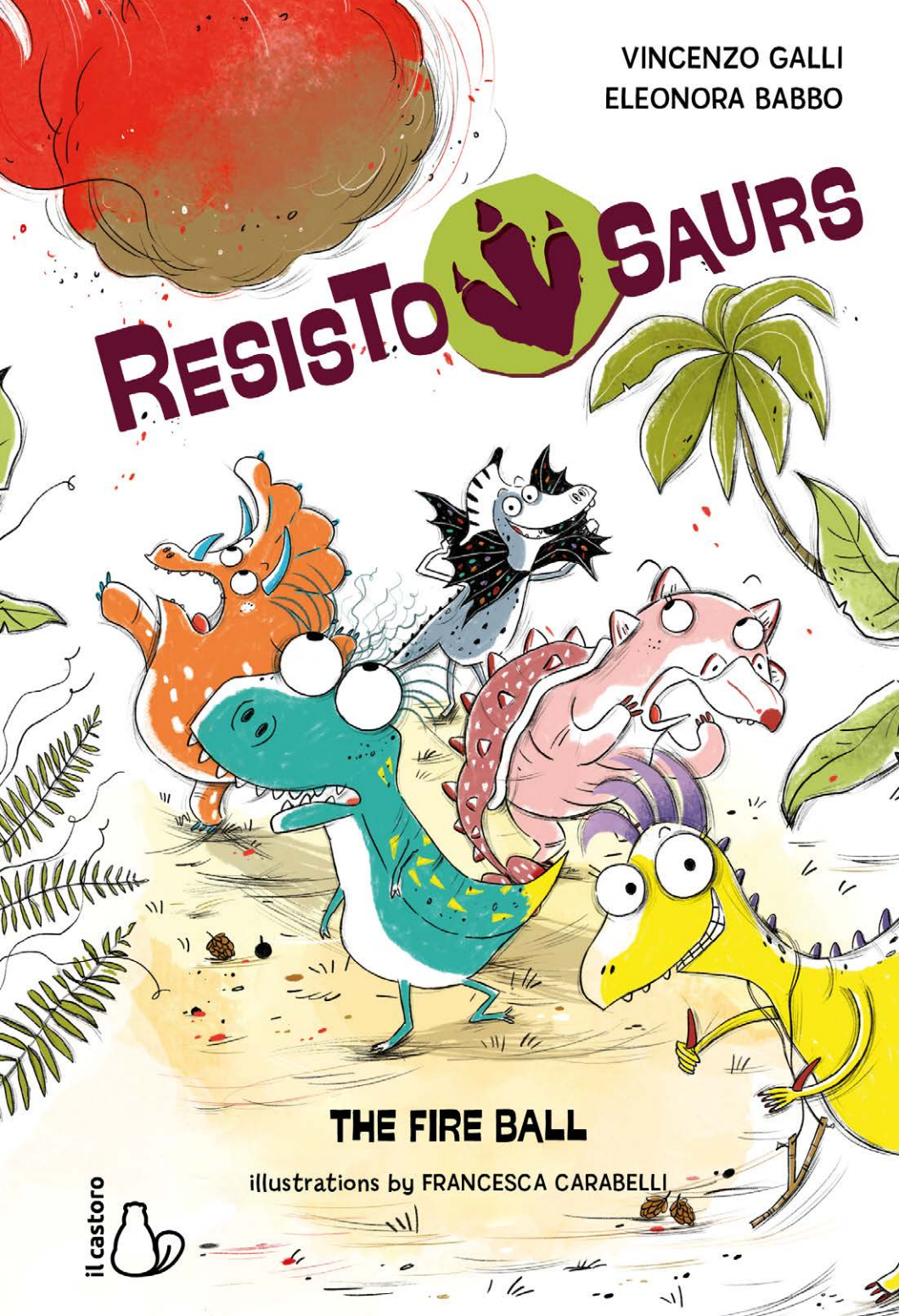
VINCENZO GALLI
ELEONORA BABBO

RESISTOSAURS

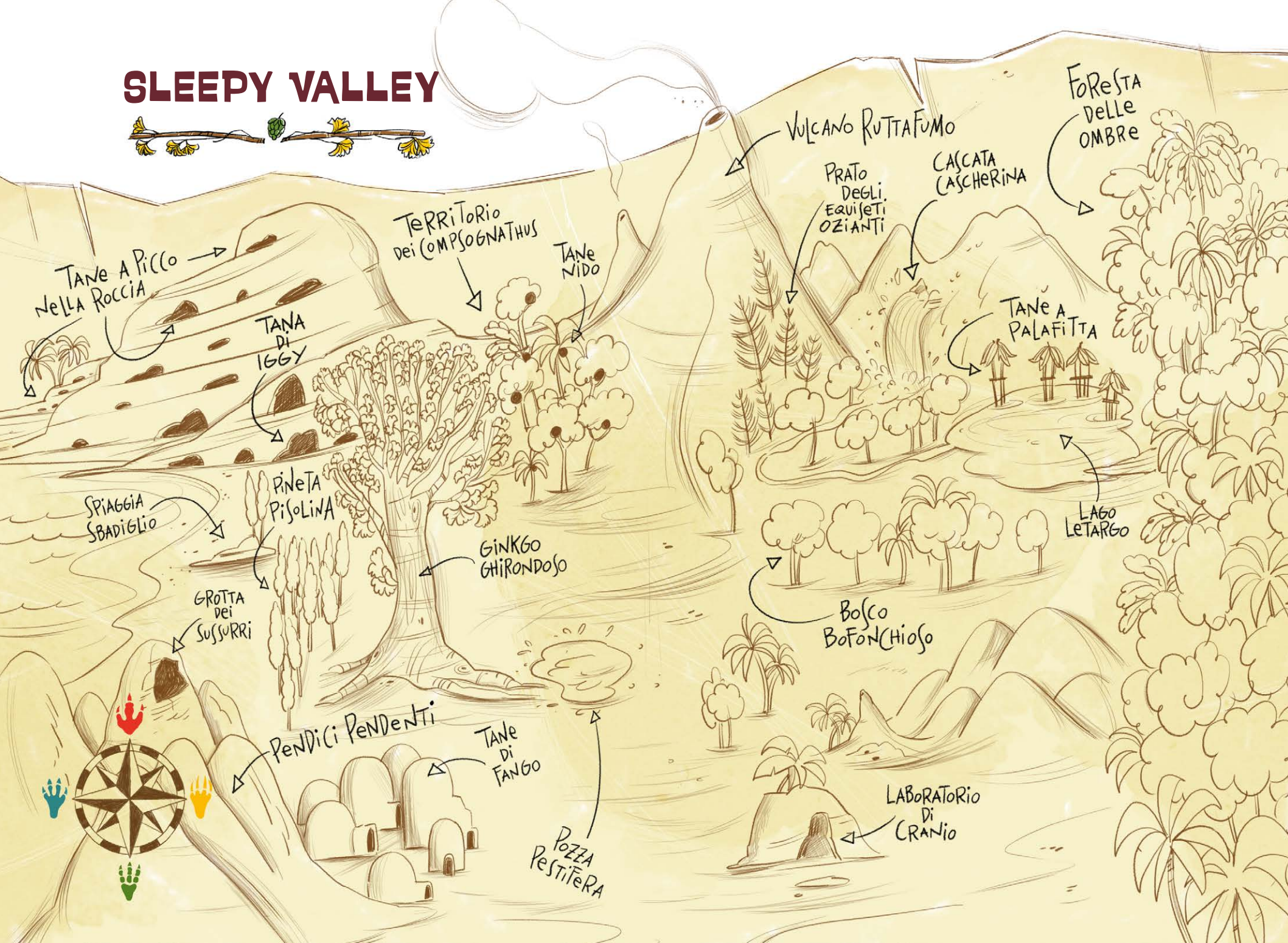


THE FIRE BALL

illustrations by FRANCESCA CARABELLI

il castoro

SLEEPY VALLEY





Vincenzo Galli, Eleonora Babbo – Francesca Carabelli

I Resistosauri.
La palla di fuoco

English working translation made with DeepL

© 2025 Editrice Il Castoro Srl
viale Andrea Doria 7, 20124 Milano
www.editriceilcastoro.it
info@editriceilcastoro.it

