

WARNING! CONTAINS MAN-EATING DINOSAURS!

Before Ivor became a scientist he was just an ordinary boy ... well, maybe not completely ordinary. For example, he didn't want any friends and would rather not talk to anyone, except his cat Einstein. But on his eleventh birthday everything changed! This is a book about seven ravening dinosaurs, a highly dangerous teenager, the usefulness of dodgeball, a bus driver in peril and the best companion in the world. It is also the first book in an exciting series!

(208 pp, age group: from 6 years) A thrilling story for readers of all ages!

Dinosaurs in Reykjavik uses a special font designed to make reading easier for people with dyslexia and reading problems.

"INCREDIBLY ENTERTAINING,
FUNNY AND FANTASTICAL."

Vikan Magazine



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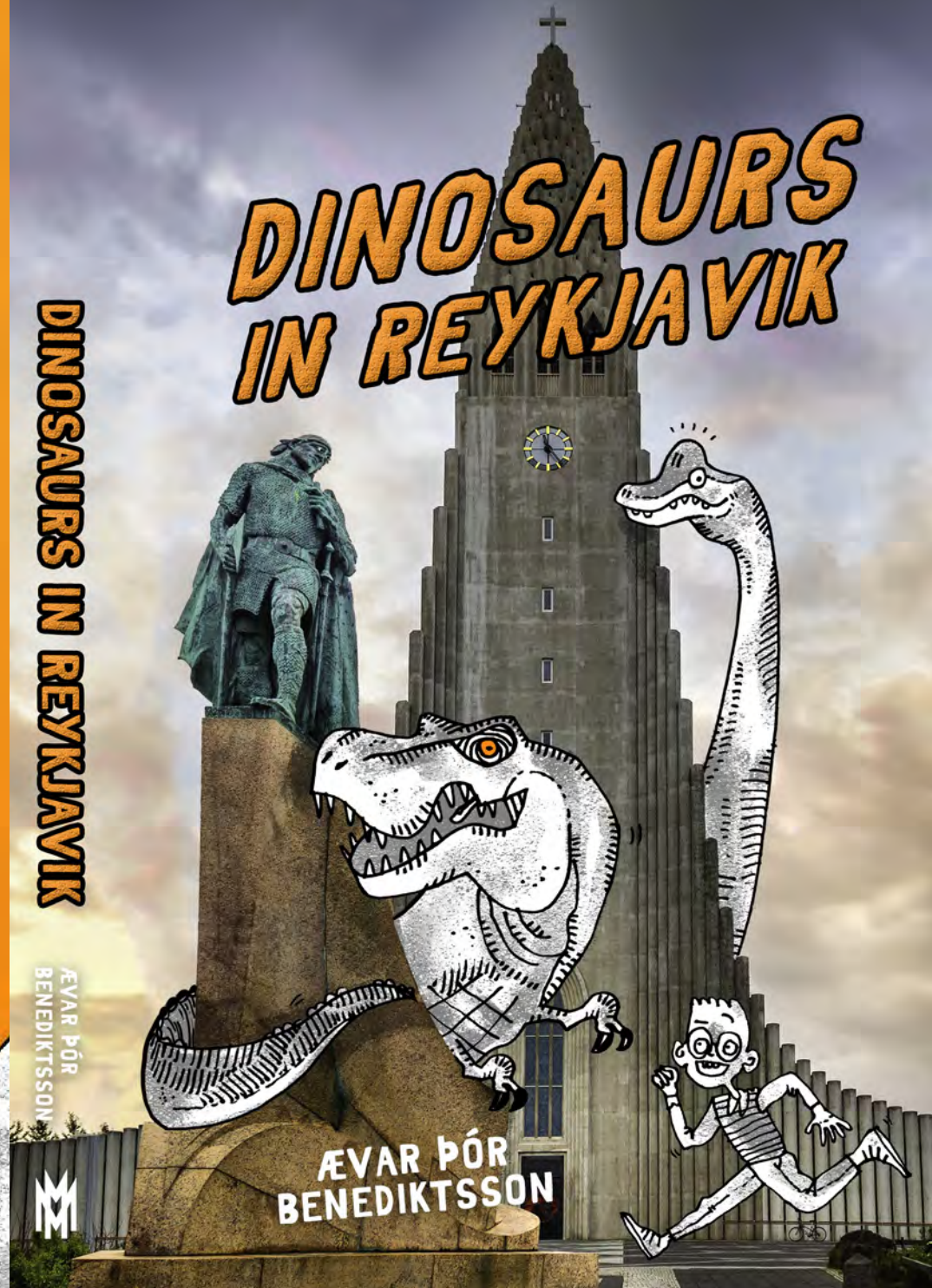
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DINOSAURS IN REYKJAVIK

ÆVAR ÞÓR
BENEDIKTSSON



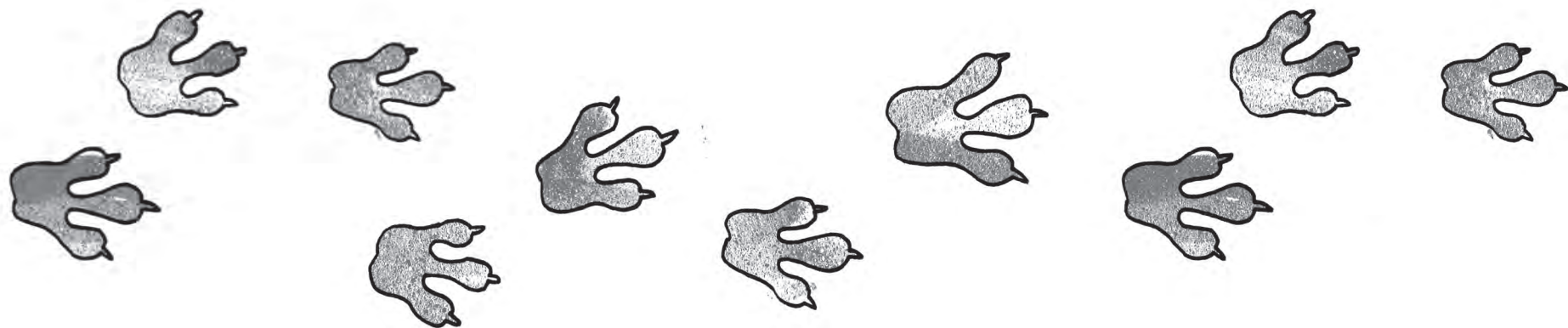
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WARNING!

