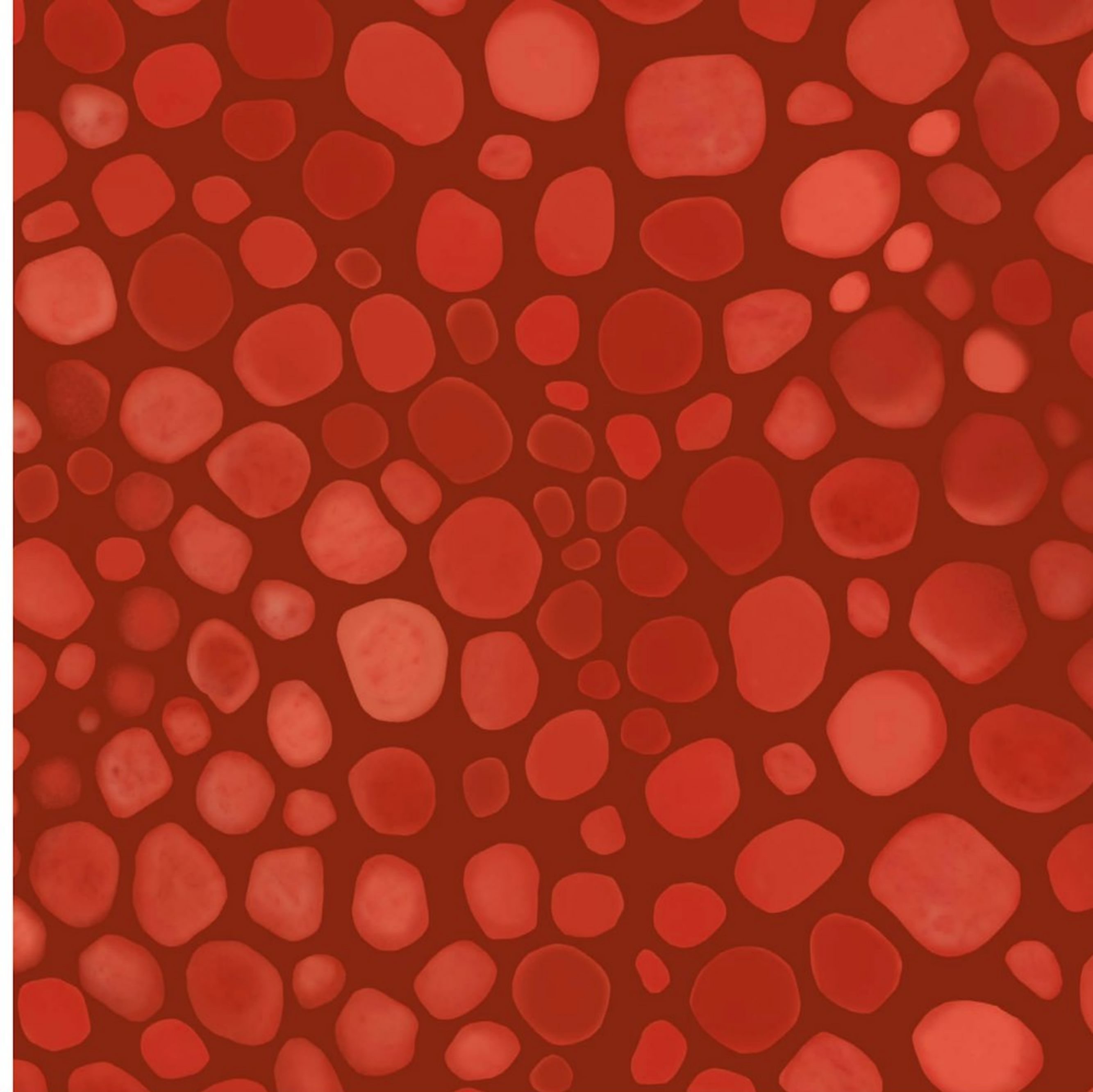
GIGANTOSAURUS™

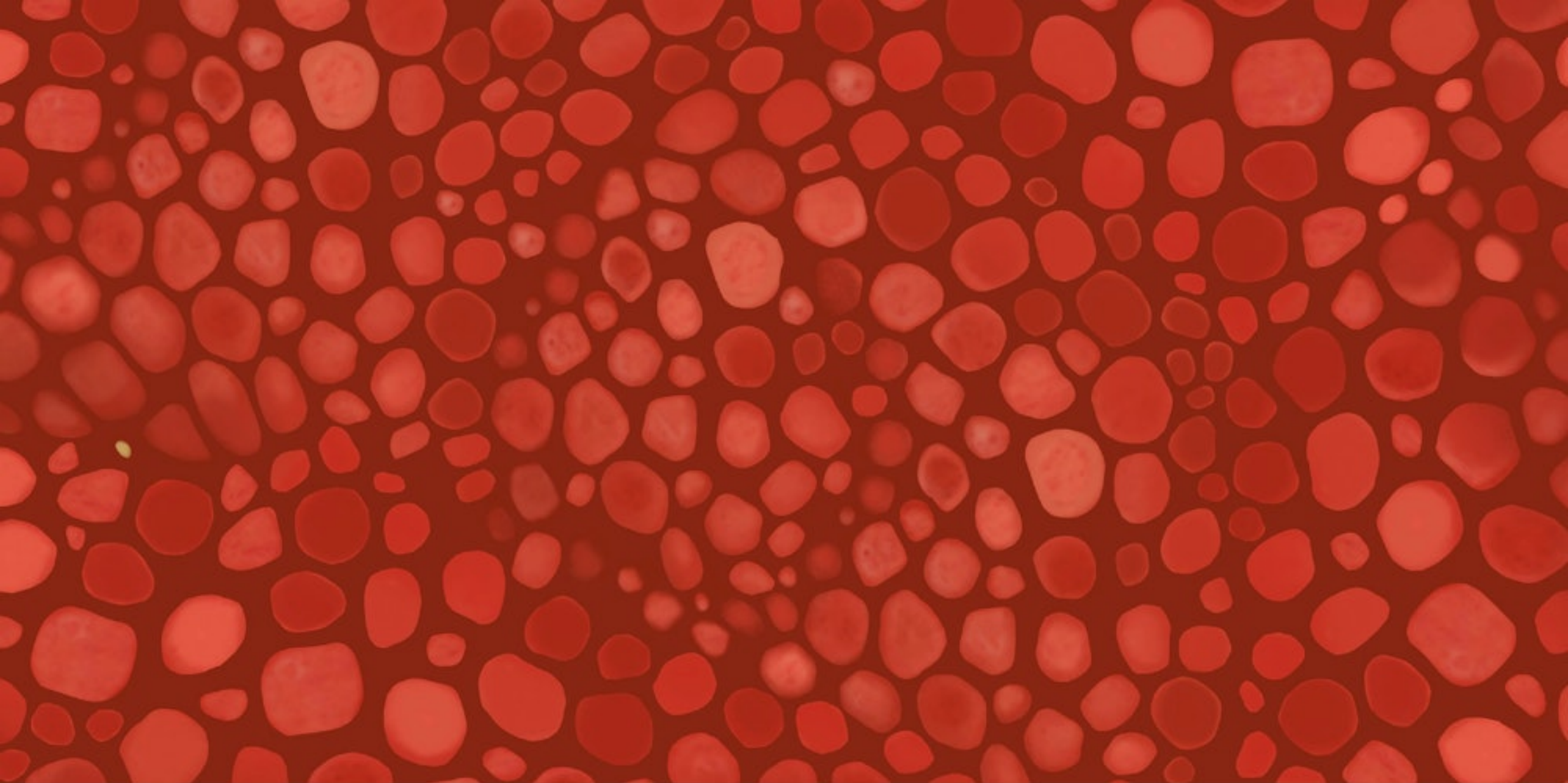
THE LOST EGG

**AS SEEN
ON TV**

Based on the book by
JONNY DUDDLE







A TEMPLAR BOOK

This book is based on the episode *The Lost Egg* from the TV series *Gigantosaurus*™.
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GIGANTOSAURUS™

THE LOST EGG



It was a warm, sunny day in the Cretaceous world. Rocky, Tiny, Bill and Mazu were scampering up and down the jungle trails, playing a game of Giganto Tag.

It was Bill's turn. After a little while, he spotted Tiny hiding behind a rock and ran towards her.



Tiny roared her very best Gigantosaurus impression, then raced off to tag Mazu.

As soon as the coast was clear, Rocky jumped out of his hiding place. "No one can catch me. I'm a super dino!" he said, running away as fast as he could.

But Rocky wasn't looking where he was going. His foot got tangled in a vine, sending him tumbling down the path – straight into a shiny EGG. He picked it up.



"Look what I found!" Rocky called out excitedly, spinning the egg on his finger as the others rushed over.

"What's an egg doing here?" said Mazu. "There's no nest around."

"We have to take care of it!" urged Tiny. "Remember, there's a baby dino inside."

Rocky snorted. That didn't sound fun at all.

"That's not a job for a super-tough dino like me," he replied. "Why don't we just leave it here and get back to our game?"



Rocky's friends were worried about the lost egg. What kind of dinosaur was inside? Who were its parents? Would it be safe out here alone?