ISBN 979-12-5533-305-0

Finito di stampare nel mese di marzo 2025
presso Florjančič tisk d.o.o. - Slovenia

VINCENZO GALLI ELEONORA BABBO

RESISTOSAURS



THE FIRE BALL

illustrations by FRANCESCA CARABELLI

il castoro

CLAWS UP!

They are wild, hungry, with a lot of claws and above all... they have no intention of becoming extinct!



IGGY

More energetic and stubborn than a sedimentary rock, she refuses to adjust to the life in Sleepy Valley. She has recently arrived in the village after years of wandering with her parents but she just can't sit still. Her clawed thumbs are always in search for new inventions, adventures and delicious pinecones.

JOIN THE RESISTOSAURS' CLUB

BRIGITTA

Brigitta easily gets angry. Her solution to solve problems is destroying everything. Her tongue is as sharp as her tail, but under all those scales hides a loyal heart. Sometimes, however, anger is not enough. And when the fear gets too strong, she loses control and gives in to superstition.





REGINA

Though her imposing figure, a hoarse voice that can make you shiver and razor-sharp teeth, the only thing Regina cans see is her very short arms – too short, so short that she feels useless. But she doesn't realize how incredible she actually is and that all those limitations she thinks she has, exist only in her head.





TROCCO

Shy and gullible, Trunk stammers when he's scared. He is afraid of everything, even his own horns, to the point that he sleeps with a headgear to avoid accidentally injure himself while sleeping. However, when Iggy arrived in the village, he was the first to shake his paw with her an welcome her.

LORD

Vain and elegant, Lord comes from an ancient and noble lineage of luminescent protozoa. From his ancestors he inherited a luminous collar that he often opens just to show off. He loves taking beauty mud baths and hates skipping naps: *fatigue causes wrinkles. And wrinkles are so vulgar* is his motto.



1

BETWEEN NAPS AND SNOOZES

Two green dots shone in the darkness. They were Iggy's eyes looking for a way out.

'They can't keep me in here,' said the baby iguanodon as she slowly moved against the cold cave wall.

She was not afraid; she was the bravest dinosaur in the whole Cretaceous. A snoring, however, made her scales stand on the end. They mustn't wake up!

In the dim light of the cave, she saw two large bellies going up and down in their sleep