Contains man-eating dinosaurs!



PROLOGUE

Once, a **loooooooooooooooooong** long time ago (long before all the people you know were born) **dinosaurs** ruled the world. For those who don't know about them, dinosaurs were reptiles of many different sorts and sizes. Some flew, others swam and yet others lived on land. But none of them drove about in cars (because they hadn't been invented yet).

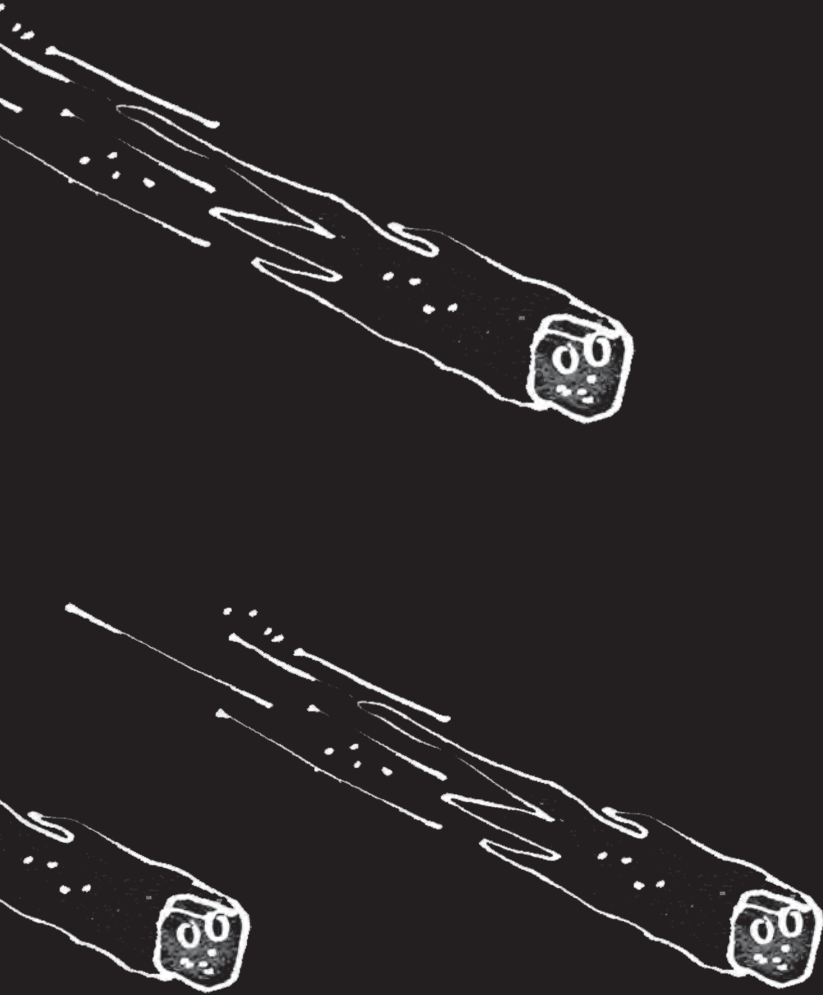
Some dinosaurs were **herbivores**, which means they only ate plants. Others were **predatory animals**, terrifying carnivores – meat-eaters that hunted and ate the herbivores – and definitely without a side salad.

The dinosaurs first appeared about 250 million years ago (see, I told you they lived a long time ago) and for ages they were the kings of the universe. Time passed and nobody bothered them – except of course when they were trying to eat each other. That drove them completely crazy.

But one day, about 65 million years ago, something truly amazing happened. Something utterly incredible. **(Turn the page to see what it was,)**

THE DINOSAURS DIED!





Scientists are not sure exactly what happened, but most research indicates that a large **meteorite** came crashing into Earth. This resulted in some tremendous catastrophes:

Earthquakes and volcanic eruptions!

The dinosaurs that survived didn't have an easy time of it. You see, when the meteorite landed it whirled up dust, which blocked out the sun. Of course all plants need sunlight in order to live, and once the sun was hidden behind an enormous cloud, they all died. When the plants died, the herbivores died, and when the herbivores died the carnivores had nothing to eat.

And that's how the dinosaurs vanished from the surface of the Earth!

But let's look on the bright side – if the dinosaurs hadn't become extinct there would certainly not have been any room for us humans.

Today we only know the dinosaurs as **fossils**. Archaeologists all over the world study fossilised remains of these amazing creatures, which are preserved in rock strata all over the world. These great giants – which in previous times ruled over everything – are now lost forever.

OR ARE THEY?

HEIGHT:
12-15 METRES!