Just as Rocky tried to leave the egg and get back to the game of Giganto Tag, a thunderous noise came rumbling towards them.

The earth shook as a herd of ENORMOUS Triceratops charged past the little dinos, kicking up a cloud of dust.

"We can't leave the egg here," said Mazu nervously. "It might get crushed!"



Tiny agreed and scooped the egg into her arms. "We're going to find your family," she promised.

"Fine," huffed Rocky. "But let's hurry up so we can get back to having fun. I'm WAY TOO TOUGH to be looking after a SILLY LITTLE EGG!"

After walking in the jungle for a while, the dinos spotted their friend Archie perched upon a high rock.



Archie swooped down to get a closer look, knocking Rocky to the ground.

"Nope," Archie shook his head. "Not mine."


The friends walked all morning, but they couldn't find the egg's family anywhere!

"This is taking forever," grumbled Rocky. "We'll never have time to finish our game if we don't move faster!"

He grabbed the egg and darted through the trees, but it wasn't long before he tripped **AGAIN**. This time he fell straight into Ignatius.

"You didn't happen to lose an egg?" Rocky asked the little yellow dinosaur hopefully.

"That egg's almost as big as me!" chuckled Ignatius.



Go ask a dino
your own size!

Rocky and his friends went to see every dinosaur they could think of. They asked spiky ones and scaly ones, stompy ones and slithery ones, but the lost egg didn't belong to any of them.



They ventured a little deeper into the forest to see Rugo the rat, but it definitely wasn't hers because she doesn't lay eggs.



"Lucky mammals!" groaned Rocky, stomping away. "Eggs are nothing but trouble."



After all that walking the dinos were feeling tired and thirsty. Luckily, Rocky knew just what to do.

“Coconut milk, coming right down!” he shouted. He shook a tree and one by one the coconuts bounced across the ground, nearly squashing the egg each time!

The others rushed to protect the egg.

“Why do you all care so much? It’s not like the egg cares about us!” Rocky snapped. But at that moment, it rolled across the grass, up to Rocky’s feet. Maybe it DID care.

“The egg seems to like you, Rocky!” said Tiny, smiling.

“Hmm . . .” muttered Rocky, looking curiously at the little egg. “Do you think this thing actually has feelings?”



The friends passed Ayati, who was grazing in the sunshine.

"Did you lose this egg?" asked Rocky.

"No," smiled Ayati, "but I can incubate it for you."

What does
'incubate' mean?

It means sitting
on an egg to keep
it warm.

Ayati took the egg from Rocky and got ready to lower her enormous body on to it.
"NO!" shouted Rocky, grabbing the egg just before she squashed it.
"Ayati," Mazu began. "I'm not sure that dino eggs have to be incubated!"



Next, the little dinos walked down to the lake.

"Who do you belong to, Eggsy?" said Tiny, laughing as she gave it a pretty flower hat. "We've asked nearly every dinosaur we know!"

Eggsy looks
so cute!



SPLASH! All of a sudden a huge shape rose out of the water. It was Terminonator!

"Hello, little dinos. I see you've found my egg," she smirked, beginning to drool.

"I've been craving one for **BREAKFAST** all morning."



Terminonator lunged towards the little dinos. Grasping the egg tightly, Rocky and his friends sprinted away, escaping the huge toothy jaws just in time!

"Don't worry, little egg," said Rocky, hurrying away from the lake. "I'll protect you."

"Aw," cooed Tiny. "That's so cute!"

"Only because **SOMEBODY** has to," said Rocky, putting on his toughest voice. He looked back down at the egg, which seemed to be shaking.

UH-OH!

ARGHHH!

RUN!

The others looked around. The egg wasn't shaking. It was the ground! That could only mean one thing...

"GIGANTOSAURUS!"

The enormous dinosaur stomped over, lowered his head and picked up the egg in his teeth!

"He's going to EAT it!" shouted Tiny. "I can't watch!"

But Giganto didn't eat it. He carefully placed the egg on a mound of mud, then settled down beside it for a nap.

Rocky couldn't believe his eyes. He'd never seen a fierce dinosaur be so gentle before.

"If Giganto isn't embarrassed to show his soft side then I don't have to be either!" he declared.



At that moment, the friends heard a cracking sound.
The egg was HATCHING!



A teeny-tiny dinosaur popped its head out of the shell and smiled up at them.
It had red scales and a little head crest.
“Look!” gasped Rocky. “It’s a baby me!”

It was time to take the baby dino back to its family.

“It’s funny,” said Rocky, “I was so busy asking dinosaurs from all the other herds if the egg belonged to them, I forgot to ask my own!”

The others chuckled. Tough guys sure could be forgetful sometimes . . . and gentle, too!