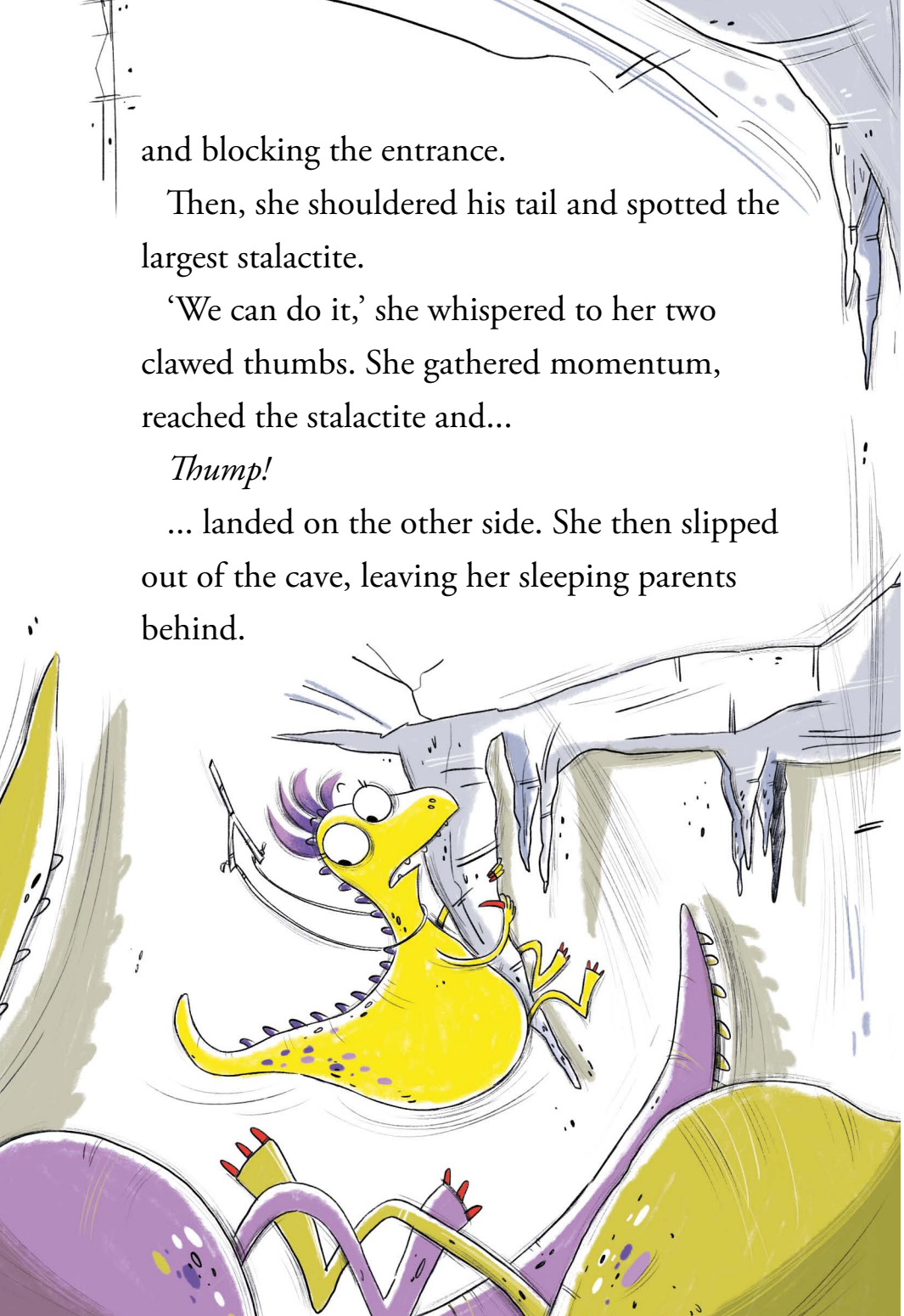
and blocking the entrance.

Then, she shouldered his tail and spotted the largest stalactite.

'We can do it,' she whispered to her two clawed thumbs. She gathered momentum, reached the stalactite and...

Thump!

... landed on the other side. She then slipped out of the cave, leaving her sleeping parents behind.



'Free at last!' Iggy shook her purple crest and pointed her yellow scales at the sun.

Her friends were already waiting for her: Trunk, a young triceratops, and Regina, a gigantic baby T-Rex.

'If they find out we skipped our nap again,' complained Trunk, 'we'll get in trouble.'



'Breaking the rules makes me feel so rebellious!' said Regina.

'Shhh, or we'll wake up the whole village,' Trunk scolded her.



Iggy led the way into the forest. 'Impossible, the dinosaurs in this Valley sleep like rocks!'

She was right: Sleepy Valley was the quietest place in the

world. Its inhabitants took almost ten naps a day.

Suddenly, a roar broke the air.

Ruuumble!

'Wh-what's that? A storm?' asked Trunk. He stammered whenever he was scared (ie, pretty much always).

'It's Iggy's belly,' chuckled Regina. 'She wants some crunchy pinecones.'

'Target sniffed, guys,' said Iggy licking her own beak.

There they were: three pinecones dripping with resin and clinging to a branch.