Remember these

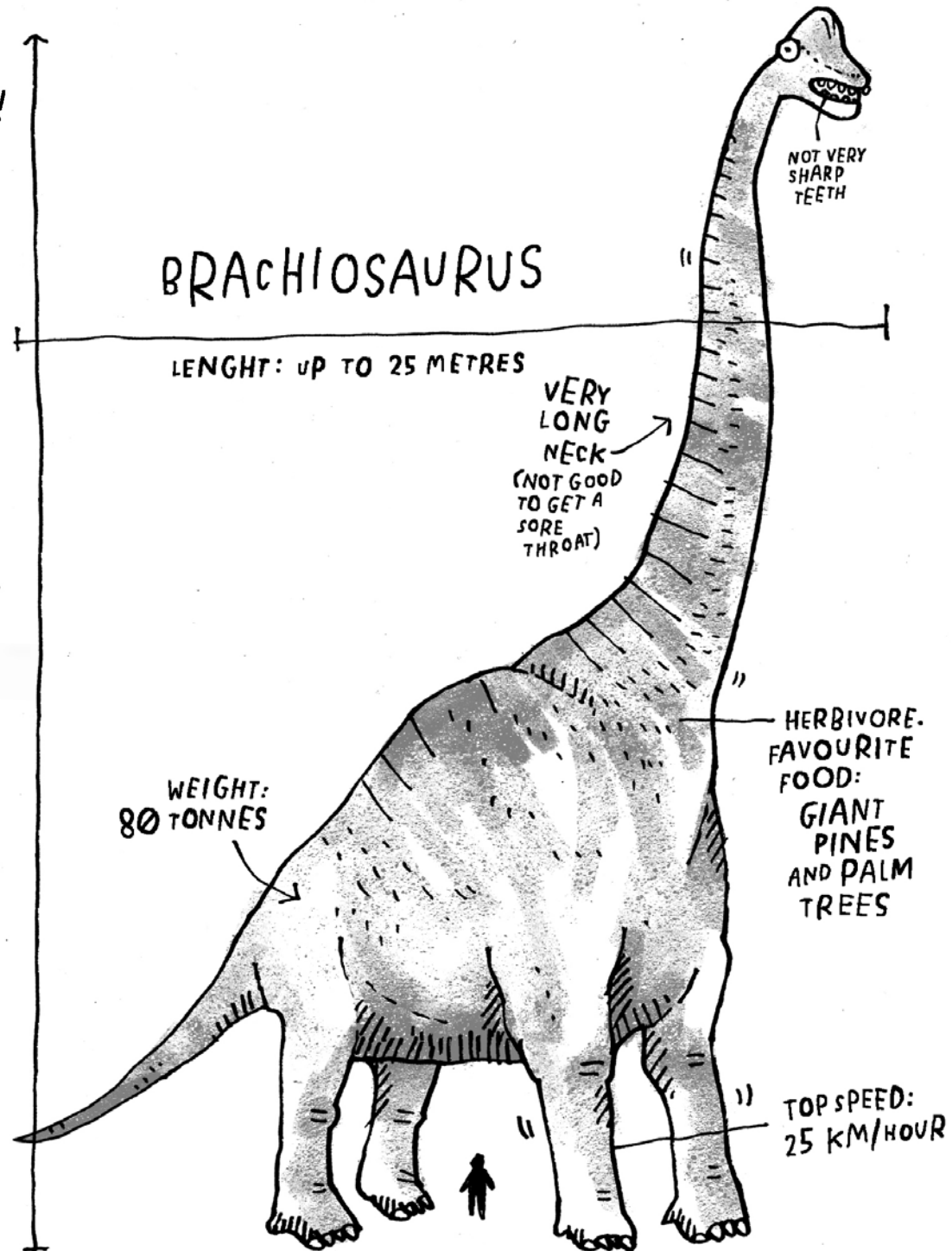
These are the species you will need to know about before you start on this book:

(BRACHIOSAURUS)

Brachiosaurus:

A herbivore that has a seriously long neck and walks incredibly slowly because it is so heavy – as much as 80 tonnes!

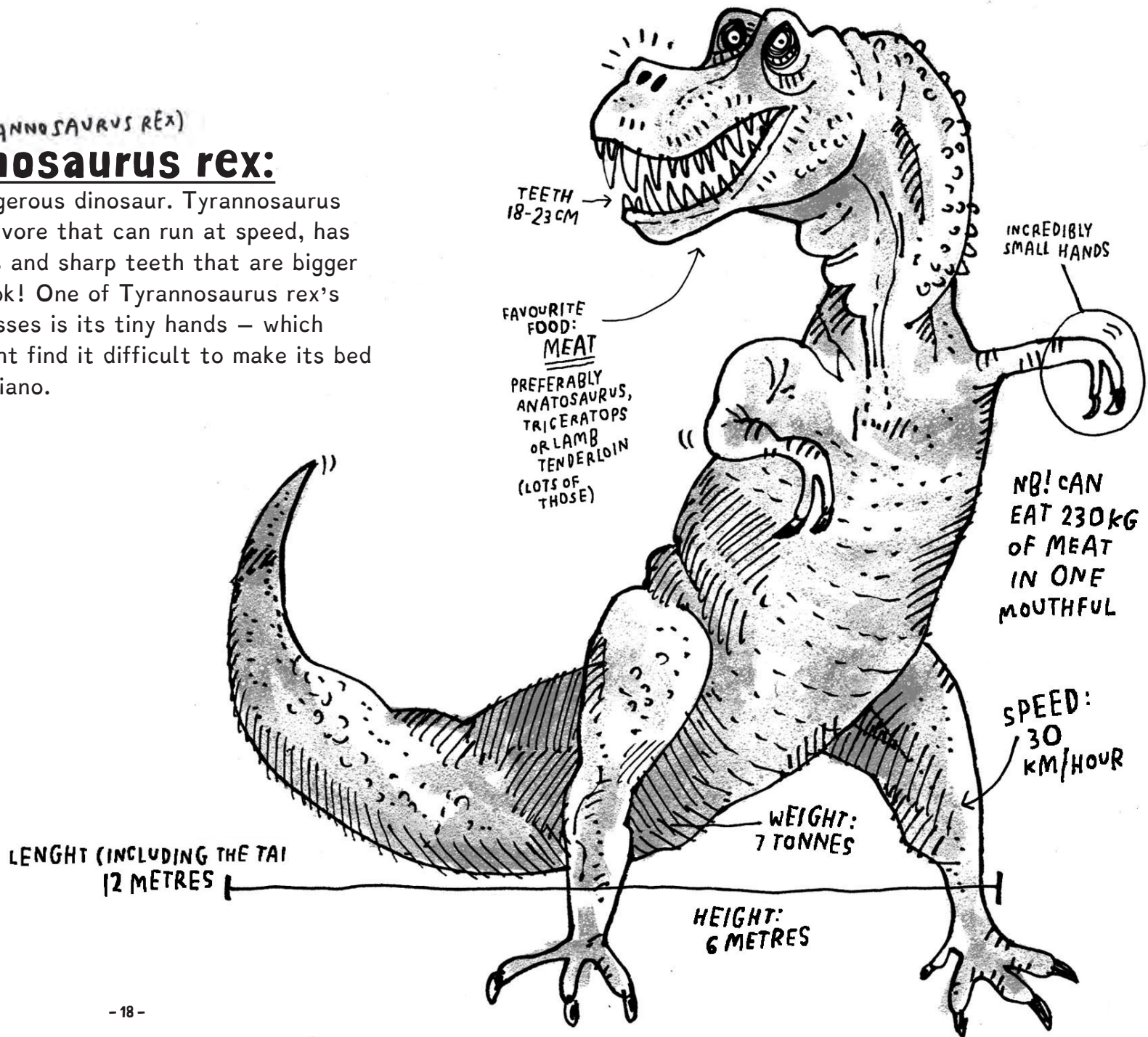
SHOE SIZE:
6 MILLION
BILLION



(TYRANNOSAURUS REX)

Tyrannosaurus rex:

A really dangerous dinosaur. Tyrannosaurus rex is a carnivore that can run at speed, has gigantic jaws and sharp teeth that are bigger than this book! One of Tyrannosaurus rex's main weaknesses is its tiny hands – which means it might find it difficult to make its bed or play the piano.

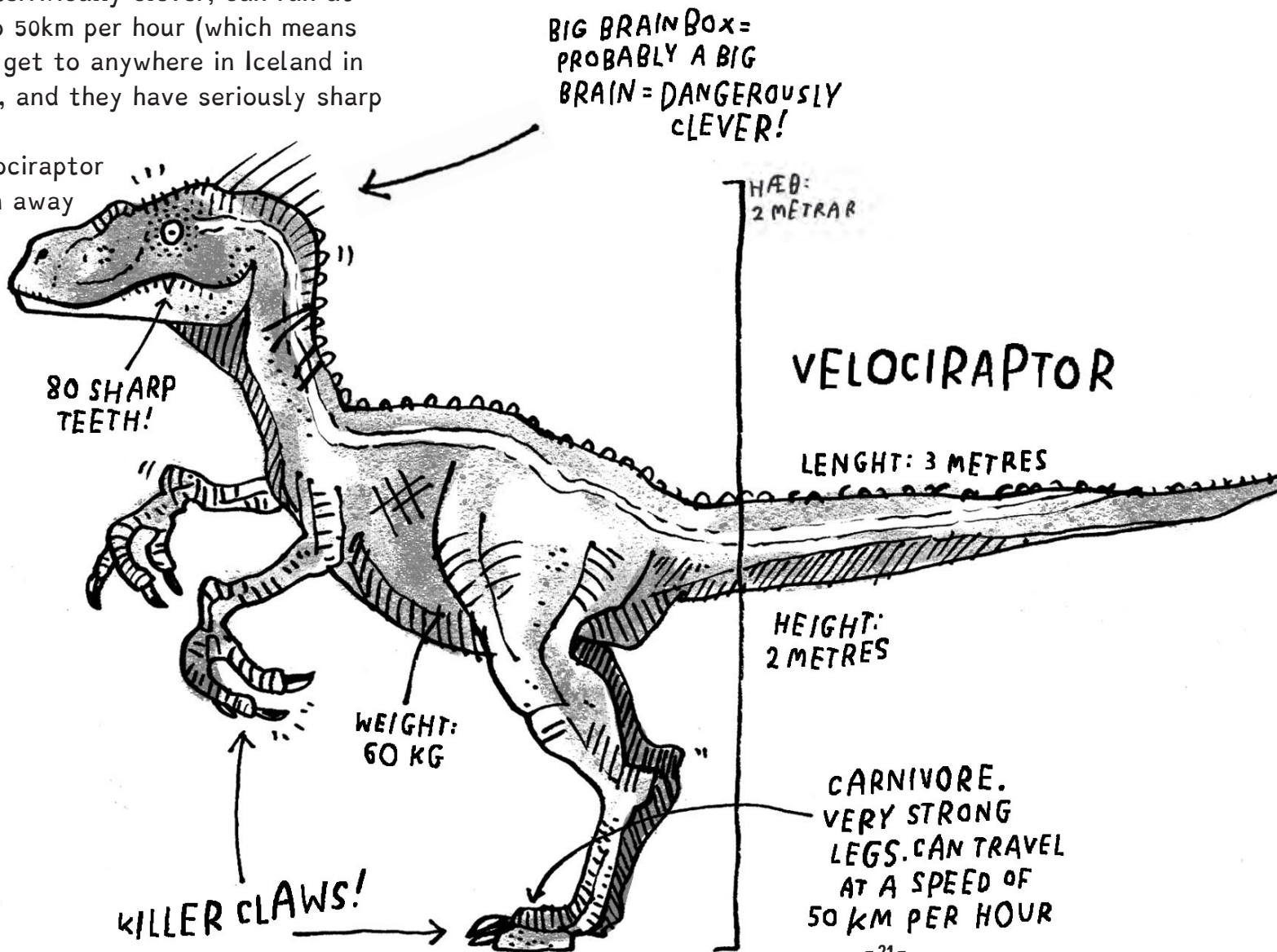


(VELOCIRAPTOR)