'They're too high!' exclaimed Trunk. 'You'll j-jump, s-stumble, and r-roll away. We'll never see you again.'

Regina reached out towards the branch to help her friend, but she could not even touch it. 'These tiny paws are useless.' she huffed. 'I'll take them off one of these days.'

'Don't be such a Jurassic!' said Iggy. 'If you don't use your paws, you'll have to use your head!'

And she unhooked a strange object from her neck: a forked branch with a piece of liana connecting the two ends.

'My new invention,' Iggy explained. 'It's called pinecones-collector.'

She then picked up a stone and used it to stretch the liana to its fullest. She aimed and let go. The stone whizzed through the air and... the three pinecones fell at their feet.

'Bullseye!' said Regina with a tiny applause.

Iggy gave two pinecones to her friends, then ate hers.

The taste of wood, resin and pine nuts exploded in her

beak.

'Now that our bellies are full,' said Regina swallowing her pinecone, 'let's go to sleep before our parents realize we're gone.'

'Do you really have to go?' huffed Iggy. 'Stay with me, pleaaaaase...'

'Y-you kidding?' said Trunk. 'You know what happens to those who s-skip their nap?'

'They have more time to play?', guessed Iggy.

'No, they are caught by the Sc- the Sc-'

'The Scaresaurs!' cut Regina short.

'Are you crazy?' laughed Iggy. 'It's just a legend.'

'They do exist! They are e-enormous, made of pure d-darkness and they walk on their tails.'

'And since they have no legs,' added Regina, 'they tear off those of the little dinos that don't sleep.'

'But didn't you want to get rid of yours?'

joked Iggy.

'You've only been here in the village for a short time,' said Regina. 'You'll get used to our habits.'

With a couple of yawns, the two dinosaurs disappeared inside their own caves and Iggy was left alone.

'Getting used to it. Puah! I don't think so.' she huffed.

To be honest, her parents – Mama Ana and Papa Donte – had quickly adjusted to the life full of yawns and naps in Sleepy Valley. But the little iguanodon was different.

Her crest was made to cleave the air. Her tail just wanted to get stuck in the mud. And her brain was always thinking about a new invention.

'Got it!' exclaimed Iggy. 'I'm going to Skull's lab.'

Ever since she had arrived in the village, Skull the Inventor had let her poke around everywhere and had already taught her a lot of things: how to recognize the best logs to carve for example or how to polish shells. Not to mention how to hit the wall with your head when the idea didn't come!

Eventually, however, Skull would always throw his own creations out the window. Because each time he was sure they wouldn't work. Or worse: that they were useless. Iggy found him snoring with his big head on the table.

'An inventor should never sleep,' she whispered. 'Let's see what he has thrown today.'

In the middle of the heap, a branch immediately attracted her attention. One of the two ends was tapped with a disk of



transparent ammonite. Iggy looked into it.

Empty.

No, wait… there were light blue and grey scales. And two huge holes.

'Yuck! That's Skull's nose!'

She took her eye off the tube. The nose of the inventor was still attached to the snout.

'It makes you observe distant objects,' she realized. 'I'll call it farvision!'

She used it to watch some distant pinecones, and managed to count all the pine nuts. She then pointed it at Trunk's cave and discovered that he wore several funny hats so as not to sting himself with his own horns while sleeping.

Finally, she aimed it towards the sky. And it was then that she saw it for the very first time. Giant, threatening. More disturbing than all the boogers in Skull's nose.

A stone floating beyond the clouds. And it was pointing right towards them.



JOIN THE RESISTOSAURS, THE ROARINGEST GROUP OF LITTLE DINOS EVER. THEY ARE WILD, HUNGRY, WITH A LOT OF CLAWS AND ABOVE ALL... THEY HAVE NO INTENTION OF BECOMING EXTINCT!

Their first mission will be to rescue Sleepy Valley from the threat of a dangerous fire ball that seems to be pointing right toward the Earth!

ISBN 979-12-5533-305-0
9 791255 333050
€ 12,50
www.editriceilcastoro.it