Velociraptor:

The most dangerous dinosaurs in the whole book. They are terrifically clever, can run at a speed of up to 50km per hour (which means that they could get to anywhere in Iceland in just over a day), and they have seriously sharp claws!

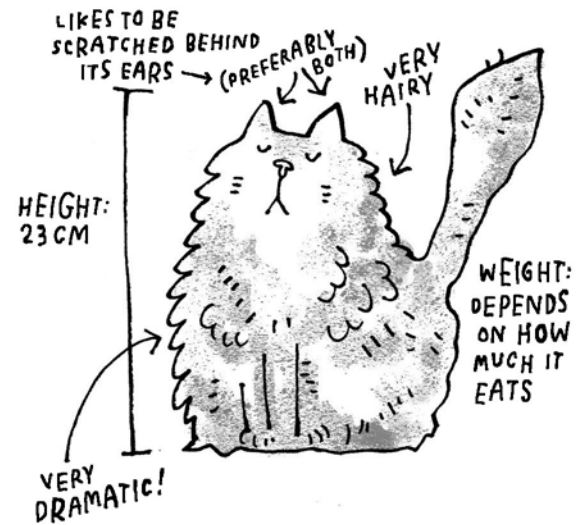
If you see a velociraptor you'd better run away as fast as you possibly can!



(FELIS CATUS LONINBRØKUS)

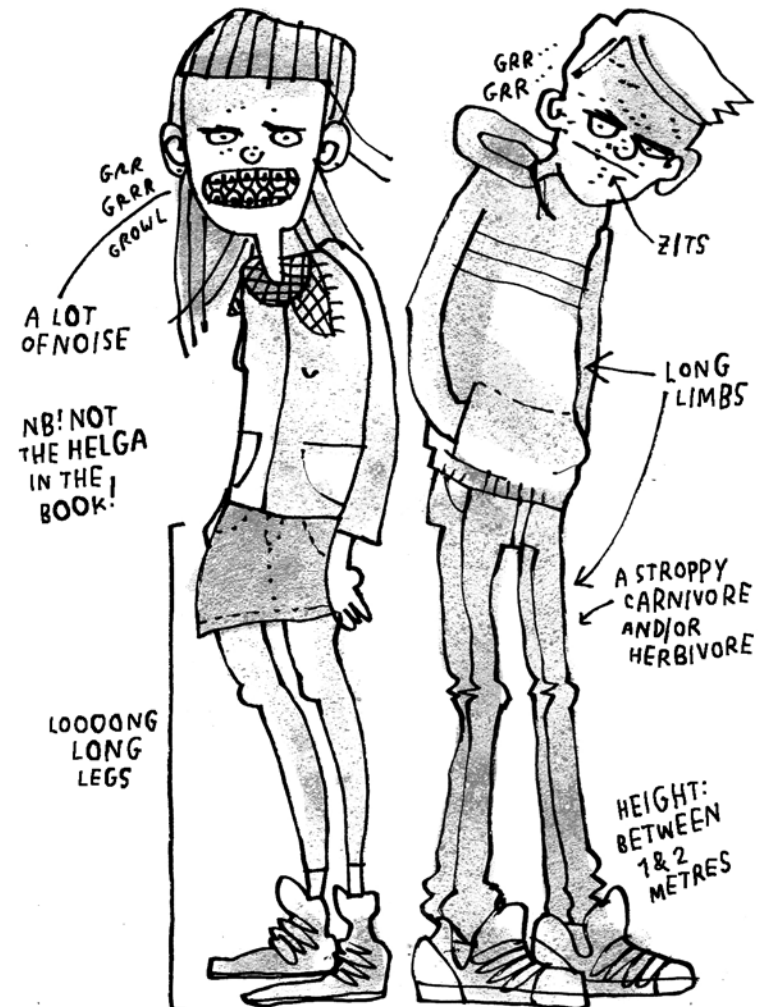
Angora cat:

Grey and hairy. Incredibly fun and nice – as long as you remember to feed it and stroke it for at least two hours a day. Can sink into a tremendous sulk, but is quick to forgive.



Teenager:

A human creature aged 13-17 years. Seriously long legs. Incredibly noisy. Huge mood swings. **Highly dangerous!**



**NOW LET'S
BEGIN!**



CHAPTER ONE

A REALLY DANGEROUS TEENAGER

As our story starts, Ivor is about to turn eleven years old. Here is a picture of him. Isn't he cute? But even though Ivor was a total **cutie pie** he didn't have very many friends.

Actually, he had no friends. He didn't have time for that sort of stuff. He had a lot of books and he had a cat and that was enough for him. The cat was called Einstein, and was a great big angora cat (which means that he was very hairy). Like most cats Einstein was incredibly dramatic. If his food bowl wasn't full to the brim he whined **dreadfully** because he was convinced that he would starve to death. If he wasn't allowed to drink water from the bathroom tap he whined **dreadfully** because he was convinced that he would shrivel up with thirst. And if Ivor didn't make enough fuss of him he whined **dreadfully** because he was sure would die from lack of love. Einstein was an unusually dramatic cat.

Ivor lived in a two-storey villa in Reykjavík with a basement (which he never entered because it was **very dark and gloomy**) and a garden where Einstein the cat could play in the summer. Ivor, however, hardly ever went outside to play. He preferred to sit inside all day long and read, and after school he always went straight home. He didn't walk with anybody, he usually carried a book to read as he wandered back home. But this meant that he had walked into lampposts at least three times, and was once nearly hit by a bus; in Ivor's defence, he was reading a very exciting book when this happened.

Ivor didn't worry about much in life. But there was one thing that scared him more than anything else. You see, in the house next door lived a human who wasn't really a human. She was a **teenager!** Ivor had never talked to a teenager as he knew that they were **really dangerous**. He had read this in a book.

Whenever he walked past the neighbours' house he would close the book he was reading and sprint back home. And he nearly always made it. But one day when he was ten years old, Ivor was so absorbed in the book he was reading (which just happened to be about **dinosaurs**) that he forgot about everything else. He found all animals exciting, but coolest of all were the

dinosaurs. They were somehow so fascinating and dangerous – **with big claws and sharp teeth!** Ivor was scarcely aware where he had got to when he suddenly heard a familiar voice: **“Look out!”**

He felt a sudden, searing pain in his leg. He dropped the dinosaur book and fell backwards. He looked up to see the neighbours' house, and standing right in front of him he saw her

The teenager!

Between them was the thing that Ivor had walked into – a brand-new, incredibly cool bicycle, lying in the road. **Oh no!**

The teenager hovered over Ivor, grinning in a teenage sort of way, studying him – like a cat studies a mouse that it's planning to gobble up. **“You're in trouble if there's the slightest scratch on it!”** she said as she picked up the bike and examined it carefully. **“It took me ages to save up for it.”** She wiped dust off the saddle. Ivor was still sitting on the pavement not daring to move. The teenager looked at him. **“Aren't you going to say sorry?”** she asked. **“You know it's rude not to say sorry.”**

Ivor tried to say something, but no sound came out. He just opened and closed his mouth like a goldfish. The teenager (who Ivor knew was called Helga and was in Year 10) **took a step**

towards him!

“Are you a complete oaf?”

she asked in a loud voice, and laughed.

That was as much as Ivor could take. He shrieked something incomprehensible and fled. He ran as fast as he could, up the steps to his house, tore open the front door and slammed it behind him. The teenager shouted something teenage-y after him but he wasn't listening.

“Ivor dear, is everything al...” his mum began as he ran past her and began drawing all the curtains and switching off the lights.

“Yes! In fine thank you okay bye!” Ivor yelled, speeding off at 100 kilometres an hour and scuttling upstairs to his room, where he slammed the door and locked it. He didn't dare leave the house for the next three days. He even thought about hiding in the cellar, but in the end decided that that was too scary.

From then on Ivor always tried to avoid walking past the house where Helga the teenager lived. And for a good while he was successful in that.

A long time passed until he met Helga the teenager again.* But when it happened she was

* Which was good

totally crazy.* So crazy that basically nothing like it has ever been seen in Iceland, before or since.

But that didn't happen straightaway.

First came the **dinosaurs**.

* Which was not so good



CHAPTER TWO

YOU ARE INVITED TO A SENSATIONAL BIRTHDAY PARTY!

The time had come – **Ivor was about to turn eleven.**
This is what his wish list looked like:

WHAT DO I WANT?

Books

Spectacle cleaner

A new toy for Einstein

More books

A bookshelf

A time machine (I don't mind waiting till I'm older for this,
it doesn't really matter when I get it)

Ivor had never celebrated his birthday with a party. Not because he wasn't allowed – he just didn't fancy it. He didn't find the kids in his class particularly interesting, and he didn't

think they'd be any better out of school. And yet Ivor's classmates were actually rather nice. It was just that he had never tried to get to know them. Ivor's mum and dad were a little bit worried about this.

"Ivor, dear, it's time you stopped this nonsense," his mother said at the breakfast table one day. "You're going to celebrate your birthday, **right?**" Ivor was so busy reading the content description on a milk carton that he didn't hear what she said. But his mum didn't give up that easily. She had once been an **MP** and was used to talking even when nobody was listening. She also knew all sorts of tricks to make people change their minds.* One of these was, for instance, ending her sentences with the word: "**Right?**" But she had, nevertheless, never met anybody as stubborn as her son. Ivor knew all her tricks and he was hardly ever fooled.

"Of course Ivor's going to celebrate his birthday!" his dad said, loud and clear, smiling broadly. "You're only eleven once!" And he carried on making himself a sandwich made of at least four slices, out of which he finally took a huge bite – he'd been brought

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* Once, as a complete joke she had even persuaded the President of Iceland to dye his hair snow white – a look that he still has.

up out in the country, not far from Vatnajökull, and consequently always had a ridiculously large appetite. He was a music teacher, taught the guitar and played in three-and-a-half bands.* He was used to performing in front of large audiences, so always spoke **a liiiiiitle too loud** at home.

"Mmmm?" Ivor murmured absent-mindedly as he put the milk carton down and tried to find something else to read. His mum picked up a pile of papers and plonked them down on the table in front of him. She hadn't given up.

"There", she said and smiled. "You read this." Ivor picked up the top sheet from the pile and examined it. It was an old photo of him in the bath ("Is this a joke, Mum?") with balloons drawn on it and, in large letters, the message: **YOU ARE INVITED TO IVOR'S SENSATIONAL BIRTHDAY PARTY!**

Below this were directions to their house, along with the date and time. The celebration was scheduled for the following weekend. Ivor put the invitation back on the pile.

"No, thanks," he said, rearranging the spectacles on his nose. "I'm good."

He would, actually, rather huddle in the scary cellar with all the lights off than invite

.....
* I say "half" because in one of the bands he played the ukulele, which is half the size of an ordinary guitar.

his classmates to a birthday party. His mum smiled.

“Don’t be like that, Ivor dear. Of course you’ll celebrate your birthday. Just take these invitations that Dad and I made and give them to the kids in the class. It’ll be fun, *right?*”

“I can sing Happy Birthday as they arrive and play a different instrument each time a new guest arrives!” Dad said merrily (and a *liiiiittle* too loudly), starting to make himself another sandwich. Ivor stared at him with a look of panic, as if he had just promised to set fire to everybody who came. His mum smiled and made signs to indicate that she would hide all the instruments in the house away.

“You can hand these out in lesson one,” she said, putting the invitations into Ivor’s school bag. “What are you starting with today?”

Ivor sighed. He put his spoon back in the empty bowl and stared at the muddy pool of milk left at the bottom of it.

“Sport ...” he moaned quietly.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

WHERE SOMEBODY GETS EATEN!

“Just aim for the bushesaaaaaaaaaargh ...” Marek yelled as they jumped. Marek first, then Hildur, then Andri, and finally Ivor. **As he jumped he heard someone break the door open and Helga’s screeching as she stormed into the room!**

He landed on his bum with a thump, a large branch bashed his cheek and he scratched his hands. Under normal circumstances he would have demanded a plaster on all these boo-hoos but there was no time for that sort of thing now.

“Ow ... “ he said quietly, and scrambled to his feet. Supporting himself against the wall of the house, he glanced up at the window they had jumped down from. Helga’s scarlet face stared back at him. She was almost foaming with anger.

“I don’t know what you did,” she hissed, “but I **know** you did it. Otherwise you wouldn’t have been spying on me! **Where is my bike?!**”

“Ivor... “ he heard someone next to him say in a low voice.

“What?” he said, not daring to take his eyes off Helga, who was now climbing onto the window-sill. What was she going to do now? Jump down? Andri tugged at him roughly.

“**The velociraptors!**” he hissed as quietly as he could. “They’re looking at us!” Ivor tore his gaze away from Helga and saw immediately that Andri was right. The four velociraptors were standing in front of them – dead still. They were used to being fed from the window. **It didn’t matter to them whether it was horsemeat or kid meat.** What to do now? Marek looked round.

“Do you think they’ll leave us alone if we open the gate?” he asked softly.

“I really don’t know ... ” Hildur started, but didn’t get any further. Like a firebrand, Marek darted towards the gate!

“**Marek! Look out!**” the kids yelled, just before the velociraptors shot after him. Like defenders in a football game, in a flash the dinosaurs split forces and surrounded Marek. He stopped dead, hardly daring



to breathe. They circled round him, moving steadily closer, their massive claws digging into the grass like huge tent-pegs. Ivor screamed in fear and tried to think quickly. What could he do? Should he make a noise and scare them? No, that would never work. How about pulling up a bush and throwing it at them? No, that would take too long. Should he drive them into their sleeping-place in the corner? They might want to play with the balls? Suddenly an idea came to him.

“Andri”, he said as casually as he possibly could. The dinosaurs were still clustered round Marek, who stood frozen in fear at the centre of the circle. One sniffed him, another shoved at him with its snout. Mark screamed in fear. Andri looked at Ivor, a look of terror on his face.

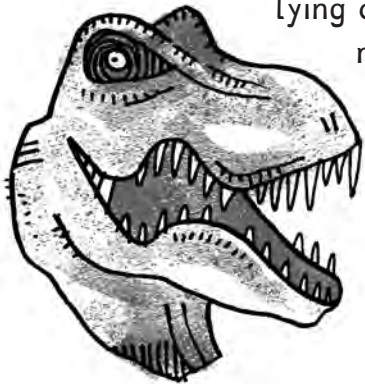
“What?” he whispered back.

Ivor nodded towards the corner where the dinosaurs had been sleeping. There was a pile of balls there. Some had been punctured – **and some were still perfectly okay.**

“Throw balls at them,” Ivor said, trying to sound as casual as he possibly could. Andri shook his head, he didn’t have a clue what Ivor had in mind. “**Grab the balls – over there – and sling them at them! Like dodgeball!**” Andri looked at the pile of balls and his look of fear turned into a grin.

flung it over the unbelievably tall fence! The creature gave a bloodcurdling scream as it flew out of sight. Ivor couldn't see where it landed, but heard a car alarm start beeping shrilly somewhere in the distance. The velociraptor roared fearsomely.

“Cooooool!” Andri yelled, still lying on the ground. The three remaining velociraptors stared at the tyrannosaurus rex, and were clearly thinking of switching from defence to attack. But they weren't quick enough. Peter grabbed the next velociraptor in his jaws and



flung it away as hard as he could.

But this time he didn't succeed in throwing it over the fence – this time the dinosaur landed directly **on the fence itself!**

“Oh, no..” was all Ivor managed to say before the velociraptor crashed **through the fence**, leaving an enormous hole. Through the hole, Ivor saw the creature stagger to its feet and make a quick getaway. Peter gave a terrifying roar, and the other two dinosaurs jumped in panic through the hole and disappeared out of sight. Peter

roared again. Ivor, Hildur and Marek ran round him and tried to calm him down. They had to divert attention from the huge hole in the fence. The tyrannosaurus mustn't get out!

“It's all right!” Andri yelled, scrambling to his feet. “Calm down, pal, just stay calm!”

“They've gone!” Hildur shouted, turning to the boys. “Find some meat! We have to reward him for coming!” Marek dashed off – maybe there was some left-over meat lurking behind a bush somewhere. He froze as Helga the **teenager suddenly sprang up from one of them**. She must have jumped out of the window during all the commotion, and, judging by the look on her face, she had not had a soft landing. Her face was scarlet and she was shaking with anger. She strode right past Marek and towards Ivor. Ivor was too scared to move.

“What's going on?” she asked. **“And what did you do with my bike?!”**

Ivor tried to answer, but Helga went on, “I'm all dirty, my head hurts and **WHAT IS THIS, ACTUALLY? THIS IS NOT A GUARD DOG!**” She pointed at Peter.

It's been scientifically proved that teenagers make more noise than any other human being,*

* Especially when in the cinema.

and the noise Helga was making provided the final proof. Even Peter stopped screaming and stared at her.

Then he began to smack his lips.

“Peter, NO!” Andri yelled. **“Don’t!”** But tyrannosaurus Peter didn’t hear a thing. He was hungry and angry, and the Helga teenager was right in front of his nose. He wanted to look after his friends and this teenager was clearly messing with them. Besides which, he had been promised meat.

He opened his jaws wide and swallowed Helga in one bite!

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

VOMITTY SLIME

The children stared at tyrannosaurus Peter. Ivor wanted to say something, but for the first time in his life he couldn’t find any words. He might be a tad scared of Helga, but he didn’t want her to be eaten! The eyes in Andri’s head were so big that he looked like a character from a fairy-tale by H.C. Andersen.* Hildur was still staring at the tyrannosaurus, who now stood calmly before them, smacking his lips, staring inquisitively at the hole in the fence. Marek sneaked over to Hildur.

“Shouldn’t you move off a bit?” he whispered. “What if he is still hungry?” Hildur looked at Peter, firmly.

“Wait,” she added decisively. “I want to try something.” Marek looked at her as if she’d lost her mind.

* The Tinderbox. Not The Little mermaid.

“What are you going to **try**? Didn’t you see him eat the teenager?” He tried to tug her away. “Do you want him to eat us too?” Hildur didn’t answer. Instead, she took a deep breath and yelled as loudly as she possibly could:

“**Peter!**” The tyrannosaurus jumped, as if somebody had smacked his bottom. Peter looked at Hildur with a mixture of curiosity and a little embarrassment. Again, Hildur took a deep breath.

“**Bad boy!**” she said. “**No!**”

“What’s she up to?” said Ivor, looking at the others. They shrugged their shoulders and, as one, backed as far away from the tyrannosaurus as they could. Hildur was still standing in front of Peter, and continued to shout.

“**No! Bad tyrannosaurus! Bad boy!**”

Peter watched her and followed with his gaze as she raised one hand, yelled “**Open wide!**” and brought her arm smartly down again. And lo and behold, tyrannosaurus Peter opened his mouth.

“Well done!” said Hildur softly and smiled. Ivor, Andri and Marek looked on in amazement. What in heaven’s name was the girl doing? Had she gone completely crazy? Without taking her eyes off the tyrannosaurus, Hildur spoke to the boys: “Get ready,” she said softly, and then continued to address Peter. The boys looked at one another.

“Ready for what?” asked Marek, but Hildur didn’t reply.

“**Three ...**” she said softly. The boys didn’t have a clue.

“What are you going to do?” said Ivor in a loud whisper. “You’ll have to explain this a bit better, we don’t know what you’re talking about!”

“**Two ...**” she continued. Andri looked at Marek, who looked at Ivor. They all shrugged their shoulders and moved exactly half a step closer to towards Hildur and the dinosaur. They were too scared to go any nearer.

“**One ...**” she said so quietly that it was almost inaudible.

For a moment there was total silence in the garden. Then Hildur took a breath so deep that it sounded as if somebody had switched on a vacuum cleaner. The yell that followed was so awesome that she turned bright red. The boys had never heard such a noise – not even on New Year’s Eve.

“**Peter! Puke!**”

The tyrannosaurus jerked, a shiver went up his back, he opened and closed his mouth a few times, went cross-eyed for a moment and then – like a cork coming out of a bottle – **he puked Helga the teenager out. In one piece!**

The boys ran up and just managed to catch her before she hit the ground. Her face was deathly pale, and she shook so much she could hardly speak. And she was covered in disgusting vomitty slime.

“Wha-ha-ha-hat wa-wa-was th-th-that?” she finally managed to gasp as she lay in the grass at the tyrannosaurus’ feet. Wasting no time, the boys dragged her away from the dinosaur.

Swinging his tail back and forth, tyrannosaurus Peter gave a huge roar. He was clearly not feeling all that well after what had happened. Hildur was running circles round him, trying to calm him down, but this time nothing seemed to work. He was completely frantic.

“What’s wrong with him?” Marek yelled through the commotion. Hildur ran over to them.

“He won’t listen to me!” she shouted. “Maybe I was a bit too harsh with him.” She had hardly finished speaking when Peter roared again and swung his tail at the **fence finally demolishing it completely!** Debris flew everywhere, and at least four large bits of wood were flung into the distance.

“Oh no,” was all the kids were able to **say before the tyrannosaurus tramped through the ruined fence and out onto the street!** With every step the gigantic dinosaur took, cars parked in their driveways shook, and one after another their alarms activated, sounding like a horrendously out of tune choir. The children tried to shout after Peter, but it was no use, nothing could stop the tyrannosaurus. The last they saw of him was his tail disappearing round a corner. After that they could only hear his roaring and the screams of the people who met him.

